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JULY 1904.

THE TRUANTS.¹

BY A. E. W. MASON.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE TURNPIKE GATE.

It was not, however, only Millie Stretton whose fortunes were touched by Tony's absence. Warrisdén, whom Stretton had met but the once on board the *City of Bristol*, was no less affected. On a day of that summer, during which Tony camped far away on the edge of the Sahara, Warrisdén rode down the steep hill from the village of the three poplars on his way to Whitewebs. Once Pamela had ridden along this road between the white wood rails and the black bare stems of trees on a winter's evening of mist. That was more than fifteen months ago. The brown furrows in the fields were now acres of waving yellow; each black clump was now an ambuscade of green, noisy with birds. The branches creaked in a light wind and rippled and shook the sunlight from their leaves, the road glistened like chalk. It was ten o'clock on an August morning, very clear and light. Voices from far away amongst the corn sounded tiny and distinct, like voices heard through a telephone. Round this bend at the thicket corner Pamela had disappeared on that dim grey evening. How far had she since travelled on the new road, Warrisdén wondered. She was at Whitewebs now. He was riding thither to find out.

When he inquired for her at the door, he was at once led through the house into the big garden at the back. Pamela was

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sitting in a chair at the edge of the lawn under the shade of the great avenue of elms which ran straight from the back of the house to the shallow stream at the garden's boundary. She saw him at once as he came out from the glass-door on to the gravel, and she rose from her chair. She did not advance to him, but just stood where she was, watching him approach; and in her eyes there was a great perplexity. Warrisden came straight to her over the lawn. There was no hesitation in his manner, at all events. On the other hand there was no air of assurance. He came with a definite object; so much was evident, but no more. He stopped in front of her and raised his hat. Pamela looked at him and said nothing. She did not even give him her hand. She stood and waited almost submissively, with her troubled eyes resting quietly on his.

'You expected me?' he said.

'Yes. I received your letter this morning.'

'You have guessed why I have come?'

'Yes.'

'And you are troubled,' said Warrisden.

They turned and walked under the branches into the avenue. Overhead there was a bustle of blackbirds and thrushes; a gardener sharpening his scythe in the rose garden made a little rasping sound. Over all the lawn the August sunlight lay warm and golden like a benediction.

'I have come to ask you the old question,' said Warrisden. 'Will you marry me?'

Pamela gazed steadily ahead as she walked, and she walked very slowly. She was prepared for the question, yet she took her time to answer it. And the answer when at last she gave it was no answer at all.

'I do not know,' she said, in a low clear voice.

Warrisden looked at her. The profile of her face was towards him. He wondered for the thousandth time at its beauty and its gentleness. The broad white forehead under the sweep of her dark hair, the big dark eyes shining beneath her brows, the delicate colour upon her cheeks, the curve of the lips. He wondered and longed. But he spoke simply and without extravagance, knowing that he would be understood.

'I have done nothing for you of the things men often do when a woman comes into their lives. I have tried to make no career. I think there are enough people making careers. They

make the world very noisy, and they raise a deal of dust. I have just gone on living quietly as I did before, believing you would need no such proof.'

'I do not,' said Pamela.

'There might be much happiness for both of us,' he continued. And again she answered, without looking at him:

'I do not know.'

She was not evading him. Evasions, indeed, were never to her liking; and here, she was aware, were very serious issues.

'I have been thinking about you a great deal,' she said. 'I will tell you this. There is no one else. But that is not all. I can say too, I think, quite certainly, that there will be no one else. Only that is not enough, is it? Not enough at all events for you and me.'

Warrisdén nodded his head.

'No, that is not enough,' he said gravely.

They walked on side by side in silence for a little while.

'It is only fair that I should be very frank with you,' she went on. 'I have been thinking so much about you in order that when you came again with this old question, as I knew you would, I might be quite clear and frank. Do you remember that you once spoke to me about the turnpike gate—the gate which I was to open and through which I was to go, like other men and women down the appointed road?'

'Yes, I remember.'

'You meant, as I understand it, the gate between friendship and the ever so much more which lies beyond?'

'Yes.'

And Pamela repeated his word. 'Yes,' she said. 'But one cannot open that gate at will. It opens of itself at a touch, or it stays shut.'

'And it stays shut now?'

Pamela answered him at once:

'Say, rather, that I have raised a hand towards the gate, but that I am afraid to try.' And she turned her face to him at last. Her eyes were very wistful.

They stopped upon the grass bank of the stream at the end of the avenue. Pamela looked down into the dark, swiftly running water, and went on choosing each word, testing it as it were before she uttered it.

'You see that new road beyond the gate is no new road to me. I have trodden it before and crept back—broken. Therefore, I am afraid.' She paused. Warrisden was aware from her attitude that she had not finished. He did not stir lest he should check what more remained to say, and that remnant never be spoken at all. And it was well for him that he did not stir; for she said, in the same clear, low voice which she had hitherto used, and just as steadily:

'I am the more afraid because I think that if I did touch that gate it might open of itself.'

She had begun, in a word, to feel premonitions of that suspense and of that glowing life in which for a few brief months she had once been steeped. Did she expect a letter from Warrisden, there was an eagerness in her anticipation with which she was well familiar. Was the letter delayed, there was a keenness in her disappointment which was like the pang of an old wound. And this recognition that the good days might come again, as in a cycle, brought to her very vividly the memory of the bad black days which had followed. Fear of those latter days, and the contrast of their number with the number of those which had gone before, drove her back. For those latter days in their turn might come round again.

Warrisden looked at her and his heart filled with pity for the great trouble which had overwhelmed her. She stood by his side with the sunlight playing upon her face and her hair—a girl brilliant with life, ripe to turn its possibilities into facts; and she shrank from the ordeal, so hardly had she been hit! She was by nature fearless, yet was she desperately afraid.

'Will nothing make you touch the gate and try?' he asked gently. And then, quietly as he spoke, the greatness of his longing made itself heard. 'My dear, my dear,' he said, 'will nothing make you take your risks?'

The words struck sharply upon her memories. She turned her eyes to him.

'It is strange that you should use those words,' she said. 'For there is one thing which might make me take my risks. The return of the man who used them to you in the North Sea.'

'Tony Stretton?' exclaimed Warrisden.

'Yes. He is still away. It is said that he is on a long shooting expedition somewhere in Central Africa, and out of reach.

But that is not the truth. We do not know where he is, or when he will come back.'

'Shall I try to find him again?' said Warrisden. 'This time I might succeed in bringing him home.'

Pamela shook her head.

'No,' she answered. 'I think I know why he stays away. And there would be only one way of persuading him to return. Well—that means I must not use, unless things have come to an extremity.'

The one means of persuasion was the truth. If she sent for Tony Stretton again she must explain what that saying of hers spoken so long ago had meant. She must write why he should not have left his wife. She must relate the sordid story, which rendered his return imperative. That she was prepared to do, if all else failed, in the last resort, but not till then.

'But the extremity has not been reached,' she continued, 'and I hope it never will. I hope Tony Stretton will come back soon of his own accord. That would be the best thing which could happen, ever so much the best.' She did not blame Tony for his absence, for she understood the motive which caused it. In a way she was inclined to approve of it in itself, just as a motive, that is to say. It was the character of Millie Stretton and his ignorance of it which made his experiment so hazardous. Complete confidence in his wife's honour, indeed, was to her thinking, and rightly, an essential part of his motive. She wished him to return of his own accord and keep that confidence.

'There is not the same necessity,' she continued, choosing her words, 'that he should return immediately, as there was when I sent you out to the North Sea; but it is possible that the necessity might recur.' For she knew that, though Callon was far away in Chili, letters came from him to Millie. Only lately a careless remark of Millie's with reference to that State had assured her of this. And if the letters still came, though Callon had been away a year, it followed that they were answered.

'In that case you would send for me?' said Warrisden.

'Yes. I should rely on you.'

And Warrisden answered quietly: 'Thank you.'

He asked no questions. He seemed to understand that Pamela must use him, and, while using him, not fail of loyalty to her sex. A feeling of self-reproach suddenly troubled Pamela. She had never told him that she had used another's help and not

his. She wondered whether it was quite fair not to tell him. But she kept silent. After all, she thought, the news would only hurt him; and Mr. Mudge's help had been help which he could not have given. She went back to the matter of their relationship to one another.

'So you understand what I think,' she said. 'I am afraid. I look for signs. I cannot help doing that. I have set my heart on keeping a promise which I made to Tony Stretton. If he returns, whether of his own accord or by my persuasion, and things go well—why, then'—and she turned her face from him and said, looking steadily in front of her—'why, then, perhaps.'

As she spoke her face changed wonderfully. The mere utterance of the word aloud conjured up dreams. A wistful smile made her lips beautiful, her eyes grew dim. Just for a moment she gave those dreams their way. She looked across the garden through a mist, seeing nothing of the trees or the coloured flowers, but gazing into a vision of other and golden days—of days perhaps to come. Warrisden stood at her side, and did not speak. But something of those dreams he guessed, her face had grown so young.

She shook her dreams from her in a few moments.

'So you see, at present,' she resumed, 'marriage is impossible. It will always be impossible to me unless I can bring—everything, not merely companionship, not merely liking; but the ever so much more which there is. I cannot contemplate it at all under any other conditions'—and now she looked at her companion—'and I believe it is the same with you.'

'Yes,' Warrisden replied, 'I ask for everything.'

He had his convictions, and since there was complete confidence between these two, he spoke them now.

'It is unsafe, of course, to generalise on the subject of women. But I do think this. If a man asks little from a woman, she will give him even less than he asks, and she will give it grudgingly, sparingly; counting what she gives. And that little, to my mind, is worth rather less than nothing. Better have no ties than weak ones. If, on the other hand, a man asks a great deal, and continually asks it, why, the woman may get bored, and he may get nothing. In which case he is no worse off than he was before. But if, on the other hand, the woman does give in return——'

'Well?' asked Pamela.

'Well, then, she gives ever so much more than he asks, and gives it willingly with open hands.'

Pamela thought the theory over.

'Yes, I think that is generally true,' she said. 'But, after all, I am giving you very little.'

Warrisden laughed.

'That's true,' he replied. 'But then you are not bored, and I have not done asking.'

Pamela laughed too, and their talk thus ended in a lighter note. They walked towards the house, and as they did so a woman came out on to the lawn.

'This is Millie Stretton,' said Pamela.

'She is staying here?' cried Warrisden.

'Yes,' replied Pamela. 'Before she comes I want to ask you to do something for me. Oh, it is quite a small thing. But I should like you very much to do it. Where do you go to from here?'

'To London,' said Warrisden, 'I have business there.'

The business which called him to town had, indeed, only occurred to him during the last half-hour. It had arisen from their conversation. It seemed to Warrisden immediate and imperative.

'Will you be in London to-morrow?' asked Pamela.

'Yes.'

'Then I want you to write to me. Just a little letter—nothing much, a line or two. And I want you to post it, not by the country post, but afterwards, so that it will reach me in the evening. Don't write here, for I am going home. And please don't forget.'

Millie Stretton joined them a moment afterwards, and Warrisden was introduced to her.

'I have had an offer for the house in Berkeley Square,' she said to Pamela. 'I think I will take it. I shall be glad to be rid of it.'

They went back into the house. Warrisden wondered at Pamela's request for a letter, and at her urgency that it should arrive at a particular time. He was not discontented with the walk which they had taken under the avenue of elms. It seemed to him that Pamela was coming slowly towards him. There was a great difference between her 'No' of last year and her 'I do not know' of to-day. Even that 'I do not know' while they talked

had become 'perhaps.' Had she not owned even more, since she was afraid the gate would open of itself did she but touch and try? His hopes, therefore, rode high that day, and would have ridden yet higher, could he have guessed why she so desired a few lines in his handwriting in the evening of the day after to-morrow.

The reason was this. Repairs, long needed, had at last been undertaken in the house of Pamela's father, a few miles away; and those repairs involved the rooms reserved for Pamela. There were certain drawers in that room which had not been unlocked for years, and of which Pamela sedulously guarded the keys. They held letters, a few small presents, one or two photographs, and some insignificant trifles which could not be valued, since their value depended only on their associations. There were, for instance, some cheap red beads, and the history of those beads tells all that need be said of the contents of those locked drawers.

Two hundred years before, a great full-rigged ship, bound with a general cargo for the Guinea Coast, sailed down the Channel out of Portsmouth. Amongst the cargo was a great store of these red beads. The beads were to buy slaves for the plantations. But the great ship got no further on her voyage than Bigbury Bay in Devonshire. She damaged her rudder in a storm, and the storm swept her on to the bleak rocks of Bolt Tail, dragged her back again into the welter of the sea, drove her into Bigbury Bay, and flung her up there against the low red cliffs, where all her crew perished. The cargo was spilt amongst the breakers, and the shores of that bay were littered with red beads. You may pick them up to this day amongst the pebbles. There Pamela had picked them up on a hot August morning, very like to that which now dreamed over this green, quiet garden of Leicestershire; and when she had picked them up she had not been alone. The locked cabinets held all the relics which remained to her from those few bright weeks in Devon; and the mere touch of any one, however trifling, would have magic to quicken her memories. Yet now the cabinets must be unlocked, and all that was in them removed. There was a bad hour waiting for Pamela when she would remove these relics one by one—the faded letters in the handwriting which she would never see again on any envelope; the photograph of the face which could exchange no look with her; the little presents from the hand which could touch hers no more. It would be a relief, she thought, to come

downstairs when that necessary work was done, that bad hour over, and find a letter from Warrisden upon the table. Just a few lines. She needed nothing more.

CHAPTER XX.

MR. CHASE DOES NOT ANSWER.

BOTH Pamela and Millie Stretton walked with Warrisden through the hall to the front door. Upon the hall-table letters were lying. Pamela glanced at them as she passed, and caught one up rather suddenly. Then she looked at Warrisden, and there was something of appeal in her look. It was as though she turned to a confederate on whom she could surely rely. But she said nothing, since Millie Stretton was at her side. For the letter was in the handwriting of Mr. Mudge, who wrote but rarely, and never without a reason. She read the letter in the garden as soon as Warrisden had ridden off, and the news which it contained was bad news. Callon had lived frugally in South America—by Christmas he would have discharged his debts; and he had announced to Mudge that he intended at that date to resign his appointment. There were still four months, Pamela reflected—nay, counting the journey home, five months; and within that time Tony Stretton might reappear. If he did not, why, she could summon Warrisden to her aid. She looked at Millie, who was reading a book in a garden-chair close by. Did she know, Pamela wondered? But Millie gave no sign.

Meanwhile, Warrisden travelled to London upon that particular business which made a visit there in August so imperative. It had come upon him while he had been talking with Pamela that it would be as well for him to know the whereabouts of Tony Stretton at once; so that if the need came he should be ready to set out upon the instant. On the following evening, accordingly, he drove down to Stepney. It was very likely that Chase would be away upon a holiday. But there was a chance that he might find him clinging to his work through this hot August, a chance worth the trouble of his journey. He drove to the house where Chase lodged, thinking to catch him before he set out for his evening's work at the mission. The door of the house stood open to the street. Warrisden dismissed his cab, and walked up the steps into the narrow hall. A door upon his right hand was

opened, and a young man politely asked Warrisden to step in. He was a fair-haired youth, with glasses upon his nose, and he carried a napkin in his hand. He had evidently been interrupted at his dinner by Warrisden's arrival. He was not dining alone, for a youth of the same standing, but of a more athletic mould, sat at the table. There was a third place laid, but not occupied.

Warrisden looked at the third chair.

'I came to see Mr. Chase,' he said. 'I suppose that he has gone early to the mission?'

'No,' said the youth who had opened the door. 'He has not been well of late. The hot weather in these close streets is trying. But he certainly should have something to eat by now, even if he does not intend to get up.'

He spoke in a pedantic, self-satisfied voice, and introduced himself as Mr. Raphael Princkley, and his companion as Mr. Jonas Stiles, both undergraduates of Queen's College, Oxford.

'We are helping Chase in his work,' continued Mr. Princkley. 'It is little we can do, but you are no doubt acquainted with the poetry of Robert Browning: "The little more, and how much it is"? In that line we find our justification.'

The fair-haired youth rang the bell for the housekeeper. She was an old woman, fat and slow, and she took her time in answering the summons.

'Mrs. Wither, have you called Mr. Chase?' he asked when the old lady appeared at the door.

'No, Mr. Princkley, sir!' she replied. 'You told me yesterday evening not to disturb him on any account until he rang.'

Mr. Princkley turned to Warrisden.

'Mr. Chase was unwell all yesterday,' he said, 'and at dinner-time he told us that he felt unequal to his duties. He was sitting in that empty place, and we both advised him not to overtax his strength.'

He appealed with a look to Mr. Stiles for corroboration.

'Yes; we both advised him,' said Stiles, between two mouthfuls; 'and, very wisely, he took our advice.'

'He rose from his chair,' continued Princkley. 'There was some fruit upon the table. He took an apple from the dish. I think, Stiles, that it was an apple which he took?'

Mr. Stiles agreed, and went on with his dinner.

'It was certainly an apple which he took. He took it in his hand.'

'You hardly expected him to take it with his foot!' rejoined Warrisen, politely. Warrisen was growing a little restive under this detailed account of Chase's indisposition.

'No,' replied Princkley, with gravity. 'He took it in quite a natural way, and went upstairs to his sitting-room. I gave orders to Mrs. Wither that he must not be disturbed until he rang. That is so, Mrs. Wither, is it not? Yes. I thank you.'

'That was yesterday evening!' cried Warrisen.

'Yesterday evening,' replied Mr. Princkley.

'And no one has been near him since?'

Then Mrs. Wither intervened.

'Oh, yes. I went into Mr. Chase's room an hour afterwards. He was sitting in his arm-chair before the grate——'

'Holding the apple in his hand, I think, Mrs. Wither, you said?' continued Stiles.

'Yes, sir,' said Mrs. Wither. 'He had his arm out resting on the arm of the chair, and the apple was in his hand.'

'Well, well!' exclaimed Warrisen.

'I told him that I would not call him in the morning until he rang, as he wanted a good rest.'

'What did he say?' asked Warrisen.

'Nothing, sir. As often as not he does not answer when he is spoken to.'

A sudden fear seized upon Warrisen. He ran out of the room and up the stairs to Chase's sitting-room. He knocked on the door; there was no answer. He turned the handle and entered. Chase had not gone to bed last night. He was still sitting in his arm-chair before the grate. One arm was extended along the arm of the chair, with the palm turned upwards, and in the palm lay an apple. Chase was sitting huddled up, with his head fallen forward upon his breast like a man asleep. Warrisen crossed the room and touched the hand which held the apple. It was quite cold. The apple rolled on to the floor. Warrisen turned to the housekeeper. She was standing in the doorway, and staring over her shoulder were the two undergraduates.

'He was dead,' said Warrisen, 'when you looked into the room an hour afterwards!'

The three people in the doorway stood stupidly aghast. Warrisen pushed them out, locked the door on the outside and moved the key.

'Mr. Princkley, will you run for a doctor?' he asked.

Princkley nodded his head, and went off upon his errand.

Warrisden and Stiles descended the stairs into the dining-room.

‘I think you had better take the news to the mission,’ said Warrisden; and Stiles in his turn went off without a word. Mrs. Wither for her part had run out of the house as quickly as she could. She hardly knew what she was doing. She had served as housekeeper to Mr. Chase ever since he had come to Stepney, and she was dazed by the sudden calamity. She was aware of a need to talk, to find the neighbours and talk.

Warrisden was thus left alone in the house. It had come about without any premeditation upon his part. He was the oldest man of the three who had been present, and the only one who had kept his wits clear. Both Princkley and Stiles had looked to him to decide what must be done. They regarded him as Chase’s friend, whereas they were mere acquaintances. It did not even occur to Warrisden at first that he was alone in the house, that he held in his hand the key to Chase’s room. He was thinking of the strange perplexing life which had now so strangely ended. He thought of his first meeting with Chase in the mission, and of the distaste which he had felt; he remembered the array of liqueur bottles on the table, and the half-hour during which Chase had talked. A man of morbid pleasures, that had been Warrisden’s impression. Yet there were the years of work, here, amongst these squalid streets. Even August had seen him clinging to—nay, dying at—his work. As Warrisden looked out of the window he saw a group of men and women and children gather outside the house. There was not a face but wore a look of consternation. If they spoke, they spoke in whispers, like people overawed. A very strange life! Warrisden knew many—as who does not?—who saw the high road distinctly, and could not for the life of them but walk upon the low one. But to use both deliberately, as it seemed Chase had done; to dip from the high road on to the low, and then painfully to scramble up again, and again willingly to drop, as though the air of those stern heights were too rigorous for continuous walking; to live the double life because he could not entirely live the one and would not entirely live the other. Thus Warrisden solved the problem of the *dilettante* curate and his devotion to his work, and his solution was correct.

But he held the key of Chase’s room in his hand; and there was no one but himself in the house. His thoughts came back to

Pamela and the object of his journey up to town. He was sorely tempted to use the key, since now the means by which he had hoped to discover in what quarter of the world Stretton wandered and was hid were tragically closed to him. Chase could no longer speak even if he would. Very likely there were letters upstairs lying on the table. There might be one from Tony Stretton. Warrisen did not want to read it—a mere glance at the post-mark, and at the foreign stamp upon the envelope. Was that so great a crime? Warrisen was sorely tempted. If only he could be sure that Chase would a second time have revealed what he was hidden to keep hid, why, then, would it not be just the same thing as if Chase were actually speaking with his lips? Warrisen played with the key. He went to the door and listened. There was not a sound in the house except the ticking of a clock. The front door still stood open. He must be quick if he meant to act. Warrisen turned to the stairs. The thought of the dead man huddled in the chair, a silent guardian of the secret, weighted his steps. Slowly he mounted. Such serious issues hung upon his gaining this one piece of knowledge. The fortunes of four people—Pamela and himself, Tony Stretton and his wife—might all be straightened out if he only did this one thing, which he had no right to do. He would not pry amongst Chase's papers; he would merely glance at the table, that was all. He heard voices in the hall while he was still upon the stairs. He turned back with a feeling of relief.

At the foot of the stairs stood Mr. Princkley and the doctor. Warrisen handed the key of the room to the latter, and the three men went up. The doctor opened the door and crossed to the arm-chair. Then he looked about the room.

'Nothing has been touched, of course?'

'Nothing,' replied Warrisen.

The doctor looked again at the dead man. Then he turned to Warrisen, mistaking him, as the others had done, for some relation or near friend.

'I can give no certificate,' said he.

'There must be an inquest?'

Yes.'

Then the doctor moved suddenly to the table, which stood a feet from the arm-chair. There was a decanter upon it half d with a liquid like brown sherry, only a little darker. The 'or removed the stopper and raised the decanter to his nose.

'Ah!' said he, in a voice of comprehension. He turned again to Warrisdén.

'Did you know?' he asked.

'No.'

The doctor held the decanter towards Warrisdén. Warrisdén took it, moistened the tip of a finger with the liquid, and tasted it. It had a bitter flavour.

'What is it?' he asked.

'Laudanum,' said the doctor. 'An over-dose of it.'

'Where is the glass, then, in which it was taken?'

A tumbler stood upon the table close to the decanter stopper. The doctor took it up.

'Yes, I noticed that,' said Warrisdén; 'I noticed that it is clean.'

The doctor took the glass to the window, turned it upside down, and held it to the light. It was quite dry, quite clean.

'Surely it's evident what happened,' said Warrisdén. 'Chase came into the room, opened that cupboard door in the corner there. His keys are still dangling in the lock. He took the decanter and the tumbler out, placed them on the table at his side, sat down in his chair with the apple in his hand, leaned back and quietly died.'

'Yes, no doubt,' said the doctor. 'But I think here will be found the reason why he leaned back and quietly died,' and he touched the decanter. 'Opium poisoning. It may not have been an overdose, but a regular practice.' He went to the door and called for Mrs. Wither. Mrs. Wither had now returned to the house. When she came upstairs into the room, he pointed to the decanter.

'Did you ever see this before?'

'No, sir,' she answered.

'Or that cupboard open?'

'No, it was always locked.'

'Quite so,' said the doctor. 'You had better get some women to help you here,' he went on; and, with Warrisdén's assistance, he lifted Chase from the chair and carried him into his bedroom.

'I must give notice to the police,' he went on, and again he appealed to Warrisdén. 'Do you mind staying in the house till I come back?'

'Not at all.'

The doctor locked the door of the room and took the key

away with him. Warrisen waited with Princkley in the dining-room. The doctor had taken away the key. It seemed that his chance of discovering the secret which was of so much importance to Pamela and Millie Stretton and himself had vanished. If only he had come yesterday, or the day before! He sat down by the window and gazed out upon the street. A group of men and women were gathered in the roadway looking up at the windows and talking quietly together. Then Princkley from behind said:

'Some letters came for Chase this morning. They were not taken up to his room. You had better look at them.'

Everyone took him for a close friend. Princkley brought him the letters, and he glanced at the superscriptions lest any one should wear a look of immediate importance. He held the letters in his hand and turned them over one by one, and half-way through the file he stopped. He had come to a letter written upon thin paper, in a man's handwriting, with a foreign stamp upon the envelope. The stamp was a French one, and there was printed upon it: 'Poste d'Algérie.'

Warrisen examined the post-mark. The letter came from Ain-Sefra. Warrisen went on with his examination without a word. But his heart quickened. He wondered whether he had found the clue. Ain-Sefra in Algeria. Warrisen had never heard of the place before. It might be a health resort, a wintering place. But this was the month of August. There would be no visitors at this time to a health resort in Algeria. He handed the letters back to Princkley.

'I cannot tell whether they are important or not,' he said. 'I knew Chase very slightly. His relations must be informed. I suppose Mrs. Wither knows where they live.'

He took his departure as soon as the doctor had returned with the police, and drove back to his rooms. A search through the Encyclopædia told him nothing of Ain-Sefra; but, on the other hand, he could not look at the article on Algeria without the Foreign Legion leaping to his eyes at once—so great and magnificent a part it played in the modern history of that colony.

The Foreign Legion! Warrisen jumped to the conviction that there was the secret of Tony Stretton's disappearance. Every son he could imagine came to his aid. Let a man wish to disappear, as, from whatsoever reason, Tony Stretton did, where could he so completely bury himself and yet live? Hard-

ships? Dangers? Yes. But Tony Stretton had braved hardships and dangers in the North Sea and had made light of them. A detachment of the Foreign Legion might well be stationed at this oasis of Ain-Sefra of which his Encyclopædia knew nothing. He had no doubt there was a trooper there, serving under some false name, who would start if the name of 'Stretton' were suddenly shouted to him behind his back.

Warrisden wrote no word of his conjecture to Pamela; he wished to raise no hopes which he could not fulfil. Convinced as he was, he wished for certain proof. But in fulfilment of his promise he wrote to Pamela that night. Just a few lines—nothing more, as she had asked. But in those few lines he wrote that he would like her to procure for him a scrap of Tony Stretton's handwriting. Could she do it? In a week the scrap of handwriting arrived. Warrisden, looking at it, knew that the same hand had addressed the envelope at Ain-Sefra to Mr. Chase.

Warrisden was ready now, if the summons to service should come once more from Pamela.

CHAPTER XXI.

CALLON REDIVIVUS.

ALL through that autumn Pamela watched for Tony's return, and watched in vain. Winter came, and with the winter a letter from Mr. Mudge. Lionel Callon had booked his passage home on a steamer which sailed on Christmas Eve from the port of Valparaiso. Pamela received the news one morning of December. She hunted that day with the Quorn, and for once her thoughts were set on other matters than this immediate business. The long grass meadows slipped away under her horse's feet the while she pondered how once more the danger of Callon's presence was to be averted. At times she hoped it would not need averting. Callon had been eighteen months away, and Millie was quick to forget. But she was no less quick to respond to a show of affection. Let Callon lay siege again persistently, and the danger at once was close. Besides, there were the letters. That he should have continued to write during the months of his absence was a sign that he had not forgone his plan of conquest.

Pamela returned home with a scheme floating in her mind.

Some words which her mother had spoken at the breakfast-table had recurred to her, and at tea Pamela revived the subject.

'Did you say that you would not go to Roquebrune this winter, mother?' she asked.

'Yes,' Mrs. Mardale replied; 'I have been for so many winters now. I shall stay in England, for a change. We can let the Villa Pontignard, no doubt.'

'Oh, there is no hurry,' said Pamela. She added: 'I shall be going to London to-morrow, but I shall be back in the evening.'

She thought over her plan that evening. Its execution would cost her something, she realised. For many years she had not been out of England during the winter. She must leave her horses behind, and that was no small sacrifice for Pamela. She had one horse in particular, a big Irish horse, which had carried her in the days when her troubles were at their worst. He would follow her about the paddock or the yard nuzzling against her arm; a horse of blood and courage yet gentle with her, thoughtful and kind for her as only a horse amongst the animals can be. She must leave him. On the other hand, her thoughts of late had been turning to Roquebrune for a particular reason. She had a feeling that she would rather like to tread again those hill-paths, to see once more those capes and headlands of which every one was a landmark of past pain—just as an experiment. She travelled to London the next day and drove from St. Pancras into Regent's Park.

Millie Stretton had taken a house on the west side of the park. It looked east across the water and through the glades of trees and in front of it were the open spaces of which Tony and she had dreamed; and the sunlight streamed through the windows and lay in golden splashes on the floors when there was sunlight in London anywhere at all. When she looked from her window on the first morning, she could not but remember the plans which Tony and she had debated long ago. They had been so certain of realising them. Well, they were realised now, for her at all —ents. There was the sunlight piercing through every cranny; ere were the wide expanses of green, and trees. Only the ndows looked on Regent's Park, and on no wide prairie; and of two who, with so much enthusiasm, had marked out their aginary site and built their house, there was only one to enjoy fulfilment. Millie Stretton thought of Tony that morning,

but with an effort. What Pamela had foreseen had come to pass. He had grown elusive to her thoughts, she could hardly visualise his person to herself; he was almost unreal. Had he walked in at that moment he would have been irksome to her as a stranger.

It was, however, Pamela Mardale who walked in. She was shown over the house, and until that ceremony was over she did not broach the reason for her visit. Then, however, Millie said with delight :

‘It is what I have always wanted—sunlight.’

‘I came to suggest more sunlight,’ said Pamela. ‘There is our villa at Roquebrune in the south of France. It will be empty this winter. And I thought that perhaps you and I might go out there together as soon as Christmas is past.’

Millie was standing at the window with her back to Pamela. She turned round quickly.

‘But you hate the place,’ she said.

Pamela answered with sincerity :

‘None the less I want to go this winter. I want to go very much. I won’t tell you why. But I do want to go. And I should like you to come with me.’

Pamela was anxious to discover whether that villa and its grounds, and the view from its windows, had still the power to revive the grief with which they had been so completely associated in her mind. Hitherto she had shrunk from the very idea of ever revisiting Roquebrune; of late, however, since Warrisden, in a word, had occupied so large a place in her thoughts, she had wished to put herself to the test, to understand whether her distress was really and truly dead, or whether it merely slumbered and could wake again. It was necessary, for Warrisden’s sake as much as her own, that she should come to a true knowledge. And nowhere else could she so certainly acquire it. If the sight of Roquebrune, the familiar look of the villa’s rooms, the familiar paths whereon she had carried so overcharged a heart, had no longer power to hurt and pain her, then she would be sure that she could start her life afresh. It was only fair—so she phrased it in her thoughts—that she should make the experiment.

Millie turned back to the window.

‘I do not think that I shall leave London this winter,’ she said. ‘You see I have only just got into the house.’

‘It might spare you some annoyance,’ Pamela suggested.

‘I don’t understand,’ said Millie.

'The annoyance of having to explain Tony's absence. He will very likely have returned by the spring.'

Millie shrugged her shoulders.

'I have borne that annoyance for two years,' she replied. 'I do not think I shall go away this winter.'

Was Millie thinking of Callon's return? Pamela wondered. Was it on his account that she decided to remain? Pamela could not ask the question. Her plan had come to naught, and she returned that afternoon to Leicestershire.

Christmas passed, and half-way through the month of January Callon called, on a dark afternoon, at Millie Stretton's house. Millie was alone; she was indeed expecting him. When Callon entered the room he found her standing with her back to the window, her face to the door, and so she stood, without speaking, for a few moments.

'You have been a long time away,' she said, and she looked at him with curiosity, but with yet more anxiety to mark any changes which had come in his face.

'Yes,' said he, 'a long time.'

Millie rang the bell and ordered tea to be brought.

'You have not changed,' said she.

'Nor you.'

Millie had spoken with a noticeable distance in her manner; and she had not given him her hand. With her back towards the light she had allowed very little of her expression to be visible to her visitor. When tea was brought in, however, she sat between the fireplace and the window, and the light fell upon her. Callon sat opposite to her.

'At last I know that I am at home again,' he said, with a smile. Then he leaned forward and lowered his voice, although there was no third person in the room. He knew the value of such tricks. 'I have looked forward during these eighteen months so very much to seeing you again.'

Millie's face coloured, but it was with anger rather than pleasure. There was a hard look upon her face; her eyes blamed him.

'Yet you went away without a word to me,' she said. 'You not come to see me before you went, you never hinted you going.'

'You thought it unkind?'

'It was unkind,' said Millie.

‘But I wrote to you. I have written often.’

‘In no letter have you told me why you went away,’ said Millie.

‘You missed me when I went, then?’

Millie shrugged her shoulders.

‘Well, I had seen a good deal of you. I missed—I missed—something,’ she said. Callon drank his tea and set down his cup.

‘I have come to tell you why I went away without a word. I never mentioned the reason in my letters; I meant to tell you it with my lips. I did not *go* away, I was *sent* away.’

Millie was perplexed. ‘Sent away?’ she repeated. ‘I understood, from what you wrote, that you accepted a post from Mr. Mudge?’

‘I had to accept it,’ said Callon. ‘It was forced on me. Mudge was only the instrument to get me out of the way.’

‘Who sent you away, then?’ asked Millie.

‘A friend of yours—Miss Pamela Mardale.’

Millie Stretton leaned back in her chair. ‘Pamela!’ she cried incredulously. ‘Pamela sent you away! Why?’

‘Because she thought that I was seeing too much of you.’

Callon watched for the effect which his words would produce. He saw the change come in Millie’s face. There was a new light in her eyes, her face flushed, she was angry; and anger was just the feeling he had meant to arouse, anger against Pamela, anger which would drive Millie towards him. He had kept his explanation back deliberately until he could speak it himself. From the moment when he had started from England he had nursed his determination to tell it to Millie Stretton. He had been hoodwinked, outwitted by Pamela and her friend; he had been banished to Chili for two years. Very well. But the game was not over yet. His vanity was hurt as nothing had ever hurt it before. He was stung to a thirst for revenge. He would live frugally, clear off his debts, return to England, and prove to his enemies the futility of their plan. He thought of Pamela Mardale; he imagined her hearing of his departure and dismissing him straightway contemptuously from her thoughts. For eighteen months he nursed his anger, and waited for the moment when he could return. There should be a surprise for Pamela Mardale. She should understand that he was a dangerous fellow to attack. Already within a day of his landing he had begun to

retaliate. The anger in Millie Stretton's face was of good augury for him.

'Pamela!' cried Millie, clenching her hands together suddenly. 'Yes, it was Pamela.'

She bethought her of that pressing invitation to the south of France, an invitation from Pamela who looked on the shires as the only wintering-place. That was explained now. Mr. Mudge had informed Pamela, no doubt, that Lionel Callon was returning. Millie was furious. She looked on this interference as a gross impertinence.

Callon rose from his chair.

'You can imagine it was humiliating to me to be tricked and sent away. But I was helpless. I am a poor man; I was in debt. Miss Mardale had an old rich man devoted to her in Mr. Mudge. He bought up my debts, his lawyer demanded an immediate settlement of them all, and I could not immediately settle them. I was threatened with proceedings, with bankruptcy.'

'You should have come to me,' cried Millie.

Callon raised a protesting hand.

'Oh, Lady Stretton, how could I?' he exclaimed in reproach. 'Think for a moment! Oh, you would have offered help at a hint. I know you. You are most kind, most generous. But think, you are a woman. I am a man. Oh, no!'

Callon did not mention that Mr. Mudge had compelled him to accept or refuse the post in Chili with only an hour's deliberation, and that hour between seven and eight in the evening. He had thought of calling upon Millie to suggest in her mind the offer which she had now made, but he had not had the time. He was glad now. His position was thereby so much the stronger.

'I had to accept Mudge's offer. Even the acceptance was made as humiliating as it possibly could be. For Mudge deliberately let me see that his only motive was to get me out of the country. He did not care whether I knew his motive or not. I did not count,' he cried bitterly. 'I was a mere pawn upon a chess-board. I had to withdraw from my candidature. My career was spoilt. What did they care—Mr. Mudge and your friend? I was got out of your way.'

'Oh, oh!' cried Millie; and Callon stepped quickly to her side.

'Imagine what these months have been to me,' he went on.

'I was out there in Chili, without friends. I had nothing to do. Everyone else upon the railway had his work, his definite work, his definite position. I was nothing at all, a mere prisoner, in everybody's way, a man utterly befooled. But that was not the worst of it. Shall I be frank?' He made a pretence of hesitation. 'I will. I will take the risk of frankness. I was sent away just when I had begun to think a great deal about you.' Millie Stretton, who had been gazing into her companion's face with the utmost sympathy, lowered her eyes to the floor. But she was silent.

'That was the worst,' he continued softly. 'I was angry, of course. I knew that I was losing the better part of two years——'

And Millie interrupted him: 'How did she know?' she exclaimed.

'Who? Oh, Miss Mardale. Do you remember the evening she came to Whitewebs? I was waiting for you in the hall. You came down the stairs and ran up again. There was a mirror on the mantelpiece. She guessed then. Afterwards she and Mudge discussed us in the drawing-room. I saw them.'

Millie got up from her chair and moved to the fireplace.

'It was on my account that you have lost two years, that your career has been hindered,' she said, in a low voice. She was really hurt, really troubled. 'I am so very sorry. What return can I ever make to you? I will never speak to Pamela again.'

Callon crossed and stood beside her.

'No, don't do that,' he said. 'It would be—unwise.'

Her eyes flashed up to his quickly, and as quickly fell. The colour slowly deepened in her cheeks.

'What does it matter about my career?' he continued, with a smile. 'I see you again. If you wish to make me a return, let me see you very often!'

He spoke with tenderness, and he was not pretending. What space did Millie Stretton fill in his thoughts? She was pretty, she was sympathetic, she was ready to catch the mood of her companion. It was not merely an act of retaliation which Callon projected. Such love as he had to give was hers. It was not durable, it was intertwined with meanness, it knew no high aims; yet such as it was, it was hers. It gained, too, a fictitious strength from the mere fact that he had been deliberately kept from her. The eighteen months of bondage had given her an importance in

his eyes, had made her more desirable through the very difficulty of attaining her. Millie allowed him to come again and again. She had a natural taste for secresies, and practised them now, as he bade her do, without any perception of the humiliation which they involved. If he called at her house, it was after the dusk had fallen, and when she was at home to no other visitors. They dined together in the restaurants of unfashionable hotels, and if she drove to them in her brougham, she sent it away, and was escorted to her door in a cab. Callon was a past-master in concealment; he knew the public places where the public never is, and rumour did not couple their names. But secrecy is not for the secret when the secret ones are a man and a woman. It needs too much calculation in making appointments, too much punctuality in keeping them, too close a dependence upon the probable thing happening at the probable time. Sooner or later an accident, which could not be foreseen, occurs. It may be no more than the collision of a cab and the summons of the driver. Or someone takes, one morning, a walk in an unaccustomed spot. Or the intriguers fall in quite unexpectedly with another, who has a secret too, of which they were not aware. Sooner or later someone knows.

It was the last of these contingencies which brought about the disclosure in the case of Callon and Millie Stretton. Six weeks had passed since Callon's return. It was just a month from Easter. Millie dined with some friends, and went with them afterwards to a theatre in the Haymarket. At the door she sent her carriage home, and when the performance was over she took a hansom cab. She declined any escort, and was driven up Regent Street towards her home. At the corner of Devonshire Street, in Portland Place, a man loitered upon the pavement with a white scarf showing above his coat-collar. Millie opened the trap and spoke to the driver. The cab stopped by the loiterer at the street corner, who opened the doors and stepped in. The loiterer was Lionel Callon.

'Drive round Regent's Park,' he said.

The cab drove northwards through Park Place and along the broad road towards Alexandra Gate. The air was warm, the stars bright overhead, the dark trees lined the roadway on the left, the road under the wheels was very white. There was a great peace in the park. It was quite deserted. In a second it seemed they had come out of the glare, and the roar of streets, into

a land of quiet and cool gloom. Millie leaned back while Callon talked, and this was the burden of his talk.

‘Let us go to the south of France. I will go first. Do you follow! You go for Easter. It will be quite natural. You stay at Eze, I at the little Reserve by the sea a mile away. There is a suite of rooms there. No one need know.’ Three times the cab drove round the park while Callon urged, and Millie more and more faintly declined. The driver sat perched upon his box, certain of a good fare, indifferent. Inside his cab, on this quiet night, the great issues of life and honour were debated. Millie had just her life in her hands. One way or the other, by a ‘Yes’ or a ‘No,’ she must decide what she would do with it, and, to whatever decision she came, it must reach out momentous with consequences and touch other lives beyond hers and beyond those others, others still. Her husband, her relations, her friends—not one of them but was concerned in this midnight drive. It seemed to Millie almost that she heard them hurrying about the cab, calling to her, reaching out their hands. So vivid was her thought, that she could count them, and could recognise their faces. She looked amongst them for her husband. But Tony was not there. She could not see him, she could not hear his voice. Round and round past the trees, on the white road, the cab went jingling on, the driver, indifferent, upon his perch, the tempter and the tempted within.

‘Your husband does not care,’ said Callon. ‘If he did, would he stay so long away?’

‘No, he does not care,’ said Millie. If he cared, would he not be among that suppliant throng which ran about the cab? And all at once it seemed that the hurrying footsteps lagged behind. The voices called more faintly; she could not see the outreaching hands.

‘No one need know,’ said Callon.

‘*Someone always knows,*’ replied Millie.

‘What then?’ cried Callon. ‘If you love, you will not mind. If you love, you will abandon everything—everyone. If you love!’

He had taken the right way to persuade her. Call upon Millie for a great sacrifice, she would make it, she would glory in making it, just for the moment. Disenchantment would come later; but nothing of it would she foresee. As she had matched herself with Tony, when first he had proposed to leave her behind

in his father's house, so now she matched herself with Callon, she felt strong.

'Very well,' she said. 'I will follow.'

Callon stopped the cab and got out. As he closed the doors and told the cabman where to drive, a man, wretchedly clad, slouched past and turned into the Marylebone Road. That was all. Sooner or later someone was sure to discover their secret. It happened that the someone passed them by to-night.

(To be continued.)

HENRY MORTON STANLEY.

BY SIDNEY LOW.

THE map of Africa is a monument to Stanley *aere perennius*. There lie before me various atlases, published during the past sixty years, which is less than the span of Stanley's lifetime. I turn to a magnificently proportioned volume, bearing the date of 1849, when Henry Rowlands was a boy at school at Denbigh. In this atlas the African continent is exhibited, for about a third of its area, as a mighty blank. The coast is well defined, and the northern part, as far as ten degrees from the Equator, is pretty freely sprinkled with familiar names. We have Lake Tchad, Bornu, Darfur, Wadi-el-Bagharmi, Sennaar, Kordofan, and Khartum, and so on. But at the southern line of 'the Soudan or Nigritia' knowledge suddenly ceases, and we enter upon the void that extends right through and across Africa down to the Tropic of Capricorn. 'Unexplored' is printed, in bold letters, that stride over fifteen hundred miles of country, from the tropical circle to well beyond the Equator. The great lakes are marked only by a vague blob, somewhere in the interior, west of the Zanzibar territory. The estuary of the 'Congo or Zaire' is shown, and a few miles of the river inland. After that we are directed, by uncertain dots, along the supposed course of the stream northward, to where it is imagined to take its rise in the *Montes Lunae*, for which the map-maker can do no better for us than to refer, in brackets, to ('Ptolemy') and ('Abulfeda Edrisi').

I pass to another atlas, dated 1871. Here there is considerable progress, especially as regards the eastern side of the continent. The White Nile and the Bahr-el-Gasal have been traced almost to their sources. The Zambesi is known, and the Victoria Falls are marked. Lakes Victoria Nyanza and Nyassa appear with solid boundaries. Tanganyika, however, is still uncertain, the Albert Nyanza with its broken lines testifies to the doubts of the geographer, and the Albert Edward does not appear at all; and beyond the line of the lakes, and north of the tenth degree of south latitude, the blank of the interior is still as conspicuous, and almost as unrelieved, as it was two-and-twenty years earlier.

By 1882 there is a great change. The name of Stanley has begun to be written indelibly upon the surface of the Continent. The vague truncated 'Congo or Zaire' is the 'Livingstone River,' flowing in its bold horseshoe through the heart of the former unexplored region, with 'Stanley Falls' just before the river takes its first great spring westward, and 'Stanley Pool' a thousand miles lower down, where, after a long southerly course, the mighty stream makes its final plunge to the sea. Tributary rivers, hills, lakes, villages, tribal appellations, dot the waste. Uganda is marked, and Urua, and Unyanyembe.

If we pass on to the present day, and look at any good recent map, the desert seems to have become—as, indeed, it is—quite populous. There is no stretch of unknown and apparently unoccupied land, except in the Sahara, and between Somaliland and the White Nile. All the rest is neatly divided off, and most of it tinted with appropriate national colours, the British red, the French purple, the German brown, the Portuguese green. In the map I am looking at there is, right in the middle, a big irregular square or polygon, which is painted yellow. It is twelve hundred miles from north to south, a thousand from east to west. It is scored by the winding black lines of rivers, not the Congo only, but the Aruwimi, the Lualaba, the Sankalla, the Ubangi. It is the Congo Free State, one of the recognised political units of the world, with its area of 800,000 square miles, and its population computed at fifteen millions. The great hollow spaces have been filled in. The Dark Continent is, geographically at any rate, dark no longer. The secret of the centuries has been solved.

Geographical science has still its unfulfilled tasks to finish; but there can never again be another Stanley. He is the last of the discoverers, unless, indeed, we shall have to reserve the title for his friend and younger disciple, Sven Hedin. No other man, until the records of our civilisation perish, can lay bare a vast unknown tract of the earth's surface, for none such is left. The North Pole and the South Pole, it is true, are still inviolate; but we know enough to be aware how little those regions can offer to the brave adventurers, who strive to pierce their mysteries. There is no ar continent nor open Antarctic Sea; only a dreary waste of less ice and unchanging snow. But the habitable and inhabited he is mapped and charted; and none of the explorers, who poured at the work during the past fifty years, did so much towards the consummation as Stanley. Many others helped to fill

in the blank in the atlas of 1849, which has become the network of names in the atlas of 1904.

A famous company of strong men gave the best of their energies to the opening of Africa during the nineteenth century. They were missionaries like Moffat and Livingstone; scientific inquirers like Barth, Rohlfs, Du Chaillu, Teleki, and Thomson; adventurous explorers like Speke, Grant, Burton, Cameron, and Selous; and soldiers, statesmen, and organisers such as Gordon, Rhodes, Samuel Baker, Emin Pasha, Johnston, Lugard, and Taubman Goldie—but there is no need to go through the list. The hardships they endured were not less than those of Stanley; their discoveries were made often with a more slender equipment and scantier resources; as geographers and scientific observers, some of them were his superiors; as administrators, one or two at least could be counted his equals. But those of the distinguished band, who still survive, would freely acknowledge that it was Stanley who put the crown and coping-stone on the edifice of African exploration, and so completed the task begun twenty-four centuries ago with the voyage of King Necho's Phœnician captains and the *Periplus* of Hanno. It was Stanley who gathered up the threads, brought together the loose ends, and united the discoveries of his predecessors into one coherent and connected whole. He linked the results of Livingstone's explorations with those of Speke and Grant and Burton, and so enabled the great lacustrine and riverine system of Equatorial Africa to become intelligible; and he it was, also, who saved from loss the fruits of Emin's years of study and investigation on the Upper Nile. Without him the work of his most illustrious predecessors might still have remained only a collection of splendid fragments. Stanley exhibited their true relation to one another, and showed what they meant. He is the great—we may say the final—systematiser of African geography, and his achievements in this respect can neither be superseded nor surpassed, if only because the opportunity exists no longer.

As a fact, Stanley not only completed, but he also corrected, the chief of all Livingstone's discoveries. The missionary traveller was steadily convinced that the Nile took its rise in Lake Tanganyika, or, rather, that it passed right through that inland sea. Stanley, when he had 'found' the Doctor, and restored the weary old man's spirit and confidence, induced him to join in an exploration trip round the north end of Tanganyika, which proved that there was no river flowing out of the lake, and therefore that no

connection was possible with the Nile system. But Livingstone still believed that he was on the track of the great Egyptian stream. He persisted in regarding his Lualaba as one of the feeders of the Nile, and he was in search of the three fountains of Herodotus, in the neighbourhood of Lake Bangweolo, when he made his last journey. It was reserved for Stanley to clear up the mystery of the Lualaba, and to identify it with the mighty watercourse which, after crossing the Equator, empties itself, not into the Mediterranean, but into the South Atlantic.

Stanley regarded himself, and rightly, as the geographical legatee and executor of Livingstone. From the Scottish missionary, during those four months spent in his company in the autumn of 1871, the young adventurer acquired the passion for exploration and the determination to clear up the unsolved enigmas of the Dark Continent. Before that he does not seem to have been especially captivated by the geographical and scientific side of travel. He liked visiting strange countries, because he was a shrewd observer, with a lively journalistic style, which could be profitably employed in describing people and places. But the finding of Livingstone made Stanley an explorer; and his own nature made him, in a sense, a missionary, though not quite of the Livingstone kind. He was a man who was happiest when he had a mission to accomplish, some great work entrusted to him which had to be got through, despite of difficulties and dangers; and when the famous traveller laid down his tired bones in the wilderness, Stanley felt that it was decreed for him to carry on the work. So he has said himself in the opening passage of the book in which he described the voyage down the Congo. When he returned to England in 1874, after the Ashanti War, it was to learn that Livingstone was dead:

The effect which this news had upon me, after the first shock had passed away, was to fire me with a resolution to complete his work, to be, if God willed it, the next martyr to geographical science, or, if my life was to be spared, to clear up not only the secrets of the great river throughout its course, but, also all that remained still problematic and incomplete of the discoveries of Burton and Speke, and Speke and Grant.

The solemn day of the burial of the body of my great friend arrived. I was one of the pall-bearers in Westminster Abbey, and when I had seen the coffin lowered into the grave, and had heard the first handful of earth thrown over it, alked away sorrowing over the fall of David Livingstone.¹

There must have been some among those present at the memorial service in Westminster Abbey on May 17, 1904, who recalled these

¹ *Through the Dark Continent* ad init.

simply impressive words, and they may have wondered why the great Englishman who uttered them, was not to lie with the great dead of England at Livingstone's side.

It is not merely on geographical science that Stanley has left a permanent impress, so that, while civilised records last, his name can no more be forgotten than those of Columbus and the Cabots, of Hudson and Bartolomeo Diaz. His life has had a lasting effect upon the course of international politics. The partitioning of Africa, and its definite division into formal areas of administration or influence, might have been delayed for many decades but for his sudden and startling revelation of the interior of the continent. He initiated, unconsciously, no doubt, and involuntarily, the 'scramble for Africa' in which Germany, France, Great Britain, Italy, Belgium, and Portugal have taken part. The opening up of the Congo region, by his two great expeditions of 1874 and 1879, precipitated a result which may have been ultimately inevitable, but would perhaps have been long delayed without his quickening touch. The political map of Africa as it now appears, and is likely to appear for many generations to come, was not the work of Stanley; but without Stanley it would not have assumed its present shape. His place is among those who have set the landmarks of nations and moulded their destinies.

Perhaps not many of these things were revealed to him, when he stood by Livingstone's grave, and resolved to carry on the dead explorer's work. But he had found his mission, and he proceeded to fulfil it with that absorbing singleness of aim and purpose which was the elemental trait of his character. He had his book on 'Coomassie and Magdala' to write, and he threw himself into it with a kind of exasperated energy, labouring night and day, and finishing the volume in three weeks, so as to be able to devote himself to the greater task. Then he turned, with fierce eagerness, to the study of Africa. He read all the best books that had been written upon the interior of the continent, to the number, as he has said, of a hundred and thirty; he made himself familiar with the explorations of his predecessors; he filled in the *lacunæ* of his knowledge, and learnt something of astronomy, zoology, cartography, physical geography, and surveying. His keen, shrewd brain assimilated easily, and his tenacious memory held what it needed.

It was wonderful how much he knew, not of men only and of the world, but of books, and of the results of thought, and science, and research. One of the foolish notions, which possessed

some of our geographical pundits, was that Stanley was only a rough, hasty, rule-of-thumb traveller, brave, no doubt, and resourceful, but without any true scientific feeling. This was a complete misconception. Of education, in the accepted sense, of course he had next to none. All his regular teaching was received at a Welsh village school, and he was a cabin-boy on shipboard before he was fifteen. Nevertheless, he contrived, in the course of his crowded and chequered life, to get through a vast amount of reading. He was always immersed in books, when he was not engaged in some active occupation; and he took a selection from the best literature of the world with him when he crossed Africa. When you conversed with him, at least in his later years, you easily discovered that he had a firm grasp of the general sequence of European and Oriental history, and a considerable insight into modern ethnological and archaeological learning. He had formed independent and original ideas of his own on these subjects; and when he talked, as he sometimes would, of the Sabæans and the Phœnicians, and the early Arab voyagers, you saw that to the rapid observation of the man of action he added much of the systematising and deductive faculty of the scholar. He possessed the instinct of arrangement, which is the foundation of all true scholarship, and perhaps of all great practical achievement as well.

His intellectual power was, I think, seldom appreciated at its true value. Its full measure is not given in his books, in spite of their vigorous style, their dramatic method of narration, and their brilliant pictorial passages; but nearly everything he wrote was in the nature of rather hurried journalism, the main object of which was to explain what had happened, or to describe what had been seen. Not in these graphic volumes, but in the achievements which gave rise to them, is Stanley's mental capacity made manifest. He was not only a born commander, prompt, daring, undaunted, irresistible, but also a great administrator, a great practical thinker. He thought out his problems with slow, thorough patience, examined every aspect of them, and considered all the possible alternatives, so that when the time came for action he knew what to do, and had no need to hesitate. His fiery, sudden deeds were more often the result of a long process of thought than of a rapid inspiration. The New York correspondent of the 'Times,' who knew him well, tells an illustrative story:—

He and his whole party had embarked on Lake Tanganyika, knowing that the banks were peopled, some with friendly, some with hostile tribes. His

canoes moved on at a respectful distance from the nearest shore. Sometimes the friendly people came off to sell their boat-loads of vegetables and fruit. 'But suppose they were not friendly,' said Stanley to himself, 'then what?' So one day there approached a fleet of canoes, with all the usual signs of friendly commerce. They were piled high with bananas. I thought [said Stanley] they had a large supply, and the boats were deep in the water; still, there was nothing that looked really suspicious. There were just men enough to paddle the canoes; no more. I let them come close, but I kept my eye on them and my hand on the trigger of my elephant gun. They were but a few yards off when I saw a heap of bananas stir. I fired instantly, and instantly the water was black with hundreds of armed black men who had been hidden beneath the banana heaps. I do not think many of them got ashore. If I had stopped to think they would have been aboard of us, and it is we who should not have got ashore. But I had done my thinking before they came near.¹

I remember once asking him what he would have done if he had been in Emin Pasha's place on that last fatal day when the emissaries of the slavers came into his tent. 'I should not have allowed myself to be slaughtered like that,' said Stanley; 'I should have thought it all out beforehand, and I think I should have known very well what the ruffians meant the moment I set eyes upon them. I might have been killed, but not,' he added, grimly, 'by those men, for I should have killed *them* first.'

Similarly he spoke of Gordon's end. 'If,' he said, 'I had been sent to get the Khartum garrison away, I should have thought of that and nothing else; I should have calculated the chances, made out exactly what resistance I would have to encounter, and how it could be overcome, and laid all my plans with the single object of accomplishing my purpose.' I believe, though he did not say so, that he thought the retreat could have been effected, or the town held, till the relief column arrived, if proper measures had been taken, and the one definite aim had been kept steadily in view all the time. That was his own principle of action. When he had an object to fulfil, a commission to carry out, he could think of nothing else till the work was done. Difficulties, toil, hardships, sacrifices of all kinds, of time, of men, of money, were only incidents in the journey that led to a goal, to be reached if human endeavour could gain it. 'No honour,' he wrote, 'no reward, however great, can be equal to the subtle satisfaction that a man feels when he can point to his work and say: "See, now, the task I promised you to perform with all loyalty and honesty, with might and main, to the utmost of my ability is to-day finished."' This was the prime article in Stanley's confession of faith—to do the

¹ *The Times*, May 25, 1904.

work to which he had set his hand, and in doing it, like Tennyson's Ulysses,—

To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

Both aspects of his character, the practical and the intellectual, were revealed in the two great expeditions of 1874 and 1879. The crossing of Africa, which began in the first year, was a marvellous performance in every way. Its results were immense, for it was the true opening of the equatorial region, and added more to geographical knowledge than any enterprise of the kind in the nineteenth century, or perhaps in any century. Great conquerors at the head of an army—an Alexander or a Genghis Khan—may have done as much; but no single individual revolutionised so large a tract of the earth's surface, with only a handful of armed men and a slender column of camp followers and attendants. Wonderful, indeed, was the tour of the great lakes, the circumnavigation of the Victoria Nyanza, the conversion of King Mtesa of Uganda, the unveiling of the fertile, semi-civilised country, islanded for centuries in the ocean of African barbarism, which is now a British Protectorate linked up with Charing Cross by rail and steamer. But the toilsome journey up from the East Coast was nothing to that which followed, when the party left Uganda and turned their faces to the Congo, resolved to follow the great river down to the sea. The story of how Stanley decided to baffle fate, and rely upon his own intuition and determination, has often been told.¹ It was in the hut at Nyangwe that Stanley, with the last of his white companions, Frank Pocock, was debating whether to go north, along the course of the Lualaba, or south towards Katanga and the country already explored by Livingstone.

'I say, Sir,' said Frank, 'let us toss up; best two out of three to decide it.' 'Toss away,' said Stanley; 'here is a rupee. Heads for the north and the Lualaba; tails for the south and Katanga.' Frank stood up, his face beaming. He tossed the rupee high up. The coin dropped. 'What is it?' I ask. 'Tails, Sir,' said Frank, with a face expressive of strong disapproval. 'Toss again.' He tossed again, and 'tails' was again announced—and six times running 'tails' won. We then tried straws—the short straws for the south, the long straws for the river Lualaba—and again we were disappointed, for Frank persisted in drawing out the short straws, and in leaving the long straws in my hands.

Many men might have accepted this as the verdict of Providence; but that was not Stanley's way. He had a strong belief in destiny, but he preferred to put his own interpretation upon its

¹ It was first told by Stanley himself in *Through the Dark Continent*.

decrees. So, in spite of the straws and coins, he struck north, and traced the Lualaba to the Congo and the Congo to the sea. His gifts of leadership were at their highest in this memorable march, from the time that he left Nyangwe, in November 1876, to his arrival at Boma, near the Congo estuary, in August 1877. He had to be everything by turn in this space of ten eventful months—strategist, tactician, geographer, medical superintendent, trader, and diplomatist. There were impracticable native chiefs to be conciliated, the devious designs of that formidable Arab potentate, Tippoo Tib, to be penetrated and countered, inexorably hostile savages to be beaten off by hard fighting. The expedition arrived at Boma, a remnant of toilworn men, weakened by disease, and very nearly at the point of starvation. Stanley's white companions had perished, and his native contingent had suffered heavily; but the allotted task was accomplished, and the silent pledge, registered by Livingstone's grave, had been fulfilled.

It was this famous journey—the most remarkable, if judged by its results, in the whole history of African travel—which placed Stanley's reputation as a leader and discoverer on the highest pinnacle. It was not an unassailed reputation. Much was said about his high-handed methods, and many good people in England, those

Good people who sit still in easy chairs,
And damn the general world for standing up,

chose to regard him as a sort of filibuster. They contrasted his methods with those of some of his predecessors and contemporaries, who had contrived to spend years in Africa without fighting and bloodshed; but they did not allow for the difference in the conditions. Most of the other travellers had been the sport of circumstances. They had wandered from place to place, turned from their course again and again by hostile tribes and churlish chiefs. They found out a great deal, but not, as a rule, that which they came to find. Their discoveries were largely accidental; even Livingstone was constantly deflected from his route, and was unable to pursue to its conclusion the plan of tracing the central watershed which he had set before himself. Stanley had a perfectly definite purpose, which he determined to carry out; and he succeeded. His scheme involved passing through an immense region, inhabited by a comparatively numerous population, of a higher type than those encountered nearer the coast, more energetic and more warlike. As a rule, he made his way among them by

bargain and negotiation; but sometimes he had to fight or to turn back, and he accepted the sterner alternative. If he had refused to do so, he could not have reached his goal. The expedition might still have added enormously to the sum of scientific knowledge, but in the achievement of its ultimate and clearly conceived object it would have been a failure. Stanley did not mean that it should fail; he was always ready to sacrifice himself, and when necessary he was prepared, as great men who do great deeds must be, to sacrifice others. But there was never the smallest justification for representing him as a ruthless, iron-handed kind of privateer on land, who used the scourge and the bullet with callous recklessness. There was nothing reckless about Stanley, except, at times, his speech. In action he was swift and bold, but not careless.

To inflict superfluous suffering, to shoot and slay without thinking of the consequences—this was utterly alien to his systematic, calculating methods. He would do it, if there seemed no other means of gaining the end, as a general would order a column to destruction to save his army and win a victory. But he was essentially a humane man, masterful and domineering, and yet *au fond* gentle and kindly, particularly to the weak and suffering. Opposition stiffened the obstinate will to resistance; he was not a safe person to thwart even in small matters. He remembered a benefit, and he did not forget an injury. It was said that he was unforgiving, and perhaps there was something in the charge. In his intense, self-contained nature wounds rankled long; and he had little of that talent for oblivion, which is so easily developed among comfortable people, whose emotions and experiences have never been poignant enough to disturb their peace of mind.

One who knew Stanley well, and studied him with an eye at once penetrating and friendly, believed that through life he bore the characteristic traces of his Cymric origin. He had the Welsh peasant's quickness of temper, his warmth of affection, his resentfulness when wronged, his pugnacity, and his code of ethics ultimately derived from John Calvin. Welsh Protestantism is based on a conscientious study of the Biblical text. Stanley carried his Bible with him through life, and he read it constantly; but I should imagine that he was less affected by the New Testament than by the prophetic and historical books of the Hebrew scriptures. He believed profoundly in the divine ordering of the world, but he was equally assured that the Lord's will was not fulfilled by mystical dreams or by weak acquiescence

in any wrong-doing that could be evaded by energetic action. With Carlyle he held that strength is based on righteousness, and that the strong should inherit the earth; and he saw no reason why there should be any undue delay in claiming the inheritance. 'The White Man's Burden' could not be shirked, and should, on the contrary, be promptly and cheerfully shouldered:

It is useless [he wrote] to blame the white race for moving across the continent in a constantly increasing tide. If we proceed in that manner we shall presently find ourselves blaming Columbus for discovering America and the Pilgrim Fathers for landing on Plymouth Rock. The whites have done no more than follow the law of their nature and being.

He had his own idea about prayer. A man, he thought, ought to lay his supplications before the Throne of the Universe; and he attached great value to prayers for deliverance from danger and distress. But the answer was not to be expected by way of a miracle. The true response is in the effect on the suppliant himself, in the vigour and confidence it gives to his spirit, and the mental exaltation and clearness it produces. That was Stanley's opinion; and he had no great respect for the martyrs, who yielded to their fate with prayer, when they might have averted it by action.

The crossing of Africa was Stanley's premier achievement as a leader of men. The founding of the Congo State revealed him as a great administrator and organiser. It was a wonderful piece of management, a triumph of energy, resource, and hard work. Here it was that Stanley earned the title which, I think, gave him more satisfaction than the belated G.C.B. conferred on him towards the end of his life. The natives called him 'Bula Matari,' which, being interpreted, means the breaker of rocks—an appellation bestowed upon him by the brown-skinned villagers as they watched the sturdy little explorer toiling, bare-armed, under the fierce African sun, with axe or hammer in hand, showing his labourers, by example and precept, how to make the road from Vivi to Isangela, which bridged the cataracts of the lower Congo, and opened the way to the upper reaches of the river.

The founding of the Congo State can be compared with the achievements of the two other great enterprises of our own time, which have converted vast tracts of primitive African savagery into organised States under civilised administration. But Stanley's task was heavier than that of the pioneers of Rhodesia and the creators of Nigeria. The sphere of his operations was larger; the

native populations were more numerous and more utterly untouched by external influences other than those of the Arab slave-raiders ; the climatic and physical obstacles were more severe ; he had foreign opposition to contend with from without, and many difficulties with the pedantry, the obstinacy, and the greed of some of the officials sent out to him by his employers. Yet in the short space of five years the work was done. The Congo was policed, surveyed, placed under control. A chain of stations was drawn along its banks ; systematic relations had been established with the more powerful native potentates ; an elaborate political and commercial organisation had been established ; the transport difficulties had been overcome, and the whole region thrown open to trade under the complicated and careful regulations which Stanley had devised. It was no fault of Stanley's if the work has been badly carried on by his successors, and if the Congo State, under a *régime* of Belgian officials, not always carefully selected, has not, so far, fulfilled the promise of its inception. So long as Stanley was in Africa no disaster occurred ; there was no plundering of the natives and no savage reprisals. If he had been permitted to remain a few years longer, the advance of the Congo State might have been more rapid, particularly if he could have been seconded by subordinates with a higher inherited capacity for ruling inferior races than Belgians could be expected to possess. It was a cause of regret to him, I believe, that England did not take a larger share in this international enterprise.

But England for long ignored or belittled the work that Stanley did. It was not till public opinion, throughout the Anglo-Saxon and Latin world, had acclaimed him a hero, that the governing element recognised something of his greatness ; and to the very last its recognition was guarded and grudging. One might have supposed that his services would have been enlisted for the Empire in 1884 when he came back from the Congo. He was in the prime of life, he was full of vigour, he had proved his capacity as a leader, a ruler, and a governor, who had few living equals. One thinks that employment worthy of his powers should have been pressed upon him. But the country which left Burton to eat out his heart in a second-rate consulship, and never seemed to know what to do with Gordon, could not find a suitable post for Stanley. I do not imagine he sought anything of the kind ; but it seems strange that it was not offered, and on such terms that he would have found it difficult to refuse. If he had been entrusted with

some worthy Imperial commission, he might have been saved from the fourth, and least fortunate, of his journeys into the interior of Africa. Nothing that Stanley ever did spoke more loudly for his courage, his resourcefulness, and his heroic endurance, than the expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha. None but a man of his iron resolution could have carried through those awful marches and counter-marches in the tropical forest and along the banks of the Aruwimi. But the suffering and privations were incurred for an inadequate object and a cause not clearly understood. Many lives were lost, many brave men, white and black, perished tragically, to effect the rescue of a person who, it appeared, would, on the whole, have preferred not to be rescued. The journey from the Ocean to the Nile, and from the Nile to the East Coast, added much to geographical knowledge, and was the complement of Stanley's previous discoveries. But the cost was heavy, and the leader himself emerged with his health seriously impaired by the tremendous strain of those dark months. Most of his younger companions preceded him to the grave. Stanley survived Nelson, Stairs, and Parke, as well as Barttelot and Jameson; but the traces of the journey were upon him to the end, and no doubt they shortened his days.

Those days—that is to say, the fourteen years that were left to him after he returned to England in the spring of 1890—were, however, full of activity, and, one may hope, of content. No other great task of exploration and administration was tendered, and perhaps, if offered, it could not have been accepted. But Stanley found plenty of occupation. He wrote, he lectured, and he assisted the King of the Belgians with advice on the affairs of his Dependency. He was in Parliament for five years, and he took some part in the discussion of African questions. More than all, he was married, most happily and fortunately married, and watched over, and ministered to, with tactful and tender solicitude. The evening of that storm-tossed and strenuous life was calm and peaceful. Those who knew him only in these closing years saw him, I suppose, at his best, with something of the former nervous, self-assertive, vitality replaced by a mellow and matured wisdom. Whether there was much more than an external contrast between the Stanley of the earlier, and the later, period, I am unable to say; but one may suggest that the change was in the nature of a development. Does any man's character really alter after the formative season of youth is over? Traits half-hidden or seldom revealed in

the fierce stress of active conflict and labour may come to the surface when the battling days are done. I cannot think that the serene sagacity, the gentleness, and the magnanimity, which one noted in Stanley in his last decade, could have been merely the fruit of leisure and domestic happiness. No doubt the strands were always in his nature, though perhaps not easily detected by the casual eye, so long as 'the wrestling thews that throw the world' had to be kept in constant exercise.

In manner and appearance, and in other respects, he was the absolute antithesis of the type he sometimes represented to the general imagination. Short of stature, lean, and wiry, with a brown face, a strong chin, a square, Napoleonic head, and noticeable eyes—round, lion-like eyes, watchful and kindly, that yet glowed with a hidden fire—he was a striking and attractive personality; but there was nothing in him to recall the iron-handed, swashbuckling, melodramatic, adventurer, such as the pioneers of new countries are often supposed to be. The bravest of the brave, a very Ney or Murat among travellers, one knew that he was; but his courage, one could see, was not of the unthinking, inconsequent variety that would court danger for its own sake, without regard to life and suffering. What struck one most was that 'high seriousness,' which often belongs to men, who have played a great part in great events, and have been long in close contact with the sterner reality of things. His temperament was intense rather than passionate, in spite of the outbursts of quick anger, which marked him, in his fighting period, when he was crossed or wronged. Much, far too much, was made of his 'indiscretions' of language—as if strong men are not always indiscreet! It is only the weaklings who make no mistakes, who are for ever decorous and prudent. Stanley had a ready, fluent pen, a gift of dramatic speech, and a keen sense of injustice. If he saw, or thought he saw, a wrong done, he was apt to 'let himself go,' without much thought of the consequences. When he met Livingstone at Ujiji he found the Doctor bitterly aggrieved at the behaviour of the British consular authorities at Zanzibar. It is highly probable that the old missionary was mistaken, and that Dr. Kirk's allous neglect existed chiefly in his imagination. Stanley, however, thoroughly believed in the story. He came back to England, burning with indignation, and angrily determined to expose the eccentric consul. Hence arose an embittered controversy, which, for a time, gave the explorer a bad name with all that is genteel

and smooth-spoken in English society. It would have been far easier, and much more politic, to have forgotten the Doctor's real or imaginary wrongs, and to have said pleasant things about everybody, or at least about everybody likely to have powerful friends and influential relatives.

Much the same may be said of his early quarrel with the Royal Geographical Society. He did not find it easy to forgive that distinguished body, when it signified its desire to make amends for the coldness, with which it had first treated him, and for the ungenerous aspersions, which some of its members had cast upon his fame. They gave him a dinner, and made flattering speeches about the man who had succeeded. Lord Houghton was in the Chair, and it was Lord Houghton, according to the competent authority already mentioned,¹ who was referred to in the speech which Stanley made at a Press dinner in New York :

Gentlemen [he said], I thank you for your reception. You have always been kind to me. When I first went to Africa you gave me words of encouragement. At that time I met a noble English lord who was a member of the Royal Geographical Society. I was introduced to him as the man who was going to hunt for Dr. Livingstone. He stared at me condescendingly.

When I returned from Africa, having found Dr. Livingstone, you were kind enough to say very pleasant things about me, and I met my English friend again, and he relaxed and gave me one finger.

Again I went to Africa, and you gave me words of encouragement, and my English friend gave me two fingers. I have just returned, gentlemen, and you have been more kind than ever. Once more I met the noble Englishman, and this time he actually gave me his whole hand. Gentlemen, between that first patronising bow and that handshake lies practically the history of my whole life.

But the whole hand was extended; and it surprised many Englishmen that it was not instantly and warmly grasped. 'Sorry for it,' as we know from Thackeray, 'is all a gentleman can say.' It is a tradition—on the whole a pleasant, sporting, public-school kind of tradition—that a full apology, frankly offered, can atone for anything, and must be promptly accepted. But Stanley had not been at an English public school, and he did not quite understand the rules of the game. He could not let bygones be bygones without a murmur of reproach, or forget that some of the people, who were now so civil, had sneered at him as a mountebank adventurer, had discredited his discoveries, disbelieved his statements, and had even suggested that the whole story of the finding of Livingstone was a

¹ *The Times*, May 25, 1904.

fabrication. All this was now acknowledged to be a mistake, and Stanley's critics, eupeptic and at ease, many of whom had never had any greater hardship to endure in their lives than a badly cooked dinner, were quite ready to ignore the past, and to be good-natured and genial. It was thought to be ungracious of Stanley that he would not make up the quarrel, until he had vindicated his own part in it by a bitter recital of his grievances. But men who feel intensely, who have suffered deeply under unmerited injuries, and who have Stanley's defiant sense of justice, are not always so tactful and polite as the social amenities require.

As it was, the 'indiscretions' for some years left a certain mark upon Stanley's reputation, and gave an easy handle to the cavillers and the hypercritical, and to the whole tribe of the purists, who are shocked because revolutions are not made with rose water, or continents conquered in kid gloves. Even after his triumph was acknowledged, after he had been honoured by princes, and had won his way to the tardy recognition of the Royal Geographical Society, there were superior persons to repeat that he was egotistical and inhuman. To his friends both charges must have seemed absurd. Of personal egotism, of mere vanity, he had singularly little. It needed a very obtuse observer to miss seeing that he was by nature simple, affectionate, and modest, with a wealth of kindness and generosity under his mantle of reserve. He had a sympathetic feeling for the helpless, and the unfortunate—for animals, for the poor, and for the children of all races. On the march from Ruwenzori, distressed mothers of Emin's motley contingent would bring their babies to Stanley's own tent, knowing that 'Bula Matari' would have halted the caravan sooner than needlessly sacrifice one of these quaint brown scraps of humanity. He would tell the story himself; and afterwards, perhaps, he would describe how he made up the connubial differences of some jangling couple of half-clad aboriginals.

His full and varied experiences were not easy to extract from him; for he disliked being 'drawn,' and preferred to talk on those larger, impersonal, questions of politics, history, ethnology, and economics, in which he never ceased to be interested. But his words were sometimes allowed to be entranced by some strange stirring episode of African adventure, told with fine dramatic verve, and relieved by touches of quiet humour. He was not a big talker; but he had a fund of that amused tolerance, which consists of comprehending, and condoning, the weaknesses of human

nature. It is a trait which goes far to explain his success in dealing with native races.

In the House of Commons he was not much at home. The atmosphere of the place, physical and intellectual, disagreed with him. The close air and the late hours did not suit his health. 'I am a man,' he once said to the present writer, 'who cannot stand waste.' The Commons' House of Parliament, with its desultory, irregular, ways, its dawdling methods, and its interminable outpourings of verbose oratory, must have seemed to him a gigantic apparatus for frittering away energy and time. He was glad to escape from St. Stephen's to the Surrey country home, in which he found much of the happiness of his later years. Here he drained, and trenched, and built, and planted; doing everything with the same careful prevision, and economical adaptation of means to ends, which he had exhibited in greater enterprises. To go the round of his improvements with him was to gain some insight into the practical side of his character.

It was not the only, nor perhaps the highest, side. There was another, not revealed to the world at large, or to many persons, and the time has scarcely come to dwell upon it. But those who caught glimpses into a temple somewhat jealously veiled and guarded did not find it hard to understand why it was that Stanley had never failed to meet with devoted service and loyal attachment, through all the vicissitudes of the brilliant and adventurous career, which has left its mark scored deep upon the history of our planet.

BLACKSTICK PAPERS. NO. 9.¹

BY MRS. RICHMOND RITCHIE.

PARIS, PRISMS, AND PRIMITIFS.

I.

NATURE makes merry occasionally, and so does human nature, and Blackstick herself unbends. On Monday, May 2, in the year of our Lord 1904, there was a soft storm of rain followed by sunshine, and all the trees in the Tuileries, and in the gardens, and the woods round about Paris, came out. They burst into blinding-sweet green and gold; the lilacs followed with their fragrant buds, all the violets and pansies rose from the darkness into light, white pinks began to bloom. Everywhere the streets were garlanded, the people went about carrying posies in honour of the spring. The very funerals going by were great masses of beautiful flowers and wreaths, lovely tall pyres of roses spreading fragrance. The scentless daffodils of England were not so much in vogue, so it seemed, as more fragrant flowers; though to be sure bountiful bunches of blue forget-me-nots and purple pansies were to be bought for a few pence at street corners, where the old sat dispensing the nosegays and the young came to buy and to carry them off.

Blackstick sometimes travels under the name of P. M., with a companion who is not yet twenty thousand years old and who shall be A. M. for the occasion. These wanderers frequent a little hostel in a street whose very stones and doorways seem for P. M. dressed with rosemary; A. M. knows of other delightful places and riverside corners; but with or without sweet herbs to recall the past, it is impossible not to love the present in this merry little oasis of the Rue St. Roch. At either end of the quiet street the stream passes along two great thoroughfares, whence the sounds that reach one, the steady tramp of the horses, the jangle of the omnibus bells, the yelling of motors, the trumpeting of bicyclists, all make distant chorus which somehow suggests an extra sense of rest in the narrow street where St. Roch and St. Romain unite to give its friendly shelter.

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The owner of the hotel, the old friend of many of those who come there, adds a certain character and a personal feeling to the establishment, and to this his guests respond. Not long ago a traveller, after twenty-five years, came (as people did in the Old Testament and in illuminated missals) carrying a silver cup in his bag to commemorate the friendly connection. . . .

P. M. and A. M., looking out from their third-floor windows, can see across to those two big boulevards of which mention has been made. The Tuileries Gardens spread greenly beyond the Rue de Rivoli as far as the distant quais, which are crossed and recrossed by their crowds of tiny figures. Looking to the east they can almost count the very steps of the great church which has remained firm while so many kings and emperors and revolutions have passed their way. There stands St. Roch stately and unmoved from year to year, blessing the infants and the young communicants, and the new-married couples and the mourning *cortèges* as they each come up in turn. From these upper windows A. M. and P. M. seem to live the very life of the city, not only in its outer aspects, but in its domesticities, as they survey the little street with its varying gleams and humours. Look at the hairdresser opposite on the pavement in front of his shop matching his client's hair in the brighter light of the street, while various friends volubly assist. Look at the pretty, pale washerwoman who comes to her door for a breath; a lady from the hotel itself crosses over in slippers to fetch some snowy garment which has been exquisitely starched and gauffered. Look at the greengrocer's man washing his carrots which flash with colour in the slanting sun rays, while the owner of the shop, sitting on a straw chair with an ink bottle carefully adjusted into a sack of potatoes, is writing his accounts in a book. The people at work, the people at play, are all interested and interesting. They are primitifs in their way no less than their predecessors depicted in the Pavillon de Marsan yonder. The little schoolboys in their capes and pointed hoods, and neat bare legs, as they fly past; the *employés* and professors as they cross the road with neat rapid strides, the young girls as they pass stepping gaily in time, arm in arm as if they were dancing.

Besides the springtime it is also Confirmation time. The whole town is scattered with little brides of ten and twelve years old, in white veils, white shoes, white sashes, accompanied by the proud parents trudging alongside; the father is generally importantly got up with a large and shining hat and boots to match; the mother

may be stout and weary-footed from some neighbouring outskirt of Paris, but she wears her bonnet with an air, and is usually carrying a basket. Other parents more prosperous, or less provident, go off to the café at the corner of the street and settle themselves at little tables to feast with their children off cakes and ale. The little bride is the centre of the party, or the conscious little boy in his short white trousers and fringed white ribbons. While the holiday makers sit feasting the workers pass by; perhaps it is a man and his dog yoked together to a wooden cart, or a long waggon crawling on carrying trunks of trees from the forest to the wood-cutters' yard. Perhaps a motor comes next with its casquetted driver, and the smart feathered lady within; . . . the lazy P. M. leans from the window, watching a shabby man who is walking up the middle of the street carrying an exquisite wreath of roses carefully before him; but A. M. calls her away, for the Primitifs are to be visited and the Prisms must wait.

II.

The Hôtel St. Romain has the additional advantage of being quite close to the much-frequented shrine of early saints lately revealed to us by the spirited director of the Bibliothèque Nationale and his colleagues, and displayed for our advantage in the Pavillon de Marsan, which is the last addition to the glorious old palaces of the Louvre. This fine gallery is light and strong, and elegantly built, with handsome staircases and stately rooms on different levels, and with landings which give great variety and character, both of which are often wanting to State galleries. How well one knows the look of them, that turnstile at the entrance and then the stone stairs, and the short room, and the long room out of it—how monotonous and cut to pattern they are apt to be. This, however, is a beautiful home of art, rather than a gallery; nothing is crowded, everything is in its place, and the walls are lined with soft coloured stuffs of delicate shades admirably adapted to their purpose. The Pavillon de Marsan is near the opening of the Rue de Rivoli. Two or three flags and a couple of sentries stand at the entrance. Also portrait of a mediæval lady delicately tinted and securely ned invites the passers by to enter and to enjoy the feast within; enjoy the beautiful things which were first recorded for our use n other Edwards were ruling in England, and when Dante was ing the streets of Florence. There hang the pictures on the

walls, of delicate sage-green, or where soft strawberry hangings of silk set off carvings and old frames and faded gildings. The pictures have come hither from far and near, across seas and centuries, from convents and palaces and churches; some have lived all these years concealed under other names than their own, and are only now discovered to be themselves.

Paris and Prisms are familiar to us all. Primitifs are to a certain degree a new revelation of French inspiration, and this charming school is now, for the first time, catalogued, organised, and collected from afar, brought from convents and churches and distant country places, by the care of Monsieur Bouchot and his patriotic colleagues the Frenchmen of to-day. We have seen some of the pictures before—we have known them under other names such as Van Eycks and Ghirlandajos. Now under their true flag they appear, and in their true nationality, and as they rise before us, one by one, each seems to be a proof of that which is yet to be made certain. Time has a magnetism of its own, for us beings of an hour, who stand before the work which the painter placed upon his easel six or seven centuries ago. There is a picture belonging to the Church of the Madeleine in Paris—No. 37 in the catalogue. It has been ascribed to Van Eyck and to Albert Dürer in turn. Experts may disagree. The work speaks to us still as it might have done had we been there when the nameless artist first painted his vision upon the panel; and we still respond to the noble sweet sentiment, to the exquisite care and detail. The Virgin kneels in the long cathedral aisle; she is sumptuous in her damask robes, simple in her modest majesty—a cup with lilies stands on the pavement at her knee, a missal lies open on the carved reading desk—an angel, with noble, open looks and great wings, kneels before her from some inner shrine. The angel, too, is robed, and with upraised left hand he seems to emphasise his message. . . . The rays of light stream through a circular window overhead, each column is traced with care, each complicated arch is in its place, each shadow falls in exquisite beauty and perfection. No one is near, though figures are to be seen at the far end of the vista.

Painted yesterday, the picture would be beautiful and touch one's admiration; coming to us through the centuries it brings added mystery and reality too. Perhaps angels were really to be seen crossing among the columns of the great cathedrals in those days; perhaps in those times ladies knelt like queens, wearing royal

robes. The cathedrals are still there ; the carvings are still to be admired, the quaint gurgoyles, the fanciful decorations, bats and birds and exquisite leaves carved in the stonework, and beyond it all as you look, you somehow feel that the very spirit of holiness is there.

'C'est très curieux,' says the little French lady, a pretty little lady enough, with frills and furbelows ; her husband has a ribbon in his coat. The people all about seem educated and well bred. The ladies of the present, in their elaborate fanciful dresses, are scarcely less dainty than the saints and queens and Magdalenes they have come to see.

The French couples talk to each other with their pretty and rapid intonation. A nun in a dress which might have come bodily out of one of the pictures goes by, alone, carefully marking her catalogue. In a doorway under the mitred head of some saintly bishop the guardian of the place sits nodding peacefully.

'C'est du Ghirlandaïo pur et simple,' says an *Elégante*, gazing at one of *Maître de Moulins'* masterpieces. And while the human beings pass by discoursing, discriminating, the goodly company of the past remains indifferent, altogether oblivious of our presence . . . reading, praying, pondering, only a few of the martyrs look somewhat conscious, and no wonder. With what stately dignity yonder saint advances across the open place carrying his own glorified head which the executioner has just cut from his body, or let us admire the gracious ladies with their palms and jagged wheels, or Jean Perreal's slim and self-respecting lamb on its exquisite spindle legs.

'Where does he come from, that delicious master, whom for the moment we are obliged to call by the ambiguous name of *le Maître de Moulins* ?' says the author of the catalogue. From Paris, from Tours, from Lyons, from Moulins ? Did he see Italy ? asks *M. Lafenestre*, the writer of the admirable introduction.

'Par pitié Messieurs les archivistes nos amis,' he cries, 'un petit document, un tout petit document, s'il vous plaît, qui nous permette de saluer cet homme glorieux, de son vrai nom !'

Entering what one might call the *Salle carrée* of the *Primitif Exhibition*, there before one is a whole wall covered with the works his so-called '*Maître de Moulins*.' One is attracted at once by master's great triptych which hangs in the place of honour in centre, and which the catalogue attributes to the year 1498.

In the middle panel stands the Virgin with the Child, surrounded by angels, and as the painter is fond of doing, he has represented

the Holy Mother as she is described in the Apocalypse; the crescent moon is at her feet and the sunshine with which she is robed seems to radiate from out of this beautiful picture. The grouping and painting of the attendant angels are very wonderful, not only for their value in the whole composition, but because each angel is a masterpiece. They stand with solemn eyes, directed towards the Holy Child, their hands clasped in fervent adoration. On the panels on either side St. Peter and St. Anne mount guard and present the donors of the picture to the holy company within.

Another picture, a Nativity by the same master, hangs near. The catalogue tells us that this painting was presented by the Cardinal Jean Rolin (we see his portrait in the picture itself) to the Cathedral of Autun, and that for more than four hundred years it has hung in the *évêché* until now brought to Paris for the first time, with the rare result that we find it after four centuries exactly as it was left by Maître de Moulins.

The feeling and spirit of this master's work remind one of some of the illuminated missals at the Bibliothèque Nationale close by. The landscapes of soft low hills and green valleys are strangely like those distances that Fouquet loved to paint, and which through him we have got to know and understand, and it is very wonderful to find that what one had imagined to be the fairy land of Fouquet's brain is no fairy land but reality: France herself, only waiting now, as then, for her sons of the brush to come and paint her gracious aspects.

'Oh what a power has whyte simplicity,' and this reflection of Keats's seems to embody in words what the Maître de Moulins effects in his most beautiful work of art.

The Virgin kneels before the Holy Child in the centre, on her right are St. Joseph and two angels (we recognise them again in the triptych): a little to the background, the donor also kneels, and a charming touch of nature is the introduction of the Cardinal's favourite fox-terrier on the hem of his robe.

'Une particularité,' says the catalogue, 'qui ferait reconnaître le Maître entre tous les autres, c'est la sévérité des physiologies, l'absence de sourire des Anges et de la Vierge,' and this holds true even in his portraits. Take, for instance, 'Une dame présentée par la Madeleine,' a beautiful though rather grim achievement. P. M. admires, and A. M. declares it is like Memling in the scheme of colour, the posing of the figures, but the fact remains that the resemblance is but chance, and the spirit is French,

and that no one but a Frenchman painting in France could have produced such a portrait.

We step into the cool ante-hall, where, facing us, is Froment's famous altar-piece 'Le Buisson Ardent.' This picture, with many of the others here exhibited, was attributed to the Flemish school, even to Van Eyck himself, because of the remarkable landscape in the centre panel. However, searching among the archives of 'Bouches du Rhône,' M. Blancard discovered documents which prove that 'Le Buisson Ardent' was painted by Nicholas Froment at the command of King René for the cathedral of Aix, and that for so doing he received the sum of 30 écus !

High among the branches of a spreading tree, a graceful and lovely Virgin is sitting in state, while underneath, far beyond the boughs, lies an exquisite landscape. On one of the wings is the portrait of King René himself with his three saints, a fine group in gorgeous array. On the other wing is his queen, the daughter of Louis XI., Queen Jeanne de Laval, who is also presented to the Virgin by three protecting saints.

Not unlike other kings and queens, René and Jeanne seem to have had the same predilection for being constantly painted by the same hand. There are two separate miniatures of them by Froment, of which the head of the king is especially excellent in its way.

One might almost say that portraiture was an inherent gift among the French painters, and it is easy to see how the exquisite pictures of the sixteenth century which we find upstairs in this same collection belong by descent to the great masters of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

The actual school of Nicholas Froment leaves one a little cold. 'Fort curieux,' as the lady said, is also the criticism of the catalogue concerning the picture of the saint carrying his head in his hands, and this is really all that can be said of Froment's pupils.

Near by are two pictures by another Primitif, Jean Perreal ? (The questioning mark is out of the catalogue.) This artist has a charming gift for details, and in 'The Mystical Marriage of St. Catherine' the eye dwells with real pleasure upon the dainty architecture, the delicate trimming of St. Catherine's robe, and all

other charming belongings of the holy company. The heads the figures are admirable ; but the painter seems to have been able to realise the human body, and the figures of the Virgin and Catherine are weak and feeble. Another painting of the Virgin two donors by this same Perreal is a disappointment ; the

Virgin is beautiful and wonderfully painted, but the donors so ill executed that they spoil what would otherwise have been a remarkable work.

Fouquet, Enguerrand Charonton, and what one is obliged to call for want of more definite names the schools of Touraine, of Provence, of Bourgogne, are indeed words to conjure with, for they embody in sound this great school which now for the first time receives its proper recognition; nor must we leave the Pavillon de Marsan without an act of homage to the great Maître de Flémalle who painted about 1430, fifty years before le Maître de Moulins. There are three pictures of his, each a masterpiece, and each beyond criticism. Perhaps Mr. Salting's Virgin and Child in an interior is the most beautiful for colour; but 'The Adoration of the Shepherds' is the finest picture of the three, for in it there is perfection of noble thought as well as perfection of execution. In a thatched hut with angels hovering above, the Virgin is kneeling in adoration before the Holy Child. St. Joseph, holding a candle, which he shields from the wind with his right hand, kneels, and the shepherds, in a wonderful group, stand hesitating at the open door. Two women are in attendance on the Virgin, and are placed to her left so that the Holy Child lies encircled by noble figures, and then surrounding all is a great peaceful landscape with the rising sun just appearing over the mountain top; the light is cool, grey, and mysterious, and as it is, just before the sun shoots out his rays to warm and cheer the world.

The third picture of Maître de Flémalle's is called 'The Glorious Virgin, St. Peter, St. Augustin, and a Monk.' This is a little picture which reminds one of Van Eyck, and though the picture is small, it has his qualities of distance, breadth, and nobility of conception.

III.

Before going up to the portraits on the higher floor you may, if you will, rest for a minute, in the ante-hall hung with its woven tapestries wreathed by a gay garland of embroidered fun and grace—they chiefly represent the *fêtes* of Henri III. Look at the courtiers assembled; while that ominous queen-mother sits in the centre of them all in deepest mourning. Look at the barges where the nobles and the king and some frail and brilliant Anne or misnamed Diana are assembled, while the huge fish with waving fins and a glorified tail beats the air, and the people dance on the distant

banks and the music plays. Henry of Navarre is looking on in gallant pourpoint and ruffe, so are other well-known figures and faces out of Alexandre Dumas. Who are the real historians? For France shall we quote Guizot and de Tocqueville and d'Aubigné, or rather Alexandre Dumas, who has made the Fronde to rise once more and Louis XIV. and his court to exist again?

In the upper gallery where the portraits are hanging, all our old friends out of 'The Three Musketeers' and the 'Dame de Monsoreau' are to be recognised. There they are, with their handsome profiles and high delicate features, set off by their ruffles and feathered toques, the dashing chivalrous cut-and-come-again heroes, the Balafre, the Guises, Henri Quatre, the noble Coligny and his son-in-law Tehigny, and there also are the conspirators, the lurid villains and villainesses—Mayenne the persecutor of Chicot, and those terrible women Cathérine and Marie de Médicis, and the scheming Chevreuse and Diane de Poitiers, and the wild friends of Henri III., Anne Duc de Joyeuse and the rest of them, with their cropped heads and lordly airs. Here, too, is Mazarin, who, it will be remembered with satisfaction, was lifted bodily, schemes, robes and all, over the wall into captivity, by the strong arm of Porthos. The portraits seem to greet us or taunt us as we go by, so convincing and life-like are they. Their limners belonged to a time when art reigned supreme, and whose princes and nobles still live on by means of the Clouets and Holbein and their compeers who worked on quietly, with steady hands and keen eyes reproducing every line and aspect of the handsome dazzling gallants before them. The portraits tell their own history; but it is only of late that the compositions and altar-pieces have been docketed and named and dated. Only how can they be dated? A beautiful picture belongs to the great kingdom of art; and its name, be it Flemish or Burgundian, its date, be it one century or another—except, indeed, for the expert—adds but little to its revelation.

M. Laborde, in his interesting work 'La Renaissance des Arts à la Cour de France,' gives a graphic description of the duties of the Court painter in the sixteenth century. The post was first titated in the Middle Ages, when it was ordained that the painter : to be classed with the servants, and came in rank after the 'efreniers' and the 'galopins de cuisine'; but with the march civilisation the painter was promoted, and in the sixteenth bury ranked with the poets, musicians, and fools of the Court.

Briefly, the painter's duty was to do everything, and he might be called from the stable, where he sat decorating the royal saddles with designs, to the kitchen to put finishing touches to the ornamented dishes which were to be set before the king.

Besides being painter to the Court, Jean Clouet obtained, through his intelligence and ready wit, the appointment of *Valet de Chambre du Roy*, a post much sought after, as it meant personal and real intercourse with the king.

There is no doubt that it was from holding this post that Clouet became so intimate with the Court. One can see from his portraits that his sitters were his friends, not mere models, that Clouet knew the ins and outs of their characters, and in his inimitable way expressed, as far as plastic art could make it possible, almost all that there was to be said of the brilliant assemblage.

'Maistre Janet Clouet paintre et valet de chambre ordinaire du Roy' was his full title. M. Laborde describes how it was then the custom to abbreviate names, and that Jehan Clouet was turned into Jehannet Clouet, and then into quite plain Janet. Janet, unlike other followers of the brush, was well paid for his work, and he found in Francis a devoted and liberal master. He succeeded Jehan Bourdichon as Court painter. His reputation was great, and, besides private portraits, he had all the official portraits to paint. One is given an idea of the hurry, and push, and anxiety then shown to possess Janet's work, by a bill owing to Loys du Moulin, which has been preserved for diligences and post horses, for going from Blois to Paris, and Paris to Blois, to fetch a portrait by the celebrated painter.

Janet was a great deal at Fontainebleau with the king, and in an old description of the Palais we read what numbers of Clouet's portraits hung on the walls, and there they seem to have remained until Louis Philippe had them removed to his historical museum at Versailles.

One of the most interesting things about Janet is that he stoutly resisted the Italian influence which Francis I. so admired, and, while Primaticci and Rosso reigned supreme, Clouet worked quietly on, knowing well what his own work was worth. Portraits at this time were the craze of Europe, and it is through him that they became the fashion in France. Holbein, too, was at work in England. There was no self-respecting family that had not been painted, and, as the fashion grew, books of portraits were sold, and no salon was considered complete without one of these on the

table. These likenesses took the place of our present snapshots and 'Daily Graphics.' They were often of great use; sovereigns and princes having to marry sent for the pictures of the most suitable princesses in Europe in order to choose the most beautiful.

Jean Clouet was succeeded by his son François, who, though not nearly so great a painter, enjoyed an even greater popularity. François' work was only to follow in the steps of his father, who created the style, and, as we have already said, resisted Italian influence.

François became Court painter in 1545. Laborde tells us that his first duty was to go down to Rambouillet to take a cast of the dead king for an effigy, and his bill is quoted which goes into minute details, 'Despense de bouche' figuring principally among the items.

It was to François that Ronsard wrote the long and exquisite poem which begins: 'Pein moy, Janet, pein moy je te supplie,' and the rest of the Pleiade also offered up verses in the praise of this charming master.

As an example of the passion, or rather frenzy, for portraits of those days, Brantôme tells a story of how Cathérine de Médicis, being at Lyons, went to see the studio of a painter called Lyon—some of his work is to be seen in this collection—and to her astonishment found upon his easel the most beautiful portrait imaginable of herself as a young woman. She gazed in rapture and amazement, and could not remove her eyes for pleasure. Her bewilderment was lessened when the painter confessed that, though he had never seen her Majesty before, he had beheld a reproduction of her portrait, and had been so struck by it that he determined to paint another for himself. It is also known that Francis I. sent Titian a drawing of himself, and requested the artist to paint his portrait from this.

The secret of the Clouets' art seems to have died with François, whose work, though inferior, is no less alive than his father's. An interesting book of reproductions, edited by Lord Ronald Gower, from the Earl of Carlisle's collection at Castle Howard, contains hundreds of the portraits of the people we read of at that time, gaining with the royal house of Valois itself. Is it chance or is the singular vividness of the Clouets' impressions which gives, as in the children's portraits of the later generation, a strange r-like expression? The pale arching eyes, low frowning brows, - to foretell the future.

Francis I., with his well-known features, and his troubles, and his magnificence, has always been something of a favourite with the world. His stately buildings, his own odd yet distinguished looks, have made his personality so familiar to us that he has almost become a friend, and we refuse to believe all the things we read to his discredit. It is to the painters that he owes much of his popularity. Clouet has painted him with his pale southern face, his dark hair, the great nose, the narrow, self-conscious eyes, the beautiful hands which play with the hilt of that sword which he could wield with such chivalry, but with which he knew not how to lead or to direct. We hear how he modelled himself upon heroes of romance, how, when he was in prison, he sent for the Epistles of St. Paul and the history of Amadis of Gaul to read.

The story of his boys left by him as hostages to linger in captivity after the battle of Pavia is almost the saddest of all those which are told concerning him. Poor little hostages for a treaty which Francis never fulfilled! One of them died, the other never quite recovered his spirits. So says Colonel Haggard in 'Side-lights upon the History of France,' but the historian Clouet brings a very noble personage before our eyes in Henri II., with Francis's own dignity of carriage; he is mounted upon a splendid charger, and is riding in State. Henri II. is also nobly represented by his magnificent additions to Fontainebleau and to the Louvre.

Clouet paints many of his sitters at different ages, as children, and then young people. Men did not live to be very old in those days; there are few heads of aged men. There is one magnificent drawing of the great Connétable Anne de Montmorency, who lived from one reign to another—also one of another sitter, poor little Jeanne de Navarre, of whom the melancholy story is told how, when she was about nine years old, she was repeatedly struck and beaten to force her into a marriage, notwithstanding her passionate protests. When the day of the ceremony came she was so loaded with brocade and precious stones and heavy chains that she could not walk, and, according to the custom of the time, the poor little bride was carried into the church. The Connétable de Montmorency, that grand seigneur, was selected for this office, which so angered and disgusted him that he left the Court in high dudgeon, and gave up for a time all his dignities and appointments.

There is one exquisite little head of Queen Mary Stuart at a very early age, delicate and sprightly—la Reine Dauphine, as she was called—and there is a charming portrait of the beautiful

Duchesse d'Etampes, looking innocent and girlish, whose quarrel with Diane de Poitiers divided the Court.

These Primitifs have been tolerant of human limitations. There are few dull blots, almost everything is beautiful enough to belong to the present and the future, too, as well as to the past, and as one looks, one realises that all this has been in the world for five hundred years to give joy to the living mirage sweeping past that one depicted on the canvas.

But the clock strikes twelve, the shadows grow short, P. M. and A. M. sadly leave this charming world, and turn their faces towards their own home, where, under different skies, and, perhaps, in a more sober mood, there are also beautiful things to admire and noble collections of pictures to study.¹

¹ Just now, when our own art-administration is under discussion, it may be pertinent to bring forward a translation of a little paper which is scattered for distribution in the tapestry hall of the Pavillon de Marsan. It concerns a society which seems admirable in intention and execution. It is called the Société des Amis du Louvre, and the prospectus runs as follows:—

'Our great Museum of the Louvre has a municipal revenue of its own (*personnalité civile*).

'But its income even when augmented by part of the subsidy which the Budget grants annually to the national museums, and by the income which it receives from the sale of casts and chalcographie, cannot keep up with the obligations which the Museum's own reputation and importance impose.

'The Louvre, therefore, is in want of aid, so that it may be in a position to acquire works of art which would complete and enrich the collections.

'The Society of the Friends of the Louvre has been formed with the idea of creating, by means of subscriptions and grants from its members, funds destined to offer to the Museum works of art worthy to be placed in the galleries.

'The Society of the Friends of the Louvre is on the eve of numbering two thousand members.'

Certain lovers of art in England have taken the hint, and a society was started about a year ago under the presidency of Lord Balcarras with the same excellent object in view. The subscription is only a guinea—and let us hope that two thousand members may be found to join the National Art-Collections Fund, notwithstanding its cumbrous name.

THE FIRST ENGLISHMAN IN JAPAN.

THE story of the adventures of William Adams, the first Englishman in Japan, is truly as romantic an episode in the history of our connection with the Far East as the most vivid imagination could well invent. That a poor English mariner, drifting into port on a foreign ship, with naught to recommend him save his own good sense and straightforwardness, should have gained the favour, and kept the favour, of one of the most able rulers that Japan has ever seen, is one of those events which so seldom happen in real life, that, when they do come to pass, they touch our imagination as romance from fairyland rather than as sober facts of life.

At the moment when William Adams set foot in the country, Japan had recently passed through a tempestuous period of her history, and had but newly been reduced to order by the genius and energy of three of her most famous rulers. We have to go back to a remote time to trace the causes which had led up to this crisis, and to explain the dual form of government which was maintained for so many centuries, and which proved so bewildering to the Europeans who first became acquainted with it, and no less to historians even of our own generation.

The rightful sovereign of Japan, from the first establishment of the throne, was the Mikado ; and, although in the middle and later periods of the history of the country he almost disappears from sight and becomes a mere cipher, yet his existence never ceased to be present in the minds of the people ; the ' Son of Heaven ' was always the occupier *de jure* of the throne ; and it was the Mikado who finally emerged at the revolution of 1868 as the *de facto* ruler of the country. The growth of the great feudal families of Japan first led to encroachment on the power of the sovereign, and gradually brought him under their exclusive control. In the twelfth century the military power was divided between two houses : the Taira and the Minamoto. The inevitable struggle between them resulted in the temporary victory of the Taira. But, under the leadership of their famous chieftain, Yoritomo, the Minamoto were finally triumphant, and established a dominant military government completely overshadowing and controlling the Mikado.

In the year 1192 the Minamoto hero received from the sovereign the title of Sei-i Tai Shōgun, or Barbarian-subjugating Generalissimo; and it was this title of the Shōgun which was assumed thereafter by the *de facto* rulers of Japan who could claim to be of the blood of the Minamoto family. To the domination of the Minamoto succeeded the domination of the Hojo, which lasted for nearly a century and a half; and to the Hojo government succeeded that of the Ashikagas, in the middle of the fourteenth century. From that time for two hundred years Japan passed through the misery of continual civil war under the line of the Ashikaga Shōguns, which terminated in 1573. It was out of the chaos into which the country had sunk that the three great historical figures arose who were fated to have such lasting influence on the destinies of Japan.

Oda Nobunaga, a soldier and the son of a soldier, by his conquests gradually pushed his way to the front, and, after espousing the cause of the last Ashikaga Shōgun, deposed him and seized the government. Nobunaga is notorious in Japanese history as the enemy of the Buddhists. From the date of its first official recognition in Japan in the middle of the sixth century, the Buddhist creed had flourished side by side with the native Shinto religion. Under the Ashikagas it had grown in strength and influence, and Buddhist priests and Buddhist monks became a power in the land. They were no longer merely the members of a religious sect; by their numbers and organisation, and by their maintenance of large bodies of retainers, they were a military power and a danger to the public peace which Nobunaga was endeavouring to consolidate. Determined to break down their influence, he suddenly inflicted upon them two successive blows. In 1571 took place the destruction of the great monastery of Hiyeizan, and the wholesale massacre of its inhabitants; and a few years later thousands perished in the siege and capture of the Buddhist fortified monastery or castle at Ozaka. Nobunaga's hostility to the sect is to be specially noted, for to it no doubt is to be attributed his policy of allowing to Christianity freedom to spread through the country as a rival to counterbalance the influence of the hated creed. The Portuguese first of Europeans had found their way into Japan in 1542. With their came their religion, and the rapidity with which it was pted, chiefly in the west and south where the Portuguese Jesuit sionaries found their first proselytes, is one of those remarkable ances of the native readiness to adopt new things. In the days Nobunaga the Christian converts are said to have numbered

200,000. Such an astute statesman, however, as Nobunaga must soon have recognised the political danger to be feared from the increasing numbers of a new creed drilled into implicit obedience to its exponents. Probably it was only his sudden death by assassination that prevented him from putting into action some measure for checking the spread of Christianity.

Nobunaga's murder was avenged by his comrade in arms, the famous Hidéyoshi, known more commonly by the title he assumed at a later date as Taiko Sama (My Lord, the Taiko), who crushed all opposition and succeeded to the government. Hidéyoshi was of humble birth, the son of a peasant, who began his career as Nobunaga's groom; but by his own prowess and ability he rose quickly to high command. He now brought the whole empire under control, and held the supreme power as Regent for some years; but he never received the coveted title of Shōgun, for he could claim no descent from the Minamoto. Following a common practice, he abdicated the regency in 1591 in favour of his son, still, however, keeping in his hands the reins of government. It was on this occasion that he assumed the title of the Taiko (Great House). In his last years he attempted the conquest of Korea, the ambition of his life, and a bloody war was carried on by his generals in that country, which, however, was brought to a sudden termination by his death in 1598.

Hidéyoshi inherited in some degree his predecessor's hostility to the Buddhists, but he by no means shared his policy of favouring Christianity on that account. Still, under his government there was no violent persecution of the alien creed, and, while he issued an edict banishing its teachers, he took no decisive steps to enforce it. It was the Christians themselves who brought down destruction on their own heads. Hitherto the Portuguese Jesuits had had the field to themselves; but now the Spaniards appeared on the scene and found a pretext to introduce the Franciscan friars. Quarrels between the Jesuits and the Franciscans and the mutual accusations of Portuguese and Spaniards regarding their designs were more than enough to open the eyes of the Japanese Government; and, when in their fanatical zeal the friars defied the authority of the Taiko, they received a sharp lesson in the crucifixion of some of their number.

Hidéyoshi left as his heir an infant son, Hidéyori, then aged about six years, whom he had married to the granddaughter of his old fellow-soldier Iyéyasu, of the Tokogawa family, in the hope of

thus securing a protector for his boy. But, although Iyéyasu had sworn to be true to the trust, his ambition did not permit him to keep his oath. He had at one time been a rival of Hidéyoshi, and they had even met in conflict, when the latter did not come off the best. But a reconciliation followed, and thereafter their friendship remained steadfast. Now Iyéyasu's prominence caused jealousies. The chieftains who had been named with him as guardians of the young Hidéyori began to draw away from him, and to collect their troops. Iyéyasu accepted the challenge, and appeared on the field. At Sékigahama was fought, in October 1600, the decisive battle in which his rivals were defeated with fearful slaughter. He was now supreme. Hidéyori was his prisoner, but suffered no injury, and was allowed to reside in comparative freedom in the castle of Ozaka. Iyéyasu was possessed of a higher political sagacity than his predecessors, and securely established the fortunes of his house, the Tokogawa. He himself, as of kin to the Minamoto, obtained the Shōgunate in 1603; the last Shōgun of his line disappeared in the revolution of 1868.

It is important to notice Iyéyasu's treatment of Christianity. He could not fail to perceive the political danger threatened by the spread of the new faith, and, like the Taiko before him, he proclaimed the banishment of the Christian priests and friars as early as 1600; but for some years he was content to do nothing more. Tolerant in his administration, he eschewed violence where gentle means could secure his object. His edict remained almost a dead letter; and, although there were local persecutions, the new creed flourished. In 1605 the number of converts in Japan was computed to have reached 600,000.

The last year of the sixteenth century was marked out by fate to be an eventful one for the first connection between England and Japan. That year saw the birth of a new era instituted in the island kingdom of the Far East by the victory of Sékigahama; in April of the same year, William Adams, the first Englishman in Japan, landed on those shores; and on the last day of the year the English East India Company received its charter from Queen Elizabeth. The particulars of Adams's early life and the chain of events which led him to Japan we learn from his own words, in the remarkable letter which he addressed to his 'unknown friends and countrymen' after a residence of eleven years in that land. His reason for writing this letter will be presently explained. Adams was 'a Kentish man, born in a town called Gillingham, two English

miles from Rochester, one mile from Chatham, where the King's ships do lie.' At the age of twelve years he was apprenticed to Master Nicholas Diggins, a shipbuilder of Limehouse, who built and repaired ships for the India voyage. For twelve years Adams served his apprenticeship, and no doubt then learned the business of a shipwright, which, as we shall see, he turned to such good account in the service of the Shōgun. He next records service as 'Master and Pilot in her Majesty's ships,' and for eleven or twelve years he was in the pay of the Worshipful Company of the Barbary Merchants 'until the Indish traffick from Holland began, in which Indish traffick I was desirous to make a little experience of the small knowledge which God had given me.' The Dutch had made their first venture to the East in 1595. This had proved so successful that three years after they despatched a large number of vessels to open up the Eastern trade; and it was in one of their fleets which sailed from the Texel at the end of June 1598, that Adams was engaged as Pilot-Major. It was not an uncommon practice for English mariners at this time to take service with the Dutch; in this same fleet, with Adams, were his brother and another English pilot. The main destination was the Moluccas, the famous Spice Islands, which offered such remunerative cargoes, then in possession of the Portuguese, but from which, in the end, the Dutch succeeded in ousting that nation. Trade with Japan was also to be attempted.

The position of European trade in the Far East at this period was highly complicated. Portugal and Spain had got the start of the other Western nations, and the Portuguese in the Moluccas and the Spaniards in the Philippine Islands resented the appearance of other traders in Eastern waters as an encroachment upon their own domain. But the Dutch and the English were not to be denied, and the two Protestant nations made common cause against their Papist enemies. As long as they had those enemies to contend with, the alliance was fairly maintained. But the arrangement was not a happy one for our countrymen. They were no match in astuteness and enterprise for the Hollanders; they gradually fell into the background, while the Dutch power increased; and at last the two nations were at open feud. Thwarted and outwitted in trade by their more active rivals, the English never had a fair chance; and the treacherous massacre by the Hollanders of the factors and other servants of the English Company at Amboyna in 1623 was the final catastrophe of years of humiliation.

From the very beginning the voyage of the Dutch trading fleet in which Adams sailed was unfortunate; and it was not until April 1599, after many vicissitudes, that the ships entered the Straits of Magellan. There, failing to take advantage of a fair wind, they were weather-bound, and only entered the Pacific at the end of August. Misfortune still pursued them. One of their number returned through the Straits; a second was captured by the Spaniards; and a third eventually fell into the hands of the Portuguese in the Moluccas. The remaining two, the *Hoop* and the *Liefde* (the *Charity*), after many adventures in which they lost a large proportion of their crews, struck out on November 27 to cross the Pacific to Japan, 'having much cloth in our ships, and having understood that cloth was good merchandise there.' On February 23, 1600, the *Hoop* went down in a great storm, and the *Liefde*, with Adams on board, continued her slow and now solitary course, until, on April 19, she at length sighted Japan, 'at which time,' writes Adams, 'there were no more than six besides myself that could stand upon their feet.'

The spot where the *Liefde* cast anchor was in Beppu Bay, off the capital of the province of Bungo, in the western island of Kiu-shiu. Her crew was reduced to twenty-four men, six of whom soon died. A Jesuit who came from Nagasaki acted as interpreter, and did his best to prejudice the people against the new comers; but the Daimio treated them well. Soon after Adams was summoned to Ozaka for his first interview with Iyéyasu. We cannot do better than quote his own account:

The 12th of May, 1600, I came to the great king's city, who caused me to be brought into the court, being a wonderful costly house gilded with gold in abundance. Coming before the king, he viewed me well and seemed to be wonderful favourable. He made many signs unto me, some of which I understood, and some I did not. In the end, there came one that could speak Portuguese. By him the king demanded of me, of what land I was and what moved us to come to his land, being so far off. I showed unto him the name of our country, and that our land had long sought out the East Indies, and desired friendship with all kings and potentates in way of merchandise, having in our land divers commodities which these lands had not; and also to buy such merchandises in this land, which our country had not. Then he asked whether our country had wars. I answered him yea, with the Spaniards and Portugals, being in peace with all nations. Further, he asked me, in what I did believe? I said, in God, made heaven and earth. He asked me divers other questions of things of men, and many other things; as what way we came to the country. Having heard of the whole world, I showed him through the Strait of Magellan. At which he wondered, and thought me to lie. Thus, from one thing to another, he continued with him till midnight. And having asked me what merchandises we had to sell, I showed him all. In the end, he being ready to depart, I desired that

we might have trade of merchandise, as the Portugals and Spaniards had. To which he made me an answer ; but what it was I did not understand.

A second interview followed ; and Adams was then kept in confinement for some time ; ' in which time I looked every day to die : to be crossed [crucified], as the custom of justice is in Japan.' Meanwhile the Portuguese were eager for the execution of the whole crew—

But God that is always merciful at need shewed mercy unto us, and would not suffer them to have their wills of us. In the end, the Emperor gave them answer that we as yet had not done to him nor to none of his land any harm or damage ; therefore against reason and justice to put us to death. If our countries had wars the one with the other, that was no cause that he should put us to death : with which they were out of heart, that their cruel pretence failed them. For which God be for evermore praised !

After this our Englishman was set at liberty, and seems to have passed the next few years in Yedo or its neighbourhood, living on an allowance from Iyéyasu, who, among other things, employed him in shipbuilding. His early apprenticeship at Limehouse had given him some knowledge of that work, although he modestly disclaimed it.

So in process of four or five years the Emperor called me, as divers times he had done before. So one time above the rest he would have me make him a small ship. I answered that I was no carpenter and had no knowledge thereof. ' Well, do your endeavour,' saith he ; ' if it be not good, it is no matter.' Wherefore at his command I built him a ship of the burthen of eighty tons or thereabout ; which ship being made in all respects as our manner is, he coming aboard to see it liked it very well ; by which means I came in more favour with him, so that I came often in his presence, who from time to time gave me presents and at length a yearly stipend to live upon, much about seventy ducats by the year, with two pounds of rice a day, dally. Now being in such grace and favour, by reason I learned him some points of geometry and understanding of the art of mathematics, with other things, I pleased him so that what I said he would not contrary.

Adams afterwards succeeded in building a larger ship, seaworthy enough to convey back to the Philippines the Governor of Manilla, who had been cast ashore in Japan ; and otherwise made himself useful to such good purpose that Iyéyasu gave him a small estate at Hemi-mura, near Uruga, a small harbour at the entrance of the Bay of Yedo. Adams describes it as ' a living, like unto a lordship in England, with eighty or ninety husbandmen, that be as my slaves or servants ; which, or the like precedent, was never here before given to any stranger.' But, however well Iyéyasu rewarded his English servant, he refused absolutely to let him leave Japan. Adams's supplication ' to go out of this land, desiring to

as my poor wife and children according to conscience and nature,' was a request with which 'the Emperor was not well pleased.' Finally, however, he allowed two of Adams's Dutch comrades to depart, who accordingly sailed in a native junk provided by the friendly Daimio of Hirado, and arrived, in December 1605, at Patani, in the Malay peninsula; but they never returned to Europe. Our interest in their movements is that they perhaps carried letters addressed by Adams to his friends in England. But, if this was the case, the letters do not appear to have reached their destination, unless one to his wife, of which a portion survives and is attributed generally to a later date, may have been among them. The Dutch, from jealousy of the English traders, probably suppressed Adams's communications. That this was their practice appears from a complaint made by Adams in a letter written in 1613 that 'unto this present there hath not come to the hands of my friends any letter of mine; but by the Hollanders intercepted always,' and he adds that, of all the letters which he knew had been sent to him from England, only two had come to his hands.

The two Hollanders carried with them a licence from Iy yasu for the Dutch to trade in Japan, obtained by Adams's influence. There was a long delay in making use of it; but at length, in December 1607, a trading fleet sailed from Holland for the East, and on July 6, 1609, two ships arrived at Hirado, where a trading station or 'factory' was then established. Hirado, a small island lying to the west of Kiushiu, had from early times been a convenient port for the traffic between Japan and China, and both Portuguese and Spanish had made use of it in the sixteenth century. The Daimio was well affected to the foreigners, and was quick to see the benefit to be derived by his people from their trade. The new arrivals went up, as was customary, to the Court accompanied by Adams, and were well received by Iy yasu, who confirmed their licence to trade.

But while the Dutch were thus making use of the Englishman for the furtherance of their own interests, they carefully concealed from him the fact that his own countrymen were also trading in the East. Writing afterwards to the English agent at Bantam, Adams says:

Had I known our English ships had trade with the Indies, I had long ago told you with writing; but the Hollanders have kept it most secret from me till the year 1611; which was the first news that I heard of the trading of our ships to the Indies.

The information seems to have leaked out when a third Dutch ship arrived in that year. The result was the letter, already referred to, which William Adams addressed to his unknown friends and countrymen, the English merchants at Bantam, and which bears date of October 22, 1611.

It has been asserted that it was the knowledge of this letter in London that first led to the opening of commercial relations between England and Japan. This is incorrect. Adams's presence in Japan was already known to the East India Company. By their ship the *Globe*, which sailed for Bantam early in 1611, a letter from the Governor of the Company, Sir Thomas Smythe, was despatched to him, announcing that a ship was to be sent to open trade; and, six months before Adams had written his letter, that ship, the *Clove*, had set sail, on April 18, with two consorts, the *Hector* and the *Thomas*, under command of Captain John Saris. The latter was instructed, in regard to the establishment of trade in Japan, to consult 'especially with William Adams, an Englishman now resident there, and in great favour with the king, as we hear;' and further, as a personal matter, that, 'if, at your departure from Japan, the said William Adams shall importune you to transport him into his native country to visit his wife and children, we pray you then to accommodate him with as convenient a cabin as you may, and all other necessities which your ship may afford him.' The English ships did not reach Bantam until October 24, 1612; and there Saris received from the hands of the English agent, Augustin Spalding, Adams's letter written just a year before. Spalding, however, had not left the letter lying idle. He had written to Adams for further particulars as to the prospects of trade, and Adams had received his letter in August 1612. But he failed to answer at once, and the delay entailed the most unfortunate consequences. His reply was written on January 12, 1613, and in it he advised the opening of trade on the eastern coast of Japan, within easy distance of Yedo, and not at Hirado, 'where the Hollanders be,' far from the Court and 'a wearysome way and foul.' But it was too late; only a few days before Adams's letter was despatched, the *Clove* was on her way from Bantam bound for Hirado, where she cast anchor on June 11. Had Adams replied promptly, his advice might not improbably have been followed. It should have been foreseen that there would be rivalry and competition between the two nations, if the English planted themselves by the side of the Dutch. On the other hand, it was the policy of

the English East India Company to follow the lead of the Hollanders, and the hope of securing trade with China no doubt influenced the factors in their final choice of a port near to that empire. It was also unfortunate that, when Saris landed at Hirado, Adams was not on the spot. He was at the Court of Iyēyasu, and had to be summoned; and in the interval the favourable impression made upon Saris by his kindly welcome at Hirado certainly had its influence in determining that place as the permanent headquarters of the English settlement.

The ruler of Hirado at this time was the ex-daimio Matsura Hōm, a man of some note who had formerly distinguished himself in the Korean campaign. In accordance with Japanese custom, he had nominally retired from office, although still really directing the government of his fief; and his grandson Takanobu was the reigning Daimio. The two are referred to in the English correspondence of the time as 'the old king' and 'the young king,' the name of the former being also generally rendered as Foyne Sama.¹ He seems to have been simple and unaffected, given to merry-making on occasions; but he could be strict and stern also. He died about a year after the English had settled. The 'young king' was capricious; he was not so cordial to the newcomers, although he usually kept on good terms with them.

A delay of seven weeks took place before William Adams arrived at Hirado on July 29. He was received by the English with honours, but for some reason, not explained, he did not respond very warmly to their welcome. Saris's invitation to him to take up his lodging with the English was declined.

He entreated me to pardon him [says Saris in his journal]; he would for three or four days repair to his colours, which he had put out at an old window in a poor house, being a St. George made of coarse cloth; neither would he admit of any merchant or other to accompany him, which unto us all was very strange. . . . He said he would be with me when I pleased to send for him, and should not miss of him, either at his own house or at the Flemings. And so, making a short dinner, took his leave, many proffering, after he came down, to go along in company with him in love, but he entreated the contrary, as some were not well pleased, thinking that he thought them not good enough to walk with him.

In explanation of this behaviour, it has been suggested that Adams was sore at his advice not having been followed in regard to

In the south and west of Japan initial *k* is also provincially pronounced as *nce* *Hōm*, a title indicating Matsura's assumption of religious orders on *ation*, becomes in English spelling *Foyne*; and *Hirado* is written *Firado*.

trading arrangements ; but, as from the first he took up an unresponsive attitude, it is more likely that there was something in Saris's manner that offended him. But, whatever the cause of his coolness, it was only natural that it should raise suspicions in the minds of the English concerning him, as one who preferred the company of Dutch or Spaniards to that of his own kin. Even his 'admirable and affectionated commendations of the country' made them think that he was a 'naturalised Japanner.'

On the eighth day after his arrival, Adams accompanied Saris to Court, in order to present the customary gifts and to secure trading privileges. It is necessary here to mention that Iyéyasu had resigned the Shōgunate in 1605, in favour of his son Hidetada, who now reigned at Yedo, while the ex-Shōgun, who, in spite of his abdication, remained all-powerful, had taken up his residence at Shidzuoka, in the province of Suruga. In the eyes of the English Iyéyasu was the Emperor, while Hidetada was only the King. Iyéyasu was gracious as ever ; the privileges were granted ; and the mission accomplished its journey to Yedo, and returned to Hirado on November 6. On the return journey Saris visited Adams's estate, and he admitted that Uraga was a better trading station than Hirado, but for the inconvenience, as it seemed to him, of getting supplies.

It was on the occasion of this visit to Court that Adams seized a favourable opportunity for pleading with Iyéyasu for his release :

Finding the Emperor in a good mood, I took out of my bosom his broad seal concerning certain lands and laid it down before him, giving his majesty most humble thanks for his great favour unto me, desiring leave to go for my country. At which request he looked earnestly upon me, and asked me if I was desirous to go for my country. I answered, most desirous. He answered, if he should detain me, he should do me wrong, insomuch that in his service I had behaved myself well, with other words of commendation, the which I leave. So I thank God I got my liberty out of my long and evil service.

And yet, now that he had liberty to go, he refused to take passage in the homeward-bound *Clove*, alleging that, though he desired to return to England, he must first make something, for he was poor. The true reason, however, for declining to sail with Saris he states, in his letter to the Company, to have been because of divers injuries done to him, without, however, specifying what they were. He appears to have been somewhat shabbily treated in certain business transactions between him and the English merchants ; but whether there was other cause of offence we do not know. It has been rather unkindly suggested that, perhaps,

after all, Adams was not so very anxious to leave Japan, where he had now lived for thirteen years, and where he had a native wife and children ; and that, having gained his liberty to go or stay, as he preferred, and to work for his own advantage instead of being a servant of the Shōgun, he was content to remain. At all events we hear of no more proposals on his part to return home. At the same time he did not neglect his wife in England. The Company had advanced money to her, which Adams punctually repaid, and he arranged for further means to be supplied to her 'till it be the will of God I come home.'

He now took service with the Company, the negotiations as to the amount of his pay again unfortunately causing some friction between him and Saris ; but the terms were finally settled at 100*l.* a year, the engagement to last 'such time as God shall send the *Clove* into England, or answer of her arrival, and return of the Worshipful Company's answer whether they will discover to the north-west or not.' The discovery of the north-west passage was evidently a project that was continually in Adams's mind. 'Now, in my simple judgment,' he writes, 'if the north-west passage be ever discovered, it will be discovered by this way of Japan ;' and he enlarged on the present advantages for its accomplishment in the friendly attitude of Iyēyasu and his promise of assistance.

A factory, then, was at length established at Hirado, with a staff of eight Englishmen, including Adams. The chief or cape (head) merchant was Richard Cocks, whose garrulous diary has survived to chronicle, in amusing detail, the fortunes of the settlement. On December 5, 1613, Saris sailed away on his homeward voyage, leaving behind him a memorandum of instructions with Cocks. His suspicion and dislike of Adams had hitherto been pretty manifest. He now speaks quite plainly : Adams was only fit to be master of the trading junk, and to serve as interpreter at Court ; he was not to be trusted with the Company's money ; he would always be finding some pretext to get away to his Japanese wife.

There can be no doubt that Saris was unfairly prejudiced, and while he was in Japan he communicated his prejudice to the other Englishmen. As soon as he had gone, Cocks, at all events, began to take a juster view. Writing to another member of the factory who was inclined to quarrel with Adams, the cape merchant sets him in a more favourable light, suggesting, indeed, a hastiness of temper, but nothing worse, in his fellow-countryman :

I pray you have a due care to give Captain Adams content, which you may easily do, if you use him with kind speeches and fall not into terms with him upon any argument. I am persuaded I could live with him seven years before any extraordinary speeches should happen betwixt us.

And the same witness assures the Company that he finds their new servant 'tractable and willing to do your Worships the best service he may.' Henceforward, with an occasional grumble at his partiality for the Hollanders, the Englishmen worked harmoniously with Adams, the rest of whose history is chiefly bound up with that of the little colony at Hirado.

His actual term of service with the Company was from November 24, 1613, to December 24, 1616; during which time he was employed chiefly in trading voyages and in accompanying the factors on their journeys to Court.

The first step taken by the newly founded factory was the establishment of branch factories at Yedo and Ozaka and agencies in other places. An abortive attempt was also made to open trade with Korea; and during the whole period of residence in Japan commercial intercourse with China was the particular object always kept in view by the English. A venture to Cochin China in March 1614 turned out disastrously, the chief merchant being murdered and the ship and her cargo lost. At the end of the same year Adams was sent out in the trading junk the *Sea Adventure* for Siam, but only got as far as the Riukiu Islands, being compelled to put back by the mutiny of the crew. Later, in 1615, he sailed again for the same destination and succeeded with fairly profitable results. From England three ships arrived in the course of the years 1615 and 1616. But still the factory did not prosper. The cargoes were ill selected; the consignments sold badly; and the competition of the Dutch was disastrous.

In 1616 the prospects of the English received a severe blow by the death of Iyéyasu, whose closing years had been marked by two important events. The young Hidéyori had grown to man's estate, and was foolish enough to conspire to overthrow the power of the Tokogawa. In this he was supported by the Jesuit priests, and by the majority of the native Christians who flocked to him in great numbers. But Iyéyasu was prepared. In 1614 he issued a decree of banishment of the Christian propagandists, destruction of their churches, and compulsory recantation of their doctrine. The next year, 1615, he attacked Hidéyori in his stronghold at Ozaka, which he captured by assault. The young prince perished

together with, it is said, 100,000 of his followers. It was rumoured that Iy yasu died from the effects of a wound received in this encounter.

His son, the Sh gun Hidetada, now reigned in his stead, and it was necessary for the English to send a deputation to Yedo in order to obtain confirmation of their privileges from the new ruler. Cocks therefore, accompanied by Adams, arrived in the capital at the end of August 1616; but their application was in vain. Adams's influence had waned with the death of Iy yasu. Hidetada hated the Christians, and was by no means disposed to treat the foreign traders with the liberality shown by his father. Cocks was closely questioned as to the religion of the English, and was perforce at some pains to describe the distinction between Protestants and Papists. The privileges were curtailed, and the English trade was restricted to Hirado and Nagasaki. Native merchants, too, began to come into competition. A second journey to Court and another attempt to get back the old privileges proved no less abortive. Cocks was bluntly told that, if he was not content, he could go and trade elsewhere. There was no choice, then, but to withdraw the branch establishments and to wind up affairs at the out stations, a work in which Adams, who had freedom to move about the country, was particularly useful.

The altered relations with the Court at Yedo were soon reflected at Hirado. The Daimio began to meddle; the natives grew quarrelsome; and even Adams was more than once assaulted. At this time he was trading on his own account, and was private owner of a junk. In 1617 this junk was chartered by the factory, and he made the voyage to Cochin China, as master. To add to the troubles of the English, the Hollanders began to show hostility. Rumours reached Hirado of fighting between the Dutch and English in other islands; and at length, to the intense indignation of Cocks and his compatriots, on August 9, 1618, the English ship *Attendance* was brought into Hirado as a prize, having been captured by the Dutch in the Moluccas. In his anger, Cocks hurried away to Court to lodge a complaint with the Sh gun. At the moment Adams was accompanying a deputation of the Dutch to Yedo, and, in reply to Cocks's urgent entreaty not to go further with them, he returned a curt answer in 'an unseasonable and unreasonable letter,' saying that 'he was none of the Company's agent; and is, as it seemeth, altogether Hollandised.' However, he left Cocks in Yedo, and they remained there for six weeks

before they could get the Shōgun to notice their complaint, and then only were told that he could not regard anything done beyond his jurisdiction.

The English factory was now practically cut off from the outer world. The Dutch were masters of the sea, and no ships from England arrived at Hirado. Matters went from bad to worse. In 1619 the English were openly assaulted in the streets of Hirado by both Hollanders and Japanese. Two more English ships were brought in as prizes; and when Cocks protected some of the fugitives from them, the Dutch 'by sound of trumpet aboard all their ships proclaimed open war against our English nation, both by sea and land, with fire and sword, to take our ships and goods and destroy our persons to the uttermost of their power, as to their mortal enemies;' and, had not the Daimio interfered to protect the English, their factory would have been stormed and destroyed.

To seek redress for this and other outrages, Cocks again set out for Court at the end of August 1619; and on this occasion he went without his old companion Adams. The latter had just returned from a voyage to Siam, and it was arranged that he was to follow. But the days of William Adams were numbered. A message was sent after Cocks to tell him that his comrade was ill. What this illness was we do not know; nor do we know whether he recovered at all, for the documents fail us at this interesting moment. The last account of him is found in a letter from Cocks to the Company, written at the close of the next year:

Our good friend Captain William Adams, who was so long before us in Japan, departed out of this world the 16th of May last (1620), and made Mr. William Eaton and myself his overseers, giving one half of his estate to his wife and child in England, and the other half to a son and daughter he hath in Japan.

In another letter Cocks adds:

I cannot but be sorrowful for the loss of such a man as Captain William Adams was, he having been in such favour with two Emperors of Japan as never was any Christian in these parts of the world, and might freely have entered and had speech of the Emperors when many Japon kings stood without and could not be permitted.

Adams at the time of his death was probably of about sixty years of age or a little older. Besides his real property in Japan, which passed to his son, he left about 600*l.* personal estate, which was divided in accordance with his will between his two families. This will, which was drawn up both in Japanese and English, was

transmitted to England and was deposited among the archives of the East India Company ; but neither version can now be found. In 1872 a tomb erected to his memory, together with that of his Japanese wife who survived him thirteen years, was discovered on the summit of the hill above the village of Hemi-mura, and overlooking the harbour of Yokosuka ; but the conclusion can hardly be avoided that he died at Hirado, for only six days after the date of his death an inventory of his estate was drawn up in the English factory there. This being so, it seems improbable that the tomb at Hemi-mura can be anything more than a cenotaph, unless, indeed, his body was burnt and the ashes were removed thither. But, wherever in Japan Adams's mortal remains may rest, his memory has survived. A street in Yedo was named after ' Anjin ' (the Pilot), as he was called by the Japanese ; and an annual festival has done honour to the Englishman who stood so high in favour with the great Shōgun Iyēyasu.

With the death of Adams the main interest of our narrative fails. Only a few words need be added to tell the fate of the English factory. We left the two hostile nations at open war ; and there can be little doubt that, had not fortune taken a sudden turn, it would have gone hard with poor Cocks and his countrymen. To their relief, news was brought in July 1620, only two months after Adams's death, that the English and Dutch Companies had patched up their quarrels and had entered into the ill-omened ' Treaty of Defence,' which bound them to maintain a joint fleet in Eastern waters for the purpose of levying war on the Spaniards and Portuguese and of preying upon the Chinese junks trading with the Philippines. The alliance was not a success. After a few marauding expeditions which did not prove very profitable, at least to the English, the two nations went their several ways and dissolved partnership in the summer of 1622. And then came orders from headquarters at Batavia to the cape-merchant to break up the establishment at Hirado, and to withdraw from Japan. On December 24, 1623, these orders were carried out, and the unfortunate English factory at Hirado was a thing of the past. The connection between England and Japan was severed, not to be renewed for many a long year. But, as though a pledge that the Western nation would one day return, the bones of the British mariner, William Adams, the first Englishman in Japan, lay at rest in the soil of the island kingdom of the Far East.

E. MAUNDE THOMPSON.

A BUDDING DIPLOMATIST.

YES! barring mere vulgar wealth, there is nothing like diplomacy for getting one out of a difficulty. I do not indeed hold my profession directly responsible for plucking me out of this one, any more than I would blame myself for falling into it; but the very fact of being a diplomat gives a man a sort of faculty for getting out of a scrape. Diplomacy broadens a man's ideas and makes him look at both sides of a question at once: it puts him outside of himself, and he looks forth on the world, and on his own affairs too, from the standpoint of a disinterested spectator. Diplomacy makes a man careful and tactful, and thanks to it he estimates everything and everybody, himself included, at a true valuation; and if, after two months' work in diplomacy, its effect on me has been as great as I feel it to have been, what shall I be when I have spent as many years at it as I now have weeks? I said that diplomacy makes a man careful, and I have already realised this in the management of my own affairs. In a week's time I shall have 50*l.* to my credit at the bank, and I do not suppose that my liabilities exceed that sum by very much. All my papers are arranged methodically, and that is excellent training for the time when, please Heaven, the cares of a nation may rest on my shoulders.

That at least is what Aunt Barry said when last she saw me. Aunt Barry is my presiding genius. She is rich, and then she knows Lord Lackall, who is a friend of the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and that is how I got my present billet. 'And I trust I may be able to secure for you a certain post in the Embassy at Paris that is now vacant, which will to my mind be admirably suited to your ability.' So said the oracle. 'But first, my dear Albert, you must go to France for a few months and render yourself still more proficient than you are in the language spoken in that country.' And then the old lady went off to her room, and with the help of her butler brought in the big despatch box that she keeps under her bed, chained to the post—unlocked it with her usual precision and produced ten little crisp banknotes for 10*l.* apiece. Next she took down the numbers of them in her

notebook, and when she discovered that I had no purse with me, she selected from her despatch box a brown holland sovereign bag with a string to it, and after putting the notes inside and securing it with the special knot that she taught me then and there how to make, she unbuttoned my coat and placed it with her own hands in what she considered to be my safest pocket.

Dear, kind, pompous lady, never had I been more grateful to her for her attentions.

'I would not give you so much, my dear Albert, if I did not know how exceptionally careful you are in money matters. And mind, I expect to hear from you frequently; and if you require any more money before your return—which may well happen, as I wish you to be instructed by the best professor you can procure—you will acquaint me with the fact in one of your letters and I will send some out to you.'

She talked on for an hour or more, telling me in her nice old prosaic way what I was to do, and entering into the minutest particulars as to where I was to go, when and by what route I was to start, and a hundred other matters. Even then she was not content; she came round to my lodgings the afternoon I was to start and saw that I left in good time.

She embraced me tenderly. 'I have engaged a cab for you, my dear Albert, and paid your fare in advance so that you may have no inconvenience at the station, and you see that I have brought you a four-wheeler, as I do not think that a hansom is safe.'

'Oh, my dear Aunt——'

'I would have let you have the brougham, and walked home myself, had I been able, but I am getting old, my dear nephew, and I can no longer do what I used; besides, that would have entailed a long day's outing for the poor horses and for John, and he has the carriage to clean when he gets home.'

I will not attempt to write down all that she said to me; I should not remember a quarter of it. She entered into a host of particulars which she said she had forgotten the week before, and had since written down in her memorandum book, but which she had really, pretty well exhausted on the previous occasion. She was only cut short by her anxiety lest I should miss my train; and she finally presented me with a pocket account book—I say 'pocket' because 'pocket' was printed on the cover, but none of them could contain it—and a French vocabulary, which she said

she had found extremely useful when a girl, but which she feared she would now never need again.

It was the first Monday in June—my aunt would not allow me to start on Friday, because I, or some third person, might think it unlucky, nor on Saturday or Sunday to avoid the latter day—and after the most affecting farewells from my aunt, and her last injunctions to the cabman to be careful how he drove, I rolled off to Victoria. Opposite me was a Gladstone, a present from my aunt, my rugs, and a hand-bag with silver fittings, also a present from her, inside which were those precious banknotes in a special pocket made for them. Outside was the portmanteau repacked by my aunt, and weighed to see that it came within the prescribed limits. Everything, in fact, seemed in some way connected with that lady. I was her special *protégé*; my whole existence seemed bound up with hers, and she shaped my destiny as if she were mind and I only body. My aunt certainly ought to have been in the diplomatic.

I got to the station, as she had prophesied, in ample time. There I met her butler, Drugget, who said that his mistress had sent him to see me off. He took everything at once into his own hands, took charge of my luggage, got my ticket for me, and engaged a seat in the corner of a carriage, placing his portly person in the doorway whilst I went off to the refreshment room for dinner. That, he said, was better than having it in the train, or on board the boat, as it would give me longer to digest it. From long service with my aunt he had obviously fallen into her ways.

Seated at the table and just beginning dinner was a pale young man with a high forehead and a small straggly moustache; he was fair and of medium height; his dress and general appearance were very quiet and such as would least attract notice. I cannot describe him better than by saying that he was exceedingly like myself. I felt at once rather drawn towards him for this very reason. It is not diplomatic, however, to start an intimacy with a stranger, so I merely bowed to him distantly, and sat down two places away, not near enough to intrude on him, and not so far as to seem to be shunning him. For I have begun from the very first, as my aunt for that matter expressly told me I should do, taking pains over everything; and I always consider how whatever I do or say will strike other people, putting myself in their place, and examining my own conduct from outside. This I think to be particularly good training for my profession.

From his expression, a thing I always make a point of noticing and interpreting if possible, he seemed struck with the likeness, a look of surprise came over his face as soon as he saw me, and he appeared to be very much taken with an idea. He at once began to make himself very agreeable, and in spite of my reserve we had quite a long conversation. He was a cousin of Mr. Jones, one of the lecturers at my crammer's, and his name was Jones too. I told him I was going to Rouen viâ Newhaven, and he remarked how very curious it was, for he was going to that very place. We had indeed quite a lot in common, which was strange, considering how much alike we were. I began to think he must be some lost twin brother, and I told him of Aunt Barry and my other relations; but we could not discover that we were in any way connected. Like myself, he had never been at a public school, and he agreed with me that school life is apt to destroy individuality of character. Aunt Barry always preferred private tutors for me.

The young man was innocent-looking and sympathetic, he was a very pleasant companion; and if I did tell him rather much about my own affairs—it was really very natural. I asked him to travel with me, as he had not got a seat so far; the train was somewhat crowded, and Drugget had contrived to keep my carriage empty.

So we settled down comfortably together and started off gaily enough for Newhaven; and I particularly remember having a look round my belongings to see that they were all there: and you may be sure that I looked into the pocket in my hand-bag and made certain that the sovereign bag was in safety. Yes! there it was lying snugly inside, and I snapped the bag to again with a smile of satisfaction. I looked across at the young man, who was regarding my movements intelligently.

The journey passed off pleasantly enough, far more so than if I had been travelling by myself. At Newhaven, for instance, Mr. Jones looked after our combined luggage: chiefly mine, to be sure, as he had only a bag; whilst I went off to secure berths, talk to the steward, and do anything else that struck me as natural for a traveller in my position to do. Then again at Dieppe I looked at our belongings lying there outside the Custom House, when ceremony there had been negotiated; and he went off after and the like. Soon we were rattling away across the cobbles together; we were having breakfast in a coffee shop by the side; were settled in the train, and away towards Rouen. And

as we sped along through the unfamiliar country I smiled as I thought of that dear old aunt of mine, with her precautions and her passports and all her peculiarities.

Mr. Jones told me of the best, the quietest, and most moderate hotel in the town; it was the *Lion d'Or*, some few hundred yards down the street and recognisable by a popular imitation of that animal rampant over the courtyard archway. He—my friend—was going there too for a week or so, if a certain telegram that he was expecting proved satisfactory. I said 'O—h?' expectantly, but he did not enlarge on his confidence. When we got to Rouen he asked me to go on; he must stop at the station, and wait for the telegram, as he might have to go off to the south of France; but for all that I heard him say in the luggage office that he was expecting a parcel, and that it must be sent to the *Lion d'Or*, and I could see him writing out his name, so as to make certain, he said, that they should recognise it. Then he went off to the station-master about the same thing, and just as I drove off I could see him tackling the ticket collector. (I made inquiries later on, and discovered that it was *my* name he had made such a point of publishing.)

I, meanwhile, drove off to the *Golden Lion*, and was welcomed just beneath that emblem by the landlord himself. Yes, he had a very nice room for me which he would, and did, show me himself. Yes! he would have my luggage brought up at once: certainly, Sir. And up it came in a very short time. He was a delightful man, to judge by his looks: round portly body, round jovial face; just what the prosperous innkeeper should be. Attentive to everything, and ready to do all I wanted. Gladstone bag not there? what might it be like? He would go down and bring it up. Still not forthcoming; what was it like exactly? He would make every inquiry, see the police if necessary. And I felt perfectly easy in my mind with a man like that to look after it.

The room was large and comfortable; the bed well piled, and with an enormous pillow floating over the whole of it; and what nice furniture! I threw myself into the future. That was the table where I would do my work; there was the seat in the little bay window where I would amuse myself, and I looked down full of complacency at the strange street and the strange folk passing along it. There was a pleasant scene below, a new picture unlike any that I had before seen; above, the sky was clear—but it

contained a thunderbolt poised invisible, that was soon to descend on my unfortunate head.

I turned a moment afterwards and began unpacking my bag, the precious bag of which I had taken so much care; I took the sovereign bag from its special pocket and opened it expectantly—inside it was a little roll of blank paper. The thunderbolt had fallen.

I sat down on the sofa and stared at the paper helplessly. Then I ransacked the bag, turned everything out of it, opened everything in search of the missing notes; they were not among the sandwiches, nor with my tooth brushes; they were not in my sponge bag; they were NOWHERE—the word was written up before my mind in flaming capitals, and Belshazzar himself could not have been more dismayed by the writing on the wall. I could hardly realise that the notes were really missing; if not here, where were they? and how did they disappear? I thought of Mr. Jones, but his innocent appearance seemed to place him above suspicion; besides, he only had the bag in his hands for a few minutes on the open quay in full sight of everyone. And then the horrible feeling came over me that I was in a strange land, where nobody knew me; that I had only a franc or two in my pocket. I took them out and looked at them distantly—three, and a few odd sous, enough to last me half a day, enough for one dinner; and I imagined myself handing the sous to the waiter and telling him dramatically that they were my last. How was I to stay there and learn French, and amuse myself a little bit too, as I had intended? Above all, what was I to say to Aunt Barry? Her words came back to me: 'I know, my dear Albert, how careful you are with money;' a lump rose uncomfortably high in my throat and was gulped down again. I *must* report my arrival to her—I could not even get back to England if I wanted to do so—and the money was gone beyond recovery—it was very hard luck—Aunt Barry must be taken into my confidence—she might, she *did* know the numbers of the notes, and that was the only way of tracing them. So I got out the writing paper, and began with the violet-coloured ink, 'My dear it Barry,' and then I stopped and thought a long time.

I never got further than those four words, for my letter was ruptured by the appearance of the landlord. Tap, tap! and he appeared, imposing as before, but looking very much vexed; he introduced a man in uniform, who was a sergeant of police, he

said, and had business with me. He stood for a moment looking unpleasantly towards me, and then withdrew into the passage.

'Oh!' said I, and pushed back the table and got up. I thought of course that he had been appealed to by the landlord about the missing Gladstone. 'How have you come here so quickly? I have only been here half an hour.'

'I don't know anything about that,' said he, as far as I could understand him, for I am not very quick at grasping what is said to me in French; 'but it is my duty——'

'It is very good of you,' I interrupted, 'to come here so promptly,' and I proceeded to give him a stumbling account of how the bag had disappeared.

'I don't know anything about that,' he repeated before I had got half way.

'But that is just what I was trying to explain to you,' said I, 'and you won't listen to what I have to say.' The man was getting a little bit exasperated.

'My orders are,' said he, speaking slowly and distinctly, 'to conduct you to the bureau, and you will have every opportunity there of saying whatever you like.'

'But had I not better explain it to you first here? I saw the bag safely on to the cab at the station, and'—— but he stopped me brusquely and again motioned me to come with him.

'Well, I must make one or two arrangements here first.'

He called out to the landlord, and said something to him, but, like many other of his sentences, I was unable to catch what he said.

'You had better do as he asks you, Sir,' said the landlord, with a look of surprise, as if he did not quite know what was going on.

'Well, I shall be back in an hour or two; and I should like to have a little talk with you. The fact is that I am in great difficulties——'

The sergeant had been getting more and more impatient, and he now hustled me out of the room.

'Surely, I had better make certain that it has not turned up here, first,' said I.

But he was unsympathetic, and we marched off together; nor would he reply to any of my questions by the way. So I gave up speaking, and we walked on in silence up one street and down another, people looking round at us frequently, in a manner

which made me feel strangely uncomfortable. We arrived before very long at a high iron railing, and a great gateway standing open in front of a flintstone courtyard. We crossed this yard and went up a flight of steps and into a great flagged hall. Here on each side of us were all the offices of the town, and this hall was the centre of them. We did not stop there, however, but passed on underneath the great staircase and down one or two long passages; a man with a big bunch of keys joined us, and when we had reached a door with a certain number he unlocked it for us. The sergeant and I walked in, and he threw open the window to let in more air; it was barred on the outside. He told me I should have to wait here for half an hour, and then left me alone, and I heard his boots creaking away down the passage.

The hour that followed, for it was a good hour before the sergeant returned, seemed the longest I have ever spent; the more so as I could not understand what was happening. This seemed such an extraordinary way of making a statement to the police about lost luggage. 'If this is an example of the French method of doing business,' thought I, 'it compares very unfavourably with our own. I have always heard of the French as such a polite race, but they have been uncommonly rude to me.' At last the sergeant returned and took me to another and larger room; an old gentleman was sitting there behind an office table; this was the magistrate, and he had a little sheaf of papers in front of him, to which he turned as I came in. They motioned to me to stand in front of him, and policemen who were there in the room took up their position on each side of me, just as if I were a prisoner, I thought, and brought before the magistrate for some offence.

I cannot give an accurate description of what followed, as I did not in the least understand it; the magistrate produced a paper, and read a long rignmarole that I could not follow, and I stood there in blank amazement; whenever I interrupted him he looked up fiercely and bade me be silent, and then went on reading. I understood that I must be very careful of what I said, as it might be taken as evidence at the trial. 'Oh! then the Gladstone was stolen,' said I, 'and you have caught the thief.' He looked at me as if he thought I was trying to be funny; and was much annoyed by my questions as to how he had discovered the thing, would it be recovered, and the like. It seemed like some strange ritual that was proceeding in spite of me, and I could get no comfort from the amused faces of those who stood by.

Witnesses were sworn in, to all appearances, and I only provoked a sharp rebuke from the magistrate, and a smile from everyone else, when I announced with some heat that I had come to make inquiries about a bag that had been lost, while he—the magistrate—seemed to think that it was I who had stolen it.

He at last told me clearly that *I* (!) had forged a cheque in London, and that there was no doubt as to my identity, as I had been under observation ever since I landed in France up to the moment of my arrest.

‘But I never *was* arrested,’ I said.

He disregarded my interruption, and said he would give me my choice between going straight back to England, to be handed over to the police there, and being brought up for trial before a French court.

It is fortunate for me that I have the faculty of quick perception. To be sent to England would be the very thing for me; there I could easily prove my innocence; Aunt Barry would be witness to it. All this flashed across my mind at once, and I fancy that no one else would have realised the situation as quickly as I did. So I spoke out then and there: that I felt fully prepared to start that very evening; immediately, if he liked, or as soon as my luggage could be brought from the hotel.

He had me marched out again then, and would have nothing to say to my story of the loss of my 100*l.* and of the Gladstone, which I explained to him meant something between a bag and a portmanteau. I was conducted at his order to the same uncomfortable looking apartment in which I had waited before, and was courteously locked into it. There I sat down on the hard wooden-seated chair—a good firm one I noticed, and with legs that were not easily detachable—and began to congratulate myself. ‘I am not as badly off as I imagined,’ thought I; ‘once in London I shall not be at a loss for ready money; if the notes are recovered my aunt will be appeased; in a week’s time I may be starting off for Rouen again, and just where I was two days ago. Then, on the other hand, I felt annoyed at not having told the magistrate of the young man who had travelled with me. He, I began to think, might be the key to the mystery. He would be at the hotel by this time, and if I could only get hold of pen and ink I might petition the magistrate to have a look at him too, and make his choice between us. My great difficulty in doing so was that there was no bell, and all my shouts remained unanswered.

Two hours passed away, and at last I heard steps approaching, a key inserted into the lock and turned; and a policeman made his appearance and motioned to me to accompany him. He told me the magistrate wished to see me at his private house, and that he was to take me there. He did so without another word, and we were admitted in time into a substantial-looking house, which was not far off. I was shown at once into the library, where I found the magistrate himself. He rose up and welcomed me cordially, and then bade me sit down. He was now quite a cheery old gentleman with a bluff hearty manner, and was very different from what he had been in the morning. 'You will forgive me for having behaved so badly to you this morning,' he said, 'but your case is an extraordinary one, and you are the victim of a very clever design. To start with, I may say that I half expected that you would not be forthcoming when I sent for you; but first I will tell you what has happened since I saw you in your very unpleasant position this morning. I sent an inspector off with an order to seize and examine your luggage at the hotel, but when he got there the landlord told him that you had called three hours before, had collected your baggage, and driven off with it to the station. The inspector went on to make inquiries there; he was told that you and your baggage had certainly been seen, and further, that you had taken a ticket for Marseilles, and had gone by the midday train. So he sent off telegrams to warn the police at the various junctions of your supposed escape, sent me a report of what had happened, and then went to make sure that you had really gone.'

A light had been slowly dawning on me. 'A-a-h! now I understand why the young man——' I always thought of him as 'the young man' from the first time I saw him.

But the magistrate continued, 'I at once thought it possible that some curious mistake had been made this morning with regard to your arrest, and I have sent for you to hear all over again what you have to say; for you may not have understood very clearly what was going on, when you were brought up before me to-day.'

It is at times a great stroke of diplomacy to lay aside all reserve, and tell a man clearly all one knows on the subject in question. Here, I thought at once, was an instance of this fact; occasional frankness is a striking feature of my profession, and the use of my experience. I told him my whole story, and

he was evidently very much moved by it. I told him I was going into the English Diplomatic Service, a statement which he had disregarded in his official capacity, and this time he said 'Vraiment!' I told him of Aunt Barry, and how she had given me 100*l.* to go to France with; I told him especially all I knew about the innocent-looking young man, how I had met him and travelled with him, not omitting, you may be sure, to say how much alike we were; then how my money had been taken from the inner pocket of my handbag in spite of all the care I had taken of it, and finally how my Gladstone had disappeared.

The magistrate seemed greatly struck with my story; he said he thought that the disappearance of my remaining luggage from the hotel, and the evidence he had of an Englishman going off with it by train, was sufficient proof of my innocence. 'You are, of course, released at once,' said he, 'and I have every hope that with the admirable detective system now possessed by France your property may be very quickly forthcoming.'

My face fell at this; I had been robbed of everything I had brought with me, I could not even buy myself food, and now I was no longer to be sent home. Besides, I had not the same belief as he in the recovery of my luggage.

'Monsieur le Juge,' I said suddenly, 'I have told you everything without reserve, and you have been good enough to interest yourself in my case. How can I stay on here without any money for my support? My landlord will never agree to take me in; and if he would, I have not even a change of clothes. You promised to extradite me; well then, do so, and that will give me a chance of seeing this aunt of mine, and of explaining everything to her. Give my boat time to reach England, and then wire that the police in this country have made a mistake and that I must be released.'

The proposal amused him, but he said at first that it was impossible; then when I pressed him to do as I asked, and pointed out in what a helpless position I was, he thought it over a long time, and finally relented, and said he thought it might be done. 'You shall stay with me here in freedom till to-morrow,' he said, 'when I will give you in charge again.'

The good man gave me an excellent dinner, and a comfortable shakedown in his dressing-room, pressing on me some of his own nightgear, very peculiar articles that were just twice too big for me; and next day he bade me a hearty good-bye, telling me to

write and let him know whether I got home safely, and promising to do his utmost to recover my stolen boxes. I shall never forget my last view of him, a cheery old man standing on the doorstep, waving good-bye to me as I drove off with my constable, a prisoner at my own request.

The voyage back to England did not appear by any means long; I spent the whole of it in considering what I was to say to Aunt Barry when I arrived. I was not looking forward to the interview, and I was even tempted to run away rather than face the ordeal—to go to sea, or to enlist; but I am not adventurous by nature, and soon abandoned the idea; I occupied myself instead with a general review of my position. I was indeed in a very bad way, having lost at intervals all that I had taken with me; but, on the other hand, I felt that I had shown great ability in extricating myself from an awkward position. This latter side of the question, I thought, is what I must contrive to bring out uppermost in the old lady's mind, and it will require all my budding powers of diplomacy to do that. When I reached this point I thought of a certain cousin of mine in the army; what if my aunt should throw me over in his favour? The idea fairly staggered me; I could not conceive of existence without Aunt Barry's powerful aid in the background—or, perhaps I should say, very much in the foreground. My aunt has kept me under her wing ever since I can remember; surely, surely she will not now discard me? I thought of my own very slender resources, and I felt very uncomfortable indeed.

These ideas were still weighing on my mind when I stood on the deck of the mail boat, and watched the Newhaven wharf grow more and more distinct, and noted the inspector of police who stood there with a paper in his hand, evidently waiting for me. There was an expression of benevolence on his face, the expectant smile that indicates that someone thinks he has a pleasant surprise in store for you. He was looking hither and thither, trying to single me out from the crowd of passengers on deck, but at the same time maintained a more dignified appearance than most people do when awaiting an arrival. In five minutes more were trooping down the gangway, cold, pale, and untidy, some laden with packages of all kinds, I myself trying to look as if I had a courier seeing after my luggage for me. Then I saw the inspector making towards me; he had just prepared what he was going to say, and when he had said it he seemed surprised that

I took it so coolly ; so I had to feign astonishment and surprise at the unexpected solution, for I could not tell him the secret of it. He had come down from town, and when I told him I had no money he very kindly volunteered to take me up to town on the warrant that had already been made out for me. So we travelled up to town together, and parted there the best of friends.

‘Luggage, Sir?’ said half a dozen porters, but I passed on without answering, and walked off to my lodgings. ‘How I should take everyone by surprise! My landlady first of all!’ I let myself in, and found her, whom I had always considered so virtuous, looking through sundry articles that I had not locked up. I did not pay her much attention, however, but changed my clothes and made my way round to my aunt’s. I found her seated at her writing table, penning a letter to myself; I knew those letters well, having received some hundreds of them; they were invariably wordy and brimful of advice. She had got as far as the fifth ‘you, my dear Albert,’ but she started up as soon as I made my appearance.

‘Albert!’ she cried, and I fear I looked rather sheepish. ‘What in the world are you doing here?’

‘It is a long story, Aunt,’ I replied, ‘and I must tell it you from the beginning.’ And I told it her then and there from the time when I met the young man at Victoria to that very moment. I scanned her face anxiously from time to time, but I could see no trace of commiseration. She was in her sternest mood.

Her comment at the end was, ‘And you allowed this young man, of whose character you knew absolutely nothing, to take charge of your bag, when you had left all your money in it. How often have I warned you, Albert, not to run risks with money?’ I could only say that my bag had not been out of my hand for five minutes during the whole journey. But my aunt was inexorable; she gave me a long lecture on carelessness in general—I had been extremely cautious from beginning to end—she said that she would never have believed it of me, that it was quite evident where the money had gone, that she had misjudged me, and would ‘exercise more discretion in future’ in the way she entrusted me with cash.

She was ominously silent about the place she was trying to secure for me, and I feared I had forfeited her patronage for ever. All I said seemed to fall on deaf ears; when I spoke she was silent, when I stopped she continued her harangue where she had last left it.

I felt decidedly crestfallen when I wished her good-bye at last—still more so two or three days later, when I got a short letter from my banker to say that my account had been overdrawn by my last cheque, as my quarterly allowance had not been received. And I felt pretty sure that if I said anything about it to my aunt I should be snubbed unmercifully. I was even conscious that she was playing up to that snub; and I knew her well enough to feel sure that I had not, by any means, heard the last of that fatal expedition as far as Aunt Barry was concerned.

The next few days dragged slowly by, and I felt more and more depressed; I heard nothing from Rouen, and feared that 'the detective system now possessed by France' was not proving itself so 'admirable' as my friend the magistrate had represented it to be. I did not venture to go near Aunt Barry, and had only a faint hope that she would herself send for me. But on the fifth day, when I came down to breakfast, there lay a letter on my plate in the familiar handwriting. Never had I beheld it with such emotion! I was at first almost too much agitated to take in its contents—but it was only to ask me why I had not been to see her; she thought I surely might have done that, after wasting so much of her money, and that I must come round and wait upon her that very morning. I felt somewhat reassured; at all events, she did not mean to cut me off then and there.

Soon I was knocking at her door, which was opened to me (though I hardly noticed it at the time) by a servant I had never seen before, who showed me into her morning room. She greeted me affectionately, but in a more lofty and dignified way than usual. 'My dear Albert,' she said, 'though I cannot exonerate you from all blame in the loss of the money that I entrusted to you, yet certain circumstances—ahem!—have been discovered, which very largely excuse you.'

'Have they arrested the innocent-looking young man?' I said.

'You may or may not have seen in the papers that I have just lost some very valuable jewels. The theft of them has now been brought home to Drugget, in whom, as you know, I always placed
"a very greatest confidence; his boxes were searched by the police
terday, and amongst his possessions were those very banknotes
I gave you to take to France. It was strange that he had
cashed them, as they were not stopped until after I saw you
your return, but I suppose it had not occurred to him that we
taken down the numbers. And that reminds me, my dear

Albert, of a great oversight on your part. You should *at once* have telegraphed to me, on first missing the notes, to stop them. However, I do not wish to dwell upon that now. To return to Drugget, I can only say that I have been greatly deceived in him; but still I cannot see how he obtained the notes.'

'Why, but you sent him to the station, Aunt!' I cried, a light suddenly dawning upon me, 'to see me off, and he had charge of my things for a whole half hour whilst I was having my dinner.'

'Albert!!! I never sent him to see you off, and I never knew he went.'

'I never *dreamed* of mistrusting him,' I said. 'Why, he always took charge of my pocket money for me when I was a boy.'

'Well,' said my aunt, recovering her composure, 'the money is all safe, and I trust we shall get back your luggage also, or I must try to replace it for you. Meanwhile I have two pieces of news you will like to hear.' At this point she made an impressive pause, and my heart began to beat rather violently. 'One is, that your allowance has to-day been paid over to your banker, and the other that I have just received a letter from Lord Lackall to say that he has just obtained for you the post he has been trying for, and that you must enter on your new duties in a week's time.'

'O-o-h! Aunt Barry——!'

'And here, my dear Albert, are the banknotes that have caused you so much trouble. I advise you to take them straight to your banker's and ask him to credit them in your account.'

It only remains to say that my friend 'Mr. Jones' was arrested at Marseilles, and in due time was convicted of the forgery, as well as of the theft of my luggage. When under examination he stated that the idea of having me arrested in his place was a 'happy thought' which only occurred to him on noticing the likeness (purely superficial, of course) between us. The only thing he regretted was not having been able to 'collar' the money, which he was certain was in my bag, after having seen me open and look into it. I called Aunt Barry's attention particularly to the masterly way in which I had defeated him on this point. My luggage was returned to me intact. The French police certainly *are* the most 'admirable' in the world!

H. BARTHOLOMEW.

HOUSEHOLD BUDGETS ABROAD.¹

At this time, when the effect upon household budgets of an alteration in our fiscal system is largely discussed with the help of little trustworthy material for instituting comparison, a short series of articles dealing with foreign household budgets may, it is hoped, prove of special interest to readers of the CORNHILL.

The series is modelled to some extent upon the similar series dealing with English family budgets which appeared in these pages in 1901, with the difference that each of the present articles gives the budgets of two representative classes in a single country, Australia and the United States being included in the list as well as the chief countries of Europe. The chosen budgets are those of the artisan and of the middle or professional class, which together form the bulk of the nation in each case; they will be of special interest to the many householders in England who wish to see how the corresponding classes in other countries fare in comparison with themselves in regard to rent, taxes, and municipal rates—what things they consider as necessities and what as luxuries; their comparative expectations in the way of service, education, holidays, amusements, kinds of food; the cost of these things relatively to their cost in England, and the income out of which they are to be provided.—ED. CORNHILL.

I.—GERMANY.²

BY MRS. ALFRED SIDGWICK.

A GERMAN lady told me the other day that when she was at home last year she wished to buy a dressing-bag with silver fittings for a wedding present. She was in one of the wealthiest towns in Germany, and she went to one of the best shops in the town, but she could not get what she wanted. No one had ever asked for anything better than plated fittings. It was necessary to go to what Germans call an 'English' shop, where imported goods are sold at prohibitive prices to the small number of people who have money to buy them.

Where nearly everyone is what the Americans and English call 'poor,' life is necessarily on a plainer scale than in America or England. A well-known German economist divides his country people, according to income, into four groups. He reckons that only 250,000 families, 'the aristocratic and the well-to-do,' have

¹ Copyright, 1904, by Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick, in the United States of America.

² I am indebted for much help with this article to Mr. W. Harbutt Dawson, the author of *German Life in Town and Country* (Newnes). Some of the figures quoted and some of the facts are from his book. Mr. Henry Felkin has been kind enough to give me information about taxes in Germany.

more than 450*l.* a year. The 'upper middle-class,' in which he places 2,750,000 families, have incomes ranging between 135*l.* and 450*l.* To the lower middle class he assigns 90*l.* to 135*l.*, and lastly he reckons that there are more than five million families who never rise above 45*l.* a year. The head-master of a high-class public day school only gets from 250*l.* to 300*l.* a year, with a house and free education for his children. A major in an infantry regiment gets from 200*l.* to 250*l.* 40*l.* is a common salary for a clerk even in an expensive city like Hamburg, and young men somehow keep life together on it. A friend of mine whose father was a Lutheran pastor in Ruegen left the impression on my mind that her parents had 130*l.* a year, brought up a large family, and gave their sons a university education. When I inquired further she explained that a pastor in the country is often something of a farmer too, and lives more or less on the produce of his fields, and that if a young man gives a few lessons and finds admission to a 'free' dinner-table, he need not cost his parents much while he is reading for his degree. For the purposes of this article I made some inquiries of another friend whose brother is in business in a small town on the Rhine, and who has a house and garden, bought out of his savings, a wife and child, and a servant. I expected to hear that he spent four or five hundred a year, and that his budget would be one I could use. But I found that he had never made more than 150*l.* a year, and had never lived up to his income.

The fact is that the Germans, like the French, perform prodigies of thrift. Of course the way of life and the expenses of life vary a great deal. They vary with place, with profession, and above all with character, as they do elsewhere. But it was necessary to take the low average of income into account before deciding on the sum spent by our typical family. Obviously the 800*l.* a year spent by two people in England was too high for a country where a man must be a major-general before he receives 600*l.* a year. I think the German family should consist of the parents and three children, a daughter of sixteen and two boys still at school, and their income must not exceed 500*l.* a year. Out of this the man, if he is prudent, will put by 50*l.* a year, either for investment or for a life insurance.

Berlin, Hamburg, Frankfurt, and Dresden are considered the most expensive cities in Germany. You can still live cheaply in Munich and in many of the little towns. But there is one important item in a German householder's budget that is high wherever he lives. His rent will swallow a cruel proportion of his income,

whether he takes a flat in the city, or a villa, or even part of a villa in the outskirts. The overcrowding, acre for acre, is worse in Berlin and Hamburg than in London. German houses are very much higher than the majority of English ones, and are let in flats, so that more people can have air and room on the same area; but everyone who has inquired into the housing question in Germany complains of rack rents, limited accommodation, and insanitary conditions. I know of a lady in Carlsruhe who lives on 300*l.* a year and pays 90*l.* for her flat, and in Germany the rent of your flat does not include your taxes.

The rent of 90*l.* is, therefore, not too high for a man earning 500*l.* a year, and if he were a doctor he would probably pay more than that, because a doctor has to live in a central position for his practice, and not too high up for his patients. When a man has made up his mind to give 90*l.* for his flat he must decide next what advantages he considers necessary and what he can sacrifice. If he wants to live in a good street, he will have to be content with a third or a fourth floor, or with smaller and fewer rooms. In the more modern houses in Berlin there are bath-rooms, and even hot water heated from below for use on each floor; there are lifts too, and the electric light. But in the majority of houses, all over Germany, there are none of these things. People do without bath-rooms, they burn gas or petroleum, and families of widely different fortunes live under one roof. The poor herd in cellars and attics, the rich people live on the first floor, and perhaps the floor above. But with every flight of stairs the rent of course decreases. A sensible man, desiring as much room and air as he can get for his family, will take a third or a fourth floor in a good street, and as close as possible to his daily work. For, except in two or three of the largest cities, Germans will not travel to business every morning. They like to walk to the office and walk back to their midday dinner, and so save all expense of locomotion and of outside meals. This is so much the case that when a business man prospers he often builds a house with his shop or his offices on the ground floor. Then he lives in one of the flats above the business premises and lets the others. The chief rooms of a German flat are usually large and airy, with several windows in a row, and several doors to a room. But bedrooms are often poor and airless, and in many of the older houses unfortunate servants and 'lady-helps' are put to sleep in what we should call cupboards, very small rooms that get a little light and air from the corridor, but have no outside windows at all.

Taxes are high in Germany, and all incomes over 25*l.* have to pay them. The government taxes are levied on income, and the communal taxes are based on these, and often equal them. In Saxony a man with 500*l.* a year has to pay :

	£	s.	d.
State Income-tax	19	0	0
Municipal Rates	19	0	0
Water Rates		7	10 0
School Rates	12	0	0
Church Rates	2	5	0
	59	15	0

Of course all these are 'direct' taxes.¹ A German can hardly put his hand in his pocket without helping to pay the indirect ones raised by duties on imports and the necessities of life.

Our family is established, then, in a flat which is a convenient distance from the father's work and from the children's schools. We will suppose that the father is a professional man or a highly placed official with some social position to maintain and some social duties to fulfil. He has a daughter of sixteen who has left school and two boys still at the Gymnasium. His rooms are plainly and solidly furnished. The drawing-room is only used on rare occasions, and has a carpet. The other rooms have small rugs in front of the sofa or beside the beds. In none of the rooms will you see the silver and fancy knick-knacks with which small English houses are overcrowded to-day. I have not been in Germany for a year or two, and Germany is moving fast, so I must not say that no one uses silver-backed brushes yet. But I am sure that in a plain household there would be no dressing-table to put them on. There is a small washstand with a looking-glass hanging against the wall behind it, and that is all anyone is supposed to want.

When you reflect on the work there is to do in an English 90*l.* house, with its stairs, its fires on upper floors, and its multitude of odds and ends to keep clean, you will at once see a saving for the German household in service. Where an English family keeps two or three maids, a German family keeps one, and pays her from 7*l.* to 15*l.* a year. These low wages are supplemented by a considerable present of money at Christmas and by tips from people who visit much at the house. But the German servant's budget tells you the same story as the budget of her master. It is lower

¹ There is also a new property tax of five shillings a year on every five hundred pounds owned in shares, land, or buildings. This is really a tax on capital, and except the Death Duties we have nothing like it here. But I am not considering it in my Budget, as it would make an unnecessary complication.

than in England, and she does without many things an English servant considers necessary. She goes bareheaded to market every morning, and brings back the day's supplies in a large open basket. Her clothes are clean and tidy, but no English cook or housemaid would be seen in them. She wears home-knitted stockings and stout underlinen and shapeless dark blue cotton blouses and skirts. When her mistress supplies her with embroidered aprons, she will spoil the effect by wearing a large plaid necktie, tied in a dowdy bow, or a lace one fastened with a paste pin. She never looks as trim as an English parlourmaid, and women who have kept house in both countries say that she is never as efficient and responsible. But she is a good-humoured creature, as a rule, and at work from morning till night. In a plain household she is never taught to be responsible, because the mother and daughters look after everything themselves. German housewives think that an Englishwoman who goes down to her kitchen every morning, and never sees it again for twenty-four hours, is neglecting her obvious duties. Which woman is right is too vexed and difficult a question to enter on here. But there is no doubt about some of the results. Food is not wasted in a well-managed German kitchen, and the family does not suffer from the abominable cooking that depresses life in this country. Some of the meals are simpler, but the food that is served is more appetising and prepared with much greater care. Fruit, milk and eggs are rather cheaper than here, all groceries are much dearer, meat is cheaper than English meat, but dearer than New Zealand and not as good as New Zealand. Both the bread and the butter are better than ours. Roughly speaking you may say that a German family uses less meat and fish, and more fruit and vegetables, than an English family, that they have better cooking, and that they spend less per head.

You can always shock a German housewife by telling her what you have to provide for breakfast in England both in the kitchen and the dining-room. Her breakfast begins and ends with coffee and rolls. Even butter is not a matter of course in every household, and servants eat more black bread than white. After breakfast there is no long string of tradesmen calling for orders. The bread and the milk come early, and in some towns the butcher at night what will be wanted next day. But it is usually the cook who does the marketing. Dinner is still between twelve and one o'clock in most parts of Germany. It always begins

with soup, and nearly always continues with the boiled beef that has made the soup. The good roast joints that are such a matter of course here are not daily fare in plain German households. They are reserved for festive occasions, and perhaps for Sundays. Sauces, vegetables, and light farinaceous dishes are excellent all over Germany, and make up to some extent for the monotony of boiled beef. At four o'clock coffee, with rolls or rusks, or light cakes, is served again. Supper is usually between eight and nine o'clock. It consists of a little cold meat, or slices of ham or sausage, often fetched from a *Delikatessen-Handlung*, a salad, cheese, and a tall jug of foaming beer. The *Delikatessen-Handlung* is an institution in every German town, and the most thrifty housewife, though she bottles her own fruit, makes her own preserves, and pickles her own cucumbers, is bound to spend some portion of her weekly allowance there. If she is thrifty, she will not buy the foreign luxuries that are sold at prohibitive prices. She will use as little tea as possible and do without English marmalade and biscuits or Russian caviare. The German imitation biscuits are nearly as good as English. She hardly ever buys fish, because, except near the coast, it is very scarce and dear. Oranges used to be threepence each in German inland towns, but they have become cheaper of late years. Of course in such a big and diversified country as Germany both supplies and prices vary a good deal. Even the dinner-hour varies and the favourite kind of beer. In Hamburg you will be asked to dine at four or five and to drink a bottle of Pilsener instead of a mug of 'Bairisch.' In the south you eat roast venison as often as, or oftener than, roast beef. You will never be asked to eat rabbit anywhere. Food is good all over the Palatinate, and not so good in Thuringia. These varying conditions will affect the weekly budget to some extent, but in forming mine I have tried to consider average prices in inland towns, where fish is hardly used at all and where imported goods are dear. I reckon that the housewife spends 2*l.* a week on food for six people, and that she spends it in this way :

	£	s.	d.
Meat	0	12	0
Bread	0	4	6
Milk	0	2	11
Butter	0	3	7
Vegetables	0	5	0
Eggs	0	2	0
Groceries	0	5	0
Delikatessen	0	3	0
	1	18	0

This leaves her 2s. a week for small extra expenses, for some fish once in a way, for cakes, or for a week when she has bought poultry instead of meat. If she is a clever manager, she will often save more than 2s. out of her 2l., and have them when she wants to entertain or to celebrate an anniversary.

Milk only costs 2½d. a litre in Germany, and I have allowed 2 litres a day, as there are young people in the family. Butter is about 1s. 2d. the pound, and a good deal of the three pounds bought would be used in cooking. Eggs are from 20 to 30 for 1s. all through the summer. Fruit and vegetables are cheap, but they are served in such large quantities that 5s. a week is not too much to allow. Besides, people have to provide dried fruits and bottled vegetables in winter, and salads all the year round. Potatoes are from 2s. 6d. to 3s. the hundredweight. The little white rolls eaten everywhere cost about ½d. (3 to 5 pf.) each, and black bread varies, with place and quality, from ½d. to 1½d. the pound. It is sold in large loaves that cost from 4d. to 6d. each.

Coal costs from 1s. to 2s. the hundredweight, and is poor stuff compared with the coal used here in private houses. The closed stoves are less extravagant than our open fires, and in many parts of Germany wood and peat are used with a little small coal. As the family sits in one, or possibly two rooms, and as no cooking need be done after the midday dinner, 10l. will be a handsome allowance for the year's fuel and light. I base it partly on figures given me by a lady whose income exceeds 500l. considerably, and whose annual coal account comes to 7l. 10s.

Something must be allowed next for those nondescript expenses that every housekeeper is obliged to incur; the constant dribble of small sums for soap, candles, matches, blacking, spirits of wine, and firewood. They will come to at least 5l. a year. Most of the washing will have to go out where there is no accommodation for doing it at home, and the prices for that are much the same as at a moderate laundry in England. The servant would do some things in the kitchen, and the grown-up daughter would help to wash and iron, so the weekly bill might be reduced to 5s. This is an item that would vary a good deal in different households according to the ages of the children and the inclination of the and daughters to help in such work.

Statistics show that drunkenness is on the increase in Germany. In the professional and mercantile classes both drunkenness and betotalism are practically unknown. Beer and wine are

cheap and are drunk in considerable quantities, but they are light and affect men's figures rather than their brains. Beer costs from 2½d. to 3d. the litre, and is fetched by the maid in tall glass jugs from the nearest beer-house. Three litres a day (five pints) is a small allowance for a German family, and if besides this the father drinks one glass every afternoon at a favourite restaurant or at his club, and if he pays 2½d. for a litre and 2d. for a large glass, his beer alone will cost him 14l. 5s. 0d. a year. In wine-growing countries wine is kept on tap and is sold from 3½d. the litre upwards. But besides these cheap daily drinks, a man will want good red and white wines for his friends and for special occasions, so I shall allow 18l. for wine and beer, and feel sure that people who entertained often would spend more than that in the year.

The next item to be considered is clothes, and, value for value, these are dear in Germany. You can get inferior articles at low prices; but if you are used to shop in Kensington, and want a yard or two of ribbon in Mannheim, you are amazed at what you have to pay for it. In the drapers' shops the assistants will bring you cheap materials, or very expensive ones that they explain are French or English. It is best to buy Tyrolese gloves and Saxony stockings, and a cotton frock made in Mühlhausen. As a nation Germans notoriously dress badly. Everyone knows the look of the summer German in his ill-cut alpaca suit, and his wife in alpaca or black silk, made anyhow and put on anyhow. The costumes worn in 'Magda' are costumes to be seen everywhere in Germany amongst Christians. Jews of the better class dress well as a rule. When a German girl marries, she has a supply of linen that will last her life, and she will hardly ever need a new evening dress, because evening dress is very rarely worn. If her husband allows her 20l. for clothes and pocket-money, she will probably look as well as her neighbours. He will not spend more than 10l. himself, and 15l. will have to dress the three children, even when the daughter goes to dances and wants a new white gown every winter. If the mother is clever, she will buy inexpensive German materials and have them made up at home by a dressmaker who charges 2s. a day. You can go to a dinner-party in a high stuff frock in Germany, you may wear cotton gloves, and sleeves that are conspicuously out of fashion. But you must not wear a straw hat in winter, or anything in the least frayed, stained, or untidy. You may be as cheap, as dowdy, and as old-fashioned as you please, but you may not be a sloven.

Unless the family is unlucky, the doctor's bill will not be the serious item it is in England. In big towns the family doctor charges 3s. for a visit, and in small towns the charge is often only 1s. A friend of mine went to see one in the country and was charged 6d. If she had called him in, she would have had to pay 1s. German doctors used not to specify their charges at all. Their patients sent what they could afford at New Year. This plan is dying out; but a family could have its teeth looked after and be ill sometimes for 5l. a year.

Education costs next to nothing in Germany. The boys would go to a good day-school and the fees for each boy would be at most 3l. 10s. a year. Their books and extra expenses would not amount to more than 1l. 10s. for each boy. But I shall allow 15l. for education, because most Germans spend something on music lessons and music. The girl might learn both solo and choral singing or want good piano lessons; perhaps the boys would play a stringed instrument. Something would be spent too on theatres and concerts. The theatres in Germany are subsidised by the State, and are much cheaper than here. A stall at the opera costs from 2s. 6d. to 8s., according to the size of the town; but a good upper-circle seat for Wagner opera can be got for 1s. 3d., and for 'popular' performances of the classical drama for 6d. There is no expense about getting to the theatre or about dressing for it. People walk there after coffee and come back to supper. The drama, the opera, and good concerts are as much a part of national life in Germany as outdoor games are in England. When the German is out of doors he likes to sit in a garden and listen to a band, or to make an excursion by carriage and steamer. Throughout the summer, when the theatres are closed, a family would spend small sums in this way; so, taking winter and summer together, I have allowed 10l. for amusements. They are very cheap in Germany, but they are very much more a matter of course than with us.

Tobacco is cheap, too, but pipes are smoked only by university students and by working-men. Cigars can be bought from 3s. a hundred—10s. a hundred would be a reasonable price to give, but they come to a good deal in the course of a year if a man smokes from morning till night and offers them to his friends. We must allow the bread-winner 10l. for his tobacco in a country that permits him to smoke anywhere and anywhen, in the street, in the office, behind the counter, and in the presence of ladies after dinner. Potage need not be a heavy item in a German budget. People

do not shop as much by correspondence as we do, and in most towns their friends live within easy walking distance. Except in Berlin, the conditions in this respect resemble those of an English country town, and in Berlin there are special cheap facilities for communication—35s. seems very little to allow, but it would be enough for a family without foreign correspondence and living in Düsseldorf or Carlsruhe.

Repairs are a serious item everywhere, but German furniture is plainly and solidly made. Where no carpets are put down none need be renewed, and the German bride starts so well supplied with house and table linen, that instead of buying fresh she will probably have some to leave to her daughter. Still, 7l. 10s. is a moderate sum to spend on 'keeping up' the home, especially if it is to cover the extra expenses of spring cleaning and new lace curtains, when they are needed, for one of the many-windowed rooms. Another 5l. must be set aside for Christmas, which brings claims as peremptory as those of the tax-gatherer, and sometimes as oppressive. Then there are all the unclassifiable 'extras' that vary with each household: books, papers, stationery, subscriptions, charitable and otherwise, cab and tram fares, flowers, photographs, repairs to bicycles, wedding and birthday presents. The family that keeps these down to 20l. has managed very well, and probably stinted itself of books and papers. But papers and magazines are not the temptation in Germany that they are here, and people buy very few.

I have purposely left the summer holiday to the end of the budget, because a family with a fixed income will not be able to afford the same sum for it every year. Sometimes they will go to Thuringia or the Black Forest, where they will get a comfortable pension for 4s. or 5s. a day. If the doctor's bill has been high, or the 'extras' heavier than usual, they can take furnished rooms at some such beautiful spot as Oberhof, near Gotha. Then they must dine at the inn and manage their other simple meals for themselves. Of course they will avoid expensive places like St. Blasien, Baden, or Marienbad. There are still forest villages in Germany where you can get a room for any sum from 2s. to 7s a week, your dinner for 1s. 3d., and your coffee and rolls for 6d.

For the 16l. I have allowed, my family of five could have a short holiday at a well-managed Kurhaus, or a longer one in simpler quarters. They would pay their maid 6s. a week for board wages and so have a considerable portion of the usual housekeeping

money to help towards their travelling expenses. Their budget then stands thus :—

	£	s.	d.
Rent	90	0	0
Insurances, and Savings	50	0	0
Taxes and Rates of all kinds	59	15	0
Food	104	0	0
Wages	15	0	0
Fire and Light	10	0	0
Housekeeping sundries	5	0	0
Washing	13	0	0
Wine and Beer	18	0	0
Clothes	45	0	0
Doctor and Dentist	5	0	0
Education	15	0	0
Amusements	10	0	0
Tobacco	10	0	0
Postage	1	15	0
Repairs	7	10	0
Christmas	5	0	0
Extras	20	0	0
Summer holiday ¹	16	0	0
	500	0	0

If this budget is compared with the English one of 800*l.* a year, it will be seen that, though the German has a larger family and a smaller income, he spends as much on rent and more on taxes. He spends less on food, because he uses less meat, fewer groceries, and very little fish or bacon. He has to be careful about his washing bill, and he has to dress himself, his wife, and his three children on much less than the Englishwoman allows herself for clothes and pocket money. His repairs cost less, his holiday must, and can, cost less, for English holiday resorts are notoriously dear. His wine bill is very little less, but he gets a great deal more for his money. His tobacco allowance is the same, but he smokes sixty-six cheap cigars to the Englishman's pound at 6*s.* 6*d.* He uses less coal and gas, and he spends less on postage. He certainly will not spend 5*l.* on stationery—5*s.* would be more likely. His servants' wages come to less. He has to set money aside for Christmas expenses and for the amusements that are a matter of course in Germany. I have allowed something for entertaining in his wine bill, but his wife must buy cakes for her Kaffee-Klatsch, or venison for her supper party, out of her housekeeping money.

We now have to consider one of the nine million families whose

¹ To add to what is saved out of housekeeping.

income never exceeds 135*l.*, and in many cases falls below 45*l.* The worst poverty is in the rural districts of Silesia and Saxony, where a hand-weaver may work sixteen hours a day for ten days and earn 5*s.* at the end. Mr. Harbutt Dawson gives an agreement between a landowner and a labourer by which the man, his wife, and his children could only earn 46*l.* 10*s.* in a year if all Sundays and holidays were paid. The Polish labourers in East Prussia will work for 1*s.* and 1*s.* 6*d.* a day. They live on potatoes, herd in sheds, and are still treated like serfs. In the iron and coal industries the average earnings do not exceed 1*l.* a week. That the wife should work too becomes a necessity, and women are everywhere worse paid than men. An investigation made in Berlin showed that the highest rates were from 15*s.* to 17*s.* a week, and that they sank to 8*s.* In Posen a seamstress earns 6*d.* to 9*d.* a day for a day of eleven hours.

For our purposes we will take the case of a skilled artisan who has a wife and three children, and lives in a South German town where life is cheaper than in Hamburg or Berlin. We will suppose that the united resources of the family amount to 1*l.* 10*s.* a week, and that this is partly made up by the wife's earnings and partly by the regular payments of a lodger who has been taken to reduce the rent. The husband will have to take a flat in a basement, on the ground-floor, or up in the roof. He may have to fetch all his water from a well in the street or the courtyard, he will certainly have neither bath-room nor garden, and, if the street is narrow and paved with cobble stones it will be close, dark, and noisy. For such accommodation in Berlin or Hamburg he will have to pay a quarter of his income when that income reaches 1*l.* 10*s.* a week. If he is poorer still, half his earnings will be swallowed before he can provide a roof to his head. The budget I propose to examine is founded on statistics drawn with great care and exactness from the working classes in Nuremberg. Of course when people are living from hand to mouth, earnings do not come in with machine-like regularity, and expenses are not machine-like either. They vary with season and opportunity, and with the thrifty qualities of man and wife—14*l.* 6*s.* is allowed out of the income for rent, and this is less than a man would have to pay in many German cities. Life is still considered cheap in Munich and Nuremberg. His direct taxes are set down at 2*l.* 13*s.*, but of course he is helping to pay indirect taxes on almost every article of food and clothing. For fire and light he can only afford 4*l.* 6*s.*

in the year. He will burn more coke than anything else, a little very poor coal, some wood, and some spirits of wine. The high price of fuel in Germany is bitterly felt by the poor, who use what they must for cooking and very little for warmth. The food of the family will come to 39*l.* a year, and that is nearly 7*l.* more than Mr. Arthur Morrison allows to his English artisan; but there is no doubt that for less money the English family will live better. I will give his weekly budget directly, and it will be seen that he spends 6*s.* on meat; but there is no comparison between the meat 6*s.* will buy in Nuremberg and in the cheap neighbourhoods of London. In Germany the poor man's meat consists largely of sausages made of scraps the butchers cannot sell otherwise, and even of horse-meat. His bread is coarse rye bread, his coffee is adulterated, his sugar is beet. Breakfast consists of stale black bread and washy coffee, with a little milk and less sugar. For dinner there will often be one of the thick cheap soups made of lentils, peas, or haricot beans. A bit of sausage or of coarse beef will be cooked with it, when 6*s.* a week can be afforded for the butcher's bill. As a matter of fact, I am certain that there are millions of poor folk in Germany who do not see meat for weeks together. In Hauptmann's great play, the starving weavers are said to kill a stray dog and eat it when they can. And in flourishing families of the lower middle class I have seen dinners prepared of soup and the cheaper vegetables, or of curds, with caraway seeds. The afternoon meal will be a slice of black bread again, perhaps with beer or coffee for the older people, with an apple for the children, and for supper bread and cheese, or sausage and beer. The weekly account for food will then stand thus:—

	£	s.	d.
Meat	0	6	0
Milk	0	0	9
Cheese	0	0	6
Eggs	0	0	9
Butter	0	1	2
Bread	0	2	0
Rice, Potatoes, Vegetables, &c.	0	2	2
Sugar	0	0	3½
Coffee	0	0	9
Fruit	0	0	6
Extras, Cruets, &c.	0	0	1½
	0	15	0

My authority for this budget complains of the high price of sugar and of the small sum the poor spend on it and on eggs and milk

for their children. In proportion a good deal is spent on beer, but that is not surprising in a town where brewers allow each workman seven litres free a day—2s. 6d. a week would be easily consumed in this way, and according to the statistics is an average amount for a family earning about 30s. For this sum the German would get from twelve to fifteen litres a week. Tobacco seems to come naturally next to beer, and that is to cost him 1l. 6s. a year. It is not much, but then if he is not fastidious he can buy seven cigars for 2½d., and tobacco for his long pipe at 7d. the pound.

The allowance of 6l. for clothes is slightly higher than in England, but the interesting difference is not in the amount spent but in the kind of clothes worn. An observant German coming to this country is always shocked by the tawdry finery and the unsightly rags of the English lower classes. In Germany every man and woman is neatly shod, and every child is either neat or barefoot. The women make little attempt to copy the fashions of the more prosperous. They are content with plain warm skirts and shapeless jackets and blouses. It is impossible to imagine a greater contrast than a maidservant or a flourishing artisan's wife in England and Germany on a Sunday afternoon. But the German will go to her situation, or as bride to her husband's home, with a supply of linen and home-knitted stockings that the Englishwoman often lacks.

For soap and all other cleaning materials 11s. a year is an average amount spent. 12s. 6d. may be allowed for books and papers. Education is free. About 15s. 6d. is spent on amusements, for the poorest German will go to a beer-garden sometimes, or to a cheap subscription dance, to a village fair, or to a theatre. The men play skittles and bowls a good deal, and many of them belong to choral societies that organise cheap pleasure trips during the summer months. 2l. are now left for all extras; for fire insurance, doctor's fees, club subscriptions, necessary repairs, and those deeds of charity and generosity for which the poor always find ways and means. The 78l. so hardly earned will have been spent as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
Rent	14	6	0
Taxes	2	13	0
Fire and Light	4	6	0
Food	39	0	0
Beer	6	10	0
Tobacco	1	6	0
Carried forward	68	1	0

	<i>£</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
Brought forward	68	1	0
Clothes	6	0	0
Soap, &c.	0	11	0
Papers, &c.	0	12	6
Amusements	0	15	6
Extras, Subscriptions, Doctors, &c.	2	0	0
	78	0	0

Most people who know both countries agree that the artisan is better off in England than in Germany. He certainly earns more and his food is cheaper. Less is done to provide him with amusement, but it is in the English nature to care more about a comfortable home than about outside amusements. The prosperous English working-man likes a little house to himself, if possible a little garden, and plenty of cheap beef and mutton and white bread. Anyone who doubts that the German is worse off should consider the German's dinner of black bread and lentil soup or potatoes, and then discover for himself what the Yorkshire farm labourer requires in the way of food. For it must be remembered that the budget we have examined is the budget of a skilled artisan in full work all the year round. I have not attempted to give the budget of a family starving on 35*l.* or 40*l.* a year.

But directly the family income touches a figure well above want, life is pleasant in Germany because it is simpler, and because some of the chief delights of life, fine music and fine scenery, for instance, are within easier reach than in England. So that when people talk of 'living cheaply' in Germany, they mean that they will have plainer meals, and fewer servants, and poorer clothes; but, if their tastes lead them that way, they will nevertheless enjoy life more than they could here, because they may have the mountains and the forest all the summer, and the best music in the world all the winter, on an income that in England would just pay for a suburban villa and a month at Eastbourne.

VERBA NON FACTA.

WHEN once again he hears the voice
 Of umpires calling 'Play,'
 Needs must the veteran's heart rejoice
 The challenge to obey :
 He sees the line of boundary flags,
 The tent, the scoring-board,
 And cannot credit that he lags
 Superfluous on the sward.

Though at the one and only game,
 As all too well he knows,
 Each spring a certain loss of fame
 The batting order shows :
 Wherein the old protagonist
 Observes with some surprise
 The name that used to head the list
 Placed next before the byes.

What then ? He takes the thing to mean
 That more experienced nerve
 Will form—should panic supervene—
 A capable reserve :
 And when the youngsters fear and quake
 He feels that Fate's command
 Dictates a glorious chance to make
 A long last-wicket stand.

Again, when fieldsmen took the field,
 An epoch past and dim
 Would see judicious captains yield
 The new red ball to him :
 While now to this distinction gone
 Succeeds a judgment strange,
 Which very rarely puts him on
 Till sixth or seventh change.

Well, he can still be happy while
He waits his turn to bowl,
And lay, with a contented smile,
This unction to his soul :
That when the score is mounting high,
And batsmen work their will,
These are the straits that really try
And test a bowler's skill.

Thus, although laid to all intent
And purpose on the shelf,
Will he extract from the event
Some solace for himself :
And if brief sojourns at the crease
His hopes of glory baulk,
They give long interludes of peace,
When he may rest—and talk.

Sheltered beneath a broad-brimmed hat,
His spell of fielding done,
He sits, as once old Kaspar sat,
And gossips in the sun,
Of many a stout achievement wrought
To win enduring praise,
Of fights which great Achilles fought
In more heroic days.

And ever, as his present deeds
Make less and less for fame,
In those far-off Elysian meads
He plays a finer game :
And ever, as his youth retreats,
From memory's kindly stores
He gleans more splendid bowling feats
And more amazing scores.

ALFRED COCHRANE.

HISTORICAL MYSTERIES.

BY ANDREW LANG.

VII. THE CARDINAL'S NECKLACE.

'Oh, Nature and Thackeray, which of you imitated the other?' One inevitably thinks of the old question thus travestied, when one reads, in the fifth edition, revised and augmented, of Monsieur Funck-Brentano's '*L'Affaire du Collier*,'¹ the familiar story of Jeanne de Valois, of Cardinal Rohan, and of the fatal diamond necklace. Jeanne de Valois might have sat, though she probably did not, for Becky Sharp. Her early poverty, her pride in the blood of Valois, recall Becky's youth, and her boasts about 'the blood of the Montmorencys.' Jeanne had her respectable friends, as Becky had the Sedleys; like Becky, she imprudently married a heavy, unscrupulous young officer; her expedients for living on nothing a year were exactly those of Mrs. Rawdon Crawley; her personal charms, her fluent tongue, her good nature, even, were those of that accomplished lady. Finally she has her Marquis of Steyne in the wealthy, luxurious Cardinal de Rohan; she robs him to a tune beyond the dreams of Becky, and, incidentally, she drags to the dust the royal head of the fairest and most unhappy of queens. Even now there seem to be people who believe that Marie Antoinette was guilty, that she cajoled the Cardinal, and robbed him of the diamonds, fateful as the jewels of Eriphyle.

That theory is annihilated by M. Funck-Brentano. But the story is so strangely complicated; the astuteness and the credulity of the Cardinal are so oddly contrasted; a momentary folly of the Queen is so astonishing and fatal; the general mismanagement of the Court is so crazy, that, had we lived in Paris at the moment, perhaps we could hardly have believed the Queen to be innocent. Even persons greatly prejudiced in her favour might well have been deceived, and the people 'loveth to think the worst, and is hardly to be moved from that opinion,' as was said of the Scottish public at the date of the Gowrie conspiracy.

¹ Hachette, Paris, 1903. The author has made valuable additions and corrections.

An infidelity of Henri II. of France to his wedded wife, Catherine de Médicis, and the misplaced affection of Louis XV. for Madame du Barry, were the remote but real causes that helped to ruin the House of France. Without the amour of Henri II., there would have been no Jeanne de Valois; without the hope that Louis XV. would stick at nothing to please Madame du Barry, the diamond necklace would never have been woven.

Henri II. loved, about 1550, a lady named Nicole de Savigny, and by her had a son, Henri de Saint-Remy, whom he legitimated. Saint-Remy was the great, great, great, great-grandfather of Jeanne de Valois, the flower of minxes. Her father, a ruined man, dwelt in a corner of the family *château*, a predacious, poaching, athletic, broken scion of royalty, who drank and brawled with the peasants, and married his mistress, a servant-girl. Jeanne was born at the *château* of Fontette, near Bar-sur-Aube, on April 22, 1756, and she and her brother and little sister starved in their mouldering tower, kept alive by the charity of the neighbours and of the *curé*, who begged clothes for these descendants of kings. But their scutcheon was—and Jeanne never forgot the fact—argent, three *fleurs de lys* or, on a fesse azure. The *noblesse* of the family was later scrutinised by the famous d'Hozier and pronounced authentic. Jeanne, with bare feet, and straws in her hair, is said to have herded the cows, a discontented indolent child, often beaten by her peasant mother. When her father had eaten up his last acre, he and the family tramped to Paris in 1760. As Jeanne was then but four years old, I doubt if ever she 'drove the cattle home,' as M. Funck-Brentano finds recorded in the MSS. of the advocate Target, who defended Jeanne's victim, Cardinal Rohan.

The Valois crew lived in a village near Paris. Jeanne's mother turned Jeanne's father out of doors, took a soldier in his place, and sent the child to beg daily in the streets. 'Pity a poor orphan of the blood of Valois,' she piped; 'alms, in God's name, for two orphans of the blood of Valois!' When she brought home little she was cruelly flogged, so she says, and occasionally she deviated into the truth. A kind lady, the Marquise de Boulainvilliers, investigated her story, found it true, and took up the Valois orphans. The wicked mother went back to Bar-sur-Aube, which Jeanne was to dazzle with her opulence, after she got possession of the diamonds.

By the age of twenty-one (1777), Jeanne was a pretty enchanting girl, with a heart full of greed and envy; two years later she and

her sister fled from the convent where her protectress had placed them: a merry society convent it was. A Madame de Surmont now gave them shelter, at Bar-sur-Aube, and Jeanne married, very disreputably, her heavy admirer, La Motte, calling himself Count, and to all appearance a stupid young officer of the *gendarmerie*. The pair lived as such people do, and again made prey of Madame de Boulainvilliers, in 1781, at Strasbourg. The lady was here the guest of the sumptuous, vain, credulous, but honourable Cardinal Rohan, by this time a man of fifty, and the fanatical adorer of Cagliostro, with his philosopher's stone, his crystal gazers, his seeresses, his Egyptian mysteries, and his powers of healing diseases, and creating diamonds out of nothing.

Cagliostro doubtless lowered the Cardinal's moral and mental tone, but it does not appear that he had any connection with the great final swindle. In his supernormal gifts and graces the Cardinal did steadfastly believe. Ten years earlier, Rohan had blessed Marie Antoinette on her entry into France, and had been ambassador at the Court of Maria Theresa, the Empress. A sportsman who once fired off 1,300 cartridges in a day (can this be true!), a splendid festive churchman, who bewitched Vienna, and even the Emperor and Count Kaunitz, by his lavish entertainments, Rohan made himself positively loathed—for his corrupting luxury and his wicked wit—by the austere Empress. She procured Rohan's recall, and so worked on her daughter, Marie Antoinette, the young Queen of France, that the prelate, though Grand Almoner, was socially boycotted by the Court, his letters of piteous appeal to the Queen were not even opened, and his ambitions to sway politics, like a Tencin or a Fleury, were ruined.

So here are Rohan, Cagliostro, and Jeanne all brought acquainted. The Cardinal (and this is one of the oddest features in the affair) was to come to believe that Jeanne was the Queen's most intimate friend, and could and would make his fortune with her; while, at the same time, he was actually relieving her by little tips of from two to five louis! This he was doing, even after, confiding in Jeanne, he handed to her the diamond necklace for the Queen, and, as he believed, had himself a solitary midnight interview with her Majesty. If Jeanne was so great with the Queen as Rohan supposed, how could Jeanne also be in need of small charities? Rohan was a man of the world. His incredible credulity seems a fact so impossible to accept that it was not accepted by public opinion. The Queen, people could not but argue, must have taken

his enormous gifts, and then robbed and denounced him. With the case before our eyes of Madame Humbert, who swindled scores of hard-headed financiers by the flimsiest fables, we can no longer deem the credulity of the Cardinal incredible, even though he displayed on occasion a sharpness almost as miraculous as his stupidity.

Rohan conferred a few small favours on Jeanne ; her audacity was as great as that of Madame Humbert, and, late in 1781, she established herself both at Paris and in Versailles. The one card in her hand was the blood of the Valois, and, for long, she could not play it to any purpose. Her claims were too old and musty. If a lady of the name of Stewart were to appear to-day, able to prove that she was of royal blood, as being descended from Francis, Earl of Bothwell, who used to kidnap James VI., was forfeited, and died in exile about 1620, she could not reasonably expect to be peculiarly cherished and comforted by our royal family. Now Jeanne's claims were no better, and no nearer, in 1781, than those of our supposed Stewart adventuress in 1904. But Jeanne was sanguine. Something must be done, by hook or by crook, for the blood of the Valois. She must fasten on her great relations, the royal family. By 1783 Jeanne was pawning her furniture and dining at the expense of her young admirers, or of her servants, for, somehow, they were attached to a mistress who did not pay their wages. She bought goods on her credit as a countess, and sold them on the same day. She fainted in the crowd at Versailles, and Madame Elizabeth sent her a few louis, and had her tiny pension doubled. Jeanne fainted again under the eyes of the Queen, who never noticed her.

Her game was to persuade small suitors that she could get them what they wanted by her backstairs influence with her royal cousin ; she had a lover, Retaux de Villette, who was an expert forger, and by April 1784, relying on his skill, she began to hint to Rohan that she could win for him the Queen's forgiveness. Her Majesty had seen her faint, and had been full of kindness. Nothing should be refused to the interesting daughter of the Valois. Letters from the Queen to Jeanne, forged by Villette on paper stamped with blue *fleurs de lys*, were laid before the eyes of the infatuated prelate. Villette later confessed to his forgeries ; all confessed ; but as all recanted their confessions, this did not impress the public. The letters proved that the Queen was relenting, as regarded Rohan. Cagliostro confirmed the fact. At a *séance* in Rohan's

house, he introduced a niece of Jeanne's husband, a girl of fifteen, who played the part of crystal gazer, and saw, in the crystal, whatever Cagliostro told her to see. All was favourable to the wishes of Rohan, who was as easy of belief as any spiritualist, being entirely dominated by the Neapolitan, who, none the less, knew nothing of the great final *coup*, despite his clairvoyance.

So far, in the summer of 1784, the great diamond fraud had not risen into Jeanne's consciousness. Her aim was merely to convince the Cardinal that she could win for him the Queen's favour, and then work upon his gratitude. It was in July 1784 that Jeanne's husband made the acquaintance of Marie Laguay, a pretty and good-humoured but quite 'unfortunate' young woman—'the height of honesty and dissoluteness'—who might be met in public gardens, chaperoned solely by a nice little boy. Jeanne de Valois was not of a jealous temperament. Mademoiselle Laguay was the friend of her husband, the tawdry Count. For Jeanne that was enough. She invited the young lady to her house, and by her royal fantasy created her Baronne Gay d'Oliva (*Valoi*, an easy anagram).

She presently assured the Baronne that the Queen desired her collaboration in a practical joke; her Majesty would pay £600 for the freak. This is the Baronne's own version; her innocence, she averred, readily believed that Marie Antoinette desired her assistance.

'You are only asked to give, some evening, a note and a rose, to a great lord, in an alley of the gardens of Versailles. My husband will bring you thither to-morrow evening.'

Jeanne later confessed that the Baronne really was stupid enough to be quite satisfied that the whole affair was a jest.

Judged by their portraits, d'Oliva, who was to personate the Queen, in an interview with the Cardinal, was not at all like Marie Antoinette. Her short, round, buxom face bears no resemblance to the long and noble outlines of the features of the Queen. But both women were fair, and of figures not dissimilar. On August 11, 1784, Jeanne dressed up d'Oliva in the *chemise* or *gaulle*, the very simple white blouse which Marie Antoinette wears in the contemporary portrait by Madame Vigée-Lebrun, a portrait exhibited at the Salon of 1783. The ladies, with La Motte, then dined at the best restaurant in Versailles, and went out into the park. The sky was heavy, without moon or starlight, and they walked into the sombre mass of the Grove of Venus, so styled from a statue of

the goddess which was never actually placed there. Nothing could be darker than the thicket below the sullen sky.

A shadow of a man appeared : *Vous voilà !* said the Count, and the shadow departed. It was Villette, the forger of the Queen's letters, the lover and accomplice of Jeanne de Valois.

Then the gravel of a path crackled under the feet of three men. One approached, heavily cloaked. D'Oлива was left alone, a rose fell from her hand, she had a letter in her pocket which she forgot to give to the cloaked man, who knelt, and kissed the skirt of her dress. She murmured something ; the cloaked Cardinal heard, or thought he heard, her say : ' You may hope that the past is forgotten.'

Another shadow flitted past, whispering : ' Quick ! Quick ! Come on ! Here are Madame and Madame d'Artois ! '

They dispersed. Later the Cardinal recognised the whispering shadow that fled by, in Villette, the forger. How could he recognise a fugitive shade, vaguely beheld in a dark wood, on a sultry and starless night ? If he mistook the girl d'Oлива for the Queen, what is his recognition of the shadow worth ?

The conspirators had a jolly supper, and one Beugnot, a friend of Jeanne, not conscious of the plot, escorted the Baronne d'Oлива back to her rooms in Paris.

The trick, the transparent trick was played, and Jeanne could extract from the Cardinal what money she wanted, in the name of the Queen, that gave him a rose in the Grove of Venus. Letters from the Queen were administered at intervals by Jeanne, and the prelate never dreamed of comparing them with the authentic handwriting of Marie Antoinette.

We naturally ask ourselves, was Rohan in love with the daughter of the Valois ? Does his passion account for his blindness ? Most authors have believed what Jeanne later proclaimed, that she was the Cardinal's mistress. This the divine steadily denied. There was no shadow of proof that they were even on familiar terms, except a number of erotic letters, which Jeanne showed to a friend, Beugnot, saying that they were from the Cardinal, and then burned. The Cardinal believed all things, in short, and verified nothing, in obedience to his dominating idea—the recovery of the Queen's good graces.

Meanwhile, Jeanne drew on him for large sums, which the Queen, she said, needed for acts of charity. It was proved that Jeanne instantly invested the money in her own name, bought

a large house with another loan, and filled it with splendid furniture. She was as extravagant as she was greedy; *alieni appetens, sui profusa*.

The Cardinal was in Alsace, at his bishopric, when, in November-December 1784, Jeanne was brought acquainted with the jewellers, Böhmer and Bassenge, who could not find a customer for their enormous and very hideous necklace of diamonds, left on their hands by the death of Louis XV. The European Courts were poor; Marie Antoinette had again and again refused to purchase a bauble like a 'comforter' made of precious stones, or to accept it from the King. 'We have more need of a ship of war,' she said, and would not buy though the jeweller fell on his knees and threatened to drown himself. There were then no American millionaires, and the thickest and ugliest of necklaces was 'eating its head off,' for the stones had been bought with borrowed money.

In the jewellers Jeanne found new victims; they, too, believed in her credit with the Queen; they, too, asked no questions, and held that she could find them a purchaser. Jeanne imposed on them thus, while the Cardinal was still in Alsace. He arrived at Paris in January 1785. He learned, from Jeanne, that the Queen wished him to deal for her with the jewellers! She would pay the price, the £60,000, by quarterly instalments.

The Cardinal could believe that the Queen, who, as he supposed, had given him a darkling interview, would entrust him with such a commission, for an article which she had notoriously refused. But there is a sane spot in every man's mind, and, on examining the necklace (January 24, 1785), he said that it was in very poor taste. However, as the Queen wanted to wear it at a ceremony on February 2, he arranged the terms, and became responsible for the money. His guarantee was a document produced by Jeanne, and signed 'Marie Antoinette de France.' As Cagliostro pointed out to Rohan later, too late, the Queen could not possibly use this signature. Neither the prelate nor the tradesmen saw the manifest absurdity. Rohan carried the necklace to Jeanne, who gave it to the alleged messenger of the Queen. Rohan only saw the *silhouette* of this man, in a dusky room, through a glass door, but he later declared that in him he recognised the fleeting shade who whispered the warning to fly, in the dark Grove of Venus. It was Villette, the forger.

Naturally people asked, 'If you could not tell the Queen from Mlle. d'Oliva when you kissed her robe in the grove, how could you

recognise, through a dim glass door, the man of whom you had only caught a glimpse as a fleeting shadow? If you are so clever, why, it was the Queen whom you met in the wood. You cannot have been mistaken in her.'

These obvious arguments told against the Queen as well as against the Cardinal.

The Queen did not wear the jewels at the feast for which she had wanted them. Strange to say, she never wore them at all, to the surprise of the vendors and of the Cardinal. The necklace was, in fact, hastily cut to pieces with a blunt heavy knife, in Jeanne's house; her husband crossed to England, and sold many stones, and bartered more for all sorts of trinkets, to Gray, of New Bond Street, and Jeffreys, of Piccadilly. Villette had already been arrested with his pockets full of diamonds, but the luck of the House of Valois, and the astuteness of Jeanne, procured his release. So the diamonds were, in part, 'dumped down' in England; many were kept by the La Mottes; and Jeanne paid some pressing debts in diamonds.

The happy pair, with six carriages, a stud of horses, silver plate of great value, and diamonds glittering on many portions of their raiment, now went off to astonish their old friends at Bar-sur-Aube. The inventories of their possessions read like pages out of 'The Arabian Nights.' All went merrily, till, at a great ecclesiastical feast, among her friends the aristocracy, on August 17, 1785, Jeanne learned that the Cardinal had been arrested at Versailles, in full pontificals, when about to celebrate the Mass. She rushed from table, fled to Versailles, and burned her papers. She would not fly to England; she hoped to brazen out the affair.

The arrest of the Cardinal was caused thus: On July 12, 1785, the jeweller, Böhmer, went to Versailles with a letter of thanks to the Queen, dictated by Rohan. The date for the payment of the first instalment had arrived, nothing had been paid, a reduction in price had been suggested and accepted. Böhmer gave the letter of thanks to the Queen, but the Contrôleur General entered, and Böhmer withdrew, without waiting for a reply. The Queen presently read the letter of thanks, could not understand it, and sent for the jeweller, who had gone home. Marie Antoinette thought he was probably mad, certainly a bore, and burned his note before the eyes of Madame Campan.

Tell the man, when you next see him, that I do not want diamonds, and shall never buy any more.'

Fatal folly! Had the Queen insisted on seeing Böhmer, all would have been cleared up, and her innocence established. Böhmer's note spoke of the recent arrangements, of the jeweller's joy that the greatest of queens possesses the handsomest of necklaces—and Marie Antoinette asked no questions!

Jeanne now (August 3) did a great stroke. She told Bassenge that the Queen's guarantee to the Cardinal was a forgery. She calculated that the Cardinal, to escape the scandal, would shield her, would sacrifice himself and pay the £60,000.

But the jewellers dared not carry the news to the Cardinal. They went to Madame Campan, who said that they had been gulled: the Queen had never received the jewels. Still, they did not tell the Cardinal. Jeanne now sent Villette out of the way, to Geneva, and on August 4 Bassenge asked the Cardinal whether he was sure that the man who was to carry the jewels to the Queen had been honest? A pleasant question! The Cardinal kept up his courage; all was well, he could not be mistaken. Jeanne, with cunning audacity, did not fly: she went to her splendid home at Bar-sur-Aube.

Villette was already out of reach; d'Oliva, with her latest lover, was packed off to Brussels; there was no proof against Jeanne; her own flight would have been proof. The Cardinal could not denounce her; he had insulted the Queen by supposing that she gave him a lonely midnight tryst, a matter of high treason; the Cardinal could not speak. He consulted Cagliostro. 'The guarantee is forged,' said the sage; 'the Queen could not sign "Marie Antoinette de France."' Throw yourself at the King's feet, and confess all.' The wretched Rohan now compared the Queen's forged notes to him with authentic letters of hers in the possession of his family. The forgery was conspicuous, but he did not follow the advice of Cagliostro. On August 12, the Queen extracted the whole facts, as far as known to them, from the jewellers. On August 15, the day of the Assumption, when the Cardinal was to celebrate, the King asked him: 'My cousin, what is this tale of a diamond necklace bought by you in the name of the Queen?'

The unhappy man, unable to speak coherently, was allowed to write the story, in fifteen lines.

'How could you believe,' asked the Queen with angry eyes, 'that I, who have not spoken to you for eight years, entrusted you with this commission?'

How indeed could he believe it?

He offered to pay for the jewels. The thing might still have been hushed up. The King is blamed, first for publicly arresting Rohan as he did, an enormous scandal; next for handing over the case, for public trial, to the Parlement, the hereditary foes of the Court. Fréteau de Saint-Just, one of the Bar, cried: 'What a triumph for Liberal ideas! A Cardinal a thief! The Queen implicated! Mud on the crosier and the sceptre!'

He had his whack of Liberal ideas, for he was guillotined on June 14, 1794!

Kings and queens are human beings. They like a fair and open trial. Mary Stuart asked for it in vain, from the Estates of Scotland and from Elizabeth. Charles I. asked for public trial in vain, from the Estates of Scotland, at the time of the unsolved puzzle of 'The Incident.' Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette had the publicity they wanted; to their undoing. The Parlement was to acquit Rohan of the theft of the necklace (a charge which Jeanne tried to support by a subplot of romantic complexity), and that acquittal was just. But nothing was said of the fatal insult which he had dealt to the Queen. Villette, who had forged the royal name, was merely exiled, left free to publish fatal calumnies abroad, though high treason, as times went, was about the measure of his crime. Gay d'Olive, whose personation of the Queen also verged on treason, was merely acquitted with a recommendation 'not to do it again.' Pretty, a young mother, and profoundly dissolute, she was the darling of Liberal and *sensible* hearts.

Jeanne de Valois, indeed, was whipped and branded, but Jeanne, in public opinion, was the scapegoat of a cruel princess, and all the mud was thrown on the face of the guiltless Queen. The friends of Rohan were all the clergy, all the many nobles of his illustrious house, all the courtly foes of the Queen (who began, by the basest calumnies, the ruin that the people achieved), all the friends of Liberal ideas, who soon, like Fréteau de Saint-Just, had more of Liberalism than they liked.

These were the results which the King obtained by offering to the Cardinal his choice between the royal verdict and that of the public Court of Justice. Rohan said that, if the King would pronounce him innocent, he would prefer to abide by the royal decision. He *was* innocent of all but being a presumptuous fool; the King might, even now, have recognised the fact. Mud would have been thrown, but not all the poached filth of the streets of Paris. On the other hand, had Louis withheld the case from

public trial, we might still be doubtful of the Queen's innocence. Napoleon acknowledged it: 'The Queen was innocent, and to make her innocence the more public, she wished the Parlement to be the judge. The result was that she was taken to be guilty.' Napoleon thought that the King should have taken the case into his own hand. This might have been wisdom for the day, but not for securing the verdict of posterity. The pyramidal documents of the process, still in existence, demonstrate the guilt of the La Mottes and their accomplices at every step, and prove the stainless character of the Queen.

La Motte could not be caught. He had fled to Edinburgh, where he lived with an aged Italian teacher of languages. This worthy man offered to sell him for £10,000, and a pretty plot was arranged by the French ambassador to drug La Motte, put him on board a collier at South Shields, and carry him to France. But the old Italian lost heart, and, after getting £1,000 out of the French Government in advance, deemed it more prudent to share the money with the Count. Perhaps the Count invented the whole stratagem; it was worthy of the husband and pupil of Jeanne de Valois. That poor lady's cause was lost when Villette and Gay d'Oliva were brought back across the frontier, confessed, and corroborated each other's stories. Yet she made a wonderfully good fight, changing her whole defence into another as plausible and futile, before the very eyes of the Court, and doing her best to ruin Rohan as a thief, and Cagliostro as the forger of the Queen's guarantee. The bold Neapolitan was acquitted, but compelled to leave the country, and attempt England, where the phlegmatic islanders trusted him no more than they trusted Madame Humbert. We expended our main capital of credulity on Titus Oates and Bedloe, and the warming-pan lie—our imaginative innocence being most accessible in the region of religion. The French are more open to the appeal of romance, and to dissolute honesty in the person of Miss Gay d'Oliva, to injured innocence as represented by Jeanne de Valois. That class of rogues suits a gay people, while we are well mated with such a seductive divine as Dr. Oates.

THE ARCTIC RAILWAY.

THE year 1903 saw the completion of an enterprise which in most years, when men were not too busy thinking of other things, would surely have attracted more attention than it has. A fresh record has been made. A railway refreshment room, and a very good one moreover, is to be found further north of the Arctic Circle than it has ever been found before. And an age which lives on records, and which can console itself for the unparalleled discomfort of the past rainy season by the reflection that no one living has ever been quite so wet and miserable before, owes it to itself to take an interest in the Arctic Railway. In the July of last year, King Oscar of Sweden formally opened for passenger traffic—it had been informally opened so far back as November 1902—the portion of the line which runs from Gellivara, in Swedish Lapland, across the divide to its terminus at Narvik in Norway, on the Ofoten Fjord. The line from Gellivara downwards to Lulea, at the head of the Gulf of Bothnia, had been working since 1887, and the Great Northern line from Stockholm up the Bothnian coast had been completed piece by piece, till it reached the Gellivara branch at Boden. The ingenious traveller who prefers land to water can now contrive to reach these Arctic regions with no more serious sea passage—there is one which is longer, but in smooth water, from Kiel to Korsøer—than the Dover to Calais crossing.

The Arctic region, however, through which this railway passes, I must caution the tourist who is in search of something exciting, is by no means the inhospitable ice-clad affair which it sounds. The truth is, that in Europe the Arctic Circle is a little bit of a fraud. Except in winter, the districts of Sweden and Norway are, though somewhat rugged and infertile, especially in the high fjeld, anything but icy. The man who wants ice and snow in any quantity in summer will have to make troublesome journeys to get to it, and he will find a great deal more of it, and get it more easily, in Switzerland, the Tyrol, or Spain. And the making of this railway, though very interesting, is not the achievement which a similar undertaking would be in Asia or America. It is

rather on account of its commercial importance, and as I venture to think and shall presently try to show, because of its possible future bearing on the political map of Europe, that the Arctic Railway will hereafter take its place among the interesting highways of the world.

The line owes its existence in the first instance to the presence of deposits of iron ore, in the eastern portion of Swedish Lapland, of extraordinary richness. Without becoming too statistical, I may mention that the 'Malmberg' or ore mountain of Gellivara yields annually something like a million tons of iron ore which contains sixty to seventy per cent. of pure metal. Richer still is the deposit of Luossovaara at Kiiruna, where the ore is quarried direct from a hill over 3,000 feet high, and is even of better quality than that of Gellivara. The quantity of ironstone in this hill has been estimated at nearly 250,000,000 tons, and now that the line is open to the sea it is proposed to make this mountain disappear at the rate of 1,500,000 tons a year. If this takes place, the world will be presented in 150 years with a demonstration of the kind which it can best appreciate, that capital, if not faith, can remove mountains.

A great deal might be written of the history of the line since its commencement, and a great many statistics might be added, which, however, my readers may prefer to take as read. It may be enough to say that the original line from Gellivara to Lulea was built by an English company between the years 1884 and 1887, and out of their ill-starred intermittent records one may quote one interesting fact as going to prove that the engineering difficulties were by no means serious—namely, that in the summer of 1886, below Gellivara, the line was built and the rails were laid at the astonishing rate of one kilometre each working day. You may count the hours, of course, of a working day in full summer at eighteen to twenty-two. That same English company—who, by the way, had succeeded to an irregular service of reindeer sledges and ponies—went the way of many companies, and for a time all work ceased on the promised line. But in 1896 the Swedish Government commenced operations with a will. The line was carried northwards to Kiiruna and thence to the southern shores of Lake Torné, and thence in a westerly direction to the Norwegian Sea.

The scenery through which this northern line from Boden to Narvik passes is, it must be frankly owned, somewhat disappointing.

It is the duty of the engineer to select the line of least resistance, and very admirably has he done it: in this instance the said line leads naturally over the enormous 'Myr' peat-moors and mosses which abound everywhere along the coast of the Gulf of Bothnia. These are commonly united, or separated, by vast tracts of forest land, and here again the line, naturally, skirts the low-lying and less broken edges of the wood. There is no reason for challenging the finer features of Lapland scenery by attacking mountains which can easily be avoided. And the traveller who runs up the line with the idea that he will thereby see the true beauty of the country, or indeed learn the secrets of Lapland, will be seriously misled. He will not see nor learn half so much as if he should start from the Norwegian side, on any of the routes that lead across the divide to the Swedish side, and make his way thence on foot or by boat. The traveller by rail will, in fact, be surprised to find how very little the Arctic portion of his route differs from anything which he has seen in his upward journey from Stockholm, except, of course, that habitable spots are few and far between, and farming land such as he has seen in the south wholly wanting. Otherwise the general character of forest and moorland is monotonously similar, merely becoming more poverty-stricken as one advances to the Polar Circle. The finest part of the scenery of Inner Lapland lies nearly all the time far away to the east, and is visible only here and there in faint blue masses, with an occasional cap of pure white snow above it, as the train passes through the gap made in the landscape by one of the many rivers which the line has to cross. The finest part of the journey begins after the train has left Kiiruna, and makes the bend westwards along the southern shore of Lake Torné. This is a really beautiful bit of travelling, especially in September, when the dwarf birch and krokeboer have turned crimson and russet and gold, carpeting the whole sweep of the great desolate moorlands, till they meet the deep blue of the far-off mountains. The finest spot on the line is perhaps the Gorge of Abisko, at no great distance from the frontier. A morning spent here, with the storms sweeping across the great lake below, gave one a feast of colour which cannot easily be forgotten. Half an hour or so after one has left the place on the journey westwards one finds oneself among the treeless desolations of the higher fjeld which divides Sweden from Norway.

But if the Swedish part of the Lulea-Ofoten Railway is less

beautiful than many other portions of internal Lapland, on the other hand, the Norwegian portion of the line, which winds round and round the precipitous cliffs of the Ofoten Fjord, is as magnificent as anything in Norway. The man who is in search of a new sensation might do worse than perform this journey, as the writer did, in the brake-van of a metal train. And if a coupling-chain should break at certain points during the downward passage to the sea level, he will obtain most assuredly some wholly unexpected experiences.

The immediate results of this new railway are easy to foresee and to foretell. The most obvious of these is the immediate growth and increase of the populations at the great iron centres of Gellivara and Kiiruna, to be followed at intervals by the creation of similar, though perhaps less important, centres here and there, within reach of the main line, as new iron fields are explored. It may, however, be safely predicted that the increase of population will be mainly confined to the industrial centres themselves. It is not possible that these mining centres should call into existence an agricultural population in the immediate neighbourhood to supply their needs, because nature has set her veto against such developments except upon the very smallest scale. The spots of land on which the Swedish settler, most industrious and most capable of his sort in any land whatever, could extort a living out of the soil, are few and far between, and even the most successful settler in such circumstances can rarely produce enough to do more than to keep his family. Of surplus production there is always so little that it need scarcely be considered, and the future mining towns of Swedish Lapland, destined without doubt to reach a high degree of prosperity, will have to depend for their support mainly on supplies brought either from the Norwegian coast or from the Gulf of Bothnia. Indeed, there is one point of view, very little taken into account so far, which would lead us to expect for many years to come an actual diminution of the inhabitants of Norbotten, exclusive of these said mining centres. The nomad Lapps, destined doubtless to pass away from among the races of mankind, will, I venture to prophesy, find their extinction accelerated by this very railroad. The Lapp, who is the most improvident of creatures, and who, like all half civilised races, is absolutely without control if drink be brought within his reach, has the habit, say rather the necessity, of driving down his reindeer off the high fjeld, where they roam

over the reindeer lichen in the summer, to the nearest towns (so called), where his reindeer are sheltered and his children taught during the winter. It is this contact with civilisation that kills him out—partly by intermarriage, which causes him slowly to be absorbed in the stronger races; but far more rapidly and completely by a literal killing out. He meets the dealer there, and improvident as he is he is easily tempted to part with many of his reindeer for ready money, or too often for drink. I have heard it said that a Lapp far gone in liquor will sometimes part with one of his best reindeer for a bottle or two of 'brand-vin.' And many a Lapp goes back to the fjeld with a sadly diminished herd, a poor man instead of a rich.

In the district which I know best, and to which I resort most often, in twelve years the reindeer have diminished from 37,000 to an approximate 7,000. Moreover, strange to say, as the quantity of reindeer diminishes the difficulty of keeping them increases, not of course by the diminution of pasture, but through the increase of wolves. I am assured by evidence taken in the same district that wolves have notably increased in number since the reindeer herds dwindled. The explanation is, that the Lapps themselves diminish in numbers, and no longer wage war upon their natural enemy the wolf. The latter does not depend upon the reindeer for his existence or his increase, but upon the supply of young birds, small animals and the like, and his numbers do not decrease *pari passu* with the reindeer. Now these causes, which have been acting strongly in some of the districts adjacent to the lower portions of the line, near Pité, and Sorsele Lappmark and similar districts, will be certain to act with even greater rapidity in the districts adjacent to, or within reasonable reach of, these mining centres. The miner and the railway navvy receive very high wages. The demand for reindeer meat will be constant, and the prices paid will be high. The result will inevitably be the steady disappearance of the reindeer herds. And that means the steady extinction of the Lapp. No animal save the reindeer can be pastured on or can make a living out of the mosses of the high and barren fjeld of which millions of acres consist in Upper Laponia. And the Lapp, with very very rare exceptions, can live on no animal save the reindeer. Fifty years is the span which our Swedish ethnologists allow to their interesting little neighbour. He may, however, like his reindeer, survive as a curiosity even a few years longer than that in very remote districts.

But I would rather prophesy that his extinction will be an accomplished fact in a far shorter time.

Yet even more interesting than this sad result upon one of the races of Europe is the possible effect upon the future political map of Europe. If the reader will consult any good atlas he will accept my statement that the outline of the frontiers of Russian Finland, where it abuts on Norway and Sweden, is one of the most suggestive and astonishing things in the map of Europe. The Lulea-Ofoten line runs its whole length at about a distance of forty to fifty miles on the Swedish side of the Russian boundary line, following it with curious regularity and leaving a broad strip of Swedish territory between itself and the said boundary. That boundary follows the line of the Torné River and the Muonio River right up to the divide. Now at that point the Russian territory makes a most extraordinary little arm outstretched across the high and barren fjeld to the Norwegian frontier, which is at no great distance from the sea. This remarkable outline of frontier was permitted to Russia in the early part of the nineteenth century after her conquest of Russian Finland from Sweden—a conquest, it is interesting to remember, which was made by a sudden and masterly stroke without any declaration of war. Why, it must be asked, did Russia provide this extraordinary little narrow band, this little arm or finger which stretches across a piece of absolutely desolate and useless uninhabited fjeld? I do not think it is possible for anyone who looks at the map to hesitate for one moment in the reply. It was that Russia might bring her border as near as possible to the Atlantic Ocean, and wait upon events to give her her outlet across that narrow strip of Norway which alone bars her from a deep water harbour at Narvik, on the Ofoten Fjord. The draughtsmen of that frontier line—long ago in their graves—were as farsighted as Russian treaty makers have always proved. The feeling has long been strong amongst the more thoughtful and less reckless of the Norwegians that Russia aims at possessing the upper portion of Norway which shall give her her wished-for outlet. The harbour of Narvik, in spite of its high latitude, has open water all the winter through, and even if an exceptional winter should block it, navigation could easily be kept open by ice ships. The harbour is finely sheltered by high land, the water is deep enough to hold in parts a full-sized battleship. That is exactly what Russia desires and needs. And Russia has always had a way of getting what she needs and desires, and she has always shown

herself capable of waiting. She knows how to help on her opportunities, but she never needs to hurry them. And her opportunity will probably come before the century which we have just entered upon is closed. It is by no means difficult to imagine a combination of circumstances which should put it within the power of Russia to realise the ambition by which her Northern Empire shall stretch across the whole of the map of the Eastern Hemisphere from the Pacific to the Atlantic. The great White Bear already lies at full length across it: nothing but the tips of her toes remain inside that narrow strip of Norway which separates her from the sea.

It is no doubt from those unhappy internal dissensions which have caused bad blood between Norway and Sweden that Russia may take her best hope of obtaining her result. It is easy enough to make answer to the suggestions of the previous paragraph, that it is merely one more of the gratuitous accusations which are so often made against Russia; easy enough to ask how Russia could ever carry through a scheme to which none of the Great Powers would consent. But one only has to imagine a moment hereafter in which Great Britain is once more engaged in a struggle for life and death, such as the late Boer War, in some part of her enormous Empire; to imagine Germany kept quiet by the knowledge that an armed opposition to Russia means an armed opposition to France; to imagine at the same moment that the unhappy jealousies between the two Scandinavian countries have set these brothers by the throat. There would be Russia's welcome opportunity. To whichever country she should lend her strength in that dispute, she would equally hold the winning card. One cannot doubt that her policy, in either event, has long ago been foreseen and is probably long ago pigeon-holed at St. Petersburg. Probably she would throw her weight upon the side of Norway, in which case Sweden, easily vulnerable to Russia at Stockholm and the trading ports of the southern coast, and shut in between two enemies, could not hope to sustain the struggle for two months. And the price which Russia might bargain for in thus helping to establish an independent Norway under Russian protection would be, first, Narvik, with that narrow band of barren Norwegian fjeld which should suffice to unite her present Finnish border with the sea. It is not necessary even to imagine Russia possessing herself also of the slice of Northern Sweden through which the Lulea-Ofoten railway passes. Russia

can easily make, and probably will make, a line within her own Finnish territory. Such a railway carried from the town of Tornea, already connected by rail with St. Petersburg, up the line of the Torné and Muonio rivers to that interesting little corner of the great divide which we have already spoken of, presents no insuperable difficulties to the engineer—probably none greater than the Swedes have already overcome. It would be costly, and commercially quite unprofitable, unless rich deposits of iron ore should be discovered within Russian territory. But as a means of transporting her troops from the already Russianised Duchy of Finland to her port on the Atlantic it would be very valuable and far less costly perhaps than the extra outrage to European feeling of annexing a great slice of Sweden so as to obtain the Lulea-Ofoten Railway. Once arrived at the end of that little projection which represents the present limit of Russian Finland to the west, they are within easy reach of Narvik.

The alternative method by which Russia should throw herself on the side of Sweden to repress Norway would be a much less promising policy. But in that case also the price of her assistance might be the same, namely, access to the western sea somewhere on Ofoten Fjord.

Viewed in the light of these suggestions, the recent events in Finland become a coherent and even necessary portion of Russia's policy. Without that policy to account for them they remain inexplicable. Anyone who knew Finland even so recently as ten years ago, before the day of her calamity, knows perfectly well that Russia had no more loyal province, in spite of free speech and of occasional vapourings. There was no portion of the Czar's dominions more prosperous, more progressive and more fit to be pointed to as an example of an enlightened policy in allowing a country to develop on its own lines, to its own great advantage and that of the empire of which it formed a part. There was no desire on the part of the vast majority of Finlanders, even of the Swedish party of the population, to exchange the rule of Russia for that of any of her nearer neighbours. She had proved herself quite worthy of the degree of freedom which had been granted to her by the charter of her constitution. She had even been spoken of frequently as a valuable buffer State between Russia and Sweden, and though the title was not exact, since a buffer State in the ordinary acceptance of the term should belong to neither nation, yet she had shown no tendency to coquet with Sweden, and had

fully thrown in her lot with that of Russia. What then had Russia to gain by the sudden extinction of the liberties granted nearly a hundred years before to this admirable people? What had Russia to gain by suddenly turning more than two millions of subjects loyal to the Czar and amongst his most useful dependents into a nation of sullen though helpless foemen. Those who attribute this action to the wanton and stupid barbarism of Russia, to the narrow-minded bigotry of the Orthodox party in Russia, or to the garden roller policy of her military despotism, do small justice to the sagacity which has always marked her advance in Europe. The step was a coolly calculated, deliberate part of her policy. It is the pushing forward of her truly Russian frontier, the advance of her military system, by the substitution of an advanced guard of genuinely Russian troops for the Finnish corps d'armée, who, however loyal in the main, would not be expected to fight with a good stomach against their Swedish neighbours when some day such services are needed. The action has brought Russia appreciably nearer to her goal.

The danger is, as we have said, fully recognised by many public men of calmer foresight both in Norway and Sweden. They cannot fail, too, to be conscious that that danger is brought nearer by the spirit of disunion which the rash utterances of certain speakers in Norway tend to foster. They are aware, too, that an independent Norway under Russian patronage means ultimate absorption in the Russian Empire. And though much of the apparent disaffection in Norway is, as I have heard Norwegians themselves declare, far more in words than in reality, yet it is a dangerous tool to play with, and one where careless use may encourage an ambition in Russia which none have so good reason to dread as Norwegians themselves. The moral is that the two Scandinavian nations would do well to adjust their differences. The Consular grievance, for example—arising from the appointment by the Swedish government of Swedes only for the large majority of Consuls—which always crops up whenever the relations between Norway and Sweden are under discussion, should admit of easy redress. And a few more standing grievances of no greater importance should be removed with equal ease. It is a quarrel between two brothers—there are no two nations in Europe to whom the title applies more literally—which at all events should be settled indoors. There must be, to use a homely phrase, no hanging of linen outside of the premises. The interests of both

nations are one in eight points out of every ten. In no respect are they more absolutely one than in the preservation of the integrity, down to the last boulder, of the Great Scandinavian Peninsula.

The creation of the very interesting railway which has just been opened in no way created that danger, nor can it even be said, in one sense, to have increased it, since Russia can, as I have shown, accomplish her railway to the Norwegian frontier without going one foot outside of her own border; and a glance at the map will show that, in that case, it would not be the line from Riksgränsen to Narvik that she would employ. But the opening up of the country will have turned many eyes northwards, and it will probably have helped many who had not studied the map before to realise what the Russian frontier-makers realised a hundred years ago, and what Russian ambitions have assuredly never lost sight of since, namely, that it is no far cry from Russian territory to a fine naval port on the Western Ocean.

GERALD S. DAVIES.

ROSE OF THE WORLD.¹

BY AGNES AND EGERTON CASTLE.

CHAPTER I.

It is our fate as a nation, head and heart of a world empire, that much of our manhood must pursue its career far away from home. And it is our strength that these English sons of ours have taught themselves to make it home wherever they find their work.

The fervid land of India had become home to Raymond Bethune for so many years that it would have been difficult for him to picture his life elsewhere. The glamour of the East, of the East that is England's, had entered into his blood, without however altering its cool northern deliberate course; that it can be thus with our children, therein also lies the strength of England.

Raymond Bethune, Major of Guides, loved the fierce lads to whom he was at once father and despot, as perhaps he could have loved no troop of honest thick-skulled English soldiers. He was content with the comradeship of his brother officers, men who thought like himself and fought like himself; content to spend the best years of existence hanging between heaven and earth on the arid flanks of a Kashmir mountain range, in forts the walls of which had been cemented by centuries of blood; looked forward, without blenching, to the probability of laying down his life in some obscure frontier skirmish, unmourned and unnoticed. His duty sufficed him. He found happiness in it that it was his duty. Such men as he are the very stones of our Empire's foundation.

Yet though he was thus intimately satisfied with his life and his life's task, Bethune was conscious of a strange emotion, almost a contraction of the heart, as he followed the kitmutgar to Lady Gerardine's drawing-room in the palace of the Lieutenant-Governor, this October day.

The town below hung like a great rose jewel, scintillating, palpitating, in a heat unusual for the autumn of Northern India. Out

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of the glare, the colour, the movement, the noise ; out of the throng of smells—spice, scent, garlic, the indescribable breath of the East—into the dim cool room ; it was like stepping from India into England ! And by the tug at his heart-strings he might have analysed (had he been of those that analyse) that, after all, the old home was nearest and dearest still ; might have realised that his content beneath the scorching suns, amid the blinding snows of his adopted country, arose after all but of his deep filial love of, and pride in, the distant English isle.

He put down his hat and looked round : not a hint of tropical colour, not a touch of exotic fancy, of luxuriant oriental art anywhere ; but the green and white and rosebud of chintz, the spindle-legged elegance of Chippendale, the soft note of Chelsea china, the cool greys and whites of Wedgwood. From the very flower-bowl a fastidious hand had excluded all but those delicate blossoms our paler sunshine nourishes. Some such room, dignified with the consciousness of a rigid selection, reticent to primness in its simple yet distinguished art, fragrant with the pot-pourri of English gardens, fragrant too with memories of generations of wholesome English gentlefolks, you may meet with any day in some old manor-house of the shires. To transport the complete illusion to the heart of India, Bethune knew well must have cost more labour and money than if the neighbouring palaces had been ransacked for their treasures. It was obvious, too, that the fancy here reigning supreme was that of one who looked upon her sojourn under these splendid skies with the eyes of an unresigned exile.

‘The wife of the Lieutenant-Governor can evidently gratify every whim,’ he said to himself, bitterly enough, the while he still inhaled the fragrance of home with an unconscious yearning.

In the distance the tinkle of a piano seemed to add a last touch to the illusion. In India one so seldom hears a piano touched during the hot hours. And scales, too—it was fantastic !

Suddenly the music ceased, if music it could be called. There was a flying step without. The door was thrown open. Raymond Bethune turned quickly, a certain hardness gathering in his eyes. Their expression changed, however, when he beheld the newcomer. A young, very young girl, hardly eighteen perhaps, of the plump type of immaturity ; something indeed of a cherubic babyhood still lurking in the round face, in the buxom little figure, and in the rebellious aureole of bronze hair rising from a very pink forehead. It was evidently the energetic musician.

She came in, examining one finger of her right hand ; and, without looking at him, began to speak with severity :

‘ I told you, Mr. Simpson, I could not possibly see anybody in my practising hours ! How am I ever to keep up my poor music in this beastly country ? ’ Then she added, in a pettish undertone : ‘ I have broken my nail now ! ’ And glancing up, accusingly, to behold a stranger : ‘ Oh ! ’ she exclaimed.

Major Bethune smiled. The sight of this creature, so unmistakably fresh from the salt brisk English shores, was as pleasant as it was unexpected.

‘ Oh, it’s not Mr. Simpson ! ’ she cried, with a quaint air of discovery.

The officer bowed. Life had taught him not to waste his energy on a superfluous word.

‘ Oh ! ’ she said again. She looked down at her nail once more, and then sucked it childishly. Over her finger she shot a look at him. She had very bright hazel eyes, under wide full brows. ‘ Perhaps,’ she said, ‘ you want to see the Runkle ? I mean,’ she interrupted herself, with a little giggle, ‘ I mean, my uncle, Sir Arthur.’

‘ I called to see Lady Gerardine,’ he answered imperturbably. ‘ I wrote to her yesterday. She expects me.’

‘ Oh ! ’

Every time this ejaculation shot from the girl’s lips it was with a new lively note of surprise and a comical rounding of small mouth and big eyes. Then she remembered her manners ; and, plunging down on a chair herself :

‘ Won’t you take a seat ? ’ she cried, with an engaging school-girl familiarity.

Bowing again, he obeyed.

‘ Do you think Lady Gerardine will see me ? ’

She glanced at the clock on the cabinet beside her.

‘ My aunt will be here,’ she replied, ‘ in just ten minutes. She is always down at the hour, though nobody comes till half-past.’ She flung a look of some reproach at the visitor’s inscrutable face, and passed her handkerchief over her own hot cheeks. ‘ I think Aunt Rosamond is wonderful,’ she went on, preparing herself, with a small sigh, to the task of entertaining. ‘ The Runkle—I mean my uncle—is always after her. But I am sure there is not another Lieutenant-Governor’s wife in India that does her duty half so well.’ Here she yawned, as suddenly as a puppy. The

visitor still maintaining silence, she paused, evidently revolving subjects of conversation in her mind, and then started briskly upon her choice :

‘Of course, you don’t know who I am.’ Two deep dimples appeared in the plump cheeks. ‘I am Aspasia Cuninghame, and I have come to live with my uncle and aunt in India. I wish I had not ; I hate it. What is your name ?’

‘Raymond Bethune.’

‘Civil ?’ inquired Miss Aspasia, running her eye over his light-grey suit.

‘No, military. Guides. Major,’ he corrected.

She nodded. ‘I see—turbans and things,’ commented she.

Bethune gave a dry chuckle which hardly reflected itself on his countenance. Another silence fell ; and, still scrubbing her cheeks with an energy calculated to make even the onlooker feel hot, the girl took a good look at him. A somewhat lantern-jawed, very thin face had he, tanned almost to copper ; brown hair, cropped close, a slight fair moustache ; and steady pale eyes beneath overhanging brows. There was not an ounce of superfluous flesh about the long lean figure. No mistake (thought Aspasia sagely) about his Scottish origin. She cocked her head on one side. ‘He would have looked well in a kilt,’ she told herself.

Presently the silence began to oppress her. He did not seem in the least disposed to break it. His attitude was one of patient waiting ; but, second by second, the lines of his countenance grew set into deeper sternness. Miss Cuninghame coughed. She played a scale upon her knee, stretched out all her fingers one after another, wagged them backwards and forwards, and finally, with a pout and a frown, dashed into exasperated speech :

‘Could not I take a message ?’

The man brought his attention to bear upon her, with an effort, as if from some distant thought.

‘I beg your pardon ?’

‘Do you not think you could give me a message for Aunt Rosamond ?’

‘I am afraid not.’

‘Do you want her to get the Runkle—Sir Arthur, I mean—to do anything for you ?’

‘No.’

‘Do you know Aunt Rosamond—Lady Gerardine ?’

He hesitated. Then he said : 'No,' and 'No' again, with a cold incisiveness.

'Oh !'

Miss Cuninghame was nonplussed ; yet was she interested, in spite of herself. 'What a rude pig !' she thought angrily, in her downright schoolgirl vernacular. But the next moment his saturnine face softened.

'Do not let me keep you,' he said. 'You want to return to your music. You were practising very hard. I have never heard anyone play scales with such energy over here before. It quite brought me back to the schoolroom in the old place at home.'

His expression softened still more as he spoke.

Aspasia was delighted to find him so human all at once ; and, being herself the most gregarious little soul alive, hastened to take advantage of the opportunity.

'Oh, it does not matter now,' she said. 'Thank you. It is rather hot. I will finish my exercises later on. You see, I must keep up my *technique*.' She stretched her fingers again, with an important air. 'But, when he's at home, it annoys the Runkle—there it is again ! I cannot help it, really. I only began it for fun, to tease him ; now it's irresistible, nervous I think. You remember, I told you my name is Aspasia. A stupid sort of name. You cannot even shorten it into anything decent. You could not call me Aspy, or Pashy, or Asia, could you ? So people have got into the way of calling me Baby. I do not mind. It's better than Aspasia. But uncle won't. He is my godfather, you see, and thinks it's a lovely name. There's a stupid old cousin of ours, Lady Aspasia Something-or-other, whom he thinks the world of. So he always will say : "My dear Raspasia . . . my dear Raspasia !" So I got into the way of calling him : "My dear Runkle Rarthur !" Rather silly, but I began it in sheer self-defence. And now—it's really quite wicked—everybody calls him the Runkle, all the secretaries and things—behind his back, of course. And there's one of them, a silly sort of creature, Mr. Simpson—I thought it was him, just now—he's not got used to it yet, and he always goes purple and explodes. And the Runkle gets mad. He has to pretend he has not noticed anything, to save his dignity !'

Her frank young laugh rang out, one might have thought infectionally enough. But the visitor's eyes had wandered from her. And as now (perceiving suddenly that he had not been listening to

her) she fell into an affronted silence, she noticed how they became fixed in the direction of the door with a curious intensity of gaze, like that of a hawk sighting his quarry.

One of the native servants, who kept squatting watch in the passage without, had noiselessly pushed the door-hangings aside; a soft murmur of muslin skirts against matting grew into the silence. Lady Gerardine came into the room. She was looking at a card in her hand.

‘Major Bethune?’ she said questioningly, as she approached.

‘My name must be familiar to you,’ he replied gravely.

She paused a second, slightly contracting her brows; then shook her head, with a smile.

‘I am afraid—I have such a bad memory. But I am very glad to see you.’

She put out her hand graciously. He barely touched it with his fingers.

‘Pray sit down,’ she said, and took her own chair.

One felt the accomplished woman of the world. No awkwardness could exist where Lady Gerardine had the direction of affairs. Sweet, cool, aloof, the most exquisite courtesy marked her every gesture. Had the newcomer been shy he must promptly have felt reassured; for a long looked-for guest could not have been more easily welcomed.

‘You will like some tea,’ said she. ‘Baby, why did not you order tea? Dear child, how hot you are!’

A faint ripple of laughter broke the composure of her countenance. Miss Cuningham ran to the door clapping her hands.

‘Tea, Abdul,’ she cried. And, like the genie of the Persian fairy tale, the servant instantly stood salaaming on the threshold.

‘Oh, Aunt Rosamond, may he not have a lemon-squash? Major Bethune, I am sure you would prefer a lemon-squash!’

Bethune sat stonily, staring at his hostess from under his heavy brows.

So that was she—Rose of the World! Not so beautiful as he had fancied. And yet, yes—grudgingly he had to admit it—beautiful and more. With every instant that passed, the extraordinary quality of her personality made itself felt upon him; and his heart hardened. This grace more beautiful than beauty; those deep strange eyes startling with their unexpected colour, green-hazel, in the pallor of the face under a crown of hair, fiery

gold ; those long lissom limbs ; the head with its wealth, dropping a little on the long throat. Oh, aye, that was she ! Even so had she been described to him : the ' flower among women ! '—even so, by lips, eloquent with the fulness of the heart (alas ! what arid mountain wind might not now be playing with the dust of what was once instinct with such generous life !)—even so, had Harry English described her to his only friend. Save, indeed, that by his own telling Harry English's bride had been rosy as a Dorset apple blossom, as the monthly roses that hung over the wicket gate of the garden at home ; and the wife of Sir Arthur Gerardine had no more tint of colour in her cheeks than the waxen petals of the white daturas that marked the Governor's terraces with their giant chalices.

Raymond remembered. But she—she had such a bad memory !

‘ Have you been long here ? ’

She seemed to take his visit quite as a matter of course.

‘ I arrived yesterday. I am on leave. ’

‘ Indeed. And what regiment ? ’

He told her. A change, scarcely perceptible, passed over her face. She compressed her lips and drew a breath, a trifle longer than normal, through dilated nostrils.

Just then a procession of soft-footed white-clad servants entered upon them, and the tension, if tension there had been, was dispelled.

‘ Will you have tea, Major Bethune, or this child's prescription ? ’

The ice tinkled melodiously in the fragrant yellow brew. ‘ Baby ’ was already sucking through a straw ; she rolled her eyes, expressive of rapture, towards the visitor. But he was not to be diverted.

‘ I will have nothing, thank you. ’

He had not thought himself so sentimental. Why should he bear so deep a grudge against this woman ? How could her forgetfulness, her indifference, now harm the dead ? It was fantastic, unreasonable, and yet he could not bring himself to break bread with her to-day. He clasped his lean brown fingers tightly across his knees.

‘ I am afraid, ’ he said briefly, ‘ that my presence must seem an intrusion. But I trust you will forgive me when you understand upon what errand I come. ’

She disclaimed his apology by a wave of her hand. The emeralds upon it shot green fire at him.

‘The fact is,’ he went on, doggedly making for his point, ‘I have been asked to write a life of—your husband.’

He was interrupted by a commotion among the ice and bubbles of Miss Aspasia’s long tumbler.

‘Gracious,’ she sputtered; ‘but the Runkle is not dead yet!’ She choked down, just in time, the comment: ‘Worse luck!’ which had almost escaped her terribly frank tongue.

Lady Gerardine was smiling again in her detached manner.

‘A great many people, distinguished people, Baby, have their lives written before they die. And they have then the advantage of correcting the proof-sheets. I daresay your uncle will not object.’

Major Bethune allowed a pause to fall before continuing his speech. Then he said, with almost cruel deliberation:

‘I beg your pardon, Lady Gerardine. I should have said your late husband. I refer to Harry English.’

CHAPTER II.

FOR the life of her Baby could not have said why, but she felt as if something had been broken by these last words—broken with a great crash. She put down her glass and turned and stared from her aunt to Major Bethune and back again. Lady Gerardine’s eyes were cast down, her hands were moving among the tea-things: it would have been hard to divine if she had even heard. The man was leaning forward, devouring her face with unsparing gaze—a gaze that seemed to be looking for something with brutal intensity.

After a silence, so oppressive that Aspasia could have screamed, Lady Gerardine spoke:

‘Is it necessary to ask for my permission?’ she said, without lifting her eyelids. ‘I did not know that people were so particular nowadays.’ She paused. And then, with a perceptible effort: ‘Did you know Captain English?’ she asked.

‘Did I know him?’ Raymond Bethune laughed out loud, unmirthfully. ‘You seem to have forgotten that he and I went through that siege together. I was with him from the day I first joined, practically till the hour of his death.’

Rosamond Gerardine gave a faint gasp, as if breath had suddenly failed her; then she looked up sharply and veiled her glance again.

'Ah,' she said, slowly. 'Through the siege—till—I had not known. I beg your pardon.'

Once more there was the heavy silence. With round eyes Baby stared : things were passing here to the meaning of which she had no clue, but she felt, as it were, the stress of a tragedy in the air.

Suddenly Lady Gerardine rose. 'I am glad to have met you,' said she. He rose, too, and she stretched out her hand to him. 'Write his life,' she went on. 'I am sure no one could do it better.'

As upon their first greeting, the man bowed ceremoniously, barely touching the fingers proffered. She sighed, sank into her chair again, then turned and smiled determinedly upon her niece with the air of one dismissing the subject. Bethune felt well enough that he too was being dismissed ; but he took a step forward and stood, looking down upon her.

'I do not think you quite understand,' he said. 'I cannot do this work without your help, Lady Gerardine.'

'My help !'

'I am exceedingly sorry to be so tiresome'—his manner betrayed a curious mixture of patience and irritation—'but you see, that without the papers in your possession my task would be futile. I could not possibly do the work justice.'

'The papers in my possession !' She echoed the words as helplessly as before.

'The papers in your possession,' he repeated. 'His letters to you, the journal he wrote during the siege, his notes, his whole correspondence—I brought them all back and sent them to you myself—afterwards. And you, you did receive them ? You were too ill to see me, I was told, but your friends undertook that you should have them.'

She was gazing at him, now, with wide eyes growing darker and deeper every moment. The colour rushed up to her face, then faded away, leaving it paler even than before. Her stricken look made him feel like a brute ; yet the sheer perversity of her attitude exasperated him. At last :

'You want me to give you these papers ?' she exclaimed, with a cry.

He sat down on the chair next her ; and, like one endeavouring to make a fractious child hear reason, began to explain his meaning to her.

'I should not presume,' he said, 'to suggest that you should

confide to me writings which can concern only yourself and him. He was a reserved man, and, though he was the best friend, the only friend I ever had, and I perhaps his closest, I should not dream of intruding upon his private life, now—now that he is dead. God forbid! But I want you to help, I want you to give me every necessary extract which concerns his soldier's life—that life which was such an example to all Englishmen—which I feel it should be given to England to know, as freely as it was laid down for her. Why, there is not even a cairn of stones to mark his grave! Mark his grave? Why, even that grave has been denied to us! But we can yet raise a monument to him that our country may know her dead.'

His cold somewhat grating voice deepened into a note of such tenderness that Baby wondered in her childish mind. She did not know that a man could so love and mourn a friend. Lady Gerardine had leant back in her chair, her hands clasping the arms. Bethune saw her revolving the question in her mind with such pallid suffering upon her features that he felt torn between anger and a sort of unwilling pity. Her lips moved:

'It is impossible.'

He thought he could not have heard aright.

'I beg your pardon?'

'It is impossible.'

'Lady Gerardine . . . !'

'You do not know what you are asking. I cannot!'

'I think it is you who do not understand. The matter is so simple; those letters, that journal——'

'No—no.'

'You refuse?' he exclaimed. Indignation was even stronger than surprise.

'You do not know what you are asking!' she repeated. And the cry of passion in her voice again startled both him and Aspasia.

Bethune rose, took up his hat in silence; stood awhile, his steel-pale eyes flaming upon the woman whom his friend had, from all the world, chosen to make his wife.

'I trust you will think it over,' said he at length, as soon as he could control himself sufficiently to speak.

He paused again; but Lady Gerardine made no reply. She was still fixing him with that inexplicable gaze that seemed one of terror.

'I shall call again,' said he, well nigh in the tone of a menace ; then bowed and turned away. At the door he halted. 'But perhaps you did not keep those papers ?' he said, upon a sudden scornful thought.

Still she held her peace, and in his heart he knew that this random shaft of his had fallen wide of the mark ; that, whatever might be the explanation of her attitude, it was not indifference.

Thoroughly dissatisfied with the result of his interview, with himself, and the whole situation, he strode down the long corridors into the cool echoing hall, where many pillars showed with faint barbaric tints between aisles of gloom.

At the very threshold of the colour and sunshine without, someone overtook him with patter of flying feet, someone nipped him by the sleeve with determined fingers. He looked, and it was Miss Aspasia. Her hazel eyes were rounder than ever ; so was her button of a mouth. Her hair seemed to stand out, an aureole of amazement, from her baby face.

'Don't be angry with Aunt Rosamond. Perhaps she will change her mind.'

He wheeled round.

'Have you any idea,' he asked, 'of the reason for her refusal ?'

Aspasia shook her head so violently that the halo danced again. She pursed her lips with a long drawn-out : 'No. You see,' she added quickly, arresting him, as with head bent in thought he was once more proceeding on his way, 'you see, we never speak of Aunt's first husband here. At least she never does. There is no picture of him about, not a sign of anything that has ever belonged to him. As far as she is concerned it is just as if he had never been.'

Raymond Bethune, of the Guides, jerked his head upwards in melancholy and bitter confirmation. In the midst of his own pre-occupation and disappointment he could not, however, help being struck with the engaging quality of the face thrust so confidently close to his. Those yellow hazel eyes had depths of almost infantile candour.

'At least there is a soul that can afford to be transparent,' he said to himself. Then aloud, following his first perplexed train of thought : 'Perhaps it is because of your uncle, of Sir Arthur ?' he suggested. 'Lady Gerardine may be afraid of annoying him. Some men are jealous of their wives' first husbands.' He smiled, half derisively to himself, half genially upon her.

'The Runkle !' cried Aspasia with a giggle. 'Jealous ? Oh

no; I don't think so! Why, he is the only creature who ever does speak of Captain English in this place. Poor Runkle, he's so awfully pleased with himself, you know, that I don't think he could be jealous of anything or anybody.'

'Why then——' Bethune's brow darkened at this confident removal of the only hypothesis that could put Lady Gerardine's behaviour in a favourable light. 'Do you think,' he said, regarding the girl reflectively, 'that you could use your influence in this matter?'

Again Aspasia's head flew from side to side in violent negation.

'Oh, I could not! Aunt Rosamond, she's a darling, she is more than good to me; I love her, but—it would seem such horrible impertinence. I cannot explain, Major Bethune, but I never feel as if I knew her really, nor as if she wanted me to know her. She always seems to me to be all outside, somehow.'

He reflected a moment; then he suddenly held out his hand to her, with that softening of the countenance she had already noted—and noted to approve.

'Will you? I want you to try and help me,' said he. It was worded as a request; it was voiced, somehow, as a command.

She was preparing to twirl her curly mop, when she looked up and met his eyes. Then—she never knew how it happened—she said quite the opposite to what she had intended:

'I will try.'

And this was a promise. There was no mistake about it. He held her hand for a second in a firm grasp; neither of them wotted, or cared, for the white-clad, dusky-faced retinue that stood like so many statues awaiting the moment to proffer their services. If a liquid eye rolled curiously, however, it was an exception; your Hindoo has a dignified discretion of his own.

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'Play me something, Baby.'

Lady Gerardine was still lying back in her chair, almost as if she had not moved. Her face had perhaps a whiter pallor than before, but there was no other trace of emotion to be seen. Instead of obeying, Aspasia, with her promise heavy on her heart and all the indiscreet impulsiveness of her years, rushed over and flung herself at her aunt's feet, rubbing a coaxing head against her knees.

Rosamond laid her hand upon the curls. This Baby seized

and kissed ; then she looked up. Lady Gerardine smiled ; it was a smile indulgent but of infinite detachment.

'It is perfectly absurd that I should call you Aunt,' began the girl. True child as she was, she could think of no better scheme of attack than this wheedling. 'You look as young as I do.'

'Young ?' echoed the Governor's wife, wearily.

Baby was counting on her fingers : 'I was, let me see, just twelve when you married the Runkle, six years ago. 'So,' triumphantly, 'you are twenty-seven now. And that is, oh, quite ridiculously young for an aunt !'

Lady Gerardine sighed.

'Dear Aunt Rosamond,' said Aspasia suddenly, turning round to kneel and place her elbows on her aunt's knees while she looked earnestly into her face, 'why won't you ?'

'Why won't I what, Baby ?'

'You know. Let that poor man have those papers. Dear Aunt Rosamond, I don't think it's quite fair.'

The girl was trembling at her own temerity. But now the elder woman showed neither anger nor distress ; only a marble stillness seemed to come over the living flesh. After a pause she placed her hand gently across Aspasia's mouth.

'Baby, never speak of that again,' she said. And there was the most absolute finality in her voice. Then she leaned forward and kissed her niece. The touch of her lips struck Aspasia as deathly cold. 'Now play me something.'

Aspasia rose, baffled, not without a feeling akin to the irritation that Major Bethune had displayed a little while before. It was like being brought up by a smooth blank wall.

She marched to the piano, opened it, and plunged into a prelude of Bach's, glad to be able to work off some of her pent-up feelings. As she played she set her pointed chin ; and, while her fingers flew, her thought wove in and out with the intricate music to a settled resolution :

'I don't care. Other people can be determined too. It is not fair of Aunt Rosamond. And I'll not give it up.'

She finished her 'Bach' with a triumphant chord.

'Thank you,' said Lady Gerardine, 'I like your music, Baby. It is so intellectual.'

CHAPTER III.

SIR ARTHUR GERARDINE was stretched in a bamboo chair on the white terrace overlooking the garden, taking his ease luxuriously. He had had his shampoo after his ride, he had had tea, and had started his second cheroot. It was growing delightfully cool. He had the conviction of leaving a well-spent day behind him; and now, an immaculately conscientious, immaculately attired English gentleman of importance, felt himself entitled to his virtuous relaxation.

He was perilously near the sixties, but young-looking for his age in spite of his oriental experience; handsome still, with a smile that, upon first acquaintance, was found irresistibly fascinating; a genial easy manner—a way with him, in fact, that seemed to promise the utmost good-fellowship. It was only after experience that people felt the steel behind the velvet glove.

‘Uncle Arthur,’ Aspasia one day averred in an irrepressible burst of frankness, ‘is the sort of man the more you know him the less you like him.’

No one would have been more surprised than Sir Arthur himself had he been told that he was a tyrant. Yet very soon those who were brought into contact with him discovered what a domineering spirit dwelt behind that sweet smile; how, without ever departing from a form of speech and manner that, with his own family was almost always caressing, with the rest of the world affable, no human being had ever been able to move him from the prosecution of his own purpose. Such a character, combined with a mighty intellect, would have been an enormous power for good. Unfortunately it was upon the slightest premises and with limited reasoning faculties that Sir Arthur formed his unalterable views of life.

One of the problems that had most puzzled Aspasia, since unexpected family misfortunes had driven her to seek a home with the Lieutenant-Governor (her uncle and guardian), was whether her beautiful new aunt did not really hate Sir Arthur; and, ‘if she didn’t,’ as the child phrased it, ‘how she could?’ But not even Baby’s shrewd young eyes could discover a flaw in the serenity with which Lady Gerardine listened to her husband’s theories, or the grace with which she lent herself to the fulfilment of his wishes.

She now sat beside him with a half smile, her hands busied with some delicate work: a lovely picture of cool placidity.

Sir Arthur turned and gazed upon her with such an eye of endearing and complacent affection as that with which the Grand Turk may regard his last favourite.

'Well, dear,' he pursued, 'I have finally rejected the Rajah's request.'

'Indeed ?'

She shot a look at him as if she would have added something ; but upon the second thought dropped her long lids and resumed her embroidery, while Aspasia, in her usual pose at her aunt's feet, broke into shrill protest :

'You never did ? Why, Runkle, and everybody said the poor man was quite right ! Only last night I heard General Staveley tell Aunt Rosamond that it was a mere case of justice, not to say one of expediency.'

The Lieutenant-Governor's self-satisfaction waxed visibly to swelling point.

'Ha ! I daresay,' he commented. 'Indeed, I flatter myself, my dear Aspasia, that there is not another man in India that would have dared to take the responsibility. Aha, Rosamond, firmness ! I was firm. Very firm. Discontented, disloyal set ! I won't give them an inch more than the measure.'

'Oh Lor !' ejaculated Baby.

Lady Gerardine's eyelashes flickered a second.

'Quiet !' she said, giving her niece a tap upon the shoulder.

Baby subsided, growling to herself like a tiger cub : 'That nice prince . . . ! If Runkle does not start a new mutiny——!'

Sir Arthur surveyed his womankind a second with that singularly sweet smile of his. They were his womankind, part of his personal belongings ; and therefore it never even dawned upon him that they could be anything but superlative of their degree ; much less that they could form an independent opinion really unfavourable to himself. His niece's petulance affected him not otherwise than as an agreeable *émoustillage* in moments of relaxation such as these, as well as an opportunity for the display of his own indulgent wit and wisdom. He had a pride in her smart tongue as well as in her pretty looks ; and Aspasia's most earnest attempts produced no more effect upon her distinguished relative than would the gambols of a kitten. Thus he now beamed upon her. In his early years of London society and successes, he had been noted for that beautiful smile. 'The ass with the seraphic smile,' a light-hearted friend's comrade had dubbed him, little guessing that his country

would, in the future, consider so well of 'the ass' as to confide some of the gravest interests of the Empire to his charge; In spite of which (all unknown to its distinguished wearer) the nickname stuck.

'I have given orders, my love,' said the great man, once more addressing his wife, 'for the cutting down of the group of banyan-trees at the end of the garden. I know you and Aspasia rather liked that little jungle, but it was really a nasty bit. Now I propose to have the place concreted and a summer-house erected—something in a pretty artistic style, say Early English—or a Norwegian hut, perhaps, where you can sit without fear of snakes.'

Again Baby felt a warning hand pressed upon her shoulder and was fain, with crimson cheeks of wrath, to compress her lips in silence while Lady Gerardine drew a strand of silk through her needle and made a pretty little speech of thanks to her husband for his thoughtfulness.

'Why don't you carry the concrete down the garden walks,' observed Miss Cuninghame presently, with withering sarcasm, 'and set up a rockery, with shells and things?'

Sir Arthur ignored the sally.

'You will be glad to hear, Rosamond,' he proceeded presently, 'that I have been successful in a matter to which I attach great importance. I have found, I think, the exact person I have wanted so long: the native secretary, you know. All these young Civil Service fellows, with their translations, are no use to me. And my work was positively at a standstill.'

Irrepressible Aspasia sniffed. A faint look of weariness crossed Lady Gerardine's well-trained countenance: this book of Sir Arthur's—a history of the Provinces confided to his charge, beginning from the earliest possible date and to be carried down to the triumphant conclusion of his own rule—this great work which was (as he was fond of saying) to be the monument of his career in India, was a subject which the Lieutenant-Governor's circle had learned to dread.

'Monument, indeed; it will be all our monuments!' had cried Aspasia one day, and Lady Gerardine had not rebuked.

The quaintest part about the matter, perhaps, was that, while Sir Arthur employed some half-dozen experts in obtaining material for him, and spent a fair part of his time in discussion of the matter provided, not one line of the folios which already filled his nest of

drawers, some of which had been actually passed for press, had been either conceived or penned by the official author. And the guileless phrase, which often dropped from his lips : ' I must really go ; Macdonald (or it might be Gray, or Captain Smith) is waiting to read out to me the last chapter of my book,' had ceased even to provoke a smile.

' It has always been my aim to get at the spirit of the people,' said Sir Arthur, ' to draw water from the source that springs in the soil of the land itself.' He looked sideways for a second, reflecting. ' Ah, not a bad phrase that ; I must suggest it to Macdonald.'

' And what's the name of the particular native spring ? ' inquired the pert Miss Cunningham.

' His name '—Sir Arthur drew a letter from his pocket—' is Muhammed Saif-u-din, if it makes you much the wiser, my dear Aspasia. It seems he's quite a remarkable individual. Curiously enough, a Pathan. Pathans, a real fighting lot, don't as a rule take to the pen. Yes, quite a remarkable individual. The son of a Subadar—who thought it fine to let his son have an English education. Thought it no doubt a form of loyalty that would pay. However it may have been, the fellow's as poor as a rat in spite of his learning—proud as Lucifer, of course. Drop of princely blood in him, it appears.' The Lieutenant-Governor smiled pityingly. ' They generally have, if you believe them—ha ! Read his letter, my dear,' he went on, drawing a sheet from his pocket-book and tossing it in her lap ; ' it may amuse you to note the grandiloquence of the native style.'

Lady Gerardine turned over the sheet with a languid finger. It was scored with beautifully regular copperplate writing, which presented certainly no difficulty to the decipherer. Baby, whose young interest was more easily aroused, craned her neck to see also, and read aloud the opening phrase in a mock declamatory style :

Huzur,—By your Honour's Gracious Permission, your devoted servant Muhammed Saif-u-din. Will your Magnificence so condescend to my nothingness as to permit your Heaven-illuminated eyes to rest upon this unworthy document. . . .

' Oh, Runkle, that's even finer than your phrase. Hadn't you better pass it on to Macdonald ? You must let him have a finger in your pie—your Monumental Pie ! '

Sir Arthur smiled with his benevolent air.

He drew a second letter from his pocket.

'Another agreeable piece of news,' said he ; ' Lady Aspasia is quite ready to give us ten days or a fortnight after her visit to Calcutta.'

'Lady Aspasia !' cried Baby ; 'do you mean the horrid woman that went and had a name like that to make me a laughing-stock all my life ?'

'Lady Aspasia, your own cousin, and the most agreeable woman I have ever met,' rebuked Sir Arthur. 'With one exception, of course,' added the gallant gentleman, bowing towards his wife. 'You ought to be very proud, dear child,' he went on, addressing his recalcitrant niece, 'not only of your connection with a noble house, but also to bear a name which is perhaps unique. Had we had a daughter, Rosamond, my love, I could not have allowed her to be christened otherwise. Dear me,' he went on, now throwing his remarks into space and inflating his chest with the breath of sentimental reminiscence, 'dear Aspasia, what a fine creature she was ; and how much in love with her I used to be in my salad days. You're not jealous, dear,' he cried suddenly, struck by his wife's abstraction.

'Jealous ?' she echoed with a start. Her gaze was really pathetic, as she raised it to his face ; and Sir Arthur, satisfied that she had undoubtedly felt a little hurt by his reminiscence, smiled sympathetically and once more considerably selected another topic.

'By the way,' he said, knocking the ash off his cheroot with a squat nail pared and polished to the last possible point of symmetry, 'I met quite an interesting fellow just now. He tells me he has already called on you. Bethune his name is—Major Bethune, of the Guides. I asked him to dine to-night. I knew you would like me to show him some attention. You must know all about him, my love ; he went through all that unfortunate business with your poor husband. I knew,' repeated the Lieutenant-Governor, with a most intimate smile of self-approbation, 'I knew that you would like me to show him some attention.'

Baby, leaning against her aunt's pliant form, felt it suddenly stiffen into rigidity. But the needle poised in Lady Gerardine's fingers did not tremble ; it hovered for a hardly perceptible moment, then resumed its languid course. Sir Arthur, after waiting for the expected tribute, threw down the stump of his cigar and looked round in surprise.

'I always wish to do the right thing about any friend of poor

English,' he insisted. 'And Bethune was flattered, of course, immensely flattered at my asking him. I knew it would please you, my dear Rosamond.'

Lady Gerardine finished the lilac petal, cut her silk, folded her work and, then only, raised her eyes.

'Thank you,' she said gently; 'you are always kindness itself.'

Those eyes of hers were so dark and encircled in her pale face that the affectionate husband was solicitously moved.

'You look tired, my love,' he said, hoisting himself out of his lounge to approach her. 'I trust you have not got a chill; I think we had better all adjourn. You must lie down an hour before dinner.'

Lady Gerardine rose and stood, looking out across the still garden falling in terraces to the river edge, beyond the flaming masses of poinsettia, the heavy-headed babul, and the starred wide-flung hibiscus towards the far-off hills, mauve and amethyst hued against a sky of translucent sapphire.

'I must go and say good-bye to my banyan-trees,' she said, almost as it speaking to herself.

Sir Arthur was horrified at the mere suggestion. Down into the lower garden, at the moment when the mists were rising! He would not hear of such a thing. And she was not looking well. He took her face by the chin and turned it to the sunset light. Even in that warm glow it showed wan; and the lids she dropped between her eyes and his gaze were bruised and shadowed, faintly purple like the petals of wood violets.

'I'll have to ask Saunders to look at you,' said the Governor. 'I hope and trust that you have not been so foolish as to throw off your vests again!' He slipped two fingers under the lace of her diaphanous blouse to satisfy himself. 'I cannot afford to have you ill, dear,' he wound up caressingly. 'Now, I'll just tell Jani to measure you a couple of grains of quinine before you lie down.'

Benevolent, consequential, he hurried indoors. Rosamond stood yet a moment, looking at the sky. Baby, a thousand shades of exasperation and scorn upon her expressive countenance, now melted all into tenderness.

'If ever there was a woman killed by kindness,' she exclaimed, 'it is you, poor Aunt Rosamond!' And flinging her arms round the still figure: 'Oh, darling,' she whispered, with the wail of an ever-renewed complaint, 'why do you always, always give in?'

Lady Gerardine gently disengaged herself, bringing her eyes back from the distant loveliness with a perceptible effort.

‘Oh, Baby,’ she said, in a tone of melancholy mockery, ‘when you have lived as long as I have, you will see how much simpler it is.’

She trailed away, obediently, to seek quinine and couch. Aspasia kicked over the work-basket as a relief, summoning a couple of supple Hindoos to repair the damage ; and, feeling that the balance of things was slightly re-established, she took her way also into the palace to select her attire for the evening.

In spite of her ruffled sensations, she was smiling to herself as she went, and the dimples were very deep in the pink cheeks. Something was singing in her heart—a soft, pleasant little song : that it was good not to have lived long yet, and to have everything still before one ; and that she was glad that the man with the light eyes and brown face was not going to drift out of her life. She hoped he would not be angry with her for not having succeeded yet.

(To be continued.)

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*THE TRUANTS.*¹

BY A. E. W. MASON.

CHAPTER XXII.

MR. MUDGE'S CONFESSION.

ON the following morning a telegram was brought to Pamela at her father's house in Leicestershire. It came from Mr. Mudge, and contained these words: 'Important that I should see you. Coming down. Please be at home at two.' Punctually Mr. Mudge arrived. Pamela received him in her own sitting-room. She was waiting with a restless anxiety, and hardly waited for the door to be closed.

'You have bad news for me,' she said. 'Oh, I know! You are a busy man. You would not have come down to me had you not bad news. I am very grateful for your coming, but you have bad news.'

'Yes,' said Mr. Mudge, gravely; 'news so bad that you must ask your other friend to help you. I can do nothing here.'

It cost Mr. Mudge a little to acknowledge that he was of no avail in this particular instance. He would rather have served Pamela himself, had it been possible. He was fully aware of his age, and his looks, and his limitations. He was quite willing to stand aside for the other friend; indeed, he wished, with all his heart, that she should be happy with some mate of her own people. But at the same time he wished her to owe as much as possible of her happiness to him. He was her friend, but there was just that element of jealousy in his friendship which springs up when the

friends are man and woman. Pamela understood that it meant some abnegation on his part to bid her call upon another than himself. She was still more impressed, in consequence, with the gravity of the news he had to convey.

‘Is it Mr. Callon?’ she asked.

‘Yes,’ he replied. ‘It is imperative that Sir Anthony Stretton should return, and return at once. Of that I am very sure.’

‘You have seen Mr. Callon?’ asked Pamela.

‘And Lady Stretton. They were together.’

‘When?’

‘Last night. In Regent’s Park.’

Pamela hesitated. She was doubtful how to put her questions. She said:

‘And you are sure the trouble is urgent?’

Mr. Mudge nodded his head.

‘Very sure. I saw them together. I saw the look on Lady Stretton’s face. It was a clear night. There was a lamp too, in the cab. I passed them as Callon got out and said “Good-night.”’

Pamela sat down in a chair, and fixed her troubled eyes on her companion.

‘Did they see you?’

Mr. Mudge smiled.

‘No.’

‘Let me have the whole truth,’ cried Pamela. ‘Tell me the story from the beginning. How you came to see them—everything.’

Mr. Mudge sat down in his turn. He presented to her a side of his character which she had not hitherto suspected. She listened, and was moved to sympathy, as no complaint could ever have moved her; and Mr. Mudge was the last man to complain. Yet the truth came out clearly. Outwardly prosperous and enviable, he had yet inwardly missed all. A man of so wide a business, so many undertakings, so occupied a life, it was natural to dissociate him from the ordinary human sympathies and desires. It seemed that he could have neither time nor inclination to indulge them. But here he was, as he had once done before, not merely admitting their existence within him, but confessing that they were far the greater part of him, and that because they had been thwarted, the prosperous external life of business to which he seemed so ardently enchained was really of little account. He spoke very simply. Pamela lost sight of the business machine altogether. Here was a

man, like another, telling her that through his vain ambitions his life had gone astray. She found a pathos in the dull and unimpressive look of him—his bald, uncomely head, his ungraceful figure. There was a strange contrast between his appearance and the fanciful antidote for disappointment which had brought him into Regent's Park when Callon and Lady Stretton were discussing their future course.

'I told you something of my history at Newmarket,' he said. 'You must remember what I told you, or you will not understand.'

'I remember very well,' said Pamela, gently. 'I think that I shall understand.'

Pamela of late, indeed, had gained much understanding. Two years ago the other point of view was to her always without interest. As often as not she was unaware that it existed; when she was aware, she dismissed it without consideration. But of late her eyes had learned to soften at the troubles of others, her mind to be perplexed with their perplexities.

'Yes,' said Mudge, nodding his head, with a smile towards her. 'You will understand now.'

And he laid so much emphasis upon the word that Pamela looked up in surprise.

'Why now?' she asked.

'Because, recently, imagination has come to you. I have seen, I have noticed. Imagination, the power to see clearly, the power to understand—perhaps the greatest gift which love has in all his big box of gifts.'

Pamela coloured at his words. She neither admitted nor denied the suggestion they contained.

'I have therefore no fear that you will misunderstand,' Mr. Mudge insisted. 'I told you that my career, such as it is, has left me a very lonely man amongst a crowd of acquaintances who are no more in sympathy with me than I myself am in sympathy with them. I did not tell you that I had found a way of alleviation.'

'No,' said Pamela. She was at a loss to understand how this statement of her companion was connected with his detection of Callon and Lady Stretton; but she had no doubt there was a connection. Mudge was not of those who take a pride in disclosing the details of their life and character in and out of season. If he spoke of himself, he did so with a definite reason, which bore upon the business in hand. 'No; on the contrary you said that you

could not go back and start afresh. You had too much upon your hands. You were fixed in your isolation.'

'I did not even then tell you all the truth. I could not go back half-way, that is true. I do not think I would find any comfort in that course even if I could ; but I can and I do go back all the way at times. I reconstruct the days when I was very, very poor, and yet full of hope, full of confidence. I do not mean that I sit in front of my fire and tell myself the story. I do much more. I actually live them over again, so far as I can. That puzzles you,' he said, with a laugh.

Pamela, indeed, was looking at him with a frown of perplexity upon her forehead.

'How do you live them again ?' she asked. 'I don't understand.'

'In this way,' said Mudge. 'I keep an old, worn-out suit of clothes locked up in a cupboard. Well, when I find the house too lonely, and my servants, with their noiseless tread, get on to my nerves, I just put on that suit of clothes and revisit the old haunts where I used to live forty and fifty years ago. Often I have come back from a dinner party, let myself in at my front door, and slipped out of a side entrance half-an-hour later on one of my pilgrimages. You would never know me ; you might toss me a shilling, that's all. Of course, I have to be careful. I am always expecting to be taken up as a thief as I slink away from the house. I would look rather a fool if that happened, wouldn't I ?' and he laughed. 'But it never has yet.' He suddenly turned to her. 'I enjoy myself upon those jaunts, you know ; I really enjoy myself. I like the secrecy. To slip out of the great, silent house, to get clear away from the pictures, and the furniture, and the obedience, and to tramp down into the glare and the noise of the big streets, and to turn into some pothouse where once, years ago, I used to take my supper and dream of the future. It's a sort of hide-and-seek in itself.' He laughed again, and then suddenly became serious. 'But it's much more than that—ever so much more.'

'Where do you go ?' asked Pamela.

'It depends upon the time I have. If it's early I go down to Deptford, very often. I get into a tram and ride down a street where I once wandered all night because I hadn't the price of a lodging. I look at the old cookshop where I used to flatten my nose against the glass and dream that I had the run of my teeth.

I get down and go into a public-house, say, with a sanded floor, and have a sausage and mash and a pot of beer, just as I was doing forty years ago, when this or that scheme, which turned out well, first came into my head. But don't misunderstand,' Mudge exclaimed. 'I don't set off upon these visits for the satisfaction of comparing what I was then with what I have become. It is to get back to what I was then, as nearly as I can; to recapture, just for a moment, some of the high hopes, some of the anticipations of happiness to be won which I felt in those days; to forget that the happiness has never been won, that the high hopes were for things not worth the trouble spent in acquiring them. I was wet, very often hungry, always ill-clothed; but I was happy in those days, Miss Mardale, though very likely I didn't know it. I was young, the future was mine, a solid reality; and the present—why, that was a time of work and dreams. There's nothing much better than that combination, Miss Mardale—work and dreams!'

He repeated the words wistfully, and was silent for a moment. No doubt those early struggles had not been so pleasant as they appeared in the retrospect; but time had stripped them of their bitterness and left to Mr. Mudge just that part of them which was worth remembering.

'I had friends in those days,' he went on. 'I wonder what has become of them all? In all my jaunts I have never seen one.'

'And where else do you go?' asked Pamela.

'Oh, many places. There's a little narrow market between Shaftesbury Avenue and Oxford Street, where the gas-jets flare over the barrows on a Saturday night, and all the poor people go marketing. That's a haunt of mine. I was some time, too, when I was young, at work near the Marylebone Road. There's a tavern near Madame Tussaud's where I used to go and have supper at the counter in the public bar. Do you remember the night of Lady Millingham's reception, when we looked out of the window and saw Sir Anthony Stretton? Well, I supped at that tavern in the Marylebone Road on that particular night. I was hard put to it, too, when I used to work in Marylebone. I slept for three nights in Regent's Park. There's a coffee-stall close to the bridge, just outside the park, on the north side.'

Pamela started, and Mudge nodded his head.

'Yes; that is how I came to see Lady Stretton and Mr. Callon. A hansom cab drove past me just as I crossed the road to go out of the gate to the coffee-stall. I noticed it enough to see that it

held a man and a woman in evening dress, but no more. I stayed at the coffee-stall for a little while talking with the cabmen and the others who were about it, and drinking my coffee. As I returned into the park the cab drove past me again. I thought it was the same cab, from the casual glance I gave, and with the same people inside it. They had driven round, were still driving round. It was a fine night, a night of spring, fresh, and cool, and very pleasant. I did not wonder ; I rather sympathised with them,' he said, with a smile. 'You see, I have never driven round Regent's Park at night with a woman I cared for beside me'; and again the wistful note was very audible in his voice ; and he added, in a low voice, 'That was not for me.'

He shook the wistfulness from him and resumed :

'Well, as I reached the south side of the park, and was close by Park Place, the cab came towards me again, and pulled up. Callon got out. I saw him clearly. I saw quite clearly, too, who was within the cab. So you see there is danger. Mere friends do not drive round and round Regent's Park at night.'

Mr. Mudge rose, and held out his hand.

'I must get back to town. I have a fly waiting to take me to the station,' he said.

Pamela walked with him to the door of the house. As they stood in the hall she said :

'I thanked you, before you spoke at all, for putting your business aside for my sake, and coming down to me. I thank you still more now, and for another reason. I thank you for telling me what you have told me about yourself. Such confessions,' and she smiled upon the word, 'cannot be made without great confidence in the one they are made to.'

'I have that confidence,' said Mudge.

'I know. I am glad,' replied Pamela ; and she resumed : 'They cannot be made, either, without creating a difference. We no longer stand where we did before they were made. I always looked upon you as my friend ; but we are far greater friends now, is not that so ?'

She spoke with great simplicity and feeling, her eyes glistened a little, and she added : 'You are not living now with merely acquaintances around you.'

Mr. Mudge took her hand.

'I am very glad that I came,' he said ; and, mounting into the fly, he drove away.

Pamela went back to the house and wrote out a telegram to Warrisdén. She asked him to come at once to—and then she paused. Should he come here? No; there was another place, with associations for her which had now grown very pleasant and sweet to her thoughts. She asked him to meet her at the place where they had once kept tryst before—the parlour of the inn upon the hill in the village of the Three Poplars.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ROQUEBRUNE REVISITED.

THERE, accordingly, they met on the following afternoon. Pamela rode across the level country between the Croft Hill which overhung her house, and the village. In front of her the three poplars pointed skywards from the ridge. She was anxious and troubled. It seemed to her that Millie Stretton was slipping beyond her reach; but the sight of those trees lightened her of some portion of her distress. She was turning more and more in her thoughts towards Warrisdén whenever trouble knocked upon her door. In the moment of greatest perplexity his companionship, or even the thought of it, rested her like sleep. As she came round the bend of the road at the foot of the hill, she saw him coming down the slope towards her. She quickened her horse, and trotted up to him.

‘You are here already?’ she said. ‘I am very glad. I was not sure that I had allowed you time enough.’

‘Oh, yes,’ said Warrisdén. ‘I came at once. I guessed why you wanted me from the choice of our meeting-place. We meet at Quetta, on the same business which brought us together at Quetta before. Is not that so?’

‘Yes,’ said Pamela.

They walked to the door of the inn at the top of the hill. An ostler took charge of Pamela’s horse, and they went within to the parlour.

‘You want me to find Stretton again?’ said Warrisdén.

Pamela looked at him remorsefully.

‘Well, I do,’ she answered; and there was compunction in the tone of her voice. ‘I would not ask you unless the matter was very urgent. I have used you for my needs, I know, with too little consideration for you, and you very generously and willingly

have allowed me to use you. So I am a little ashamed to come to you again.'

Here were strange words from Pamela. They were spoken with hesitation, too, and the colour burned in her cheeks. Warrisen was surprised to hear them. He laid his hand upon her arm and gave it a little affectionate shake.

'My dear, I am serving myself,' he said, 'just as much as I am serving you. Don't you understand that? Have you forgotten our walk under the elms in Lady Millingham's garden? If Tony returned, and returned in time, why, then you might lay your finger on the turnpike gate and let it swing open of its own accord. I remember what you said. Tony's return helps me, so I help myself in securing his return.'

Pamela's face softened into a smile.

'Then you really do not mind going?' she went on. 'I am remorseful, in a way, because I asked you to go once before in this very room, and nothing came of all your trouble. I want you to believe now that I could not ask you again to undergo the same trouble, or even more, as it may prove, were not the need ever so much more urgent than it was then.'

'I am sorry to hear that the need is more urgent,' Warrisen replied; 'but, on the other hand, the trouble I shall have to bear is much less, for I know where Stretton is.'

Pamela felt that half of the load of anxiety was taken from her shoulders.

'You do?' she exclaimed.

Warrisen nodded.

'And what he is doing. He is serving with the Foreign Legion in Algeria. I thought you might want to lay your hands on him again, and I wished to be ready. Chance gave me a clue—an envelope with a postmark. I followed up the clue by securing an example of Stretton's handwriting. It was the same handwriting as that which directed the envelope, so I was sure.'

'Thank you,' said Pamela. 'Indeed, you do not fail me'; and her voice was musical with gratitude.

'He was at Ain-Sefra, a little town on the frontier of Algeria,' Warrisen resumed. And Pamela interrupted him:

'Then I need not make so heavy a demand upon you after all,' she said. 'It was only a letter which I was going to ask you to carry to Tony. Now there is no necessity that you should go at all, for I can post it.'

She produced the letter from a pocket of her coat as she spoke.

'Ah, but will it reach Stretton if you do?' said Warrisdén.

Pamela had already seated herself at the table, and was drawing the inkstand towards her. She paused at Warrisdén's question, and looked up.

'Surely Ain-Sefra, Algeria, will find him?'

'Will it?' Warrisdén repeated. He sat down at the table opposite to her. 'Even if it does, will it reach him in time? You say the need is urgent. Well, it was last summer when I saw the postmark on the envelope, two days after we talked together in Lady Millingham's garden. I had business in London.'

'I remember,' said Pamela.

'My business was just to find out where Stretton was hiding himself. He was at Ain-Sefra then; he may be at Ain-Sefra now. But it is a small post, and he may not. The headquarters of the Legion are at Sidi Bel-Abbès, in the north. He may be there, or he may be altogether out of reach on some Saharan expedition.'

There was yet another possibility which occurred to both their minds at this moment. It was possible that no letter would ever reach Stretton again; that Warrisdén, searched he never so thoroughly, would not be able to find the man he searched for. There are so many graves in the Sahara. But neither of them spoke of this possibility, though a quick look they interchanged revealed to each its presence in the other's thoughts.

'Besides, he wanted to lie hidden. So much I know, who know nothing of his story. Would he have enlisted under his own name, do you think? Or even under his own nationality? It is not the common practice in the Foreign Legion. And that's not all. Even were he soldiering openly under his own name, how will you address your letter with any likelihood that it will reach him? Just "*La Legion Etrangère*"? We want to know to what section of *la Legion Etrangère* he belongs. Is he *chasseur*, artilleryman, sapper? Perhaps he serves in the cavalry. Then which is his squadron? Is he a plain foot soldier? Then in what battalion, and what rank does he occupy? We cannot answer any of these questions, and, unanswered, they certainly delay your letter; they prevent it ever reaching him at all.'

Pamela laid down her pen and stared blankly at Warrisdén. He replied up the objections one by one in front of her until it seemed he would lose Tony once more from her sight after she had got for a moment within her vision.

'So you had better entrust your letter to me,' he concluded. 'Address it to Stretton under his own name. I will find him, if he is to be found, never fear. I will find him very quickly.'

Pamela addressed the letter. Yet she held it for a little time in her hand after it was addressed. All the while Warrisdan had been speaking she had felt an impulse strong within her to keep him back; and it was because of that impulse, rather than with any thought of Millie Stretton and the danger in which she stood, that Pamela asked doubtfully:

'How long will you be?'

'I should find him within ten days.'

Pamela smiled suddenly.

'It is not so very long,' said she; and she handed the letter across to Warrisdan. 'Well, go!' she cried, with a certain effort. 'Telegraph to me when you have found Tony. Bring him back, and come back yourself.' She added, in a voice which was very low and wistful, 'please come back soon!' Then she rose from the table, and Warrisdan put the letter in his pocket and rose too.

'You will be at home, I suppose, in ten days?' he said. And Pamela said quickly, as though some new idea had just been suggested to her mind:

'Oh, wait a moment!'

She stood quite still and thoughtful. There was a certain test by which she had meant to find the soundings of heart. Here was a good opportunity to apply the test. Warrisdan would be away upon his journey; she could not help Millie Stretton now by remaining in England. She determined to apply the test.

'No,' she said slowly. 'Telegraph to me at the Villa Pontignard, Roquebrune, Alpes Maritimes, France. I shall be travelling thither immediately.'

Her decision was taken upon an instant. It was the logical outcome of her thoughts and of Warrisdan's departure; and since Warrisdan went because of Millie Stretton, Pamela's journey to the South of France was due, in a measure, to that lady, too. Yet no one would have been more astonished than Millie Stretton had she learned of Pamela's visit at this time. She would have been quick to change her own plans; but she had no knowledge of whither Pamela's thoughts were leading her. When Callon in the hansom cab had said to her 'Come South,' her first swift reflection had been, 'Pamela will be safe in England.' She herself had refused to go south with Pamela. Pamela's desire to go was to her mind

a mere false pretext to get her away from her one friend. If she did not go south, she was very sure that Pamela would not. There had seemed to her no safer place than the Riviera. But she was wrong. Here, in the village of the Three Poplars, Pamela had made her decision.

'I shall go to Roquebrune as soon as I can make arrangements for a servant or two,' she said.

'Roquebrune,' said Warrisen, as he wrote down the address. 'I once walked up a long flight of steps to that village many years ago. Perhaps you were at the villa then. I wonder. You must have been a little girl. It was one February. I came over from Monte Carlo, and we walked up from the station. We met the schoolmaster.'

'M. Giraud!' exclaimed Pamela.

'Was that his name? He had written a little history of the village and the Corniche road. He took me under his wing. We went into a wine shop on the first floor of a house in the middle of the village, and we sat there quite a long time. He asked us about Paris and London with an eagerness which was quite pathetic. He came down with us to the station, and his questions never ceased. I suppose he was lonely there.'

Pamela nodded her head.

'Very. He did not sleep all night for thinking of what you had told him.'

'You were there, then?' cried Warrisen.

'Yes; M. Giraud used to read French with me. He came to me one afternoon quite feverish. Two Englishmen had come up to Roquebrune, and had talked to him about the great towns and the lighted streets. He was always dreaming of them. Poor man, he is at Roquebrune still, no doubt.'

She spoke with a great tenderness and pity, looking out of the window, and for the moment altogether lost to her surroundings. Warrisen roused her from her reverie.

'I must be going away.'

Pamela's horse was brought to the door, and she mounted.

'Walk down the hill beside my horse,' she said; 'just as you did on that other day, when the hill was slippery, your hand upon his neck—so.'

Very slowly they walked down the hill. There were no driving mists to-day, the evening was coming with a great peace, the fields and woods lay spread beneath them toned to a tranquil grey.

The white road glimmered. At the bottom of the hill Pamela stopped.

‘Good-bye,’ she said; and there was more tenderness in her voice and in her face than he had ever known. She laid her hand upon his arm and bent down to him.

‘Come back to me,’ she said, wistfully. ‘I do not like letting you go; and yet I am rather proud to know that you are doing something for me which I could not do for myself, and that you do it so very willingly.’

She did not wait to hear any answer, but took her hand from his arm and rode quickly away. That turnpike gate of friendship had already swung open of its own accord. As she rode from Quetta that evening, she passed beyond it and went gratefully and hopefully, with the other men and women, down the appointed road.

She knew it while she was riding homewards to the Croft Hill. She knew it, and was very glad. She rode home very slowly through the tranquil evening, and gave herself up to joy. It was warm, and there was a freshness in the air as though the world renewed itself. Darkness came; only the road glimmered ahead of her—the new road, which was the old road. Even that glimmer of white had almost vanished when at last she saw the lighted windows of her father’s house. The footman told her that dinner was already served, but she ran past him very quickly up the stairs, and coming to her own room locked the door and sat for a long while in the darkness, her blood throbbing in her veins, her whole heart uplifted, not thinking at all, but just living, and living most joyfully. She sat so still that she might have been in a swoon; but it was the stillness of perfect happiness. She knew the truth that night.

But, none the less, she travelled south towards the end of the week, since there a telegram would come to her. She reached the Villa Pontignard in the afternoon, and walked through the familiar rooms which she had so dreaded ever to revisit. She went out to the narrow point of the garden where so often she had dreamed with M. Giraud of the outside world, its roaring cities and its jostle of people. She sat down upon the parapet. Below her the cliff fell sheer, and far below, in the darkness at the bottom of the gorge, the water tumbled in foam with a distant hum. On the opposite hill the cypresses stood out black from the brown and green. Here she had suffered greatly, but the wounds were healed.

These dreaded places had no longer power to hurt. She knew that very surely. She was emancipated from sorrow, and as she sat there in the still, golden afternoon, the sense of freedom ran riot in her blood. She looked back over the years to the dragging days of misery, the sleepless nights. She felt a pity for the young girl who had then looked down from this parapet and prayed for death ; who had counted the many years of life in front of her ; who had bewailed her very strength and health. But ever her eyes turned towards the Mediterranean and searched the horizon. For beyond that blue calm sea stretched the coasts of Algeria.

There was but one cloud to darken Pamela's happiness during these days while she waited for Warrisden's telegram. On the morning after she had arrived, the old curé climbed from the village to visit her. Almost Pamela's first question was of M. Giraud.

'He is still here ?'

'Yes, he is still here,' replied the curé ; but he pursed up his lips and shook his head.

'I must send for him,' said Pamela.

The curé said nothing. He was standing by the window, and almost imperceptibly he shrugged his shoulders as though he doubted her wisdom. In a moment Pamela was at his side.

'What is it ?' she asked, gently. 'Tell me.'

'Oh, mademoiselle, there is little to tell ! He is not the school-master you once knew. That is all. The wine shop has made the difference—the wine shop and discontent. He was always dissatisfied, you know. It is a pity.'

'I am so sorry,' said Pamela, gravely, 'so very sorry.'

She was silent for a while, and greatly troubled by the curé's news.

'Has he married ?' she asked.

'No.'

'It would have been better if he had.'

'No doubt, mademoiselle,' said the curé, 'but he has not, and I think it is now too late.'

Pamela did not send for M. Giraud. It seemed to her that she could do no good even if at her request he came to her. She would be going away in a few days. She would only hurt him and put him to shame before her. She took no step towards a renewal of their friendship, and though she did not avoid him, she never came across him in her walks.

For ten days she walked the old hill paths, and dreams came to her with the sunlight. They gave her company in the evenings, too, when she looked from her garden upon the quiet sea and saw, away upon the right, the lights, like great jewels, burning on the terrace of Monte Carlo. She went down one morning on to that terrace, and, while seated upon a bench, suddenly saw, at a little distance, the back of a man which was familiar to her.

She was not sure, but she was chilled with apprehension. She watched from behind her newspaper, and in a little while she was sure, for the man turned and showed his face. It was Lionel Callon. What was he doing here, she asked herself? And another question trod fast upon the heels of the first. 'Was he alone?'

Callon was alone on this morning, at all events. Pamela saw him speak to one or two people and then mount the terrace steps towards the town. She gave him a little time, and then, walking through the gardens, bought a visitors' list at the kiosk in front of the Rooms. She found Callon's name. He was the only visitor at a Reserve, on the Corniche road, which was rather a restaurant than a hotel. She searched through the list, fearing to find the name of Millie Stretton under the heading of some other hotel. To her relief it was not there. It was possible, of course, that Callon was merely taking a holiday by himself. She wished to believe that, and yet there was a fear speaking loudly at her heart. 'Suppose that Tony should return too late just by a few days!' She was still holding the paper in her hands when she heard her name called, and, turning about, saw some friends. She lunched with them at *Ciro's*, and asked carelessly during luncheon:

'You have not seen Millie Stretton, I suppose?'

'No,' they all replied. And one asked: 'Is she expected?'

'I don't know whether she will come or not,' Pamela replied. 'I asked her to come with me, but she could not do that, and she was not sure that she would come at all.'

This she said, thinking that if Millie did arrive it might seem that she came because Pamela herself was there. Pamela went back to Roquebrune that afternoon, and after she had walked through the village and had come out on the slope of hill above, she met the postman coming down from the Villa Pontignard.

'You have a telegram for me?' she said, anxiously.

'Mademoiselle,' he replied, 'I have just left it at the house.'

Pamela hurried on, and found the telegram in the *salon*. She tore it open. It was from Warrisdien. It told her that Tony

Stretton was found, and would return. It gave the news in vague and guarded language, mentioning no names. But Pamela understood the message. Tony Stretton was actually coming back. 'Would he come too late?' she asked, gazing out in fear across the sea. Of any trouble, out there in Algeria, which might delay his return, she did not think at all. If it was true that he had enlisted in the Legion, there might be obstacles to a quick return. But such matters were not in her thoughts. She thought only of Callon upon the terrace of Monte Carlo. 'Would Tony come too late?' she asked; and she prayed that he might come in time.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE END OF THE EXPERIMENT.

THE village of Ain-Sefra stands upon a high and fertile oasis on the very borders of Morocco. The oasis is well watered, and the date-palm grows thickly there. It lies far to the south. The railway, in the days when Tony Stretton served in the Foreign Legion, did not reach to it; the barracks were newly built, the parade ground newly enclosed; and if one looked southwards from any open space, one saw a tawny belt of sand in the extreme distance streak across the horizon from east to west. That is the beginning of the great Sahara. Tony Stretton could never see that belt of sand, but his thoughts went back to the terrible homeward march from Bir-el-Ghiramo to Ouargla. From east to west the Sahara stretched across Africa, breaking the soldiers who dared to violate its privacy, thrusting them back maimed and famine-stricken, jealously guarding its secrets and speaking by its very silence, its terrible 'thus far and no farther,' no less audibly, and a thousand times more truthfully than ever did the waves of the sea.

On one noonday Stretton mounted the steps on to the verandah of the hospital. He looked across open country to the great yellow line. He thought of the Touaregs hanging persistently upon the flanks of his tiny force, the long laborious days of thirst and hunger, the lengthening trail of graves which he left behind—those miles of invasion. He felt as though the desert gripped him in and would not loose its hold, clinging to his feet with each step he took in the soft, yielding sand. He had brought back his handful of men, it was true; they had stumbled into Ouargla at the end; but there were few of them who were men as good as they

had been when they had set out. Even the best, it almost seemed to him, had lost something of vitality which they would never recover ; had a look fixed in their eyes which set them apart from their fellows—the look of those who have endured too much, who gazed for too long a time upon horrors ; while the others were for the most part only fit to squat in the shade and to wait for things to cease. There was one whom Stretton had passed only a minute before sitting on the ground under the shadow of the barrack wall. Stretton was haunted by the picture of that man, for he was the only white man he had ever seen who did not trouble to raise a hand to brush away the flies from his face, but allowed them to settle and cluster about the corners of his mouth.

There was another in the hospital behind him. Him the Sahara definitely claimed. Stretton turned and walked into the building.

He passed down the line of beds, and stopped where a man lay tossing in a fever. Stretton leaned over the bed.

‘ Barbier,’ he said.

Fusilier Barbier had grown very gaunt and thin during these latter weeks. He turned his eyes upon Stretton, and muttered incoherently. But there was recognition neither in his eyes nor in his voice. An orderly approached the bed as Stretton stood beside it ; and, in a low voice, lest, haply, Barbier should hear and understand, Tony asked :

‘ What did the doctor say ? ’

‘ Nothing good, my sergeant,’ the orderly replied, with an expressive shrug of the shoulders.

‘ I am very sorry,’ said Stretton, gravely.

Certainly Barbier looked to be lying at death’s door. One hand and arm, emaciated and the colour of wax, lay outside upon the coverlet of the bed. His eyes, unnaturally lustrous, unnaturally large, shone deep-sunken in dark purple rings. His eyelids were red, as though with much weeping, and, below the eyes, his face was drawn with fever and very white. Stretton laid his hand gently upon Barbier’s forehead. It was burning hot. Stretton dismissed the orderly with a nod. There was a haggard nobility in Barbier’s appearance—his long, finely shaped hands, his lithe, well-knit figure, all betrayed the man of race. Yet he had once sunk to babbling about persecution at a fire in the desert, like any morbid child.

A heavy step sounded in the ward, and Stretton’s colonel stood beside him, a stoutly built man, with a white moustache and imperial,

and a stern yet not unkindly face. It expressed a deal of solicitude at this moment.

'I have seen the doctor this morning,' said the colonel, 'and he has given up hope. Barbier will hardly live out the night. They should never have sent him to us here. They should not have discharged him from the asylum as cured.'

The idea of persecution had become fixed in Barbier's brain. It had never left him since the evening when he first gave utterance to it in the desert. The homeward march, indeed, had aggravated his mania. On his return he had been sent to the asylum at Bel-Abbès, but there he had developed cunning enough to conceal his hallucination. He had ceased to complain that his officers were in a conspiracy to entrap and ruin him, no more threats were heard, no more dangerous stealthy glances detected. He was sent back to his battalion at Ain-Sefra. A few weeks and again his malady was manifest, and on the top of that had come fever.

'I am very sorry,' Stretton said again; and then, after looking about him and perceiving that the orderly was out of earshot, he bent down towards Barbier, lower than he had bent before, and he called upon him in a still lower voice.

But Barbier was no longer the name he used.

'Monsieur le Comte,' he said, first of all, and then 'Monsieur de——' He uttered a name which the generation before had made illustrious in French diplomacy.

At the sound of the name Barbier's face contracted. He started up in his bed upon one arm.

'Hush!' he cried. A most extraordinary change had come over him in a second. His eyes protruded, his mouth hung half open, his face was frozen into immobility by horror. 'There is someone on the stairs,' he whispered, 'coming up—someone treading very lightly—but coming up—coming up.' He inclined his head in the strained attitude of one listening with a great concentration and intentness, an image of terror and suspense. 'Yes, coming up—coming up! Don't lock the door! That betrays all. Turn out the lights! Quickly! So. Oh, will this night ever pass!'

He ended with a groan of despair. Very gently Stretton laid him down again in the bed and covered him over with the clothes. The sweat rolled in drops from Barbier's forehead.

'He never tells us more, my colonel,' said Stretton. 'His real

name—yes!—he betrayed that once to me. But of this night nothing more than the dread that it will never pass. Always he ends with those words. Yet it was that night, no doubt, which tossed him beyond the circle of his friends and dropped him down here, a man without a name, amongst the soldiers of the Legion.'

Often Stretton's imagination had sought to pierce the mystery. What thing of horror had been done upon that night? In what town of France? Had the someone on the stairs turned the handle and entered the room when all the lights were out? Had he heard Barbier's breathing in the silent darkness of the room? Stretton could only reconstruct the scene. The stealthy footsteps on the stairs, the cautious turning of the door handle, the opening of the door, and the impenetrable blackness with one man, perhaps more than one, holding his breath somewhere, and crouching by the wall. But no hint escaped the sick man's lips of what there was which must needs be hidden, nor whether the thing which must needs be hidden was discovered by the one who trod so lightly on the stairs. Was it a dead man? Was it a dead woman? Or a woman alive? There was no answer. There was no knowledge to be gained, it seemed, but this—that because of that night a man in evening dress, who bore an illustrious name, had fled at daybreak on a summer morning to the nearest barracks, and had buried his name and all of his past life in the Foreign Legion.

As it happened, there was just a little more knowledge to be gained by Stretton. He learned it that morning from his colonel.

'When you told me who "Barbier" really was, sergeant,' said the colonel, 'I made inquiries. Barbier's father died two years ago; but an uncle and a sister lived. I wrote to both offering to send their relation back to them. Well, the mail has this morning come in from France.'

'There is an answer, sir?' asked Stretton.

'From the uncle,' replied the colonel. 'Not a word from the sister; she does not mean to write. The uncle's letter makes that clear, I think. Read!' He handed the letter to Stretton. A cheque was enclosed, and a few words were added.

'See, if you please, that Barbier wants for nothing which can minister to body and soul.'

That was all. There was no word of kindness or affection. Barbier was dying. Let him, therefore, have medicine and prayers. Love, wishes for recovery, a desire that he should return to his friends, forgiveness for the thing which he had done, pity for the

sufferings which had fallen to him—these things Fusilier Barbier must not expect. Stretton, reading the letter by the sick man's bed, thought it heartless and callous as no letter written by a human hand had ever been. Yet—yet, after all, who knew what had happened on that night? The uncle, evidently. It might be something which dishonoured the family beyond all reparation, which, if known, would have disgraced a great name, so that those who bore it in pride must now change it for very shame. Perhaps the father had died because of it, perhaps the sister had been stricken down. Stretton handed the letter back to his colonel.

‘It is very sad, sir,’ he said.

‘Yes, it is very sad,’ returned the colonel. ‘But for us this letter means nothing at all. Never speak of it, obliterate it from your memories.’ He tore the paper into the tiniest shreds. ‘We have no reproaches, no accusations for what Barbier did before Barbier got out of the train at Sidi Bel-Abbès. That is not our affair. For us the soldier of the Legion is only born on the day when he enlists.’

Thus, in one sentence, the colonel epitomised the character of the Foreign Legion. It was a fine saying, Stretton thought. He knew it to be a true one.

‘I will say nothing,’ said Stretton, ‘and I will forget.’

‘That is well. Come with me, for there is another letter which concerns you.’

He turned upon his heel and left the hospital. Stretton followed him to his quarters.

‘There is a letter from the War Office which concerns you. Sergeant Ohlsen,’ said the colonel, with a smile. ‘You will be gazetted, under your own name, to the first lieutenantancy which falls vacant. There is the notification.’

He handed the paper over to Stretton, and shook hands with him. Stretton was not a demonstrative man. He took the notification with no more show of emotion than if it had been some unimportant order of the day.

‘Thank you, sir,’ he said, quietly; and for a moment his eyes rested on the paper.

But, none the less, the announcement, so abruptly made, caused him a shock. The words danced before his eyes so that he could not read them. He saluted his colonel and went out on to the great open parade ground, and stood there in the middle of that space, alone, under the hot noonday sun.

The thing for which he had striven had come to pass, then. He held the assurance of it in his hand. Hoped for and half-expected as that proof had been ever since he had led the survivors of the geographical expedition under the gate of Ouargla, its actual coming was to him most wonderful. He looked southwards to where the streak of yellow shone far away. The long marches, the harassing anxiety, the haunting figures of the Touaregs, with their faces veiled in their black masks and their eyes shining between the upper and the lower strip—yes, even those figures which appalled the imagination in the retrospect by a suggestion of inhuman ferocity—what were they all but contributories to this event? His ordeal was over. He had done enough. He could go home.

Stretton did not want for modesty. He had won a commission from the ranks, it is true; but he realised that others had done this before, and under harder conditions. He himself had started with an advantage—the advantage of previous service in the English army. His knowledge of the manual exercise, of company and battalion drill had been of the greatest use at the first. He had had luck, too—the luck to be sent on the expedition to the Figuig oasis, the luck to find himself sergeant with Colonel Tavernay's force. His heart went out in gratitude to that true friend who lay in his bed of sand so far away. Undoubtedly, he realised, his luck had been exceptional.

He turned away from the parade ground and walked through the village, and out of it towards a grove of palm trees. Under the shade of those trees he laid himself down on the ground and made out his plans. He would obtain his commission, secure his release, and so go home. A few months and he would be home! It seemed hardly credible; yet it was true, miraculously true. He would write home that very day. It was not any great success which he had achieved, but, at all events, he was no longer the man who was no good. He could write with confidence; he could write to Millie.

He lay under the shadow of the palms looking across to the village. There rose a little mosque with a white dome. The hovels were thatched for the most part, but here and there a square white-washed house, with a flat roof, overtopped the rest. Hedges of cactus and prickly pears walled in the narrow lanes, and now and then a white robe appeared and vanished. Very soon Stretton would turn his back upon Algeria. In the after time he would

remember this afternoon, remember the village as he saw it now, and the yellow streak of desert sand in the distance.

Stretton lay on his back and put together the sentences which he would write that day to Millie. She would get the letter within ten days—easily. He began to hum over to himself the words of the coon song which had once been sung on a summer night in an island of Scotland :

Oh, come out, mah love. I'm a-waitin' fo' you heah !
Doan' you keep yuh window shut to-night.
De tree-tops above am a-whisp'rin' to you, deah——

And then he stopped suddenly. At last he began to wonder how Millie would receive the letter he was to write.

Yes, there was her point of view to be considered. Stretton was stubborn by nature as few men are. He had convinced himself that the course he had taken was the only course which promised happiness for Millie and himself, and impelled by that conviction he had gone on his way undisturbed by doubts and questions. Now, however, his object was achieved. He could claim exemption from his wife's contempt. His mind had room for other thoughts, and they came that afternoon.

He had left his wife alone, with no explanation of his absence to offer to her friends, without even any knowledge of his whereabouts. There had been no other way, he still believed. But it was hard on Millie—undoubtedly it was hard.

Stretton rose from the ground and set off towards the camp that he might write his letter. But he never wrote it, for as he walked along the lane towards the barracks a man tapped him on the shoulder from behind. He was still humming his song, and he stopped in the middle of it :

Jus' look out an' see all de longin' in mah eyes,
An' mah arms is jus' a-pinin' foh to hug you,

he said, and turned about on his heel. He saw a stranger in European dress, who at once spoke his name.

'Sir Anthony Stretton ?'

Stretton was no longer seeking to evade discovery.

'Yes ?' he said. The stranger's face became vaguely familiar to him. 'I have seen you before, I think.'

'Once,' replied the other. 'My name is Warriaden. You saw me for a few minutes on the deck of a fish-carrier in the North Sea.'

'To be sure,' he said, slowly. 'Yes, to be sure, I did. You were sent to find me by Miss Pamela Mardale.'

'She sends me again,' replied Warrisden.

Stretton's heart sank in fear. He had disobeyed the summons before. He remembered Pamela's promise to befriend his wife. He remembered her warning that he should not leave his wife.

'She sent you then with an urgent message that I should return home,' he said.

'I carry the same message again, only it is a thousand times more urgent.'

He drew a letter from his pocket as he spoke, and handed it to Stretton. 'I was to give you this,' he said.

Stretton looked at the handwriting and nodded.

'Thank you,' he said, gravely.

He tore open the envelope and read.

(To be continued.)

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.¹

The letter which Mrs. Humphry Ward has addressed to the American Ambassador was written for the occasion of the Centenary of Nathaniel Hawthorne, held at Salem on June 23. It is with peculiar pleasure that the CORNHILL MAGAZINE, of the same house which brought out in England 'Transformation' and other works of Hawthorne's, prints this tribute.—ED. CORNHILL.

June 8, 1904.

DEAR MR. CHOATE,—You have asked me to write you a few pages that, in the coming celebration at Salem of the hundredth anniversary of Nathaniel Hawthorne's birth, may be laid, with all the other tributes which the day will call forth, at the feet of Salem's famous son. It seems to me a great honour that you should have asked me to join in the homage of this anniversary; for the author of 'The Scarlet Letter' has always filled a place of peculiar sacredness and delight in my literary memory. So that to express my feeling of admiration and gratitude is only to give a voice to something long since conceived, to shape into some kind of utterance that which for many years has been an emotion and a force. For when I look back to the books which most strongly influenced my own youth, I am aware of a love for certain writings of Hawthorne, a love most ardent, and tenacious, which succeeded a passion of the same kind for certain writings of Mr. Ruskin. In both cases the devotion was hardly rational; it did not spring from any reasoned or critical appreciation of the books, for it dates from years when I was quite incapable of anything of the kind. It was the result, I think, of a vague, inarticulate sense of an appealing beauty, and a beauty so closely mingled with magic and mystery that it haunted memory 'like a passion.' Some scenes from 'The Scarlet Letter,' and some pages from 'The Stones of Venice,' haunted me in this way. And I can still sharply remember how much this early impression depended upon Hawthorne's *austerity*, upon his deep-rooted Puritanism, upon what has been often pointed to as 'the sense of sin' in him. Many of the short stories, no less than 'The Scarlet Letter,' and long before I truly understood them, used to awaken in me a sort of aching and painful joy, which was partly sympathy and partly rebellion.

¹ Copyright, 1904, by Mrs. Humphry Ward, in the United States of America.

Again and again I have read over the scene between Hester, the minister, and Pearl, in the wood, insisting with myself that it must end with the flight and freedom of these tortured beings, and hardly able—though always conscious of its shadowy approach—to bear the moment when hope departs, and Pearl brings back the fatal letter. So in the last scene, one of the most poignantly beautiful in literature, when Hester hangs over the dying minister and says to him : ‘ Shall we not meet again ? Shall we not spend our immortal life together ? Surely, surely we have ransomed one another with all this woe ! Thou lookest far into eternity with those bright dying eyes ! Then tell me what thou seest ? ’—and the minister replies : ‘ Hush, Hester, hush ! . . . I fear ! I fear ! ’—the awe and shudder of such a last denial of hope has always remained with me as one of the greatest things of imagination, deriving its power from that stern spiritual energy which is its ultimate source.

So, in later years, ‘ Transformation,’ with a still more daring combination of the same elements—Romantic beauty with Puritan austerity—exercised a like effect, spoke with the same exquisitely mingled voice. Kenyon and Hilda, set against Miriam and Donatello,—they are themselves the symbols of Hawthorne’s genius, or rather of the strangely varied strands of which it was woven. For above all, and before all, it seems to me, he was a Romantic—a Romantic of the great time. He was born two years later than Victor Hugo ; four years after the father of nineteenth-century Romanticism, Chateaubriand, had shown in the tale of ‘ Atala ’ the power of the American wilds to infuse new spells into the imagination of the Old World ; and a year before the publication of ‘ The Lay of the Last Minstrel.’ And whether at Salem or Boston, and long before his feet had trodden France or Italy, he shared to the full in the heritage of that generation, in its characteristic love of mystery and terror, which was also a passionate love of beauty ; in its new perception of veiled and infinite horizons on the one hand, and in its sheer defiant delight, on the other, in the many-coloured detail, lovely or horrible, magnificent or grotesque, where-with nature and man are always filling that small illuminated space amid the darkness, in which life revolves. How many instances might be given of the Romantic temper in Hawthorne !—the wonderful passage in the ‘ House of the Seven Gables,’ where Phœbe, before her eyes perceive him, is conscious in the shadowed room of Clifford’s return ; the grim vengeance of Roger Chilling-

worth ; the appearance in the Catacombs of Miriam's mysterious persecutor ; that swift murder on the Tarpeian rock ; Hilda's confession in St. Peter's ; and a hundred more :—not to speak of such things as ' Roger Malvin's Burial ' or ' The Ambitious Guest ' or ' Rappacini's Daughter,' each of them a Romantic masterpiece which may match with any other of a similar kind from the first or second generation of the European Romantics. Surprise, invention, mystery, a wide-ranging command, now of awe, horror, and magnificence, and now of a grace, half-toned and gentle as a spring day, combined with that story-teller's resource which is the gift of the gods alone :—these things we shall find in Hawthorne, just as we find them—some or all of them—in Hugo or Musset, in Gautier or Mérimée.

But what a marvel of genius that it should be so ! For while Victor Hugo's childhood and youth were passed first in Naples, then in Spain, and finally in the Paris of the Restoration, amid all that might fitly nourish the great poet who came to his own in 1830, Hawthorne's youth and early manhood, before the Brook Farm experience, were passed, as he himself tells us, in a country where there were ' no shadows, no antiquity, no mystery, no picturesque and gloomy wrong, nor anything but a commonplace prosperity in broad and simple daylight,'—in a town and a society which had and could have nothing—or almost nothing—of those special incitements and provocations which, in the case of his European contemporaries, were always present. As to the books which may have influenced him, they do not seem to be easy to trace. But I remember a mention of Bürger's ' Lenore ' in the ' Note-Books,' which links him with Scott's beginnings ; and a reference to a translation he was making of a tale by Tieck gives me particular pleasure, because it connects him with our great English Romantic, Emily Brontë, who was reading Tieck just about the same time. Naturally, in the thirties and forties, a man of fine literary capacity, commanding French and German, and associated with Emerson, Longfellow, and Margaret Fuller, must have read the European books of the moment, and must have been stirred by the European ideas and controversies then affecting his craft. And indeed the love of the past, the love of nature, curiosity, freedom, truth, daring,—all these Romantic traits are Hawthorne's.

But what makes him so remarkable, so perennially interesting, is that he is a New-England—a Puritan Romantic, a Romantic

with 'a sense of sin' ! That is not how we shall any of us describe Victor Hugo, or George Sand, or Alfred de Musset ! A French critic finds the inmost note and essence of Romanticism in that mad glorification of the 'I,' which in the wilder Romantics set all laws, æsthetic or moral, at defiance. M. Brunetière must be wrong ! Hawthorne's genius is enough to prove it. For in his case the Romantic instinct finds its chief food in what seem to him at all times the majestic verities and sanctions of the moral life, and those not the verities and sanctions of the individual conscience merely, as George Sand might have enforced them, but the plain matters of ordinary law and custom, as the plain man understands them. His attitude is the Pauline one, 'the strength of sin is the law,' and it is in the vengeance or the triumph of law that he is perpetually seeking and finding his noblest artistic effects. He moralises perpetually, and his danger of course is the didactic danger, wherein he differs from your other great Romantic, Edgar Allan Poe, whose danger is that of morbid excess and extravagance, as with so many European writers of the movement. But Hawthorne is saved, first by poetry, and then by his perpetual love of and interest in the common life. The preacher indeed is ultimately absorbed in the poet, and his final aim is not reform but beauty,—the eternal immortalising aim of the artist. While for him, also, the spectacle of human character and human suffering is in itself so absorbing, that he is able to communicate his vision to us, just because his touch is so disinterested and true,—so free indeed from that preoccupation with the 'I' which we are told to regard as typically Romantic. 'He liked,' it has been said, 'to fraternise with plain people, to take them on their own terms, and put himself, if possible, into their shoes.' There indeed is the wide sympathy of the poet, the surest condition of abiding work. The 'Note-Books' are full of it. 'The strange fellow in the bar-room—a sort of mock Methodist—a cattle drover,' whose talk turned upon religion 'while quaffing fourteen cups of tea ;' 'the man with a smart horse,' who, when congratulated upon it, replies gaily that he 'has a better at home ;' the blacksmith, whose conversation has much 'strong unlettered sense, imbued with humour,' than whom 'I know no man who seems more like a man, more indescribably human,'—the surgeon dentist, the school teacher, the travelling actor, the dogs, the horses,—all parts and all figures and accessories of the human play, as he sees it, are equally delightful to him,—all enter into that heightened illuminated feeling,

whereof the fruit in literature is such a story as 'The Seven Vagabonds,' or such a novel as that which tells the story of the Pyncheons.

Thus, with Beauty haunting his path, 'an hourly visitant,' and all the intricacies of human character for subject, did Hawthorne shape himself, through the long years at Salem, and through the drudgeries of his Custom House post, into the ever-delightful artist he now appears to us, an artist whose place grows larger and more certain as the days roll on, and, in the quiet of our after-judgment, he and the other great ones of his day rise to the honour which is duly theirs. 'On the pure horizon far' we see his star shining beside its fellows; and we know it for one of those beacons of poetry which live when other lights grow dim, let the years fleet as they may.

Forgive these too hasty thoughts. They are meant only as the dropping of a rose on your poet's grave—nothing more !

MARY A. WARD.

*L'EMPEREUR D'ALLEMAGNE
ET LA QUESTION DE WATERLOO.*

PAR G. PICQUART, LIEUT.-COLONEL EN RÉFORME.

Le discours prononcé à Hanovre, au mois de décembre dernier, par l'empereur d'Allemagne a excité à l'époque une vive émotion en Angleterre. La phrase dans laquelle Guillaume II disait que l'armée anglaise avait été sauvée, à Waterloo, par la légion germanique et les troupes prussiennes fut considérée par beaucoup d'Anglais comme un propos déplacé inspiré par des intentions désobligeantes. La presse et les revues s'occupèrent de la question. Un regain d'actualité fut donné aux problèmes historiques, si souvent discutés déjà, qui se posent chaque fois qu'il est question de la dernière campagne de Napoléon. J'ai eu la curiosité de rechercher, de mon côté, ce qu'il pouvait y avoir de justifié dans les susceptibilités que le *speech* impérial a éveillées de l'autre côté de la Manche, et je livre au public le résultat de cette étude.

Tout d'abord il convient d'asseoir la discussion sur des bases solides. Quelles ont été, au juste, les paroles prononcées par Guillaume II à la fête du centenaire de la légion germanique à Hanovre ? Les voici textuellement : ' Je vous remercie cordialement. Je lève mon verre et je prie chacun de vous d'en faire autant, en fixant les yeux sur le passé, pour boire à la santé de la légion germanique, au souvenir de ses prouesses incomparables qui, avec l'aide de Blücher et des Prussiens, ont sauvé l'armée anglaise de la destruction le jour de Waterloo. A la santé du passé de 1866, où avec bravoure, avec valeur, avec intrépidité fut maintenu haut et resplendissant le resplendissant écu de l'honneur militaire hanovrien. A la santé du passé de 1870, à celle du héros de Beaune-la-Rolande, qui malheureusement n'est plus parmi nous. A la santé du présent, représenté par vous tous qui êtes rassemblés ici et que je salue du fond du cœur. A la santé de l'avenir, dont ces trois régiments¹ sont les garants ; puisse-t-il être aussi brillant, aussi resplendissant, aussi

¹ Les trois régiments issus de la légion germanique, stationnées à Hanovre.

beau que le passé : tel est le but que je propose à ces régiments. A la légion germanique et à ses traditions. Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !'

On avait souvent affirmé déjà, bien avant le *speech* de l'empereur d'Allemagne, que l'arrivée de Blücher, avec l'armée prussienne, sur le champ de bataille de Waterloo avait sauvé Wellington et transformé une défaite imminente en une victoire complète des troupes alliées.

Prise au pied de la lettre, cette affirmation est indéniable. Il est certain que Napoléon, qui possédait une armée un peu plus nombreuse, mieux pourvue en artillerie et surtout plus homogène que celle de son adversaire, aurait gagné la victoire, sans même l'aide de Grouchy, s'il avait eu affaire à Wellington seul. Il suffit de consulter les récits de la bataille pour voir avec quelle peine, avec quelle tension de tous ses efforts Wellington soutenait la lutte à la fin de la journée, avant que l'intervention des Prussiens ait commencé à se faire sentir efficacement. Que serait devenue sa situation si Napoléon avait pu en outre lancer contre lui les forces qu'il fut obligé d'opposer à Blücher, c'est-à-dire le corps de Lobau et une bonne partie de la garde, sans compter la cavalerie de Domon et de Subervie ? Quel n'eût pas été l'ébranlement infligé à l'armée du duc si ces troupes lui avaient fait perdre les 6000 à 7000 hommes qu'elles tuèrent ou blessèrent aux Prussiens ?

Je m'empresse de dire que ce serait se placer à un point de vue complètement faux que d'envisager la question d'une manière aussi étroite. Wellington a accepté la bataille que cherchait Napoléon ; il a tenu ferme avec la dernière opiniâtreté parce qu'il avait reçu l'assurance du concours des Prussiens. Mais il était parfaitement décidé à refuser la bataille et à se retirer derrière l'Escaut au cas où Blücher se serait déclaré incapable d'intervenir. Blücher n'est donc pas sorti d'un nuage comme un '*deus ex machina*' pour sauver un allié qui se serait mis dans un mauvais cas. Il a exécuté un mouvement convenu, arrêté à l'avance et qui était un des éléments des combinaisons de Wellington.

Mais il y a plus. Si Blücher, après sa défaite de Ligny, le juin, était encore en état de prêter assistance aux Anglais le 18, à Waterloo, cela tient à ce que le 16, par le combat des atre-Bras, les troupes de Wellington avaient immobilisé Ney,¹

¹ 1er et 2me corps d'armée, cavalerie légère de la garde et cuirassiers de
"mann

que Napoléon voulait lancer sur les derrières des Prussiens pour amener la déroute complète de ces derniers. Sans doute Wellington, par suite du manque de concentration de son armée et par suite de l'importance des forces de Ney, s'était trouvé dans l'impossibilité d'apporter aux Prussiens le secours *direct* qu'il leur avait promis pour le cas où il ne serait pas attaqué lui-même, mais l'action *indirecte* des Anglais n'en empêche pas moins la destruction totale des trois corps d'armée prussiens engagés contre Napoléon. Les sauveurs de Waterloo, si sauveurs il y a, avaient été sauvés d'abord !

Ceci n'ôte rien d'ailleurs au mérite qu'eut Blücher d'entrer dans la combinaison de Wellington malgré une bataille perdue, malgré les doutes de son puissant chef d'état-major, Gneisenau, malgré les souffrances physiques qu'il éprouvait, tout meurtri encore de la chute qu'il avait faite lorsque son cheval fut tué sous lui à la fin de la bataille de Ligny. L'histoire offre peu d'exemples d'une aussi indomptable énergie unie à un semblable dévouement pour la cause commune.

Mais l'empereur Guillaume n'attribue pas seulement à Blücher et aux Prussiens la gloire d'avoir évité un désastre à l'armée anglaise. Il cite encore à ce propos la légion germanique, qui faisait partie des troupes de Wellington depuis de longues années, depuis le temps des guerres de la Péninsule. Et ceci nous amène tout naturellement à trouver quelle a été la pensée directrice du discours impérial.

L'empereur Guillaume a toujours cherché, à l'exemple de ses prédécesseurs, à faire revivre dans son armée les souvenirs du passé et à rendre tangible pour ses jeunes troupes l'héritage de gloire amassé par leurs devancières. Dans ce but il ne s'est pas borné à entretenir les traditions qui rattachent les régiments prussiens d'ancienne formation aux régiments des époques disparues. Il a encore voulu que les derniers venus dans son armée, que ceux qui n'ont point de traditions prussiennes, professent le culte des hauts faits accomplis par leurs pères sous d'autres drapeaux.

C'est ainsi que le 24 janvier 1899 il a ordonné que les régiments de l'armée prussiens qui portent actuellement la dénomination provinciale de 'hanovriens' seraient considérés désormais comme les descendants des régiments et bataillons de l'ancienne armée royale hanovrienne dont ils ne feraient que continuer l'histoire.

C'est ainsi que le 19 décembre 1903 il a tenu à assister lui-même à la fête du centenaire de la fondation de la légion germanique considérée comme l'ancêtre vénérable du régiment de fusiliers, du régiment de hulans et du régiment d'artillerie stationnés à Hanovre, tandis que d'autres corps de troupe, pareillement issus de la légion germanique, célébraient de leur côté cette fête dans leurs garnisons (10^e chasseurs à Bitche, 15^e hussards à Wandsbek).

On sait que cette légion, levée en 1803 pour le compte de l'Angleterre sous le nom de 'The King's German Legion,' et composée surtout de Hanovriens, fut dissoute par une décision du prince régent en date du 23 décembre 1815. Ceux de ses membres qui en manifestèrent le désir furent incorporés, en 1816 dans l'armée royale hanovrienne, ce qui légitime la filiation admise.

L'idée de Guillaume II n'est pas banale. En rappelant les exploits des troupes hanovriennes, qu'elles aient servi contre Napoléon I^{er}, à la solde de l'Angleterre, qu'elles aient combattu en 1866 contre la Prusse sous le roi de Hanovre, ou en 1870 contre la France sous le roi de Prusse, l'empereur d'Allemagne enseigne clairement à son armée qu'un souvenir unique doit subsister de ces luttes du passé : celui des actes de courage et de loyalisme accomplis par des frères allemands.

Il est facile de comprendre que dans ces conditions il se soit laissé entraîner à user d'une forme oratoire qui lui permettait d'unir sous un même titre glorieux—le titre de sauveurs—la légion germanique, ancêtre des troupes de la province de Hanovre, et les soldats de Blücher, ancêtres des troupes des anciennes provinces prussiennes. Mais on doit regretter qu'il ait choisi, à ce propos, une épithète qui est en désaccord avec la vérité historique.

J'ai dit déjà ce que je pense de l'intervention de Blücher à Waterloo. Quant à la légion germanique, elle s'est distinguée sans doute, le 18 juin, notamment à la défense de la Haye-Sainte, où l'un de ses bataillons perdit plus de la moitié de son effectif. Mais il me semble tout à fait exagéré de considérer cette légion comme le noyau sauveur de l'armée de Wellington. Les troupes vraiment anglaises étaient dans cette armée quatre fois plus nombreuses que la légion, et d'une qualité au moins égale. Les autres contingents allemands qui faisaient partie de l'armée duc étaient composés de troupes de second ordre, inférieures aux soldats de Napoléon. Leur conduite au feu fut généralement

satisfaisante, mais il y eut cependant des actes de défaillance. C'est ainsi que certain régiment de hussards hanovriens abandonna le champ de bataille de Waterloo, en pleine lutte, et courut semer la panique jusqu'à Bruxelles.

En réalité c'est Wellington qui a conçu le plan de la bataille de Waterloo. C'est sa résistance et l'intervention prévue de Blücher qui ont permis de la gagner. C'est la poursuite acharnée des Prussiens, après la victoire, qui a rendu la défaite de Napoléon irrémédiable.

La part de chacun est assez belle ainsi ; il serait fâcheux qu'en Allemagne on ne sût pas s'en contenter.

Pour envisager la question sous toutes ses faces, je veux examiner maintenant quelles sont, du côté français, les principales circonstances qui ont pu contribuer à la défaite de Napoléon.

Les historiens militaires ont émis, à ce sujet, des appréciations contradictoires.

Charras, Yorck, Wolseley, sont d'avis que l'empereur, miné par la maladie, n'était plus lui-même au cours de la bataille.

Thiers, au contraire, trouve qu'il n'y a aucune erreur militaire à reprocher au grand capitaine. Il rejette les grosses responsabilités du désastre sur le maréchal Grouchy, qui ne sut coopérer à la bataille ni directement ni indirectement, et qui ne fut pas même capable de renseigner exactement l'empereur sur les mouvements des prussiens. Thiers admet cependant que les fautes politiques de Napoléon avaient rendu sa situation tellement critique, que le moindre revers de fortune devait amener fatalement une catastrophe. Tenir tête à l'Europe exaspérée avec les forces d'un pays épuisé, c'était vraiment jeter à la destinée un défi trop audacieux. Quand on joue un pareil jeu, il faut le payer tôt ou tard.

Pour Houssaye 'jamais Napoléon n'exerça plus effectivement le commandement, jamais son action ne fut plus directe.' Mais, obligé de parer aux fautes de ses lieutenants, 'il perdit la résolution avec la confiance' et laissa passer l'heure.

L'opinion que donne Lettow-Vorbeck, dans le livre qu'il a publié tout dernièrement sur la chute de Napoléon, se rapproche de celle de Houssaye. Aux yeux de l'auteur allemand, l'énergie physique aussi bien que l'énergie intellectuelle de l'empereur étaient entières en 1815. Cependant la foi de Napoléon dans son étoile était ébranlée. Le sentiment qu'il n'avait plus la France entière derrière lui, l'idée que cette fois la perte serait irrémédiable, en

cas d'échec, pesaient lourdement sur lui. D'aussi poignantes préoccupations expliqueraient bien des fautes.

Le grand état-major allemand a également étudié la question dans un livre récent sur 'le succès des batailles.' A son avis la percée d'un front d'opération telle que l'a tentée Napoléon en 1815, est impossible pour peu que les adversaires agissent avec intelligence et entente. Cette percée devait amener, à un moment ou à un autre, l'enveloppement tactique de l'armée française. La situation désespérée dans laquelle se trouvait l'empereur, vis-à-vis de l'Europe en armes, la nécessité qui lui était imposée de remporter à tout prix un succès immédiat, justifient d'ailleurs la manœuvre de Napoléon; c'était encore la meilleure solution qui fût à sa portée. Mais après Ligny Napoléon se laissa aller à envisager la situation sous le jour qui lui paraissait le plus favorable. Il se complut dans la pensée que les Prussiens étaient désormais hors de cause. Cette erreur lui fut fatale à Waterloo. Et l'état-major allemand ajoute textuellement : 'A l'inverse des dissentiments qui règnent d'habitude dans les armées coalisées, le quartier-général prussien adopta comme principe dirigeant, une union étroite avec ses alliés, même au prix de l'abandon des lignes de communication, même après que Wellington se fût trouvé hors d'état d'apporter le 16 juin, à Ligny, le concours qu'il avait promis. On voit donc qu'à la guerre ce sont, en dernière analyse, les personnalités qui l'emportent, car si, du côté prussien, le commandement avait eu moins de largeur de vue, s'il s'était moins inspiré de l'intérêt commun, Napoléon aurait réussi dans cette entreprise difficile qui consiste à percer le front d'opération de l'adversaire.'

Je n'ai pas l'intention de discuter les différentes opinions que je viens de citer. Ce serait dépasser le cadre de cette étude. Je veux seulement essayer de justifier l'opinion personnelle que je me suis formée sur la question.

A mon avis, les principales fautes commises du côté français à l'occasion de la bataille de Waterloo proviennent de deux erreurs capitales. Napoléon a méconnu la solidité des troupes anglaises ; il a méconnu l'énergie de l'armée prussienne. Et s'il est permis de personnifier les deux armées dans leurs chefs, je rendrai la même idée sous une autre forme en disant que Napoléon s'était fait une fausse conception des qualités militaires de Wellington si bien que de celles de Blücher, bien qu'il se fût déjà battu plus d'une circonstance, contre ce dernier.

C'est à Waterloo que l'empereur se mesura avec les Anglais pour la première et pour la dernière fois. Il ne les avait jamais combattus personnellement avant ce jour-là. Il affectait à leur endroit un mépris qui est bien mis en lumière par un propos tenu par lui à Soult le matin même de la bataille, et rapporté par Houssaye : ' Parce que vous avez été battu par Wellington, vous le regardez comme un grand général. Et moi je vous dis que Wellington est un mauvais général, que les anglais sont de mauvaises troupes, et que ce sera l'affaire d'un déjeuner.'

Toute la marche de l'action porte l'empreinte de cette idée préconçue du chef suprême. D'un bout à l'autre ce ne sont que des coups de force désunis, des attaques violentes, mais mal préparées et non soutenues, comme si l'on s'était attendu à voir plier, au premier effort, les troupes qu'on avait devant soi. Et ce caractère de la lutte n'est pas seulement sensible à la fin, quand les esprits commençaient à se troubler et que l'intervention effective des prussiens ne laissait rien de salut que dans l'enfoncement immédiat des lignes anglaises. Il se manifeste nettement dès le début de la bataille.

L'erreur de Napoléon, en ce qui concerne les prussiens, n'est pas moins grande. Il était absolument persuadé, après les avoir battus à Ligny, qu'il les avait mis hors de cause pour plusieurs jours. Sans doute le corps de Bülow n'avait pas pris part au combat, et il était, de ce fait, resté intact. Mais Napoléon crut avoir pris des précautions suffisantes de ce côté, en donnant à Grouchy, chargé de poursuivre les prussiens, des forces équivalentes à celles de Bülow.

Si l'empereur n'avait pas été imbu de l'idée que les prussiens ne pouvaient rien contre lui le 18 juin, il aurait certainement attaqué Wellington de meilleure heure qu'il ne le fit. On sait qu'il avait d'abord prescrit aux troupes d'être en position à neuf heures du matin. Puis à onze heures il dicta un autre ordre disant que l'attaque commencerait ' quand toute l'armée serait rangée en bataille, c'est à dire à peu près à une heure de l'après midi.' Encore se réservait-il de donner le signal de cette attaque.

En réalité la bataille commença à une heure et demie seulement. Le combat qui s'engagea à onze heures et demie autour d'Hougoumont ne peut être considéré comme le début de l'action générale. C'était une affaire partielle.

Remarquons d'ailleurs qu'au moment où il prescrivit de commencer la bataille Napoléon venait d'apercevoir des troupes

prussiennes sur sa droite. Bien plus, il avait appris de la façon la plus certaine, par une lettre interceptée, que ce qu'on voyait était l'avant-garde du corps de Bülow. Mais, toujours attaché à sa double erreur, l'empereur crut sans doute qu'il s'agissait de Bülow seul, et qu'il lui serait facile de venir à bout et des Anglais et de ce nouvel adversaire.

Quelques heures plus tard Pirch et Zieten débouchaient à leur tour sur la droite de l'armée française, tandis que Thielmann amusait Grouchy à Wavre. L'armée prussienne tout entière contribuait à la défaite de Napoléon !

On a souvent prétendu que Napoléon commença la bataille aussi tard parce qu'il était indispensable de laisser le sol se raffermir, faute de quoi l'artillerie n'eût pu manœuvrer. Un orage violent avait éclaté la veille. La pluie, en amollissant les terres, en transformant les champs en bourbiers, avait rendu fort difficiles les mouvements des troupes et surtout des charrois.

Je ne puis m'empêcher de penser que cette prétendue raison est surtout une excuse. Si elle a été indiquée effectivement le jour de la bataille, ce ne peut être qu'à titre tout à fait accessoire. En deux ou trois heures l'état d'un terrain fortement détrempé ne s'améliore pas sensiblement, même sous l'action combinée du vent et du soleil.

Ce qui est indéniable c'est que l'armée française avait bivouaqué le 17 juin au soir dans un grand désordre et le long d'une route unique. Aussi le 18 au matin fallut-il beaucoup de temps pour rassembler les troupes et pour les amener sur leurs emplacements de bataille. On ne se pressa point, et Napoléon ne prit aucune mesure pour accélérer le déploiement.

Un pareil laisser-aller n'indique-t-il pas clairement que l'empereur ne craignait rien des prussiens, et qu'il estimait qu'il aurait toujours bien assez de temps devant lui pour mettre les anglais en déroute complète avant la nuit ? Sans vouloir lancer dans un genre d'hypothèses qu'il est trop aisé d'échafauder après coup, quand on voit le jeu des deux adversaires, je me permettrai pourtant de remarquer que la situation de Wellington eût été beaucoup plus difficile si Napoléon avait pu ou voulu l'attaquer de bonne heure, au lieu de ne commencer la bataille que quand Bülow était déjà en vue. Etre attaqué à fond avant l'arrivée des prussiens est la chance qu'a courue Wellington ; c'était le danger de sa combinaison. Mais à la guerre plus encore que partout ailleurs, qui ne risque rien n'a rien.

Napoléon et la plupart de ses admirateurs ont cherché à rejeter sur Grouchy la responsabilité du désastre que subit à Waterloo l'armée française du fait de l'entrée en ligne des troupes prussiennes. La manière dont Grouchy remplit le rôle qui lui avait été dévolu donne, il est vrai, une faible idée de ses capacités militaires. Ce maréchal avait pour mission de s'attacher aux traces des prussiens et de s'opposer, dans la mesure du possible, à ce que ceux-ci se réunissent aux anglais. Mais il manqua d'activité, de discernement. Il laissa à sa gauche Blücher défilier tranquillement avec trois corps d'armée pour se jeter sur la droite de Napoléon, et il ne s'en douta même pas. N'oublions pas cependant que Napoléon avait partagé toutes les illusions de Grouchy sur les mouvements des prussiens, et qu'il ne rappela à lui le maréchal, pour coopérer directement à la bataille de Waterloo, que lorsqu'il était trop tard.

Un mot, en terminant, sur la valeur des dernières troupes que commanda Napoléon. L'armée française combattit à Waterloo avec une bravoure sans égale, qui à certains moments s'éleva jusqu'à l'héroïsme. Une sorte de fièvre animait tout le monde. Des actes de trahison—comme par exemple celui du général de Bourmont, qui passa à l'ennemi le 15 juin, avec son état-major—avaient exaspéré les esprits et exalté les sentiments de vengeance. Mais ils avaient aussi contribué à augmenter l'indiscipline qui régnait dans toute l'armée, et dont les mouvements ne pouvaient être compensés par le culte fanatique professé par les soldats pour la personne de l'empereur. Il n'est pas étonnant que dans ces conditions un abattement général, une dissolution complète, aient été les conséquences immédiates de la défaite. 'Jamais,' écrit Houssaye, 'Napoléon n'avait eu dans sa main un instrument de guerre si redoutable et si fragile.'

On ne saurait mieux dire.

HOUSEHOLD BUDGETS ABROAD.

II. THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

By MRS. RUTH K. GARDINER.

To analyse the budgets of two typical American families, in a manner which shall be comprehensible to the English reader, is by no means an easy task. At the outset, too much stress cannot be laid on the fact that, from the view-point of domestic economics, the typical American family does not exist. Politically, the United States are one nation. Economically, they are divided into more parts than was the Gaul of Cæsar's day, and, like *Gallia omnis*, these component parts of a heterogeneous whole differ among themselves in economic essentials to a degree which makes any general statement untrustworthy unless it be qualified by so many exceptions that its original character is lost in the process. No budget can be stated absolutely. Its terms must be relative to the prevailing standard of living, and this standard varies locally in the United States, more, possibly, than in any other country. In respect of housing, clothing, fuel, and food the needs of a family in the semi-tropical Southern States are vastly different from those of a family in the North-West, where a fortnight of temperature ten or twenty degrees below zero is a common incident of the winter. From east to west, the prices of manufactured goods increase directly with the cost of transportation, so that the Californian may pay for cotton and woollen goods twice as much as the man in Massachusetts. The price of food stuffs varies widely in different sections, and the composition of the dietary varies still more. What is typical of one part of the country cannot be taken as typical of another, nor of the whole.

It should be said, however, that, in regard to the relation the budget bears to the income, there is no great difference among the States. Wages are highest in the West, where the cost of living is greatest, and lowest in the South, where food and fuel are cheapest. Since 1896, there has been a general increase of 16 per cent. in the cost of living; but as this has been accompanied by a general increase of 15 per cent. in wages, the normal relation between income and expenditure has not been seriously disturbed.

The only items of expenditure which appear to vary throughout

the United States, without regard to the ratio of income and cost of living, are rent, fuel, and domestic service, and the first of these is so directly related to local standards of comfort that it is impossible to say in which part of the country the man of any class pays most for housing. Americans of all classes pay a larger proportion of their incomes for rent than is considered economical in England. Among 2,567 families whose budgets have been studied by the Department of Labour, and whose average income was 165*l.* 8*s.* 9½*d.* (\$827.19), the average expenditure for rent was found to be about 13 per cent.; but as the Government statistics in this one item are confessedly incomplete, it is safe to say that this is a low estimate of the general average. In any Eastern city, the professional man with 1,000*l.* a year does not consider 180*l.* an extravagant amount to pay for rent, and the clerk with 20*l.* a month regards a fourth of his income as an economical outlay for housing. Outside of the large cities, one would expect to find the possessor of 1,000*l.* a year living in his own house, though a house of one's own is in many cases a doubtful asset. This is especially true in growing towns and cities, where the assessment to property-owners for a change in the grade of the street, for paving, or for the introduction of a new system of plumbing, may amount to as much as a year's rent.

In this paper it is not proposed to consider the budget of an artisan of the poorest class, and a man who earns 12*l.* a month has been taken as a fair example. A consideration of the rate of wages throughout the United States justifies the statement that the skilful and industrious artisan may reasonably expect to earn from 2*l.* 8*s.* to 3*l.* 12*s.* a week, since the average wage may be stated roughly at 12*s.* a day. With 12*l.* a month, the thrifty artisan feels justified in marrying. One of the banks in the city of Chicago has recently announced to its employes that none of them with a salary of 200*l.* a year or less will be permitted to retain his position if he marries without the knowledge and approval of the officers of the institution. This somewhat arbitrary dictum may be taken as an indication of the relation between a salary of 200*l.* a year and the banking clerk's standard of living. The standard of the artisan is naturally lower, and while 12*l.* a month does not mean luxury, it does mean comfort for a small family.

The family whose actual budget has been studied is small. It is made up of father, mother, and one child, eight years of age. The family lives in Washington. Always remembering that a budget from one American city cannot be considered an index of

the cost of living in any other city, the budget of this family is as nearly typical as any which can be obtained. If our artisan lived in San Francisco, less of his income would be spent for fuel, but more for clothing. In St. Paul and Minneapolis, butter, eggs, and vegetables would be cheaper, but the heavier clothing necessitated by a more severe climate would balance the account. In New York the actual cost of living would be the same, but such comfortable quarters could not be obtained so cheaply.

Our Washington artisan is employed as telephone inspector, and his work includes minor repairs to instruments in use. His hours of work are from nine in the morning to five in the evening. He lives in a recently built up quarter of the town, about two miles from the offices of the company which employs him. The street is paved with asphalt, and well lighted. The brick houses, two stories in height, form a solid row. They are separated from the street by a grass plot, and at each front door is a white-painted wooden portico. There are two flats in each house, one on either floor, and the ground in the rear of the building is divided into two parts by a wooden fence, so that each tenant has a 'back yard' of his own.

For this cheaply built, but smart-looking and exceedingly comfortable, flat the artisan pays 3*l.* 6*s.* (\$16.50) a month. A water rate of 2*s.* a month is included in this, and when the householder has paid his rent, he has done with the demands of the outside world. Rates as understood in England are absolutely unknown in America. The householder of this class has no taxes to pay in Washington. In other American cities he would be assessed a poll-tax, varying in different States from 2*s.* to 8*s.* a year, for the privilege of exercising his right of franchise. The municipal government of Washington, however, is an autocracy, vested in three commissioners appointed by the President of the United States, and the citizen, since he has no vote, pays no poll-tax. If he owns land, or personal property beyond the limit of exemption, he is obliged to pay a yearly tax of 6*s.* on each 20*l.* worth of such property; but our artisan has no land, and as his household goods are worth less than 100*l.*, they are not taxable. The street is lighted and swept for him by the city. The city educates his child, pays the dustman, and, with its police and fire departments, protects his family and his furniture without direct cost to him.

His flat contains five rooms, of which the largest is 12 feet by 14 feet. They are all well lighted, with no dark rooms, or windows opening into closed air shafts. Each room is supplied with gas

fixtures, and the bath-room is fitted with the sanitary plumbing which present building regulations require. The cooking stove in the kitchen and the sink for waste water are fixtures, as is also a neat cupboard, built at one side of the room. The stove is connected with a hot-water tank which supplies the bath-room. The heat from this stove warms the dining-room. In the sitting-room, or 'parlor,' as the American term is, there is a Baltimore heater in which coal is burned. This heater, too, is furnished by the landlord, and from it the two bedrooms obtain sufficient warmth, except in extremely cold weather, when a portable kerosene heater is used. Americans of all classes demand summer heat in their homes at all seasons of the year. The temperature of the average sitting-room is more likely to rise to eighty degrees than to fall to sixty, though in schools and other public buildings a temperature of sixty-five or seventy degrees is considered the proper mean.

In this artisan budget, little more is spent for food than for housing, though this is not true of the majority of similar budgets. Among the 2,567 families on whose budgets the Department of Labour statistics are based, the average expenditure for food was 42·5 per cent. of the income. Our Washington artisan spends only 3*l.* 8*s.* 10*d.* (\$17·20) per month or less than 29 per cent. He employs no servant, and his wife is an excellent manager. She knows nothing of the higher science of the dietary, but she has any advantage over most women of her class from the fact that she was thoroughly trained in practical domestic economy by an elder sister, the wife of a tradesman, in whose family she lived before her marriage. Because of her skill in using the food she buys, and the judgment with which she selects it, waste, which has been found to average 6 per cent. of the cost of food in the working-man's family, is reduced to a minimum. There are, to be sure, occasional months in the winter when 3*l.* 8*s.* 10*d.* does not cover the food bill, but in the summer this sum frequently leaves a surplus. The fact that her kitchen is well equipped makes for economy. All the furnishings of the home were bought by the man before his marriage, so the wife has the best of tools for her trade of housekeeping. She has a farther advantage in receiving her allowance in monthly instalments, for the cost of living can be reduced in many items by buying certain goods in quantity. In America, as in England, nowadays, one buys everything at the 'stores,' and on special sale days they offer bargains. In buying tinned goods, or 'canned' goods as Americans say, one may save the price of one or two tins

by buying a dozen. Our thrifty housewife buys soap a dozen cakes at a time. For a single cake of the soap the price is $2\frac{1}{4}d.$, but $1s. 11d.$ will purchase a dozen. There is additional economy in buying soap by the dozen, because it may be laid away on the pantry shelf to harden before it is used. A cake of hardened soap will outlast two cakes used fresh from the shop. In this family, for kitchen and laundry use together, three pieces of soap in a month suffice. The housewife pays cash for everything she buys, and does not confine her custom to any one tradesman.

Every Saturday morning, basket on arm, she visits the stalls in the market house, and buys meat for the week. Meat is the most expensive part of the dietary, although the American's dietary is more largely made up of vegetable food than that of the English family of like class. Eight shillings a week is allotted for meats. Of this, from $3s.$ to $3s. 7\frac{1}{4}d.$ is usually spent for a fowl, which serves for two dinners, provides an appetising stew, and finally disappears in a dish of broth, thickened with rice. A ham weighing six pounds adds $3s.$ to the meat bill, and the rest is spent for beef of inferior quality, which is 'pot-roasted' or stewed with vegetables. Experience has taught the housewife that careful cooking will make the cheaper cuts of meat quite as appetising as the more expensive sorts, and she is an adept in devising all kinds of made dishes from bits of meat which would otherwise be wasted. Every bit of fat is thoroughly tried out, strained and saved for frying. No suet is used, and it should be said here that the American cook knows nothing of puddings as the word is understood in England. Puddings, in America, are always sweets, and come under the head of 'desserts,' a term used to mean sweets in general, and not fruit, as it does in England. The nearest approach to Yorkshire pudding is the 'dumpling' which is boiled with meat, or the dish of fried maize-meal mush, served with molasses at breakfast. The terminology of housekeeping is so different in England and America that it adds another difficulty to the task of describing an American budget.

Cheese is no permanent item of the dietary, and is seldom eaten. Fish, except for dried cod, stewed or made into cakes with potato as a breakfast dish, is little used. Of eggs at their winter price of $1s. 7\frac{1}{4}d.$ the dozen, half a dozen are bought each week. A peck of apples at $1s. 3d.$ is usually used every seven days, though, when greater economy is necessary, dried apples stewed are substituted.

Groceries are bought once a fortnight, and average $12s.$ for a month's supply. By groceries, food stuffs known in England as

dry goods are meant. 'Dry goods' signifies to the American such things as the English draper and haberdasher sell. Draper and haberdasher are words strange to American ears, and our housewife visits a 'dry goods store' when she wants muslins and woollens and needles and thread. Eatables which the 'butcher shop' and the greengrocer's do not supply are groceries. Wheat flour, and no other kind is used for bread, is bought in a twenty-four-pound sack, and two such sacks last a little more than a month. Bread is made twice a week, three loaves at a baking, and hot rolls, of which the English cook knows nothing, or hot biscuit, are served three times a week at breakfast. As the mother of the family was born in Virginia, she makes her biscuit without baking-powder, as is the custom in the Northern States, but beats the dough with a smoothing iron till it is light. These beaten biscuits resemble English biscuit, which are generally called 'crackers' in the United States. Except in New England, the American who does not eat 'hot bread' in some form once a day is hard to find. In the winter, batter cakes, or pancakes made of buckwheat flour, are a general American breakfast dish. They are not the light, sweet, delicate brown pancakes of England, given to good children on Shrove Tuesday, but are to foreigners not to the manner born a somewhat heavy and unpalatable mixture of buckwheat flour and baking-powder. They are eaten with syrup or molasses.

Our artisan's family drinks no beer and no coffee. Half a pound of tea, at 2s. 6d. the pound, is used each week. It is drunk hot in the winter, and iced in summer. Sugar is bought in four-shilling lots, at a little more than 2d. the pound, and two pounds are used in a week.

Tinned vegetables form a large part of the dietary. Four tins of tomatoes at 3s. the dozen, four tins of peas at 5d. the tin, and the same amount of sweet corn at the same price, are used in a little more than a month. Rice, oatmeal, beans, and prunes make up the rest of the grocery list, with salt, pepper, 2½d. worth of starch for the month's washings, a halfpenny-worth of laundry blue, and a box of matches at 5d. the dozen boxes. A bucket of lard is occasionally sent to the family by the wife's mother in the country. When it is necessary to buy lard, a five-pound tin costs 1s. 3d. About two pounds of lard are used each week in the making of biscuits and pie-crust. An occasional item is a pint of oysters at 10d., which are made into a stew and substituted for meat.

The money spent at the greengrocer's varies according to the season. The word 'greens' is limited in its meaning to spinach,

dandelion, beet-root tops and other vegetables of which what one may call the foliage only is eaten. Of fresh vegetables, the supply is varied, and the prices low. Sweet corn, egg-plant, oyster-plant, sweet potatoes, yams, string beans, butter beans, Lima beans, okra, cabbage, squash, pumpkin, radishes, turnips, asparagus, all are to be found on the artisan's table at one time or another. A head of lettuce at 2½d. frequently garnishes the Sunday meat in the winter, and small fruits are so cheap at certain seasons that the housewife finds it economical to make her own jellies and preserves. In the market of a Saturday night strawberries may be bought now and then for 2½d. the quart, too ripe to keep for Monday selling, but excellent for jam-making. Saturday night, in the market, is the harvest time of the poorer classes, and many a melon or basket of peaches, plums, or berries, is bought at a fourth the price asked in the morning. It is obviously impossible to describe the variations in the dietary, and it must be repeated, that while the food bill is sometimes larger than 3l. 8s. 10d., it frequently falls below that sum.

The milkman leaves a paraffin-sealed pint bottle of milk at the door every morning, and his bill is 4s. 10d. a month, i.e. a fraction under 4d. a quart.

Fuel for the kitchen stove and for the Baltimore heater is an expensive item. Four tons of coal at a guinea a ton carry the household through the winter. In the summer coals are bought by the bushel, and one bushel at 1s. serves for a week's cooking. Twopence-half-penny a month pays for all the firewood used. The amount of gas used varies according to the season, and 1l. 4s. a year covers the total cost.

Our artisan family uses no ice in the winter. The ice-box is kept on the covered porch outside the kitchen door, and from November till March or April no ice is necessary. The water from the kitchen tap is sufficiently cool to drink, though most Americans prefer iced water at all seasons. In the summer months ice is a necessity in every American city. Milk could not be kept from one visit of the milkman to the next without it, and meats would be tainted overnight. Every American family, however poor, uses ice in the summer, and in well-to-do families the ice-box is in commission the year round. The submerged tenth has its free ice fund no less than its free dispensary. In our model family the ice bill in the hottest weather is 2½d. a day. The ice-waggon makes its rounds as regularly as the milkman's cart, and the 2½d. block of ice usually weighs in the neighbourhood of twenty-five pounds, though the price per hundred seldom exceeds 1s. 8d. Wrapped in paper,

and stowed away in a well-made ice-box or refrigerator, twenty-five pounds of ice can be made to last twenty-four hours.

As the wife of our artisan is laundress as well as cook and house-keeper, all the washing is done at home, except *paterfamilias'* collars and cuffs, which are left at a Chinese laundry once a week. Two pounds a year will cover this expense.

Paterfamilias drinks no spirits, and is the only member of the family who ever tastes beer. He drinks a bottle of this occasionally, but this he must not do in working hours, for in his employment the odour of any intoxicant on his breath would lead to his dismissal. He does not use tobacco in any form. He owns a bicycle, on which he rides to and from his work except in very stormy weather, when he takes the electric tram, on which six trip tickets are sold for 1s.

He buys two pairs of boots in a year, and any foot gear not reaching to the knees he calls shoes. He has one pair of high shoes, and one summer pair of low ones, and each pair costs him 14s. He buys two suits of clothes, ready made, each year, and these cost from 2*l.* 8s. to 3*l.* 12s. a suit. One top-coat, or 'over-coat,' costing 4*l.*, is worn for two or even three years. Thirty pounds a year will cover the clothing bill for the entire family. *Materfamilias* finds time to make all the clothing worn by herself and the child, with the aid of a sewing machine.

The child's education costs nothing, for she attends one of the municipal schools in the neighbourhood. It is difficult to explain a school of this kind to English readers. In America it is called a 'public school,' and Americans do not understand why Eton and Harrow are known by that term. It is a free school paid for from the general property tax, but to say that it is the same thing as the English board school would be misleading. Of the difference in educational standards between the board school and the American public school it is impossible to speak. The real difference is in social status. The average American sends his children to the public school—in default of a better term, I am forced to follow American nomenclature—without the slightest sacrifice of gentility. With the exception of the wealthiest classes in the large cities, children of all classes attend these schools. Most small towns are without other primary schools, unless parochial schools are maintained by the Roman Catholic Church, and in a city of 200,000 people, children of professional men attend public schools as a matter of course. The higher schools of the system are so well recognised as preparatory schools for the university that many American colleges

accept a certificate of graduation from a high school in place of an entrance examination. Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Vassar, and Wellesley are constantly recruited from the public schools. The President of the United States sends one of his sons to a Washington public school. In this there is no attempt to appear democratic. It is merely the custom of professional families in Washington, and if the grocer's boy sits at the right of the President's son, the heir of a justice, a general, or a railway magnate may be his neighbour on the left. In cities like New York and Chicago, where neighbourhoods are not socially homogeneous, the professional man sends his boys and girls to a private school; but the vast majority of American children of the professional class receive their primary education in the public schools.

Our artisan manages to save a hundred dollars, or twenty pounds, a year. Besides his income of 12*l.* a month, he receives Christmas boxes, though the term is unknown in America, which aggregate 10*l.* This money is always laid away. His ambition is to buy a home of his own in some growing suburb, and he entrusts his savings to a building and loan association. Interest at 4 per cent. is paid on his deposit. He is at liberty to withdraw it at any time; but, barring some unforeseen contingency, he will allow it to remain, and will add to it till he has accumulated enough to buy a piece of land. The building and loan association will build him a house on this, securing itself by a first mortgage on the real estate. He will pay for his home on the instalment plan, always looking forward to an increase in salary which will enable him to make larger payments, and shorten the time. If his suburban land be fortunately chosen, it may double in value in ten or twenty years, and in any case he regards this method of saving as the most satisfactory to be found.

The head of this family belongs to neither lodge nor union. With his wife and child he attends a Methodist chapel, and pays 24*s.* a year into the general church fund. He belongs to a benefit society, of which the dues are 12*s.* a year. Members are assessed 2*s.* each for every death in the society, and last year such assessments brought the total yearly cost up to 2*l.* When a member falls ill, he receives 16*s.* for the length of time he is unable to work, provided that he is not incapacitated for more than six weeks. During a longer illness he receives 8*s.* a week till the total amount paid him reaches 10*l.* If he dies, his family receives 12*l.* His physician charges him 4*s.* a visit. The adults of this family have exceptionally good teeth, and their semi-annual visits to the dentist

cost about 1*l.* 4*s.* the year. Their amusements are limited to Sunday and holiday trips to country resorts, by way of the electric tram, and to rare visits to the theatre, where each of them pays 1*s.* for a seat in the upper gallery. In all American theatres the seats in what is practically the pit are the most expensive in the house. No fee is ever exacted for programmes, and iced water is frequently carried to the audience gratis. Every summer, the wife and child in this family spend a fortnight or a month with the wife's parents in the country, and have no board to pay. As board for the father in the city costs about as much as food for the entire family during the same length of time, no allowance for summer outing has been made in the budget.

The family lives very comfortably, and is more than decently clad. As there is always something laid up for a rainy day, they are in no danger of finding the wolf at their door. Their budget and their manner of living may be considered fairly typical of the average thrifty artisan's family in America.

BUDGET OF ARTISAN'S FAMILY WITH ONE CHILD.

Total income, including Christmas boxes, £154.

	£.	s.	d.
Rent	39	12	0
Food	41	6	0
Fuel	6	0	0
Gas	1	4	0
Ice	1	12	0
Church	1	4	0
Benefit Club	2	0	0
Newspaper	0	16	0
Dentist	1	4	0
Laundry	2	0	0
Dress	30	0	0
Savings	20	0	0
Balance for all other expenses	7	2	0
Total	154	0	0

Note.—In reducing American money to its English equivalent, the following table has been used: \$·05 = 2½*d.*; \$·25 = 1*s.*; \$1·00 = 4*s.*; \$5·00 = £1.

BUDGET OF PROFESSIONAL MAN'S FAMILY.

So many of the things which have been said in the preceding pages will apply to the cost of living of the professional man with 1,000*l.* (\$5,000) a year, that this latter budget may be very briefly considered. It is no more easy to generalise in regard to the professional man than in regard to the artisan, and since a Washington

artisan has been taken as a type, comparisons may more easily be made if a professional man's budget is chosen from the same city. Despite the general impression to the contrary, living in the capital is not more expensive than in any other American city of the same size. Washington is the cleanest and most attractive city in America, and because of its educational and social advantages is becoming every year more and more the Mecca of Americans of assured income.

So far as actual comfort goes, our professional man is no better housed than the artisan. He lives in a more fashionable quarter of the town, and in a house instead of a flat. His rent is 15*l.* a year, and in addition to this he pays 1*l.* 16*s.* for water. His house is modern in all its appointments. Gas is used to light it, and a furnace to heat it. Gas and fuel together cost 25*l.* a year. The conveniences which the artisan would consider luxuries are electric bells, a speaking tube from the kitchen to the upper floors, gas grates in the drawing-room and library, well-fitted wire window and door screens as a protection against flies and mosquitoes, and a telephone. The artisan has, to be sure, window screens of a sort, since screens are necessary in most parts of America, but he cannot afford 7*l.* 4*s.* for a telephone. The use of telephones has increased amazingly in the past five years. No village is without its exchange, and the prosperous farmer is quite as likely to have a telephone in his house as the city man. The small shopkeeper regards a telephone as a necessary part of his equipment, and to the professional man it is no more a luxury than a perfectly appointed bath-room.

The professional family whose budget has been studied consists of father, mother, and two children, a boy of ten, and a girl of six years younger. Three servants are employed: a cook at 3*l.* a month, a housemaid or 'second girl' at 2*l.* 8*s.*, and a nurse at 3*l.* 12*s.* It should be explained that the nurse is a middle-aged woman who is a competent seamstress, so that she is well worth the wages paid her—a thing which cannot be said of most servants in America. As has been said, the cost of domestic service varies to a marked degree in different parts of the country. The average wage for a cook in the far South is 1*l.* 12*s.* a month, 3*l.* in Washington, 3*l.* 4*s.* in New York, 4*l.* in Chicago, 5*l.* in Denver, and 6*l.* in San Francisco. No American housewife will dispute the assertion that, except for an occasional Japanese who may be hired on the Pacific coast for 7*l.* a month, the middle-class household never knows a really well-trained servant. The difficulty in finding even fairly competent servants is the secret of the rapid increase of apartment

houses and family hotels in all American cities. The American who travels abroad is far more deeply impressed by the politeness and deftness of English servants than by Westminster Abbey, or the sight of a Lord Mayor in robes of office, and the Englishman who visits the United States ceases to complain of overheated rooms and iced water long before he can endure with equanimity the incivility and exactions of American servants.

Cook is expected to 'find' herself, but the mistress of the house provides caps and aprons for the housemaid and nurse. In no American family is beer ever 'found' for the servants. Each maid expects to have an afternoon a week, and alternate Sunday afternoons out. No maid-servant is expected to clean boots. If no man-servant is kept, the master of the house blacks his own boots, unless he prefers to pay 5*d.* a 'shine' to a professional boot-black.

In this family, the buying of food is done by the mistress, who visits grocer, greengrocer, and butcher twice or thrice a week. As there are two children in the family, a large amount of milk is used, and occasionally ices for dinner are frozen in the house. In a family of this class, some form of frozen sweet is invariably served on Sunday, and when guests are dining. Only ices in which no milk or cream is used are called 'ices.' Frozen cream is 'ice-cream' and ice-cream may be called the American national dish. Every chemist's or drug store has its 'soda-water fountain' where ice-cream mixed with fruit juice and highly charged water is sold from 2½*d.* to 5*d.* a glass, and the amount of ice-cream consumed during the summer in any American town or city is astonishing. Last July, in one town of 4,000 inhabitants, one of the three chemists in the place sold thirty gallons of ice-cream a day at his soda-water fountain.

Breakfast in this family always begins with fruit, usually oranges or melons in season, and the mother firmly believes the adage, 'An apple a day keeps the doctor away,' though in practice the doctor is called often enough to make his yearly bill never less than 20*l.* The dietary differs little from that of the artisan, except in the matter of hothouse products and fruit out of season. Very little pork is eaten, the most expensive meats are bought, and the ordinary dinner has four courses: soup, meat, with at least two vegetables, a salad, and a sweet, followed by coffee. The dinner of ceremony begins with oysters or clams, and the usual menu is amplified by one *entrée*, and ends with cheese and fruit. The wine bill is not large, and most of the wines used are from California.

The master of the house belongs to a club of which the dues are

10*l.* a year. All of his boots are bought ready made, and he finds the very boots for which the artisan pays 14*s.* comfortable, neat and durable for ordinary wear. The mistress buys her boots ready made, too, but the boots for the youngest child are made to order on an anatomically correct last, and cost 12*s.* the pair. The man has all his clothing, except his shirts, made to order. His 'business suit' costs him 8*l.* to 10*l.*, and for frock coat, waistcoat, and trousers he pays from 12*l.* to 15*l.*

The clothing of the boy is bought ready made, and the clothing for the little girl is made in the house by the nurse and a visiting seamstress at 6*s.* a day. This seamstress makes the mistress's morning gowns and cotton blouses. Street gowns come from the tailor, and none of them costs less than 10*l.* Evening gowns, of which the professional man's wife has no great supply, cost a little more, though some of the simpler ones are made in the house by the seamstress.

The son of the family attends a public school. A visiting teacher instructs him in music at 3*l.* a quarter, and during the winter he is sent once a week to a dancing class. Three 'quarters' of music and twenty dancing lessons bring the cost of his education up to 11*l.* 8*s.* a year.

The wife and children live in Washington only nine months of the year. Their summers are spent in a small hotel at the seashore or in the mountains. Owing to the dislike city servants display to living in the country, the taking of a country house for the summer has been found by this family to be unsatisfactory. The nurse is the only servant who is kept all the year, and accompanies the family to the country. As board wages are unknown in America, the other servants are dismissed, and take other situations, frequently returning to the household in the autumn. During the summer, the house is cared for by a man and wife, who accept the use of rooms in the basement as payment for the service they render. Paterfamilias sleeps in the deserted house, breakfasts at a restaurant, and dines at the club. In company with thousands of other heads of families, he runs down to see wife and children once a week, and in the hottest weather spends a fortnight with them. Board and lodging for the wife and children at the seashore for three months are 90*l.*, so that the cost of food in the budget must be stated for nine months, and not for the whole year. Food, including 2*l.* 8*s.* spent for milk and cream, costs the family 15*l.* 12*s.* a month in town, and the head of the family spends 5*l.* a month for his meals while his wife and children are in the country. This latter expense

has been included in the item of 155*l.* 8*s.* for food. The professional man whose family spends the summer in town is rare, and the man who takes three months' vacation is likely to be a clergyman, or to have an income much larger than 1,000*l.* a year.

BUDGET OF PROFESSIONAL MAN'S FAMILY.

*Total Income 1,000*l.**

	<i>£.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
Rent	156	0	0
Water	1	16	0
Fuel and gas	25	0	0
Food	155	8	0
Tax on personal property	0	16	0
Life Insurance	60	0	0
Fire Insurance	1	0	0
Railway travel	10	0	0
Christmas and birthday presents	12	0	0
Books and periodicals	5	0	0
Tobacco	5	0	0
Boots	7	0	0
Tailor	40	0	0
Dress	100	0	0
Ice	4	0	0
Church	10	0	0
Telephone	7	4	0
Club	10	0	0
Summer outing	90	0	0
Dentist	6	0	0
Physician	20	0	0
Servants' wages	91	16	0
Education	11	8	0
Balance for savings, other expenses, &c.	170	12	0
Total	1,000	0	0

One item is included in the professional man's cost of living which possibly does not belong there. This is the item of 60*l.* for life insurance. As his insurance policy is of the endowment kind, it must be considered a provision against old age as well as death, and may properly be called an investment rather than one of the expenses of living. The actual savings of this professional man never amount to more than 100*l.* a year, and are frequently much less.

His personal expenses are small. He is a very moderate smoker, and does not go in for sports of any kind. He seldom takes a cab, and when he accompanies his wife to the theatre, they go in the electric 'street car.' Even dining out, except in very bad weather, does not necessitate the expense of a cab. Madame takes a carriage at 4*s.* an hour when she pays formal visits, but for most of her going about the tramway serves.

A STORM IN A BYGONE TEA-CUP.

THERE is small need to emphasise the fact that our ancestors' manners and customs differed very considerably from those of our own day. The very ordinary remark of the genial host, as his guests took their places at the well-furnished dinner table, 'Gentlemen, there are good beds for you all, and a clean floor for those who can't reach them,' sounds but strangely to our latter-day ears, and in our degenerate days would probably foreshadow a dim, yet potent, warning against the 'head' to follow—which 'head,' by the way, seems to have been a *quantité négligeable* in those favoured times.

But it is with no such gay and convivial topics that we propose to deal. On the contrary, alarms and excursions sound in our startled ears, and from the trifling 'not at home' of the stout family butler springs a correspondence leading to recrimination, insult, challenge, and the final calling in of solicitor and friends ere the knotty point can be settled and due apology entitles the belligerents to peace with honour.

An epistolary duel between two 'county families,' baronets and near neighbours, no doubt furnished as much interest and gratification among the surrounding gentry as do similar events nowadays ; and, that no item of the quarrel might be wanting to complete the pleasure of the onlookers, one of our contending parties thoughtfully had the entire correspondence printed, and circulated among his friends and neighbours. It is one of those quaint old pamphlets which now lies before us.

The dispute clearly began by the servant of Sir Patrick Blake not admitting Sir James and Lady Crawford when they called at the house of the former at the, to us, somewhat unusual hour of 9.30 P.M. ; and on this rather flimsy peg hangs a very pretty quarrel. A short preface or introduction from the pen of Sir Patrick Blake akes this clear to us. It runs as follows :

Sir Patrick Blake, in submitting the following extraordinary facts to the intion of his friends, takes this opportunity to observe that, as it was afterwards represented to him, Sir James and Lady Crawford called at his house at half past nine P.M. on Wednesday, 9th inst. Sir Patrick was unacquainted with the circumstance, and ignorant even that Sir James Crawford or his family was

in the country till the following morning. In consequence of Sir Patrick's ill health, general orders were given to admit no one at such an hour, except the physician, who had insisted on the necessity for such a precaution. Sir Patrick, therefore, contends for the propriety of the message sent to Sir James Crawford, and he moreover contends for the truth of it, as he was actually so engaged as to be unable to receive Sir James Crawford had he been so disposed.

The letters of Sir James Crawford require no comment. The only observation they extort is this, that, whatever may have been the opinion of others of Sir Patrick's family, there never was, to his knowledge, a Blake who would receive an insult without resenting it.

PATRICK BLAKE.

Oct. 22nd, 1811.

Now begin the letters proper. The 'not at home' rankles in Sir James Crawford's breast, and, seizing his pen, he indites the following :

My dear Sir Patrick—I cannot leave the county without saying a word to you respecting your extraordinary reception of us the other night. If you had sent us word that you were ill, or that you were engaged in business, it would have been perfectly well; but, after Lady Crawford had sent up her name, you desired *your servant* to tell us that you had company and could not receive us. Company I suppose *too good for us to appear in*.

Such a message from anyone else would have been a positive insult. But, my good Sir Patrick, no one minds what you say on any subject—you are so very odd.

Believe me ever, therefore,

Yours,

JAMES CRAWFURD.

P.S.—As I was writing the last words, poor Joseph came to me to offer his services, saying he thought of leaving you. I will therefore speak plainly, to you, as I would to my own brother.

Having brought these two poor black children from the West Indies, you are bound to guard them against poverty for their lives. Consider the disadvantage they are under as blacks. Nobody likes to take a black servant. Could you bear the thought of their being one day in the list of the black poor? *I could not*.

I, too, took a fancy to a nice little black boy when I was in the West Indies, and wished to bring him to England; but when I reflected on all that might happen to the poor devil here, nothing would have induced me to do it. But if I had thought proper to indulge such a *whim*, I should have thought myself bound to provide for him for life.

You talk of Joseph's bettering himself. Why! suppose he did better himself for a time, it must inevitably end in his being on the street. Ask Mrs. A. F. what she thinks of all this. *Show her* this letter. Read Paley, or any other writer on moral obligations. See what they will say.

Oct. 18th, 1811.

Inspired by an almost feminine genius, Sir James Crawford's postscript embraces many matters foreign to the subject in hand. Who Mrs. A. F. may have been we know not, but she, and Paley,

and Black Joseph jostle each other in united struggle for victory, and the first shot having been fired, all goes merrily. Sir Patrick Blake replies as follows, concluding with one of the small quips dear to our forefathers :

To Sir James Crawford, Bart.

Dear Sir James,—Lady Crawford and yourself being refused here on the night you called was in consequence of the orders I had given to admit no one but my physician. No exception was made, not knowing that you were in the country. I was very unwell and had a person with me at the time on business.

I am surprised you should attempt to teach me how to act with regard to my black servants. As Joseph has thought proper to offer himself to you, you are at full liberty to take him.

As I am odd, and you are odd, we are now even.

So believe me,

Yours &c. truly,

PATRICK BLAKE.

Friday Evening, Oct. 18th, 1811.

Sir Patrick Blake, who seems on the whole to have behaved with a certain dignity and moderation, appears to have wished to end the matter here ; but not so Sir James Crawford, who despatches the following :

Whether your oddities and mine be equal in degree or similar in kind, I leave to the world to decide, my good friend ! I believe I have, however, the character of both speaking and hearing *reason*. You are the most wrong-headed man in England, Ireland, or the West Indies. You knew full well who was at your door. I will *prove* that to you another time. Your inhumanity about your blacks is quite revolting.

Adieu !

JAMES CRAWFURD.

Oct. 20th, 1811.

‘ Sir Patrick Blake, from family considerations, had decided to put an end to such unprofitable correspondence by taking no further notice of it, when the following letter was left at his house.’

Sir James Crawford, thirsting for victory, is not to be so ignored !

No, no, my good Sir Patrick ; don't think I am to be gulled by *you*. You knew perfectly well that Lady Crawford was at your door, for, after being denied in the usual form, she sent up her name to Lady Blake, thinking of course she would see her : and in answer to her message, so sent up, you sent down word that *you had company* and could not see us. Now I say that such a message was an insult. . . . Such a message was never sent before, *except when an affront was intended*. . . . Believe me, my dear Sir Patrick, that when I attempt to *teach anybody how to act*, to use your phrase, I shall fix my choice on a more docile man than you and one less wrong-headed. Your heart is good enough, except on the subject of your poor blacks, but your head savours strongly both of the potatoe and the sugar-cane. Two more wrong-headed races do not exist than the West Indian and the Irish ; what must that man be in whom the two unite ?

Whether my oddity and yours be equal in degree or similar in kind I shall leave to the world to decide. I believe, however, that *I* have the character of *both speaking* reason, and being willing to *hear* it. However that may be, believe me, my good Sir Patrick, that your *surprise* will not prevent my pleading the cause of the poor and the friendless. You brought these poor devils out of their country very unadvisedly—they are now, as you know, unfit to return to it. Therefore you are bound to take care of them, to *secure them a provision for life*. They have not a common chance in this country. People do not like black servants—they give a house a West Indian look. . . . For the reason mentioned above, I do not choose to have a black servant—I mean because I don't like to give my house a West India look. I have no connection with that body—it was by mere accident that a West India estate fell to me. My family, not merely my *Scotch cousins* but my own immediate ancestors, were high in office at the Court of Scotland *many centuries* before the West Indies were discovered. A part of our arms came to us from the circumstance of one of these ancestors of mine saving one of these king's lives on a hunting party: for all this I do not desire you to take my word, but I refer you to Nisbet's Heraldry. Now you will perhaps sneer, and grin, and cock your eyes, tip the wink (as it is elegantly termed) to some one, and say you don't understand heraldry. . . .

But you will say, why do I tell you all this? I confess I have some pleasure in doing it, knowing as I do all that has been illiberally and wickedly said by some (particularly that old — Lady Crawford's mother)—I say illiberally said by some, and not very liberally listened to by others. I have sometimes seen a nasty look of distrust about you, my good Sir Patrick! . . . My father had everything that could attract his love—the esteem, the admiration of both man and woman; but was not withal *very humble*. The following verses were written upon him—very just, though they were poetry. They were four—I forget the two first. They ended:

Wit, sense, and comeliness already join,
So every other blessing shall be thine.

He was in his youth *by much the handsomest man of his time*. So handsome that, even in London, where there is so much beauty, male as well as female, the people used to stop in the streets, turn round and look at him as he went along: and withal, as manly as Mars himself: as unaffected as possible, and an understanding respected, and at one time consulted, by Fox himself.

To Sir Patrick Blake, Bart.

The vexed question of the 'not at home' appears to have more or less subsided, and a dissertation on slaves and his own family importance is now substituted by Sir James Crawford. Clearly, mothers-in-law were not invariably treated with due deference in those days, and we have not even ventured to indicate the epithet applied to Lady Crawford's mother, which stands boldly printed in the original. The passing reference to the truth of poetry is delightful, but Sir James Crawford would seem scarcely fitted by nature or memory to have been an able critic on the subject; and the poet himself does not strike one as a master of his art.

The next step is taken by Sir Patrick Blake, who, on the receipt

of this letter, applies to a friend, Mr. Pickwood, and, 'having put him in possession of the foregoing facts, requests him to procure an interview with Sir James Crawford, for the purpose of ascertaining his motives, and requiring explanation and apology.'

Mr. Pickwood writes a full account of his interview, which does not appear to have been particularly satisfactory. He is armed with a letter, which was to be delivered when other means had failed to bring about the desired result.

Sir James utterly refuses all apology and explanation, and adds: 'I have a regard for Sir Patrick, but at the same time I consider him the most wrong-headed man alive.'

'I rejoined,' says Mr. Pickwood, 'that is a matter of opinion, Sir James, and it is not my present purpose to argue the point with you. I am here, at this stage of the business at least, rather as a mediator than in any other capacity, and, foreseeing the result at which we may possibly arrive by any further personal discussion with you, allow me to suggest the expediency of your appointing some friend with whom I may confer for the amicable adjustment of this business. I am anxious to avoid all extremity. At the same time, the honour of my friend is in my hands and must not be compromised.'

To this Sir James replied: 'I will appoint no one, and for this reason—I consider my honour to be more safe in my own hands than in those of any other person.' . . . I then observed: 'Under these circumstances, there remains for me but one course to pursue, which I take, Sir James, with very great reluctance. Allow me to ask once more if you refuse explanation of and apology for those parts of your letter which have given offence?'

The reply of Sir James was, 'Positively—no explanation, no apology: at the same time I do not doubt your reluctance to be the bearer of any unpleasant message.'

I proceeded to say, 'Then I have only to request your attention to the contents of this letter,' putting at the same time into the hands of Sir James a letter addressed to him by Sir Patrick Blake.

Copy of Letter.

Sir,—On your refusal to give the satisfactory explanation of your extraordinary letters addressed to me, I request you to arrange with my friend, who will deliver this, the opportunities for a meeting, whereby we may put an end to this business in the only way which it now seems to admit of.

I am, &c.

PATRICK BLAKE.

Sir James having read the letter said: 'Sir Patrick is mistaken—I shall do no such thing. I am arrived at a time of life when I have left off boyish behaviour. I abhor the principle of the thing. I am unconcerned at the interpretation that may be put upon my refusal to meet Sir Patrick. I meant no insult to him. I am the person insulted in consequence of the reception I met with at his door. Besides we should not meet upon equal terms. I have four children, he has none.'

I replied, 'That reflection, Sir James, is ill-timed. It should have been made before the provocation was given. . . . Have you anything to add to the answer which I have already received?'

Sir James replied, 'Nothing whatever——'

I concluded by saying, 'Then it is useless to prolong our conversation, which I shall be careful to report correctly to Sir Patrick Blake.'

Upon this our interview terminated.

I have only to add that the manner of Sir James Crawford's reception of me was particularly attentive and polite during the whole of this painful discussion.

I am, my dear Sir Patrick,

Very truly yours,

R. PICKWOOD.

Oct. 22nd.

'Thus situated,' continues the pamphlet, 'Sir Patrick Blake had no alternative left but publicly to declare, by a notice affixed in the coffee-room, that Sir James Crawford is *no gentleman and a poltroon*.

PATRICK BLAKE.'

'Oct. 23rd, 1811.'

Sir James Crawford does not seem to have taken any very particular heed of the Coffee Room notice, but he writes again to Mr. Pickwood to emphasise his refusal of the challenge :

Dear Sir,—The peremptory tenor of Sir Patrick's note necessarily cut short our conversation, or I believe I could have convinced *you*. Sir Patrick I shall never hope or attempt to convince.

Having completed my fiftieth year on Friday sen'night, I have, be assured, for ever renounced the contemptible alternative proposed to me by poor Sir Patrick. I am sorry Sir Patrick should be so much hurt, but I hope you understand clearly that I refuse his demands *in toto*.'

Mr. Pickwood once more points out to Sir James Crawford that he did not present the challenge till after the peremptory refusal of any apology or explanation, and, apparently becoming a little tired of the affair, begs to be excused from receiving any further communication on the subject. Sir James Crawford, however, now well in his stride, sends two long and ponderous tirades to the unfortunate Mr. Pickwood. He takes a high and moral view of the question, shows us his mind, 'too strong to be swayed by idle prejudice,' mentions 'the courage which enables him to do his duty,' and repeats his determination 'neither to give the world the *indecent* spectacle of two persons connected as Sir Patrick and I are, going out like two Drawcansirs, or to expose thus unjustifiably a life reserved, I trust, for better purposes.' He adds :

I am, I can assure you, at a loss to conceive what can have given this strange man such mortal offence. If he thinks I have used him ill the remedy is at hand—the only *Christian* remedy, when people have been friends. I mean, to break off all connection. But thirst for a friend's blood!!!! Horrible!! Don't thus prostitute the glorious name of honour. I really fear his gout has affected his head. I return home to-morrow.

Two letters were also received by Sir Patrick Blake, but were returned unopened.

Matters appear to have remained in abeyance till November 2, when Sir James Crawford, whose care for his person seems to have been as pronounced as his views on the blacks, appears to have called in the protection of the law ; for we read that another mutual friend writes to inform Sir Patrick that Sir James had been to swear the peace against him :

I begged him to desist from such a step, as I was sure it was not your intention to molest his person. Sir James Crawford asked me if I would answer for your keeping the peace. I assured him I would do all in my power to promote a reconciliation, and pledged myself that you would not molest the person of Sir James Crawford, if you did not receive any fresh provocation or insult from that gentleman.

But 'tis ever darkest before dawn, and now the day is breaking and the clouds roll by. With a deep feeling of relief we read the two last entries :

After a negotiation between friends of the respective parties, the following letters were interchanged :

Sir,—I hereby acknowledge that I sincerely regret that I should have been led to write anything insulting to you. I very willingly apologise for having done so, and declare that I had never any intention of offering any insult to you.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,

JAMES CRAWFURD.

Sir,—I hereby acknowledge that I sincerely regret that I was urged, by the provocation given by you, and by your positive refusal of all explanation and satisfaction, to the measure of posting your name in a paper in the Coffee Room.

In consequence of your explanation now given, I am induced to retract the opinion which I declared in that paper of your character and principles.

PATRICK BLAKE.

So ends this wordy war. One wonders rather on what terms the contending parties subsequently lived, and also what was Black Joseph's ultimate fate.

J. C. KENNETT.

MACEDONIAN RELIEF.

BY LADY THOMPSON.

THE half-dozen English, men and women, who spent last winter in the heart of Macedonia as agents for the Relief Funds had certainly an exceptional opportunity of learning something, from the inside, of the conditions of life in the Turkish Empire. The vilayet of Monastir was divided for relief purposes into six districts, with Monastir, Ochrida, Kichevo, Florina, Resna, and Kastoria as centres. Here dépôts for the distribution of blankets, clothing, and flour, hospitals and dispensaries were opened, and from these headquarters it was possible to visit and keep in touch with the circle of burnt and ruined villages lying within a radius of some two days' ride. Here, remote from Western civilisation, with no other company but a small staff of Greek or Albanian helpers, an escort of Turkish soldiers, the Kaimakan, the Greek or Bulgarian bishop, possibly a kind and hospitable Bey, and the peasants themselves, the relief agent was brought into close and hourly contact with many of the conflicting elements of Macedonian life, and, if one was forced to make and unmake one's opinions many times over, it was at least impossible not to become vitally interested in every aspect of the struggle. For myself, I may say at the outset that I went to Turkey with no strong political bias and with no settled convictions either way, prompted only by the sympathy with the homeless and suffering, common to all who had read of the troubles in Macedonia, and who knew by experience what such suffering meant.¹

The district of Kastoria, which fell to my share, lies for five months of the year half in mud and half in ice and snow. High roads and bridges, no doubt, exist there as elsewhere in Turkey, but the traveller usually prefers a more direct track, whatever its difficulties may be, to the winding chaussée, and, as the officer in charge of our escort gave his men standing orders never to cross a bridge, we plunged down and up precipitous banks into turbulent streams rather than trust ourselves to such rotten planks as remained in the bridge we saw tottering above our heads. This year one

¹ Miss Kathleen Bruce went out to Macedonia with me, but unfortunately fell ill with typhoid after the first month and was obliged to return to England.

met few travellers upon the road : sometimes a Bey, with his attendants armed with the large and ornamental collection of weapons without which no Albanian considers himself properly dressed ; sometimes a whole village, bringing loads of firewood to the nearest town ; once, with a large mounted escort, the correspondent of the *Novoe Vremya*, the object of even more suspicion and conjecture than myself. Sometimes one passed a flock of brown sheep and goats, guarded by a Wallachian shepherd, who, wrapt in his rough hooded cloak, looked like one of his own herd in a different shape. At long intervals, floating in seas of mud or hidden in snow, hardly distinguishable in colour or form, one came to what remained of once prosperous Bulgarian villages.

There was a certain grim irony in those journeys to the burnt villages, guarded by an escort of perhaps the very soldiers who had wrought their destruction. It says much for the natural courtesy of the Turk and for his resignation to circumstances, be they what they may, that I can remember nothing but good-temper and constant little acts of kindness on the part of every trooper or *souvarri*, whose unpleasant duty it was to travel with us, in all weathers, while we carried relief to their mortal enemies. The fact that the winter was, for Macedonia, a mild one, was claimed by Christians and Mussulmans alike as a special mark of Divine favour. 'See how good God is to the Christians,' one often heard ; 'He knows they have no houses, and He has not sent the snow so early this year ;' while the Turks would say, 'Ah, God remembers our poor soldiers in their tents.' And, indeed, the soldiers had need of pity. Picketed every hundred yards along each line of railway in Turkey, in the snow of the mountain passes or the deep mud of the wind-swept plains, often shoeless, and always in rags, sometimes even without food, their lot seemed most miserable ; but they were ever uncomplaining and ready with the same loyal answer, 'If the Sultan knew we wanted shoes and coats, he would send them tomorrow. But there are bad people round him, and they will not tell him of our need.'

It was no doubt harder for the officer in charge of our escort to acquiesce in a situation which must have seemed to him extraordinary and unnatural in the extreme. The authorities had made it a first condition that an officer or Government *employé* should be present at every distribution which was made, and that he should go with us to each house we visited. Bulgarian women are sometimes not afraid to speak even in the presence of a Turkish

officer, and it was often as unpleasant for him to hear their stories and to witness their sufferings as it was to see English women giving help to those who, from his point of view, had been justly punished for rebelling against the Padishah. But here again, though we exhausted the strength or the patience of three officers in the first month alone, one could only wonder at the forbearance and good temper they had shown in the discharge of such distasteful duty. It gave us something of a shock, certainly, when after a discussion on loyalty to the Sultan we asked the young officer who had been our daily companion for some weeks what he would do if orders came from the palace for the execution of the two English ladies in Kastoria. His cheerful face fell for an instant, but he answered at once with a slight shrug of the shoulders: 'I should have to do it, I should be very sorry;' adding, kindly and seriously, 'but there is no need to suppose the order will be sent.' Everything comes to those who wait in Turkey, and the escort of forty, who were sent with us at first into the so-called dangerous districts, dwindled down after a few weeks to a single *souvarri* (mounted gendarme), who spoke no Bulgarian, and with him I was allowed to visit the villages where and when I pleased.

It is true that there were times of anxiety, when we feared that the Government would put an end to what was, perhaps, the most valuable part of our work, that of medical relief. The Turkish authorities opened a hospital in Kastoria for Bulgarians last December, as a rival to the ambulance we had started earlier, and we were told that before long all our patients would be removed there. The Turkish hospital in Kastoria was a contrast to the so-called hospital the Government authorities had opened before in a village near in response to Mr. Brailsford's representations as to the sickness of the district. When we had visited this wretched attic—for there was but one room—we had found five patients ill with pneumonia and in the sixth bed a child with fully developed small-pox. The doctor had not been there for three days, and the patients had had nothing but bread to eat. But the Turkish hospital in Kastoria was a fine house, far better than ours, and the arrangements, on paper, seemed all that could be wished. But no patients, unless forcibly taken by soldiers, could be induced to go there. At one time our hospital was filled to overflowing, nearly fifty patients lying on mattresses in every available corner in space that perhaps sufficed for twenty-five, and at last we were forced to harden our hearts and to refuse fresh cases. In vain we represented the charms

of the Turkish hospital, its well-aired rooms, its comfortable rugs, its highly qualified doctors. In vain I promised to go there with the patients myself, and to visit them daily. No, if they could not stay with us, they would go back to their villages; and so, weak and aching with fever and influenza, the sufferers would climb again on to their animals and journey back another six or seven hours of weary road, rather than trust themselves to the tender mercies of their foes. But even the hospital difficulties were adjusted in the end, and, on the whole, considering the nature of our mission and the responsibility our presence entailed on the authorities, one could once more only wonder at the consideration and kindness shown to us. Nothing, of course, could have been done without the firm and cordial support of Mr. MacGregor, the British Consul at Monastir, and of Mr. Graves, the Consul-General, and Mr. Heard, the Vice-Consul at Salonica, and, in the last resort, of the Ambassador at Constantinople.

The first questions asked with reference to relief work in Macedonia are usually, Was there real distress, and was the help sent from England really necessary? To both I unhesitatingly answer 'Yes.' The district of Kastoria was by no means the poorest in the vilayet, but without the English blankets, the flour and money given to the widows and orphans, the old and sick, and, above all, without the hospital and doctors supported by the Funds, the suffering and mortality would have been very great. It is, moreover, perhaps allowable to question whether, without the example of English charity, the two monthly doles given by the Sultan to the women and children of the burnt villages would have been forthcoming. 'My Government has rebuilt an immense number of houses for the villagers,' Hilmi Pasha told me last December. 'Perhaps you would like to know the exact numbers.' An official brought in sheets of statistics. The figures ran into some thousands already, but I can affirm, that in the Kastoria region, at all events, no single house has been rebuilt by the Turks. Grants were made to the peasants for rebuilding, varying from a few piastres to £13; but a sum of less than 4s. will not pay for the construction of even a mud hut, and peasants whose stone houses represented the savings of a lifetime and had cost more than £100 declined to take the proffered grant.

The ravages of earthquake, eruption, and hurricane are terrible enough, but I have seen few pictures of human misery to compare with that of a mountain village to which we came one gloomy

winter's day. A furious blizzard, with blinding clouds of hail and snow that cut like knives, had risen suddenly, as we were crossing the ridge some 2,000 feet high, which divided the village from the outside world, and our horses could scarcely be made to face the blasts that swept down from the snow mountains beyond. The rough Turkish soldiers, with the touching instinctive kindness they always showed us, placed themselves as a screen, as far as they could, between me and the wind, but it was a ride that tested even their powers of endurance. Not a human being was to be seen out of doors when the first of our party rode into the village, and when at last some women caught sight of the horses, their scream of '*Asker, asker*' ('Soldiers, soldiers'), and their terror-stricken flight told their own tale. Fire and dynamite had done their work well; but against the fragments of walls the people had put up some kind of shelter, thatched with grass or reeds, often without door or window, for in the winter it is not possible to prepare timber from the forest for use, and there was no money to buy planks. The whole village was lying sick with influenza and typhoid. In some huts, penetrated by every cruel blast, choked with blinding smoke from the wood fires, the whole family lay groaning on the mud floor, too weak to move even a few inches to escape the drip of snow through the roof, too helpless to prepare any nourishment, even had the means been at hand. We had been drenched by the storm long before we reached the village, but an old umbrella, a last reminiscence of former prosperity, which had survived the chances of war, was discovered and kindly carried over me as we went from house to house. Very little could be done that day to alleviate the suffering. We left the doctor there to spend the night in company with some twenty villagers in the one water-tight room left standing; and for days afterwards a melancholy procession of men, women, and children, fastened as best might be on horses and donkeys hired by us from a Turkish village near, came into our hospital in Kastoria. There, under the kindly care of our doctor and two Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, a few days or weeks of warmth and abundant food were, as a rule, able to restore the sufferers to some measure of health and strength, with which once more to face the privations of their ruined homes.

The life of a Bulgarian peasant is at best devoid of all that we should call comfort, and when I speak here of the Bulgarian I refer of course to the Bulgarian of Macedonia and not to his more fortunate brother in free and prosperous Bulgaria. His staple food

is bread and onions ; his mud house contains little beyond the mattress on which the family sit by day and sleep by night, some heavy native rugs, and the few pots and tins which serve his household needs. His wealth—if wealth it can be called—is in his herds and his fields ; if he is ambitious—and the Bulgarian makes a successful emigrant, even when he goes as far afield as America—he will go abroad for part of the year to work as a mason or on the railway. But, though the peasant may own the land he cultivates, he finds the 20 or 30 per cent. tax to the Government so burdensome that in many districts he has rooted up his vines rather than pay the tax levied on every tree on his land. The outlook for the peasant this summer is but dreary. He is not allowed to go abroad to work, he can see his flocks in the hands of his Turkish neighbours, and recognise his own cloak on a passing soldier. His store of grain was burnt or carried off by the troops last autumn. This spring, as he had no oxen to plough for him, he has been reduced to the spade, and he has sown perhaps one-third of his usual crops. The burning of villages is unfortunately a recognised necessity even in civilised warfare, and from the point of view of the Turkish Government it was, perhaps, the only means of cutting off supplies from the insurgent bands, and to that extent justifiable as far as such steps ever can be justified ; but there can hardly be a method of warfare more disastrous and expensive to all concerned, more cruel and more far-reaching in results, and more calculated to prolong and embitter racial struggles.

Each day's work brought some sad story or picture of its own before us. Four little girls, whose parents had both been shot as they fled from their village ; three others—mere babies—whom we found sitting round a great pot in their smoky cabin, their mother dead from exposure, their father incurably ill at the hospital ; a young girl in deep distress, because her wedding clothes had been burnt, and now no one would want a portionless bride ; the widow of a village priest, a woman with wild hunted eyes who had not slept since the bodies of her husband and his brother had been found on the mountains weeks before, and who, unable to rest, even in our hospital, passed on to die a few days later ; haggard boys and girls, whose wounds had remained undressed some six or seven months ; men just out of the unspeakable prisons—'We could live there through the winter, but had it been summer we must have died'—a village priest, crippled for life and still prostrate from the bastinado he had endured three times some eight

months before; an old father and mother, who came every week on a hopeless mission, a five hours' journey, to ask if I could give them tidings yet of their deaf and dumb boy, whom the soldiers were supposed to have carried away; sometimes young girls, for whom one could only hope that forgetfulness or death might come; and always a tale of widows, old and young, to which there seemed no end; such were a few of the cases that came to us for what help or comfort we could give. An old black woman in St. Vincent, whose husband and son had been killed in the hurricane, speaking of her loneliness, said to me, 'And when I go to market now, there is only me and my shadow;' but there is something more pathetic still perhaps in a phrase one heard often enough in Macedonia in answer to the question 'How many souls are you?' 'I sit alone.'

There are but two ways of death recognised as possible for a Bulgarian in Turkey in these days, and one soon learnt to ask as a matter of course, 'And how did your husband die, *ot Gospod ili ot Turzi*?' ('from God or from the Turks'); just as there were apparently but two dates when the women had become widows, *ot vreme* (a long time ago), or *na lieto-to* (last summer). There is, too, an illness, more or less serious and sometimes fatal, peculiar to Macedonia, openly avowed by the sufferers and recognised by name by the doctors—*strach* (fear). How many women, and men too, did we not see this winter, literally bent to the ground, unable to lift up their heads, unable to walk, unable to speak, and yet organically sound and uninjured! It was not only the horror of burning houses, the hasty flight before the soldiers, the grief for those who fell, but it was the weeks and sometimes months spent in hiding and suspense on the mountains, after the villages were destroyed, and before they dared come back to their ruined homes. They hardly knew how they had lived through those weeks. 'We were five or ten together, and we crawled through the bushes and hid in caves. When our babies cried we smothered them in our jackets, so that no one should hear them. We lived on berries and sometimes three or four women went down to the unburnt villages to bring back food.' Small wonder that few of the babies born since the insurrection survived, and few, too, of their mothers. By one of the strange inconsistencies to which one becomes so rapidly accustomed in Turkey, women are usually sent on difficult missions, because the same soldiers, who in the hot excitement of war will commit the darkest outrages, will, as a rule, refrain from touching a woman at other times. Thus, in a recent disturbance between

Greeks and Bulgarians in Kastoria, when the Turkish troops were called in to restore order, the Bulgarians put their women in front of the crowd, knowing that the soldiers would not hurt them ; and this winter, when there was something of a reign of terror along the high roads, it was always the women who were sent out from the villages for wood or water.

Yet the Bulgarian is in no sense a coward. He makes a far better conspirator and insurgent than the Greek. He does not pose, he is in deadly earnest, he is reckless of life, he is frugal and hardy, he can organise, he can be silent, he can wait his time. I came once upon an armed band in hiding in a village when my Turkish guard were waiting in the street below. 'Are you not afraid to be here in your uniform, when the soldiers may come into the house at any moment?' I asked the chief, a man with insurgent written on every line of his person. 'I can only die once, and I am always ready,' and he insisted on escorting me to the very door. Nor can I forget how a band of Komits, when they learnt through a cypher letter that certain well-known Greek bandits had determined to take me and hold me up for ransom—and the ransom paid for a foreigner has often helped to provide insurgents of all parties with the sinews of war—at the risk of their own lives, unknown to me and unseen, formed a guard on each side of the track, as I rode back to my night's quarters, and stayed round my house till daylight, in spite of the presence of some hundred soldiers in search of the Greek brigands, and of my own escort ; and how, with a chivalrous consideration more touching still, they had said, 'Do not let Madama know anything of this, in case it should make her afraid when she goes to the villages again.'

It is the custom of one section of the European press to describe the Bulgarian peasant of Macedonia as the tool of the Revolutionary Committee which sits in safety at Sofia, or as a desperado who spends each summer as a picnic on the mountains, with a large supply of cigarettes and a rifle across his shoulder, making occasional descents on the Bulgarian villages round, from which he terrorises provisions and fresh recruits, while once in a way he burns a Turkish *chiflik*, murders a gendarme, or intercepts and robs a team of harmless muleteers. The committee does, no doubt, regulate the movements of the peasants, and, though its methods are by no means always beyond reproach, they are at least well adapted to the end in view, and with this end every

Bulgarian peasant, old or young, in Macedonia is in complete sympathy, even though some may, from prudential motives, hang back from active participation in the struggle. Last April the Patriarch sent round to the Ambassadors in Constantinople a formidable list of the crimes committed by Bulgarians during the past year. There was probably a percentage of exaggeration in the list, and there was certainly a percentage of unjustifiable cruelty ; but in many cases there was a reason for what was done. Life is held cheap in the East, and in a country seething with insurrection and riddled with secret organisations the greatest of all crimes is treachery ; and for a spy there is and can be but one punishment. The Pope and schoolmaster of a Bulgarian village not far from Kastoria were suspected some weeks ago of 'Patriarchist,' that is to say, of Greek tendencies. To be suspected by the committees is unfortunately also to be convicted. The village met together, and the Pope and schoolmaster were executed in front of the church door. The Turkish authorities very properly arrested the Headman and Elders at once. A few days afterwards a deputation of their wives came to ask me if I would not explain the circumstances to the Kaimakan and ask for their release. It was in vain to represent to them, using their own phrase, 'that life was God's gift' and must not be taken, even by a whole village in conclave, and that punishment must follow. The women would only repeat, 'But they were wicked men, *gospoja* ; they were spies, they had to be killed, and the whole village met together and killed them,' and they went away, shrugging their shoulders and sighing, 'She does not understand.'

A very attractive boy was thrown into prison, while I was in Kastoria, as a revolutionary. The *souvarris* themselves told me that the only evidence against him was an umbrella and an old Bulgarian newspaper, found in his room, and he was released after a day or two. He came to see me, righteously indignant at the injustice of his arrest. 'But, as a matter of fact, you *were* with the bands last summer, I suppose ?' 'Oh yes ; of course I was.' This boy had been concerned in the murder of some thirty men belonging to the one Turkish hamlet in a long tract of country peopled entirely by Bulgarians. The Turks have devoted much time and money and a great deal of persuasion of various kinds during the past centuries to effect the conversion of certain villages built in good strategical positions ; and the objections to a settlement of *Pomaks*, as such converts are called, in the heart of a

district deeply committed to the revolutionary movement are sufficiently patent. In any case, the deed was done, and the thirty poor widows in black Turkish garments, with Bulgarian eyes peeping over their white Turkish veils and the well-known Bulgarian voice issuing from their depths, came to us for help, together with the murderers of their husbands, all through the winter. 'Surely it was a very wicked deed,' I said to my friend, the young Komit; 'that is the kind of thing that turns away the sympathy of civilised Christian countries from your cause.' 'Why do you call it a wicked deed, *gospoja*?' We sent the women and children and old men out of the village before we killed any of their men. We were not cruel at all. The men were spies, our lives were in their hands.' It is a point of view that cannot be altogether ignored, when the 'balance of criminality' is in question. A price is on the heads of the leaders of the bands, who are themselves as a rule peasants belonging to the district, and consequently known to every child in the neighbourhood. The visit of a band to a village for rest or for supplies can hardly be kept secret from anyone there, and a single traitor may mean the capture or death of the whole band.

Nothing seems to strike the Western mind as more incomprehensible than the attitude of the Christian subjects of the Porte to each other. Surely, it is said, if their Turkish master were all he is represented to be, Greeks and Bulgarians, Wallachians and Serbs would sink their differences and unite to drive him from his already tottering throne. But it must be borne in mind that these differences are entirely political, and in no sense religious. A Greek would be as little satisfied in the free Macedonia, to which the Bulgarian aspires, as the Bulgarian would be in the extension of the Greek kingdom, which is the dream of Hellenism. It is a question of race and nationality, in no sense of faith or doctrine, and it owes its religious aspect only to the fact that the priests, with the schoolmasters, are on both sides the promoters of the propaganda. Dissensions between Christian nations are not unknown in Western Europe, and the dissensions of Bulgarian and Greek in Macedonia are but further instances of that incompatibility of national temperaments and aspirations which the struggles of Finns and Poles, of Magyars and Celts, have illustrated again and again.

To belong to the Exarchate, in short, means sympathy with Bulgarian aspirations; to belong to the Patriarchate means sympathy with those of Greece, and also at the present juncture a

certain degree of protection from the Porte. The Greek and Bulgarian rites are practically identical, except that Mass is said in ancient Greek in the one and in ancient Slavonic in the other, both being, of course, equally unintelligible to the people. There is but little or no difference in the education given in the country districts by the rival Churches, and none in the status of their village priests. An American Congregationalist missionary, who had spent twenty years in the country, said to a well-known authority on all Eastern matters that never in all his experience had he met one priest of the Eastern Churches in Turkey whom he should call a spiritually minded man. 'Add twenty years to that,' said a high dignitary of the Roman Catholic Church, to whom the remark was repeated, 'and you have my experience also.'

The Greek monasteries of Turkey reveal a curious picture of decay. These vast mediæval buildings, fortress rather than convent, standing on wooded mountain slopes or sheltered among great plane trees by the lakes, once rich and powerful, are now tenanted only by a few monks and lay brothers, who cultivate the fields around. The religious side of monastic life has almost ceased to be, but the monastery supplies the place in Turkey of poor-house and lunatic asylum. Here orphans and widows take up their abode, and in return for shelter occupy themselves in a desultory fashion with the work of the place; and here are to be found those unfortunates into whom it is believed that the Evil One has entered. Only by prayer and fasting can the devil be driven out; and the patient is kept on a diet of bread with vinegar and water, subjected to heavy flagellations, while many prayers are said over him. I have heard, both from doctors and from unprejudiced foreigners, that wonderful cures have been effected by this treatment in certain monasteries of special sanctity; but the process is a terrible one. In a monastery where I spent the night a few weeks ago a village priest, possibly of weak intellect, but certainly quite harmless, was confined in a cell that was nothing more than a noisome hole in the ground; his hands tied across his breast, his neck fastened to the wall by a chain in such a way that he could not lie down, with all the horrors of cold, solitude, and darkness, and this not for days only, but for weeks and even months together, so that it seemed there was little more that human strength or reason could endure. 'Did he know you?' I asked his fellow villager, who had been allowed to see him. 'Oh yes, he did. "Giorgi," he said, "bring me some water. They

have forgotten to give me any to-day.' 'Does he not want to escape?' 'He does not like being there in the dark, but he does not want to leave the monastery.'

The monastery of which I write can be reached in five days from London, but, until one remembered that in England too not a hundred years ago the feeble-minded and the insane knew no other treatment, one seemed to have travelled back into the Middle Ages.

The struggles in the cause of propaganda between the rival Churches are not edifying. Threats of persecution and promises of protection are employed liberally by the Exarchate and Patriarchate alike. It is by no means unnatural that the peasants who since the destruction of their villages have received shelter and protection in Greek monasteries should have given in their allegiance to the Patriarch in consequence; but sometimes the system is revealed in a cruder form.

The Patriarchate lately purchased the adherence of several families in a certain village for the sum of £3 a household, for money went a long way this winter. It was necessary to provide a priest for this Orthodox nucleus. A long black robe and a high hat were ordered from Monastir, and by the time they arrived the Archbishop's choice had fallen on an old man, called Paniotti, who, it chanced, had been a patient in our hospital, and who had been allowed to stay on beyond the necessary time because of his extreme poverty. It mattered in no wise that Paniotti was unable to read or write, and that he was quite unfamiliar with the ceremonial or the words of the Liturgy; a confused mumbling in an imaginary tongue would satisfy the peasants for their baptisms, marriages, and funerals, and for the monthly blessing of their houses, and the thin end of the wedge of Greek interests had been inserted in another Bulgarian community.

Yet another net is spread for the soul of the Bulgarian peasant. The convert from the Exarchate to the Roman Church in Turkey will find the same rite to which he is accustomed and blindly attached in the same tongue, the same Ikonostasis screening the altar from the congregation, and, strangest of all to those outside, he will hear Mass said by a married priest. The Uniate Bulgarian Church differs only from her rival sisters in that she is in full communion with the Roman Catholic Church throughout the world, and in that she looks to the Pope as her spiritual head.¹

¹ Roman Catholic and American Protestant missions to the Bulgarians have been in existence for many years, and, though the converts have not been very

What wonder if the peasant, ignorant as to the facts, confused as to the issues, harassed by tax-gatherer, harassed by the committees, harassed by the Archbishop, for the price of a new house or for the sake of a quiet life puts himself on the side which at the moment can promise him the most!

But though they understand but few words of their Mass, though they have vague ideas of doctrine and the least possible amount of instruction and help from their priests, Christianity is still a living reality to the peasants. In a country where to be a Christian implies social disabilities of many kinds and even actual dangers, Bulgarian mothers do not hesitate to tattoo a cross between the eyes of their girl babies. 'When we were on the mountains, how we wept and how we prayed!' said the woman; and I have seen patients in the hospital seize the Crucifix hanging at the Sister's side and kiss it fervently, saying, '*Nash* Christus' ('Our Christ'), with the same pride and joy of possession as they would speak of their own insurgent leader.

There is something of the Mussulman's resignation to a supreme fate, something of his religious fanaticism in the Eastern Christian's attitude to his faith. '*Gospod* and *Kismet*' ('God and Fate') are almost interchangeable words. With the Bulgarian again, as with the Turk, the keeping of fasts is almost the chief feature in his religion. The Bulgarian keeps his Church fasts with a rigour unknown to the Greek; a sick man will touch no meat, and milk is refused even to the unfortunate babies on a forbidden day. 'He is a good man; he neither eats, drinks, or smokes all day in Ramazan,' a Turk will say of some reprobate who has committed every crime forbidden in the Decalogue.

The peasant is strongly attached to his own village. 'Our village used to be the most beautiful of all, and now it is the most miserable,' they would often say; but it generally seemed to be the ruin of his Church even more than of his home that had gone to his heart. The church of a burnt village had usually been left untouched since the soldiers had worked their will on it—the altar overthrown and broken, the eyes and jewels of the Saints in the *Ikonoctasis* torn out, the pictures defaced, the pulpit flung to the ground, the lamps lying in fragments on the pavement. I asked

numerous, they have proved sincere and devout. The missions have been content to work slowly, trusting chiefly to their schools, and perhaps yet more, though unconsciously, to the example of simple and devoted lives, whether of priest and nun or of missionary and teacher,

why no effort had been made to restore some appearance of order after these many months. 'We want Europe to know what has been done to our Churches,' was always the answer, 'and you must tell what you have seen.'

One can but hope that the Eastern Church, strong in its great traditions, strong in the hold it still has, in spite of its present deficiencies, on the peoples of Eastern Europe, may yet have within it the seeds of regeneration. When the day for pruning and purifying comes, as it came in due course to the Western Churches, the branch which now seems dead must surely grow again with renewed vigour.

What, one is often tempted to ask, would any European nation have made of the task of governing Macedonia, with its babel of tongues, its reckless fanatical peoples, its tangled and conflicting interests? The Porte, with its policy of *divide et impera*, has made no effort to impose one language or one creed on its subjects. Difference of language, though it forms no bar to intercourse in a country where the ear is trained from infancy to the sound of many tongues, means difference of interests and ambitions. The Porte has failed to weld these opposing elements together and to produce the sense of security and protection which might have formed some common bond for its subjects, and the task must eventually be given to others. Whether the solution be found in the extension of Servia, Bulgaria, and Greece, or whether by the appointment of a Christian Governor, nominally tributary to the Porte, over the whole country, there is at least one subject on which Turks, Bulgarians, and Greeks are united—the dread of a Russian occupation. 'We would rather all go down to Salonica and drown ourselves in the sea.'

There are tragedies on every side in the Balkan peninsula; but, perhaps, there are few greater tragedies than that presented by the Turkish Empire itself, incapable of reform, dictated to by every Power in turn, conscious that the hand of every man in Europe is against it, conscious that it owes its solitary ally and even its very existence only to the selfish motives of other Powers. 'They want to drive us back into Asia,' said a young staff officer, 'but there will be none of us left to cross the Straits.'

As to the future of Macedonia, for those who have seen the sufferings of its people, and heard from their own lips something of their hopes and fears, who have felt the charm of its wide plains, its desolate mountains, its great lakes, and its old-world customs, there is, alas, no greater comfort than the phrase one hears daily

in many tongues in the East, '*Koe znai?*' ('Who knows?') Want of funds, dissensions among the leaders at Sofia, possibly even a wish to give the so-called reforms some trial, may delay events; but when once the idea of *svoboda* (liberty) has penetrated into the heart and soul of a people as it has with the Macedonians, it can only be a question of time before they obtain what they desire. A people whose children and young women bear arms, whose speech and songs breathe nothing but love of country and desire for liberty, who, knowing well that, without foreign help, their ill-armed bands can have no chance against regular troops, are yet willing, year after year, to sacrifice the finest of their youth for their cause, are not likely to be satisfied with half-measures.

A programme of reforms, it is true, was drawn up some eight months ago, but up till the end of April there was no tangible proof, no vestige of any reform to be found in the interior of Macedonia. The civil agents from Russia and Austria have been sitting for months in conclave with Hilmi Pasha at Salonica. Yet another diplomatic convention between Turkey and Bulgaria has been concluded, and there are actually scattered through Macedonia a few foreign gendarmerie officers, whose powers the skill of the Sultan has reduced almost to vanishing point. But what is there in all this to offer to the peasants and to satisfy their reasonable expectations? How can one ask them to trust the sincerity of Powers and the efficiency of reforms which one doubts oneself?

It rests with Europe to decide whether it must be only after years of suffering, of repeated insurrection, and of yet more bitter retribution, that the end is gained. There are hundreds of Bulgarian villages still unburnt, and the people will rise again and again. 'How long did it take the Americans to get free from England?' a wounded boy of fourteen asked an American missionary. 'They were fighting for seven years.' 'Very well, then we will fight for seventeen.' Mission teachers in Bulgarian schools have told me that in the summer their pupils become absent-minded and indifferent to their lessons. 'What is the matter with you?' they asked a bright child of seven or eight, who seemed unable to master the simplest task. He burst into tears and answered: 'My father and brother have gone to the mountains and I want to go with them.' 'Why didn't you go out with the bands last year?' I asked a little boy of much the same age. 'Because I had no gun. I wish you would give me one.' And to the question, 'What are you going to be when

you grow up?' the children had but one answer, 'A chief of Komits!'

More than once an envelope was put into my hands addressed to M. Constandinos or to M. Pasaskevaides, of Athens. I demurred as to opening it. 'Oh yes, it is for you, but we addressed it in that way in case anyone should see it before it reached you.' It contained a copy of poems, composed in the villages and sung on the mountains, dirges over the flower of the village who now sleep peacefully on the hillside where they fell, national songs with a rhythm and pathos that rang true, in spite of their simple, even prosaic words. Once, as I entered a village about nightfall the boys and then the men met me, singing a patriotic song, which I could only hope my impervious Turkish escort understood less than I did. 'All we want is liberty; we want nothing else. The women are weeping at home, but we cannot weep like women. How can I stay in the village when my brother, whom I love, has gone to the mountains? Forward, forward, liberty and Macedonia!'

'Is there anything you would like me to say for you when I go back to England?' I asked more than once. 'Tell the company in London,' as they usually called the relief committee, 'that we give them boundless thanks for all they have done for us—as many houses as there are in our village, so many grateful hearts are there—and tell them, too, that we look at England to help us gain our freedom.' Again and again did one hear the combination, pathetic when one realised how little it could mean, 'Long live England and Macedonia!'

Looking southward across the Lake of Kastoria, my Greek companion told me that four days' ride over level country would bring one to the frontier of Greece. 'There are one or two Turkish towns,' he said, 'but all the villages you would pass are Greek. The people there do not even understand Bulgarian,' he added triumphantly. 'When we Greeks rise for our liberty here,' a dignitary of the Greek Church said to me, 'we shall count on England to help us. She is our natural friend.' 'If the English came here our country would be rich and happy,' said a Turk of high character and position.

England may officially repudiate a special share in the Treaty of San Stefano, she may delegate her responsibilities to the kindly guardianship of the Powers, she may salve her conscience with relief funds, but the Macedonian Christian will not cease to think that England stands for liberty, and to count on her help in his hour of need.

ART AND LETTERS.

IN that dim and distant æon
 Known as Ante-Mycenæan,
 When the proud Pelasgian still
 Bounded on his native hill,
 And the shy Iberian dwelt
 Undisturbed by conquering Celt,
 Ere from out their Aryan home
 Came the lords of Greece and Rome,
 Somewhere in those ancient spots
 Lived a man who painted Pots—
 Painted with an art defective,
 Quite devoid of all perspective,
 Very crude, and causing doubt
 When you tried to make them out,
 Men (at least they looked like that),
 Beasts that might be dog or cat,
 Pictures blue and pictures red,
 All that came into his head :
 Not that any tale he meant
 On the Pots to represent :
 Simply 'twas to make them smart,
 Simply Decorative Art.
 So the seasons onward hied,
 And the Painter-person died—
 But the Pot whereon he drew
 Still survived as good as new :
 Painters come and painters go,
 Art remains *in statu quo*.

When a thousand years (perhaps)
 Had proceeded to elapse,
 Out of Time's primeval mist
 Came an Aetiologist ;
 He by shrewd and subtle guess
 Wrote Descriptive Letterpress,
 Setting forth the various causes
 For the drawings on the vases,

All the motives, all the plots
Of the painter of the pots,
Entertained the nations with
Fable, Saga, Solar Myth,
Based upon ingenious shots
At the Purpose of the Pots,
Showing ages subsequent
What the painter really meant
(Which, of course, the painter hadn't;
He'd have been extremely saddened
Had he seen his meanings missed
By the Aetiologist).

Next arrives the Prone to Err
Very ancient Chronicler,
All that mythologic lore
Swallowing whole and wanting more,
Crediting what wholly lacked
All similitude of Fact,
Building on this wondrous basis
All we know of early races;
So the Past as seen by him
Furnished from its chambers dim
Hypothetical foundations
Whence succeeding generations
Built, as on a basis sure,
Branches three of Literature,
Social Systems four (or five),
Two Religions Primitive;
So that one may truly say
(Speaking in a general way)
All the facts and all the knowledge
Taught in School and taught in College,
All the books the printer prints—
Everything that's happened since—
Feels the influence of what
Once was drawn upon that Pot,
Plus the curious mental twist
Of that Aetiologist!
But the Pot that caused the trouble
Lay entombed in earth and rubble,

Left about in various places,
 In the way that early races—
 Hittites, Greeks, or Hottentots—
 Used to leave important Pots ;
 Till at length, to close the list,
 Came an Archæologist,
 Came and dug with care and pain,
 Came and found the Pot again :
 Dug and delved with spade and shovel,
 Made a version wholly novel
 Of the Potman's old design
 (Others none were genuine).
 Pots were in a special sense
Echt-Historisch Documents :
 All who Error hope to stem
 Must begin by studying them ;
 So the Public (which, he said,
 Had been grievously misled)
 Must in all things freshly start
 From his views of Ancient Art.
 All (the learned man proceeded)
 Otherwise who thought than he did,
 Showed a stupid, base, untrue,
 Obscurantist point of view ;
 Men like these (the sage would say)
 Should be wholly swept away ;
 They, and eke the faults prodigious
 Which beset their creeds religious,
 Render totally impure
 All their so-called Literature,
 Vitiate lastly in particular
 Pedagogues' effete curricula,—
 Just because they've quite forgot
 What was meant, and what was not,
 By the Painter of the Pot !

.
 Pots are long and life is fleeting ;
 Artists, when their subjects treating,
 Should be very, very far
 Carefuller than now they are.

A. D. GODFREY.

THE ENGLISH FRIENDS OF VOLTAIRE:

BY S. G. TALLENTYRE.

Just one hundred and seventy-eight years ago there landed at Greenwich, on an exquisite May day, a man who was to reveal the philosophy, the science, and the literature of England to France and to the world; who was to introduce Shakespeare to the Continent, and to hold up the government of England to the admiration and the imitation of all other hierarchies; who was to receive from British thinkers those liberal opinions by which he prepared his countrymen for freedom and the French Revolution; who was to become the first and the greatest of Anglomaniacs; to write English as no foreigner has written it before or since; and to number among Englishmen the closest and the most illustrious of his friends.

The man was Arouet de Voltaire. Some two-and-thirty years old, lean, poor, cynical, not a little ailing in health, a constant thorn in the side of a most paternal government, a scapegrace, a ne'er-do-well, and the greatest genius of France—that country thought herself well rid of him. He had begun life as a notary's son; and the notary had cast him off. He had been the spoilt darling of dissolute women of fashion and the spoilt wit of the great, who were great in nothing but name. For a lampoon on the Regent he had been bastilled. For a fight with Rohan he had been bastilled again. In prison he had changed his name and dreamt of liberty.

When, released at last, he asked for permission to visit England, the authorities of his country naturally hailed with delight so effective a means of ridding their house of an evil spirit. How were they to guess that he would return from that barbarous little island with other spirits, called learning, philosophy, free-thought, enlightenment, more wicked than himself?

Voltaire knew no English when he landed in the spring of 1726 at Greenwich, save a little he may have acquired from some English books he had had brought to him in the Bastille. But he had in England at least one powerful English friend. In 1721 and in 1723 he had stayed at La Source, near Orleans, the home of the great

exiled Lord Bolingbroke and of his French bride, who was a niece of Madame de Maintenon.

The brilliant Tory politician, the intimate of Swift and of Congreve, of Gay, of Prior and of Arbuthnot, the 'all-accomplished St. John' of Pope, was at this time about forty-three years old, and, what he was at all times, of boundless passions and ambitions.

Impeached as a Jacobite on the death of Queen Anne, he fled abroad and threw in his lot with the Old Pretender. But that miserable creature, the most despicable of a despicable race, was soon prevailed upon by the favourites who ruled him to dismiss from his councils the only genius they had. Bolingbroke retired to La Source.

Showy in everything and sound in nothing, not a little loose in morals, the author of a daring philosophy, and at war with the powers of his country, Bolingbroke was just the man to appeal to this reckless Arouet of seven-and-twenty. Then, too, my lord spoke French like a Frenchman; and my lady was a compatriot. Voltaire read aloud cantos of his infant epic, the 'Henriade'; and his listeners went into the most flattering raptures. Surely the finest poem ever written in France! No wonder that Voltaire wrote of my lord as having all the learning of his own country and 'all the charm of ours.'

But Bolingbroke was, first of all, not a man of letters, but a free-thinker. From him Voltaire learnt to study the science of Locke and the Newtonianism which he was to teach his clever mistress, Madame du Châtelet, and which were long to be his refuge from her jealous temper and her shrewish tongue. From Bolingbroke he learnt some of the first principles of that creed which, as Voltairism, was to kill with ridicule the debasing superstitions of ages. To Bolingbroke, though Voltaire *did* condemn his style fifty years later, as full of 'distorted expressions and intolerably long periods,' Voltaire's own style owes something of its copious illustration, its vivid and compelling interest. Listening to the man whose conversation excelled his writing, the keen and acquisitive pupil soon, indeed, outstripped the master.

When Voltaire came to La Source he was a philosophic poet; when he left it he was a poet-philosopher. When he landed in England in the spring of 1726 he had formed into a system of his own the teachings of the great St. John; when he left England eighteen months later that system, fertilised by the redundant cleverness of Bolingbroke and matured by the ripened genius of Voltaire, was ready to be given to the world.

It was natural that Voltaire should spend his first evening in England at Bolingbroke's town house in Pall Mall, and it is probable that he did so. The English visit has, indeed, too many probabilities and too few certainties.

But what is certain is that Voltaire used Bolingbroke's two houses in London and at Dawley so much as his own as to have his letters directed there; that to Bolingbroke he dedicated 'Brutus'; that, despite passing storms and his maturer judgment of Bolingbroke's works as 'many leaves and little fruit,' he remained his admiring friend, and owed to him his acquaintance with many others of the great Englishmen of that great day.

There was, indeed, another house even more fruitful of literary society than Bolingbroke's. When Voltaire arrived in England he had there not only a powerful friend but an excellent introduction.

Through the Count de Morville, Horace Walpole, the elder, then ambassador in Paris, made him known to Bubb Dodington, the Whig politician, now 'damned to everlasting fame' by that shameless confession of political dishonesty, the Diary published after his death, but rich, generous, and a famous patron of letters. Voltaire became a guest at his house at Eastbury. Here he met Scotch Thomson, who was writing his 'Seasons,' and Young, the place-hunting parson-poet, who was writing his 'Satires.' One incident of that meeting has been often told. Voltaire, for whose gross ear the 'clear trans-lunar music' of Milton's muse was often too pure and fine to be heard aright, objected to his personification of Sin and Death as far-fetched and unnatural. The witty parson looked across the table at the lean, malign, sardonic face of the objector, and answered his objection in an epigram:

You are so witty, profligate, and thin,
At once we think you Satan, Death, and Sin.

Years after, when Young had become the rigid moralist of the 'Night Thoughts,' and Voltaire had written the 'Pucelle' and declared open war against 'L'Infâme,' the strangely assorted pair still held friendly relations. Young convinced the Frenchman in one poem that 'Milton's blindness lay not in his song,' and dedicated to him another, called 'The Sea Piece.' As for Thomson, though Voltaire praised his verses with an admirable *politesse* and damned his tragedies with faint praise as 'elegantly writ,' the very fact that he loved not Nature himself enabled him to detect the same fatal lack in the author of the 'Seasons.'

Another Whig house at which Voltaire was a visitor was Lord Peterborough's. The hospitable host kept his guest three months, and, a finer privilege, introduced him to Swift. In a passion of admiration the impulsive French genius fell at once at the feet of him whom he called 'the greatest of Englishmen.' Here was Rabelais—but 'Rabelais in his senses'; the most extraordinary man that Britain has produced; the wittiest she will ever know; a genius peculiar to herself and to that strange wild island that gave him birth; a priest who mocks at everything; and a writer of prose that will die only with the language.

It was Voltaire, too, who first discovered and displayed the talent in Swift's poetry. It was Voltaire who declared that it was the writings of Swift which made him love the English tongue; Voltaire who bade his clever, idle parasite, Theriot, translate 'Gulliver' into French; and Voltaire who founded upon it his own immortal 'Micromégas.' More than thirty years after their meeting Voltaire was writing to his dear old *aveugle clairvoyante*, Madame du Deffand, of the 'Tale of a Tub' as 'a treasure house of wit;' and he spoke of it to d'Alembert as having done more harm to the Church of Rome than Henry VIII. When he was eighty-two he recalled at Ferney the story of Lady Carteret saying to Swift, 'The air of Ireland is so good!' and of Swift falling on his knees before her crying, 'For God's sake, madame, don't say so in England; they will certainly tax it!' In his own subtle humour and irony, in his withering jests, and the delicate, deadly cruelty of his mockery, surely the author of 'Akakia' and of 'Vanity' owed something to the author of the 'Drapier's Letters' and the 'Modest Proposal.'

Like and unlike, the one with his mighty sword dipped in brimstone, and the other with his flashing knife plunged in fire, the great Swift and the great Voltaire remain the unrivalled princes of satire.

When Voltaire was at Peterborough's, Swift was writing in conjunction with Pope, Gay, and Arbuthnot. To Pope, Voltaire was already known. A story runs to the effect that when the wicked Frenchman was introduced to that artificial, grottoed, porticoed villa at Twickenham, where the irritable, deformed little genius of a Papist poet received all the wit, rank, and beauty of the day and loved an old mother, the old mother was so shocked by the blasphemous and indecent nature of the guest's conversation that she left the room in horror. The fact that when Voltaire first saw Pope he knew no English, and Pope and his mother no French, has not in the least abated the popularity of the story. It was true

enough, indeed, that Voltaire was to hate the comfortable Pope philosophy, presently enunciated in the smooth couplets of the 'Essay on Man,' and to refute it in the passionate earnestness of 'The Poem on the Disaster of Lisbon' and the bantering mockery of 'Candide.' But he loved, not wisely but too well, Mr. Pope's easy rhythm, praised him extravagantly in the 'English Letters,' set the 'Essay on Criticism' above the 'Ars Poetica' of Horace, and copied the 'Dunciad' in the 'Temple of Taste.' Hereafter, too, he told Horace Walpole how, when he had asked Pope why Milton did not write in rhyme, Pope had replied : '*Because he could not.*'

It was inevitable that Voltaire should quarrel with the nervous, sensitive little English poet. The pair were too much alike. Tory Pope and Bolingbroke knew, or fancied, that this energetic, restless, needy Frenchman was intriguing with the Walpoles and the Court party ; and a story describes Voltaire as finally parting from Pope as 'a man who never treated me seriously from the first moment of our acquaintance until now.' But, all the same, it was Voltaire who dubbed Pope 'the English Boileau,' and in his headlong admiration for Mr. Pope's manner so far forgave him his matter, as to write even of that 'Essay on Man' as containing 'grander ideas in fewer words than any other poem in the world.'

From Pope to Gay was an easy transition. Mr. Gay had won the popularity of the vulgar by his 'Fables,' and he was about to bid for the popularity of the titled in his 'Beggar's Opera.' Before its publication he read it aloud to Voltaire, who had himself made his literary *début* on the boards, and was passionately attached to the stage. He was introduced to Colley Cibber, and would go to the play and follow it in a printed copy, though he *was* rude enough to say afterwards that English dramas were like English puddings—'nobody has any taste for them but themselves.' Presently he made the acquaintance of Congreve, a blind, gouty old fop, ashamed of the art which had made him famous and proud of the grandee nobodies who petted him. He magnificently requested that M. de Voltaire would look upon him, not as author, but as a gentleman like any other. 'If you had had the misfortune to be merely a gentleman,' says the Frenchman, who prized the letters which had brought him nothing as the noblest and greatest of all arts, 'I should never have come to see you.'

Through Congreve he made, it is thought, the acquaintance of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, herself an authoress and compiling her 'Memoirs' at Blenheim. From her he learnt facts of her

husband's campaigns, which he afterwards used in his 'Charles XII.' and his 'Century of Louis XIV.'; while shrewd old Sarah, on her part, asked his assistance in the compilation of the 'Memoirs.' When Voltaire found he was to tell, not the truth, but what she wished to appear as the truth, he objected; and Atossa, whose 'fury still outran her wit,' seized the papers out of his hand in a rage: 'I thought the man had sense, but I find him, at bottom, either a fool or a philosopher.'

Another story has it that when Voltaire begged the resolute little duchess to see her manuscript, she replied that he must wait a little. 'I am altering the character of Queen Anne; for since this present lot have become our rulers I am coming to love her again.'

Another noble acquaintance of Voltaire's was Lord Chesterfield, of the 'Letters.' The Frenchman went to dine with him in London, but found the fees expected by the servants so outrageous that he refused a second invitation—'My lord's ordinary was too dear.'

Fourteen years later Voltaire again met Chesterfield—this time in Brussels—and read to him passages from his new tragedy 'Mahomet,' which Chesterfield took to be a covert attack on Christianity, but whose ideas—'brilliant, daring, original'—he could not but admire. Later still, my lord became a subscriber to Voltaire's 'Commentary on Corneille,' which he wrote to obtain a dowry for Corneille's great-niece, whom he had adopted as his daughter.

But Voltaire's acquaintance in England was not confined to the nobility, or even to the nobility of letters. With the most inquisitive and acquisitive of all human minds, the man who in the ardour of his own boundless admiration was to reveal Newton to France, began in England to study him himself. The great genius was near his dying when Voltaire landed at Greenwich. When he was himself a very old man, he would record with trembling pride that he had once lived in a land where 'a professor of mathematics, only because he was great in his vocation,' had been buried 'like a king who had done good to his subjects.'

Early in the English visit he was fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of Newton's friend, pupil, and successor, the scientific parson, Clarke, who was concerned in almost every learned discussion of the day, and had translated the 'Optics' of his great master into Latin. Voltaire hotly admired the daring views of the English clergyman. 'Clarke jumped into the abyss, and I—I followed him.' If in some light moment he *did* define metaphysics as 'hard

names which nobody could explain for hard things which nobody could understand,' he found them of an all-compelling interest not the less. It was Clarke, very likely, who introduced him to another great Newtonian, Dr. Pemberton. Pemberton wrote a simplification of the master's theories, from which Voltaire derived much assistance in his own popular explanation of Newtonianism, which so undermined the theories of Descartes that ten years after the publication of 'The Elements of Newton's Philosophy' there were hardly as many Cartesians in France. It was Mrs. Conduit, Newton's niece, who told Voltaire the story of Newton and the apple; and Voltaire who, by twice recording it in his works, preserved it for the world.

He had at least one other scientific acquaintance in England. Sir Hans Sloane was President of the Royal Society, which included Voltaire among its members before the Academy of his own country condescended to admit him. To Sir Hans Sloane he dedicated the two 'Essays'—on the civil wars of France and on the epic poetry of European nations—which he wrote in the English, not of a clever foreigner, but of an English stylist, after only eighteen months' residence in this country.

A person who may have been the wife of Lord Hervey—Pope's 'beautiful Molly Lepell'—or Laura Harley,—the wife of a London merchant—Voltaire sonneted in agreeable English verses. Hervey himself he met. Fifty years after he spoke of him to Martin Sherlock as having as much wit as Lord Chesterfield and more solidity. He was introduced at Court and permitted to dedicate the 'Henriade'—first published in England—to Caroline, the clever wife of George II. Bishop Atterbury he knew, Lord Stair, Byng, and the great Walpole.

But dearer to him than these famous persons—a better man, perhaps, than any of them, and to be one of the closest friends of a long life—was the host with whom Voltaire made his headquarters in England, Everard Falkener, British merchant. He had met Falkener first, it is said, in Paris. With a generous hospitality, the Englishman bade Voltaire consider his villa at Wandsworth as his English home. Upright, cultivated, enlightened, to be Ambassador to Constantinople, secretary to the Duke of Cumberland, and, finally, Postmaster-General, Falkener was at all times the best type of an excellent class, the very backbone of a constitution. In one of the 'English Letters' Voltaire became the first writer who ever glorified trade. What wonder?

He had known Falkener. Was not his honourable career, honourably followed, of more service to his country than that of some lacquey of a lord 'powdered in the top of the mode,' 'who knows exactly at what time the king gets up and goes to bed,' and whose whole duty in life is to hold the royal breeches ready for the royal legs?

To Falkener, Voltaire dedicated 'Zaire.' To Falkener, then at the scene of action as Cumberland's secretary, he wrote for first-hand facts of the war of 1745, that he might do justice in his 'Campaigns of the King' 'to the great actions done by your countrymen, the English.'

It was Falkener who pushed 'The Century of Louis XIV.' in England, and Falkener with whom Voltaire corresponded till the Englishman's death. His two sons came to stay at Ferney. All his life, Voltaire could find no higher praise of a friend than to say he was 'a kind of Falkener.'

During his English visit, or during part of it, Vanbrugh, Steele, Fielding, and Richardson were all alive. But it does not appear that Voltaire met any of them. From Vanbrugh, indeed, he stole many a character. 'Pamela' he despised, and copied in 'Nanine.' 'Clarissa' was abominably long, and there was 'nothing tolerable in "Tom Jones" but the character of the barber.' To be sure, his opinions of their creations might have been different if he had known their authors. It was one of the great Frenchman's charms and snares that he saw his friends all *couleur de rose*.

For his love of English freedom and free-thought as expressed in the 'English Letters,' those letters were burnt soon after Voltaire returned to France, and their too daring author obliged to fly to Cirey. There he taught Madame du Châtelet English in a fortnight, and quarrelled with her in that language to the end of her life. When her death set him free to visit Frederick the Great, he made the acquaintance of Lord Tyrconnel, Irishman, and French Ambassador at Berlin, and of Lady Tyrconnel, who used to act in his company of noble amateurs.

Sheltering at Berlin, too, were the brothers Keith, George and James, the elder Earl Marischall of Scotland, and both gentlemen Jacobites and refugees. Noble not only in rank but in character, among the best adherents of the worst cause that ever inspired loyalty and devotion, even Frederick, who loved so few, loved the Keiths. Voltaire corresponded with them. Two years after he left Prussia, George Keith came to visit him in Switzerland, to plead the cause of an English friend—Byng. The story of Byng is familiar

to all his countrymen. The French had beaten the English on the sea, and, mad with disappointed rage, the blundering ministry of England turned on their luckless instrument, Byng. Voltaire was the lifelong friend of Richelieu, the conqueror. But he was, too, the man of whom it was said that 'for twenty years the redress of judicial wrong' hung entirely on his pen. On December 20, 1756, he wrote to Richelieu telling Byng's story. And that vainglorious person replied generously enough in an open letter, wherein he stated that had Byng continued the fight the English fleet must have been totally destroyed, and that the admiral's misfortune came not from cowardice or inefficiency, but from the hand of God and the valour of the French.

Voltaire wrote to Byng, sending Richelieu's letter. But he could not save the victim. Byng paid the penalty of other men's folly. To Voltaire he left a grateful message and a copy of his defence; and in 'Candide,' with that bantering malice which is his alone, Voltaire sharply satirises the scene of the admiral's execution.

"And why should this admiral be put to death?"

"Because he has not killed enough people; he fought with a French admiral and is not considered to have been sufficiently near to him."

"But," said Candide, "the French admiral was just as far away from the English?"

"That is certainly true," was the answer. "But in this country it is salutary to put an admiral to death now and then *pour encourager les autres*."

When he settled at Ferney and became, as he said himself, the innkeeper of Europe, many of Voltaire's guests were of the nation he so greatly admired. In 1763 he told Madame du Deffand that he had entertained four hundred English people, of whom not one ever after gave him a thought. Their bad manners, indeed, and their frankly unfavourable criticisms on the plays with which he entertained them, might well have disgusted him. But, now and ever, he forgave the unsightly husk for the sound kernel. 'How I love English daring! How I love people who say what they think!'

In 1765 he received a visit from a very remarkable person of that nation. His introducer, Lord Abingdon, was only a typical British traveller, whose portrait Voltaire sketched with a wicked pen next year in his poem, 'The Civil War of Geneva.' Large, bored, and yet phlegmatically enthusiastic, accompanied all over the Continent by his dogs and his undisguised contempt for every

custom and institution which had the misfortune not to be British, Abingdon was welcome at Ferney, as presenting John Wilkes. Wilkes writing to his dear daughter spoke of his host as 'obliging beyond description.' And Voltaire would not have been himself if he had not enthusiastically appreciated the marvellous wit and charm of the greatest of English demagogues.

In 1766 he received a visit from James Boswell, the only man whom toadyism has made immortal. When he got home and reported his doings to his great patron he repeated Voltaire's distinction between the poetry of Pope and Dryden. 'Pope drives a handsome chariot with a couple of neat, trim nags, Dryden a coach and six stately horses.' And old Johnson capped the criticism with his 'Why, sir, the truth is they *both* drive coaches and six; but Dryden's horses are either galloping or stumbling, Pope's go at a steady, even trot.'

Two years later a still more illustrious visitor was at Ferney. Charles James Fox, then a brilliant boy of twenty, and to be the most fascinating personality in English politics, came here several times with a friend, Price, who has recorded all that is known of the visit. Old Voltaire fell in love at once with the frank and generous nature which endeared Charles James even to his enemies, bade him fortify his mind against superstition, showed him the books he should read, drank chocolate with him, and wrote of him, in warm praise and in English, to Lord Holland, 'I love him not only for his father but for himself.'

About the same time Voltaire was writing to a member of the great rival political house, Horace Walpole.

With a just and honest pride, Voltaire reminded Horace how he had first made Shakespeare known to the French; how, forty years ago, he had translated passages of his works, as well as of Milton, of Waller, of Rochester, of Dryden, and of Pope; how, before he wrote, there was no man in France who knew English poetry, and Locke was not even a name. 'For thirty years I have been persecuted by a clique of fanatics for saying that Locke was the Hercules of metaphysics, who had defined the limits of the human intelligence.' 'The discoveries of Newton I first revealed to my countrymen. I, who have been abused for abusing Shakespeare, wrote of him that his genius was all his own, and his faults the faults of his age.' 'I have been your apostle and your martyr; truly English people have no reason to complain of me.'

In 1770 there appeared, rather diffidently, at Ferney, Dr.

Charles Burney, musical, charming, accomplished, fresh from his modest salon in London, where he had entertained Johnson and Garrick, Reynolds and Barette, and where Fanny sat, shy and silent, 'takin' notes.' Burney was on a tour, gathering information for his 'History of Music,' which he published two years later. He had no introduction to Voltaire but his musical fame and his modest and amiable nature. But that was enough. Voltaire showed him his farms and gardens, talked of English affairs, and vividly recalled the splendid intellectual mastery of Dryden, Pope, and Swift. He observed that now political squabbles had succeeded to poetical, and that he considered both in poetry and government the disputes of the mighty and the clamours of the little were necessary to liberty.

The next remarkable English visitor was a shrewd Scotch doctor, who was travelling physician to the Duke of Hamilton, and to be presently famous as the author of a fashionable novel, 'Zeluco,' and the father of a great son, Sir John, of Coruña.

Dr. Moore was accompanied by his duke. The marvellous old Frenchman at once turned the conversation on to the duke's noble ancestors, recalled that one had accompanied Mary, Queen of Scots, to the Court of France, and flatteringly praised the duke's compatriots—Hume and Robertson.

Moore himself observed Voltaire with a far more discerning eye than most of his English visitors. Scoffer and sceptic? Yes; but also 'the man of Calas,' and the liberator of the Sirvens. Vain and satirical? True, too; but a philanthropist, a benefactor of humankind, a redresser of wrong, and, as such, 'a more useful member of society than the humblest monk who has no other plan in life than to work out his own salvation in a corner.'

Moore went home and wrote his 'View of Society and Manners in France, Switzerland, and Germany,' which contains one of the shrewdest and best appreciations of Voltaire written by an Englishman.

The patriarch of Ferney was now nearing his end. He was eighty-two when Martin Sherlock, also a Briton, who wrote an account of his travels in French, came to see him. The old Anglo-maniac still had his gardens laid out in the English fashion, and proudly recounted that it was he who had introduced that fashion into France; 'and it is become universal.' His bookshelves were still filled with English books. He talked of his old English friends and said of himself, though he could not pronounce English

perfectly, he was not the less exquisitely sensible to the harmonies of the language. He spoke a few sentences in it, though it was fifty years since he had left British shores. He quoted Rochester's epigram on Charles II., and a couple of lines of Roscommon's. He explained to Madame Denis some scenes out of 'Henry V.,' and said of Newton, that if all the genius of the world was gathered together Newton should lead it. His old passion of admiration for English liberty and English law burnt within him still.

When he came to Paris on his last great visit many of his visitors were English.

Chief among them was Benjamin Franklin. The two talked in English of the constitution of the United States. 'If I were forty,' said Voltaire, 'I would go and live in your happy country.' Then Franklin presented his grandson; and the old Frenchman raised his hands to give the boy his blessing, saying only, and in English, 'God and liberty.'

So far as has been recorded these were the last words he uttered in that language which he may be said to have introduced to the Continent. Until Voltaire revealed England, the English tongue, and English thought to Europe, Englishmen, says Goldsmith, were regarded as entirely deficient in taste, and 'our men of wit were not known even by name.' It is to Voltaire 'we owe that our language has taken the place of the Italian among the polite, and that even ladies are taught to admire Milton, Pope, and Otway.'

Carlyle called Voltaire 'the discoverer of intellectual England.' The discoverer himself declared that he was the first person who told the French that England had eminent men besides the Duke of Marlborough. But she is yet more deeply in his debt.

If his criticisms on Shakespeare made Shakespeare known to the Continent, it must not be forgotten that in the country which gave Shakespeare birth they roused men to admire and defend him, whom for two hundred years they had themselves grossly neglected and misjudged. Even in Voltaire's own day, numbers of Englishmen positively believed that it was Garrick who made Shakespeare, and not Shakespeare Garrick. Then, too, Voltaire, by extolling to France the glories of English liberty, made that liberty the dearer to England herself.

His 'English Letters' still remain the finest and most discriminating compliment ever paid to our country in literature; while their author stands forth as the foreigner who at once best understood and best admired England and the English people.

JAPANESE FLOWERS IN ENGLISH GARDENS.

IF English gardeners had to stock their gardens with British plants only—and such was almost the case before the middle of the fifteenth century—they might have had pleasant gardens, but the gardens could not have been brilliant in colour, or varied in the number and character of their plants. It is true that we have many very beautiful British plants. Among our true natives we have wood anemones, bluebells, daisies, heather, sea-thrift, traveller's joy, hawthorn, lily of the valley, daffodils, primroses, wild roses, gorse, broom, and, others; and, among strangers that have taken so kindly to our soil and climate that we almost count them as true natives, we have snowdrops, horse-chestnut, the Nottingham crocus, and others. Yet, with all their undoubted beauties, none of them by themselves, nor all together, could be trusted to make a garden beautiful as we now understand it. For most of them the time of flowering is too short, and they would not take rank among the plants which gardeners now call 'furnishing plants.' All that is now changed, and from January 1 to December 31 a well-stocked garden is never absolutely bare of flowers; and that it is not so is owing to the fact that from the end of the fifteenth century there has been a constant importation of good plants, never-ending and still going on, from foreign countries; and among these foreign countries Japan has been a very large contributor to the beauty of our gardens from the early part of the eighteenth century.

I propose in a short paper to give some description of the indebtedness of our gardeners to Japan. I do not propose to give a complete list of all the plants we have received, but rather to pick out the best of them, i.e. those that have made a permanent mark in our gardens, and perhaps to describe some of them at some length, so as to bring out the particular interest attaching to them. In making the selection it will be necessary to name and describe some which are not strictly confined to Japan; they may be found in China, America, and elsewhere, but I shall describe them as Japanese, either because they have come to us direct from Japan, or because they have in many cases

come to us much improved in Japanese gardens. And I wish also to say that when I speak of any plants as completely hardy or otherwise, I am simply giving my own experience, and so am obliged to use such words as 'here,' 'in my garden,' &c., meaning a garden in South Gloucestershire.

In the first opening of the year we learn something of what we owe to Japan. In an ordinary English winter, with an average amount of frosts in December and January, there is not a single English plant in flower before the beginning or even the middle of February. If the previous November and December are very mild, it may be possible to find four British plants in flower towards the end of January, and no more. The four are the hazel, often showing the catkins, or male flowers, and sometimes, but very rarely, the pretty little scarlet female flowers; two poplars; the spurge laurel (*Daphne Laureola*) and *Helleborus foetidus* (a doubtful native). To these some would add the winter aconite (*Eranthis hiemalis*), a most welcome early visitor; but it is not a true native; nor is the snowdrop. It is not surprising, therefore, to find that when Bacon gave his scheme for a *Ver perpetuum* all the year round, he had to confess that 'for December and January you must take such things as are green all winter—holly, ivy, bays, juniper, cypress-trees, yews, &c.'

In this dearth of native flowers it is something to find two good shrubs in flower, for both of which we are indebted to Japan, the *Chimonanthus fragrans*, and the *Cydonia* or *Pyrus japonica*. The *Chimonanthus* was introduced into England in 1799, and is said to have come from China; but from the first it took the name of the Japan allspice, probably because it had been made known to European botanists by Kaempfer's description of it among other Japanese plants in 1712. The flowers often come in December, and I know few more acceptable presents to friends in towns than some of these flowers. They travel well, merely in an envelope, and if put into a saucer of water or damp moss, will perfume a room for many days or even weeks. The scent is very powerful, and to most persons very pleasant; but to some it is too heavy and suggestive of hair-oil. The plant is difficult to increase, but I have raised it from seeds, which, however, are very seldom produced in the open air in England; they are like brown broad beans. The *Cydonia japonica* was introduced into England about the same time as the *Chimonanthus*, and has proved a valuable addition to English spring gardens. It is

abundant in Japan as a low shrub, and in England it seems to be at home everywhere; and, with its brilliant red flowers, perfect hardiness, and easy cultivation, it has been a welcome visitor in many a cottage garden, and in the most highly dressed great gardens. There are many varieties of it, from the purest white to the richest red; and about twenty years ago a new variety was introduced from Japan, by a Bristol nurseryman, of low growth and smaller flowers, but with an abundance of orange-like fruit, which at first was supposed to be a valuable addition to our fruits, especially for jam-making. The promise has not been fulfilled, but the bush is valued, as it has produced many varieties, one of which, sent to me by Herr Max Leichtlin, is prized by me as the most beautiful of spring-flowering shrubs, the flowers being of a rich clear vermilion, and being very abundant and long-lasting.

Another useful shrub for early flowering which we have received from Japan, though it grows in China also, is the winter-flowering jasmine, *J. nudiflorum*. It is often in flower in December and all through January, and is perfectly hardy, and so has its value; but the growth is so stiff that I have never been able to admire it very much. But long before the spring is over we have the lovely flowers of the wistaria, perhaps the most beautiful of all climbing flowering shrubs. It is found in both China and Japan, but it has been always more appreciated in Japan than in China, and is reckoned as among their most favourite flowers. As a wild plant it is abundant in the upper mountainous forests, where it clings to and overtops the highest trees, and eventually kills them, like the lianas of South America. As a cultivated plant it is planted and utilised everywhere in Japan. It is even planted along the banks of rivers, where it forms excellent cables to assist in pulling boats up the stream; and large arbours are formed from it sufficient to hold a hundred or more people. It was introduced into England in the early part of the last century, and when once established there seems no limit to the length of space it will occupy; there are many instances of growth of three hundred yards and more, with every foot covered with flowers in the late spring—almost more flowers than leaves. I have never seen the fruit—a bean—out of doors, but I have seen it on the lovely pure white variety. It is hard to name a more beautiful hardy flower than this; in good seasons it will be a mass of white pendent bunches of flowers, each

eighteen inches in length or more; and from this pendent habit I think it better suited for a pergola than for a wall. In spite of its great beauty, the white form is by no means so great a favourite with the Japanese as the purple one.

Magnolia stellata is one of the most desirable spring-flowering shrubs that Japan has sent us. Like most of the Japanese magnolias, of which I must say more when I come to the trees, the flowers come before the leaves. I have never seen a plant much above six feet high, but a bush of that height will be as thick through, clothed to the ground, and in April covered with hundreds of pure white flowers each about the size of a good tulip, and of a pleasant delicate scent. *Kerria japonica* is another good spring shrub with an interesting history. The double-flowered form was introduced in the beginning of the last century, and at once deservedly became a great favourite. But its botanical affinities were uncertain, and so it took the name of *Corchorus* of the family of *Tiliaceæ*. It was not till thirty years later that the single form arrived, and it was at once seen to belong to the rose family, and had to change its name. Both forms are well worth growing, but for a rich display of colour the double form still more than holds its own.

To Japan we owe the *Hydrangeas*, both the fine blue and white forms, and *H. paniculata*, which, when well grown, is a beautiful bush in summer; but it is very capricious. With these we may join two *Viburnums*: *V. plicatum*, very like our double Guelder rose, but handsomer, and *V. odoratissimum*, which has very fine foliage, but does not generally flower till it has reached a good age. And among the spring shrubs I must not omit the *Photinia*. It is closely allied to the hawthorn, and in some parts of Southern England it has been planted rather largely in woods, but it is not often seen in gardens. It may almost be called a tree, and its special fitness for gardens lies in its handsome evergreen foliage, and the early shoots. These are large and of a rich red, so that at a short distance the tree seems covered with an abundance of fine red, almost scarlet flowers. It is quite hardy. And among evergreen shrubs which make a good show in the spring the *Fatsia japonica* should not be overlooked. It is really a fine Ivy, with large palmate leaves, and in the southern counties may be called a tree. With me it is never more than a low bush, but I have seen it in Devonshire and at Abbotsbury as an excellent shade tree. Perhaps no flowering shrub that Japan has sent us

has been so popular as the *Camellia*, which was one of the earliest of Japanese introductions, and which, though more often seen in greenhouses, is yet quite hardy in the South of England, but will not grow everywhere. I think it dislikes a soil charged with lime, and it is certainly more happy when grown within the influence of the sea. About the same time the *Aucuba japonica* was introduced. The plants introduced were variegated and evergreen, and formed handsome bushes, but they were all male plants, and eighty years passed before Fortune sent the female plant; and since that time the *Aucuba*, with its rich red berries, which it carries all through the winter, has taken its place as one of our best berry-bearing shrubs. Nor must we overlook the lovely varieties of maples of which Japan has sent us so many during the last few years; they have formed a most valuable addition to our deciduous shrubs, and in the colours of their leaves in summer as well as autumn they are unsurpassed. In Japan it is found as a wood plant at high elevations, and some English gardeners think that shade suits them better than bright sunshine; this is not universally accepted, but it is quite certain that in some places they flourish and produce very brilliant colours in dense shade. *Caryopteris Mastacanthus* is a very useful shrub on account of its flowering late in the autumn; it forms a low shrub with pale blue flowers and grey leaves, which are used in the manufacture of mastic. And among our more recent gifts is the *Coriaria japonica*; the flowers are insignificant, but they are followed by masses of brilliant red berries growing all up the long stalks. In beauty, perhaps, it is surpassed by a more recent introduction from the Himalayas, *C. terminalis*, which carries its transparent golden berries at the end of the stalks; both species are highly desirable, but the berries are said to be very poisonous, though the birds eat them greedily.

The list of Japanese flowering shrubs is a very long one, but I must not quite pass by the *Azalea*, the *Diervilla*—more commonly known as the *Weigelia*, the *Osteomeles*, *Nandina*, *Abelia*, *Berberis*, *Pittosporum tobira*, *Elæagnus*, *Styrax*, and *Rubus phænicolasius*; but want of space compels me to say but a few words on each of these. The *Azalea* requires no description from me; nor does the *Diervilla*, but it may be well to note that the shrub should always be cut back rather closely immediately after flowering; the *Osteomeles* is a pretty rosaceous shrub with delicate foliage and white flowers; and it is interesting from its curious

geographical range ; its known habitats being at present confined to Pitcairn Island and Japan ; *Nandina* is a very delightful shrub ; it is a true native of Japan, and has been called the sacred bamboo of Japan—yet it is no bamboo, but closely allied to the *Berberis* ; the foliage at all times of the year is beautiful on account of the variety of colouring in the young shoots ; but in England neither the flowers nor fruit are remarkable, for though it flowers freely, it seldom produces much fruit ; but in the South of Europe the bunches of berries are in great request for Christmas decorations. The *Abelias* are excellent autumn-flowering shrubs, and do not require a wall ; and in autumn they produce an abundance of brown and white flowers, which are very attractive and useful. Of the *Berberis* family we have several from Japan : the *B. Thunbergi* is very lovely in the colouring both of its spring and autumn foliage ; and *B. japonica* is the handsomest of all the large-leaved berberids. *Pittosporum tobira* is very seldom seen, but I know of no shrub that keeps its deep green leaves so surely through the winter ; and in the spring it has bunches of sweet flowers ; but probably it is not really hardy north of London, and everywhere it asks for a sheltered position. Every *Elæagnus* is worth growing either for its foliage, flowers, or fruit, and they are all quite hardy ; the under-side of the leaf of *E. reflexa* is of a rich velvety brown, and is a beautiful object under the microscope, being entirely composed of stellate hairs. There are three or four species of *Styrax*, all very beautiful in flowers, but scarcely surpassing either in flower or scent the beautiful *S. officinalis* of South Europe. *Rubus phœnicolasius* is a very handsome bramble ; the whole plant, and especially the calyx of the flowers, is covered with red hairs, which end in a cup, like the sundew, and are fly-catchers ; the fruit is now known as the wine berry, and is much liked by some, but to me it seems mawkish. The last among the flowering shrubs that I can now name—except the roses—is the *Citrus trifoliata*, a true orange, with very pretty deciduous foliage, and very formidable thorns. With me it is quite hardy, and produces in spring an abundance of small white sweet-scented flowers followed by golden oranges, of no value as fruit, but helping to make the bush a very handsome object. There is no doubt that it might be used as a hedge-plant, and I have seen a hedge of it at Baveno on the Lago Maggiore, between the English church and the town, immediately adjoining the public road ; in such a position it is really dangerous to

passers-by, for the strong thorns, three inches long, are worse than barbed wire. It is now being tried in America as a stock for the better oranges, and it is believed that by its help good oranges may be grown even near New York.

Japan has few roses, but we have received two from there which are pre-eminent, *R. rugosa* and *R. polyantha*. *R. rugosa* was for many years known only from the description by Thunberg, but it was introduced into English gardens about fifty years ago. In Japan it grows chiefly on sandy soil near the sea-shore, and it might perhaps be useful as a binding plant on dunes; but as a garden plant it holds a very high rank, and there are now many varieties of it, all beautiful, but I think none more so than the original single white. *R. polyantha* is one of the best of climbing roses, and the abundant bunches of small white flowers are delightful. Both these roses lend themselves readily to hybridising, and very beautiful garden roses have been obtained from them; and in all the hybrids the marks of the parents are curiously permanent. The hybrids raised from *R. rugosa* always show their parentage in the wrinkled leaves; and the hybrids of *R. polyantha* always have the saw-like stipules that are so marked in the species.

It is time to come to the trees, though I leave unnoticed many good flowering shrubs that ought not to be passed over. Japan is rich in good conifers, many of which have proved very ornamental additions to English gardens: such as *Chamaecyparis*, *Thujaopsis dolabrata*, *Sciadopytis verticillata* (the umbrella pine), *Cryptomeria japonica*, and others; but I must pass them all by, because I wish to give a more detailed account of the Maidenhair tree, which I consider almost the best gift we have received from Japan. It was described and well figured by Kaempfer in 1712, and was sent by him to Europe with its Japanese name, *Gingko*. This name was altered in 1797 to *Salisburia adiantifolia*, which well describes the likeness of the leaf to the maidenhair fern, though the Japanese compare it to the web-foot of a duck; but, according to the present laws of botanical nomenclature, the old name, *Gingko biloba*, has been restored. It came to England about 1750, and has ever since been held in high esteem as one of the best and most graceful trees that can be planted on a lawn. It rather resembles a fine pear-tree in shape, with abundance of foliage, but not too thick, and in the autumn the leaves put on a beautiful tint of old-gold, which they keep for many weeks after

they have fallen. But with all these advantages it is very seldom seen; though for planting in town parks few can equal it. The male and female flowers are borne on separate trees, and though it has flowered on the old tree at Kew, the oldest, I believe, in England, I am not aware that it has ever fruited in England. In the botanic gardens at Geneva there are two fine trees, and abundance of fruit; and at Cannobio, on the Lago Maggiore, there is a pretty little avenue of them just outside the town, from which I gathered plenty of ripe fruit. In its early years it is a slow grower, but once established it grows more freely. The great interest of the tree lies in its history as a tree. It belongs to the yew family, and is almost the sole survivor of an extinct type of tree; and though it has only been known as a living tree in England for 150 years, it is a very old inhabitant, as leaves and fruit have been found in a fossil state in the inferior oolite beds of the Yorkshire coast, in the Stonesfield Slates, in the island of Mull, and elsewhere. Of a very different character, but in its way as great an ornament to our lawns, is the *Paulownia imperialis*. It was introduced long after the Ginkgo, but its grand foliage, and trusses of purple flowers like foxgloves, have made it more popular. The flowers however are not often seen, as the buds are formed in the autumn, and will only survive for flowering if the winter is very mild. By cutting it down to the ground, or even cutting back the branches, very magnificent foliage plants are formed, so that I have seen leaves that were not fully covered by an open sheet of *The Times*. It is quite hardy in England, but does better further south; at the hotel gardens at Vevey I measured one with a diameter of more than five feet, and a spread of branches over sixty-five feet, and another on the pretty island in the middle of Lake Orta seemed still larger; but as it was behind a wall I could not measure it. Among other fine flowering trees we owe to Japan I must not overlook the Magnolia. *M. obovata* and *M. conspicua* are beautiful objects when in full flower in the spring; though perhaps the beauty would be increased if the fine white flowers were accompanied with leaves; but we can admire them and be thankful for them as they are.

Among fruit trees Japan has sent us two of high value, the Loquat and the Persimmon. The Loquat, or Japan medlar, is well worth growing for its fine foliage only, and I have never heard of its producing fruit out of doors in England, though it will sometimes produce flowers in the southern counties. I

suppose that it would not even live north of London, but in Southern Europe it forms a very handsome tree, and produces abundance of its refreshing fruit. The Persimmon (*Diospyros Kaki*) is a much hardier plant, and it is surprising to me that it is not more grown. I have had it for many years as a wall-tree, and am always delighted with its handsome leaves, which in autumn put on most gorgeous colours. The flowers are of little beauty, but the fruits make a splendid show on the tree, and with me they are sometimes as large and ripen as well as in the Riviera; but they require to be picked before the frosts come, and to be ripened in the greenhouse. As a dessert fruit both for beauty and flavour they are very hard to beat; and my experience is that the tree can be as easily grown, and with as much certainty of fruit, as a peach or nectarine.

We owe a great deal to Japan for many beautiful herbaceous plants. The list is naturally headed by the chrysanthemum, which, though native also in China, and much appreciated by the Chinese, has been taken as the national flower of Japan, and has been so improved by the Japanese that in the gigantic flowers now produced it is almost impossible to trace any likeness to the small but pretty wild flower from which they have all sprung. Probably no flower has done so much to brighten our greenhouses in the winter months, and the ease with which good plants can be grown, and the long endurance of the flowers when cut, will probably long continue to keep up its popularity. The Japanese anemone has proved a great acquisition to our gardens, and it also is native both in China and Japan. The white form is one of our most beautiful autumn flowers, and where it likes the soil it almost becomes a weed; but it will not grow everywhere. The yellow Day Lily (*Hemerocallis*) is a very old inhabitant of our gardens, and always welcome; its extreme hardiness and abundance of flowers make it welcome to every garden, and the Japan primrose (*P. japonica*) is a grand member of a beautiful family, but it is very particular in its choice of a garden; I have never succeeded with it.

Of all the herbaceous plants that Japan has given us, I suppose the palm would be given to her lilies and irises. If she had sent us nothing more than *L. auratum* and *L. longiflorum*, we might well have been content. Both of these grand lilies are in the first rank of their beautiful family, and by many would be considered the most beautiful; and as they seem equally at home

indoors or in the open air, they must rank as amongst the most useful. But they are very capricious; it is not often that they seem quite happy, and neither of them will do with me; but how well they will do when they feel themselves quite at home will be well known to those who have seen them in the gardens of the late G. F. Wilson at Wisley, where they grew as if they were the natural product of the country, with very little attention. Let us hope that they will keep up their beautiful growth under the new management of the Horticultural Society, to whom the garden now belongs. Very much the same must be said of the lovely *Iris Kämpferi* or *laevigata*. With the Japanese it is one of the chief favourites; and no garden of any size is without a large extent of this iris. In some places in England it grows as well as in Japan, and is especially suited for the sides of shallow ponds; but in most gardens I fear that the experience is the same as mine, that the plants will last only a few years; but everyone should give it a trial. And as the last of the herbaceous plants that I can name I must say a little about the grasses. The *Miscanthus*, better known as *Eulalia*, is a most graceful grass. It has not the feathery plumes of the Pampas grass, and indeed is not often seen in flower; but for beauty of foliage it is far better, and the zebra-leaved variety is very ornamental, and a great puzzle. But of all the grasses none can equal the bamboos, and those which we have received from Japan are nearly all hardy, and have in some respects given a completely new character to many gardens. I cannot here go into all the beauty and interest of bamboos, and there is no necessity for my doing so, for everything worth knowing about them can now be well and pleasantly learned from Lord Redesdale's 'Bamboo Garden,' an indispensable book to the grower of bamboos, as the author has a most intimate acquaintance both with Japan and with bamboos.

I must leave unsaid all that might be said of Japanese climbers and bring my paper to a close. I wish to say again that I hope every reader will look on it as the merest sketch of the indebtedness of English gardens to Japan. I have simply picked a few of the best of the flowers here and there, and strictly confined myself to those of which I have a personal knowledge and experience. To do the work in full would almost require a volume of the CORNHILL, as those well know who have any acquaintance with the literature of Japanese botany. I am not 'gravelled for lack of matter,' but for lack of space. I should have liked to show how our

indebtedness is increased by the short time during which we have received plants from Japan. We had been receiving plants for more than two hundred and fifty years from the great continent of America, before our gardens had one plant from the comparatively small islands of Japan; and yet it is not too much to say that Japan has left a greater mark on the ornamental character of our gardens than America. And I should also have liked to say something on the climatic conditions of Japan, which have enabled it to do so much for English gardens; and on the curious connection between the flora of Japan and North America—but space forbids.

In one respect Japan and England come very near together. We pride ourselves on our gardens, and call ourselves as a nation lovers of gardens and flowers. Japan is a nation of gardeners, and every man, woman, and child is passionately fond of flowers; with them gardening is a religion. We may then associate ourselves with them as brother-craftsmen, and I shall not offend against the laws of strict neutrality if I end my paper by the wish that my brother-craftsmen in Japan may soon have the blessing of an honourable and lasting peace in which they may again quietly exercise their skill in the cultivation of beautiful flowers, to their great delight and profit and to our great advantage.

H. N. ELLACOMBE.

THE LITTLE GIRL.

To queen it by virtue of her latent womanhood—to evoke the tenderest chivalry, the most poignant affection—to touch with tiny fingers the heart-strings that lie too deep for tears, these are the prerogatives of the European girl-child. The Oriental one is on a very different footing, a drug in the market, a waste product not seldom destroyed at birth to obliterate the discredit of her luckless mother. But in the West, and in England especially, there is no heart but succumbs to that ethereal charm from which nothing can vitally detract. The great blue eyes of one child hold you captive, though her kisses be glutinous with toffee; the confiding hand of another throws you into a fervour of protective love, though tears bedaub her lovely pink and white. (The muddiness of infant tears is astounding.) The small girl is set apart from the beginning on a pinnacle of devotion. She may punch her little brother's head, but it will go hard with him should he retaliate. She may impel her nurse to the verge of sheer frenzy with the vagaries of her caprice: what then? Punishment rolls off her like thistledown: threats go in at one shell-ear and out at another. Her airy irrelevance flouts the heavy artillery of a parental lecture, and the lecturer flounders painfully after that butterfly irresponsibility which none shall hope to overtake. Theoretically, she is to be kept in lavender all her days: she need never jostle with the clumsy facts of life. The serious attention to a future career which must eventually be expected of her masculine contemporaries need trouble her no whit. Too often, however, an adventurous nature reverses this condition, and she cherishes very secretly a thousand gallant purposes. Conjoined with her brother in boyish sports and plans, her nimble wit outruns his laggard reason, and she will face unmoved the emergency whereat he pales and flinches. If, on the other hand, she be a dreamer buried in books, the salient necessities of life become irksome to her. It is intolerable that one should be called away to tea from the very apex and crisis of a fairy tale; and the fiat of a change of raiment may throw her into spasms of inarticulate wrath. Should she early fall into the meshes of ambition, Heaven help her! It will trip her up at

every turn. Better for her that the treasures of her enthusiasm be expended upon the doll and all that pertains to it. The doll is the natural safety-valve for one's emotions; also one can punish it most satisfactorily when the world goes awry. Sometimes, indeed, its nose is put out of joint by its living prototype. Margaret, aged six, entered her kindergarten after many days' absence, with so effulgent a face as must kindle curiosity in the dullest. 'Yes, I've had a bad cough and cold,' she explained, 'I had to stay at home. But what *luxury* do you think I had yesterday?' The mistress suggested grapes, jujubes, black-currant jelly. 'No,' says Margaret, clasping ecstatic hands, 'a BABY!' She jingled two pennies in her pocket, and was seen, homeward-bound, to emerge from the toyshop with a pink paper fan as an offering to the new divinity.

It is not easy, as a rule, to grow intimately acquainted with the little girl. She is elusive, diffident, reserved. The little boy comes half-way to meet your advances, outpouring his confidence with the frankest friendliness. You know where to have him; you know that certain subjects are bound to find his heart. But his sister remains always more or less a *terra incognita*—even in her most expansive moments. Her reserve deepens as her legs lengthen; and the dimpled little dumpling of three, who would have toddled to you with her most cherished secrets, becomes at nine a stand-offish abstracted creature, irresponsive to the adroitest overtures, and apparently sharing no common ground of interest with you. Even the madcap tomboy child, the hoyden in miniature,

Swift, lithe, plastical,
High-fantastical,
In feats gymnastical
Enthusiastical,

evades your mental grip with the most vexatious agility, and barricades herself suddenly behind glaciers of aloofness. This tendency to the unexpected is one of the little girl's chief charms, but it is strangely disconcerting none the less, the result being that you 'don't get no forrarder' with her. *La donna è mobile* to such an extent that I doubt if the most sedulous mother can keep pace with all her moods.

'The happiest women,' says George Eliot, 'like the happiest nations, have no history,' and this is especially true of little girls. No sunshine of after years can quite efface the memories of a

dreary, clouded childhood. No liberty of happiness ever does away with that bitter blinding sense of injustice which rankles so cruelly in the mind of a sensitive child ill-governed. Consciously or unconsciously, all life takes its colouring from one's first years. The little girls of great fiction are all predestined to storm and stress. The sole reason of your introduction to them as children is to prepare the way for their subsequent development into victims of outrageous fortune. The little Consuelo, dangling her bare feet into the lagoon water as she threads her *fiori di mare*; the small rebellious Maggie Tulliver, shearing her black unruly locks; the tiny coquette Trix Esmond, always alert to 'play off little graces' for the ensnarement of a stranger; Lorna Doone among her savage captors; Lyndall in the *Story of an African Farm*; Elsie Venner shackled by mysterious fate—these are typical specimens of the child for whom the future is inconceivable, save as a *via dolorosa*.

Oddly enough, it is always brunettes who are thus revealed to us in young childhood. I cannot recall a single instance of blonde beauty similarly depicted. Perhaps the fair, lymphatic type is less susceptible of ultimate evolution into the strenuous and much-enduring creature of circumstance, the true heroic woman. The 'icily regular, faultlessly null' mould of a Griselda Grantly is but the natural outcome of that virtuous immaculate anomaly, the 'angel in a bib'; and to such serene pre-eminence the dark impulsive child, with her countless little rages and remorsees, can never hope to attain. But who shall say which is the dearer, the 'wee croodlin' doo,' cuddlesome, timid, rarely in disgrace, exquisite with the ephemeral tints of spring's own white and gold, pale blue and rose; or the tumultuous high-spirited gipsy-faced child, brown as Mother Earth, excitable as the sea, blown about by every wind of emotion? The first, it may be, appeals more strongly to the guardian paternal instinct, and to that unwritten Anglo-Saxon law which decrees that 'child' and 'fair' shall usually be synonymous. The second courts the yearning anxieties of mother-love; for the mother rejoices to be spent on the object demanding most of her in pain and prayer. The greater the cost, the higher the value. I wager you will find she loves her naughtiest child the best.

From whole regions of the world's romance, the little girl is entirely absent. In the novel of adventure she plays no part. What should she do among the drawing of swords, the rattle of

halyards, and tramp of horses? Scott, Stevenson, Dumas, Kingsley, Meredith, Kipling—to name only half a dozen—have ignored her completely. Whenever she figures in fiction at all, it is either for the ultra-pathetic destiny of early death—as in the case of Dickens's 'Little Nell'—or for the chivalric development of some stripling—this you will find in many modern novels—who, having frolicked with her in childhood, weds her, after apparently insurmountable obstacles, on the last page but one. Her third *raison d'être* is that already alluded to—the inevitable tragedy lying in wait for her. There is one immortal child, however, who fits in with none of the foregoing conditions: the most popular, the most widely quoted child that ever was invented. Even her obsolete dress of the late 'Sixties, her tightly drawn-back straight hair, white stockings, little prim pocketed apron (for you can never dissociate her from Tenniel's illustrations), fail to tarnish the perennial attractiveness of 'Lewis Carroll's' Alice. But I gather that 'Lewis Carroll,' like Ruskin, laboured under a chronic infatuation for little girls.

A new era of loveliness dawned for our heroine with Kate Greenaway's drawings. The quaint picturesquenesses of the present day, who glance at us demurely beneath their little furred hoods, or out of their blossom-like sun-bonnets, are very different externally from the crinoletted be-trousered children whom our mothers would fain forget. Yet childhood has never forgone its implicit sweetnesses—no, not when most disguised in monstrous apparel, most cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd by regulations, etiquettes, and formalities. The little girl of Charles I., peeping forth in Vandyke's picture through her stiff bondage of attire, is essentially the same as the dainty rogues in porcelain who smile at us from the canvases of Sir Joshua. The children of bygone centuries, however, were less happy than ours in one particular. Their childhood was curtailed as far as possible: it was accounted a blemish, to be outgrown with haste. The blessed nursery years were hurried through, and the joyful possibilities of play subordinated to maturer studies—studies of books and men, especially the latter. Fifteen was an ordinary marriageable age. Hence we find a precocity of eroticism among the children of the eighteenth century, which is absolutely repugnant to modern taste, and which finds no modern parallel except in isolated instances and among the lower classes. Childhood is now a happier period because of its longer duration, and from the

indulgence meted out, perhaps too lavishly, to all its shortcomings, moral and mental. The pitiful tiny figures of baby princesses, betrothed in their very cradles, are absent for ever: the scholastic furnace is shut down, through which one emerged such a miracle of learning as Lady Jane Grey at sixteen. Two things remain intact through the ages—that undeviating maternal instinct of the child-heart, the most touching, most celestial trait of woman in the making; and that extraordinary piquancy of infantine logic, which so floors and ‘stumps’ the less flexible-minded parent. Probably most people are acquainted with the story of the little girl who is allowed (oh, gruesome permission!) to view her uncle in his coffin, and is told that he has gone to Heaven. Little girl, the day after the funeral: ‘Mamma dear! do you think God has had time to unpack Uncle Edward yet?’ . . . Or again, though it should rank as a ‘chestnut,’ take the tale of the little girl who had picked up bad language from the grooms. The vicar, summoned by a horrified mother, remonstrates: ‘A little bird has told me that you sometimes use naughty words.’ ‘Oh, I know,’ says Miss Pinafore promptly, ‘it was one of those d—d sparrows!’

The poets have always had an adoring eye on this small epitome of woman. She appeals to their sense of humour, as in Prior’s delightful verses *To a Child of Quality Five Years Old*—to their veneration for that Age of Innocence of which the little girl is still the most ideal image, as in *We are Seven* and *Lucy Gray*. They recognise in her a power of virginal self-seclusion from gross earthly surroundings which may enable her crescent faculties to absorb and assimilate beauty—a theory summed up in the imperishable *Three years she grew in sun and shower*. Finally, of her they foster an ardent conviction that she alone of God’s creatures may, by some inherent process of sanctity, remain unspotted from the world—that her trailing clouds of glory shall never ‘get a little dusty at the hem,’ and that no serpent shall dare to invade the Eden of her pure white soul. Alas! I fear the poets delude themselves. The actual little girl of real life is all the more lovable for her weak humanity. Fairy-tale writers, too, who are of the poetic fellowship, make much of their little Gerdas and Snowwhites and Cinderellas. But nursery literature, austere veracious, abounds in examples of Missy in all her most reprehensible phases—from the melancholy

parable of Red Riding Hood to the peccant Polly Flinders—from Goldenhair, who gobbled the Three Bears' porridge, to Jemima, who 'stood upon her head on her little truckle-bed, and then began hurrying with her heels.' This constant attribution of original sin reaches a climax in those unhappy ones of the *Fairchild Family*, Lucy and Emily, whose every deed demanded a minatory sermon on the spot.

Two little girls stand out as representative children of the nineteenth century—one at either end—Marjorie Fleming and 'W. V.' Never was there a more enchanting little sinner than Marjorie, who would have been among the first to allow that 'when she was good she was very, very good, and when she was bad she was horrid.' Witty, wilful, sensitive, consumed by that 'wild hunger to be beloved'—never did death summon from the evil to come a soul more manifestly pre-ordained to suffering. Witness her diary, at six and seven years old :

I confess I have been more like a little young devil than a creature for when Isabella went upstairs to teach me religion and my multiplication and to be good and all my other lessons I stamped with my foot and threw my new hat which she had made on the ground and was dreadfully passionate. . . . It was the very same Devil that tempted Job that tempted me I am sure, but he resisted Satan though he had boils and many other misfortunes which I have escaped. . . . I am now going to tell the horrible and wretched plague that my multiplication gives me, you can't conceive it the most Devilish thing is 8 times 8 and 7 times 7 it is what nature itself can't endure. . . . Remorse is the worst thing to bear and I am afraid that I will fall a martyr to it.

Do you suppose Scott worshipped his Maidie any the less for her poor little revolts and repentances? On the contrary, he would have endorsed 'W. V.'s' *dictum*, 'Little girls ought not to be too good. *If they only did what they were told*, they would be good enough.' There is not much likelihood of the brilliant erratic baby genius ever being 'too good.' As to 'W. V.', it may be that the emotional artistic temperament of such children wears out the tender little frame before its time. Her stories and playlets and charming little nature poems—all the pathetic residuum of a lovely fugitive spirit—are on a higher level of achievement than were Pet Marjorie's attempts. But then she lived three years longer than Marjorie, and was perhaps altogether of a saner vivacity.

For the average little girl, it is advisable that her virtues be chiefly negative ones. Hence a certain air of nonentity sometimes underlies her alluring shyness. That feeble assumption of

authority by which she bullies her family to her will is but the lion's hide thrown over a natural subordination to authority. To face the probable future for her is almost unendurable—to consider that the stings of love, the pangs of motherhood, the pomps and vanities of a blatant world, even now ambush those darling feet! Yet the shades of the prison-house close round her at an earlier age than her little brother. A vague consciousness of sex inspires and prompts her: all the arts of coquetry spring suddenly to light. That mysterious terminus of matrimony, to which she dimly imagines all feminine paths as trending, invites her pensive curiosity. She interrogates her evasive elders. 'If my name was Jones, and I married a Duke,' says Six-Year-Old, 'would he be Mister Jones, or should I be Mrs. Duke?' 'When you die and I get married,' enquires Three-Year-Old, 'can my husband have your watch and chain?' Nobody ever quite realises what amazing problems continually find more amazing solution in those little brains, what unruly hearts are pulsing towards the catastrophes of life beneath those clean starched frocks. Upon the mind of a child—

God takes the characters of fate outworn,
And writes them fair again:

but the little girl has not long to enjoy them in their primal lucidity. Too soon the flower-sweet lips of Phyllis or Dorothy become eloquent with the hideous currencies of dress-talk. Your little daughter, the child whose childishness was a perpetual delight, too soon grows weary of her toys, and scorns the amenities of the nursery table. Education completes the disaster, scrawling her smooth mind with undecipherable legends. No longer she stitches tears into samplers, or esteems it a cardinal sin to hanker after prettier hats than her own. She is petted and caressed and sheltered; but she sheds her petals of simplicity with the passing years. In the end, it may be, she returns *à ses premiers amours*: the eyes of a girl of twenty will sometimes recapture the innocence of three. But the wild freshness of morning faded when she forsook her playthings, faded with that *beauté du diable* which was almost incredible while we watched it. The doll-years were the best.

MAY BYRON.

HISTORICAL MYSTERIES.

BY ANDREW LANG.

VIII. THE GOWRIE CONSPIRACY.

THE singular events called 'The Gowrie Conspiracy,' or 'The Slaying of the Ruthvens,' fell out, on evidence which nobody disputes, in the following manner. On August 5, 1600, the king, James VI., was leaving the stables at the House of Falkland to hunt a buck, when the Master of Ruthven rode up and had an interview with the monarch. This occurred about seven o'clock in the morning. The Master was a youth of nineteen; he was residing with his brother, the Earl of Gowrie, aged twenty-two, at the family town house in Perth, some twelve or fourteen miles from Falkland. The interview being ended, the King followed the hounds, and the chase, 'long and sore,' ended in a kill, at about eleven o'clock, near Falkland. Thence the King and the Master, with some fifteen of the Royal retinue, including the Duke of Lennox and the Earl of Mar, rode, without any delay, to Perth. Others of the King's company followed: the whole number may have been, at most, twenty-five.

On their arrival at Perth it appeared that they had not been expected. The Earl had dined at noon, the Royal dinner was delayed till two o'clock, and after the scanty meal the King and the Master went upstairs alone, while the Earl of Gowrie took Lennox and others into his garden, bordering on the Tay, at the back of the house. While they loitered there eating cherries, a retainer of Gowrie, Thomas Cranstoun (brother of Sir John of that ilk), brought a report that the King had already mounted, and ridden off through the Inch of Perth. Gowrie called for horses, but Cranstoun told him that his horses were at Scone, across the Tay, two miles off. The gentlemen then went to the street door of the house, where the porter said that the King had *not* ridden away. Gowrie gave him the lie, re-entered the house, went upstairs, and, returning, assured Lennox that James had certainly departed. All this is proved on oath by Lennox, Mar, Lindores, and many other witnesses.

While the company stood in doubt, outside the gate, a turret

window above them opened, and the King looked forth, much agitated, shouting 'Treason!' and crying for help to Mar. With Lennox and most of the others, Mar ran to the rescue up the main staircase of the house, where they were stopped by a locked door, which they could not break open. Gowrie had not gone with his guests to aid the King; he was standing in the street, asking 'What is the matter? I know nothing;' when two of the King's household, Thomas and James Erskine, tried to seize him, the 'treason' being perpetrated under Gowrie's own roof. His friends drove the Erskines off, and some of the Murrays of Tullibardine, who were attending a wedding in Perth, surrounded him. Gowrie retreated, drew a pair of 'twin swords,' and, accompanied by Cranstoun and others, made his way into the quadrangle of his house. At the foot of a small dark staircase they saw the body of a man lying—wounded or dead. Cranstoun now rushed up the dark stairs, followed by Gowrie, two Ruthvens, Hew Moncrieff, Patrick Eviot, and perhaps others. At the head of the narrow spiral stair they found, in a room called the Gallery Chamber, Sir Thomas Erskine, a lame Dr. Herries, a young gentleman of the Royal Household named John Ramsay, and Wilson, a servant, with drawn swords. A fight began; Cranstoun was wounded; he and his friends fled, leaving Gowrie, who had been run through the body by Ramsay. All this while the other door of the long Gallery Chamber was ringing under the hammer-strokes of Lennox and his company, and the town bell was summoning the citizens. Erskine and Ramsay now locked the door opening on the narrow stair, at which the retainers of Gowrie struck with axes. The King's party, by means of a hammer handed by their friends through a hole in the other door of the gallery, forced the lock, and admitted Lennox, Mar, and the rest of the King's retinue. They let James out of a small turret opening from the Gallery Chamber, and, after some dealings with the angry mob and the magistrates of Perth, they conveyed the King to Falkland after nightfall.

The whole results were the death of Gowrie and of his brother, the Master (his body it was that lay at the foot of the narrow staircase), and a few wounds to Ramsay, Dr. Herries, and some of Gowrie's retainers.

The death of the Master of Ruthven was explained thus:—When James cried 'Treason!' young Ramsay, from the stable door, had heard his voice, but not his words. He had sped into the quad-

range, charged up the narrow stairs, found a door behind which was the sound of a struggle, 'dang in' the door, and saw the King wrestling with the Master. *Behind them stood a man, the centre of the mystery, of whom he took no notice.* He drew his whinger, slashed the Master in the face and throat, and pushed him down-stairs. Ramsay then called from the window to Sir Thomas Erskine, who, with Herries and Wilson, ran to his assistance, slew the wounded Master, and shut up James (who had no weapon) in the turret. Then came the struggle in which Gowrie died. No more was seen of the mysterious man in the turret, except by a townsman, who later withdrew his evidence.

Such was the whole affair, as witnessed by the King's men, the retainers of Gowrie, and some citizens of Perth. Not a vestige of plot or plan by Gowrie and his party was discoverable. His friends maintained that he had meant, on that day, to leave Perth for 'Lothian,' that is, for his castle at Dirleton, near North Berwick, whither he had sent most of his men and provisions. James had summoned the Master to meet him at Falkland, they said, and Gowrie had never expected the return of the Master with the King.

James's own version was given in a public letter of the night of the events, which we only know through the report of Nicholson, the English resident at Holyrood (August 6), and Nicholson only repeated what Elphinstone, the secretary, told him of the contents of the letter, written to the King's dictation at Falkland by David Moyair, a notary. At the end of August James printed and circulated a full narrative, practically identical with Nicholson's report of Elphinstone's report of the contents of the Falkland letter of August 5.

The King's narrative is universally accepted on all hands, till we come to the point where he converses with Alexander Ruthven, at Falkland, before the buck-hunt began. There was such an interview, lasting for about a quarter of an hour, but James alone knew its nature. He says that, after an unusually low obeisance, Ruthven told the following tale:—Walking alone, on the previous evening, in the fields near Perth, he had met 'a base-like fellow, unknown to him, with a cloak cast about his mouth,' a common precaution to avoid recognition. Asked who he was, and what his errand 'in so solitary a part, being far from all ways,' the fellow was taken aback. Ruthven seized him, and, under his arm, found 'a great wide pot, all full of coined gold in great pieces.' Ruthven keeping the secret to himself, took the man to Perth, and locked

him in 'a privy derved house'—that is, a room. At 4 A.M. he himself left Perth to tell the King, urging him to 'take order' in the matter at once, as not even Lord Gowrie knew of it. When James said that it was no business of his, the gold not being treasure trove, Ruthven called him 'over scruplous,' adding that his brother, Gowrie, 'and other great men,' might interfere. James then, suspecting that the gold might be foreign, brought in by Jesuits for the use of Catholic intriguers, asked what the coins and their bearer were like. Ruthven replied that the bearer seemed to be a 'Scots fellow,' hitherto unknown to him, and that the gold was apparently of foreign mintage. Hereon James suspected that the gold was foreign and the bearer a disguised Scots priest. He therefore proposed to send back with Ruthven a retainer of his own with a warrant to Gowrie, then Provost of Perth, and the Bailies, to take over the man and the money. Ruthven replied that, if they did, the money would be ill reckoned, and begged the King to ride over at once, be 'the first seer,' and reward him 'at his own honourable discretion.'

The oddity of the tale and the strangeness of Ruthven's manner amazed James, who replied that he would give an answer when the hunt was over. Ruthven said the man might make a noise, and discover the whole affair, causing the treasure to be meddled with. He himself would be missed by Gowrie, whereas, if James came at once, Gowrie and the townsfolk would be 'at the sermon.' James made no answer, but followed the hounds. Still he brooded over the story, sent for Ruthven, and said that the hunt once ended he would accompany him to Perth.

Here James adds that, though he himself knew not that any man was with Ruthven, he had two companions, one of whom, Andrew Henderson, he now despatched to Gowrie, bidding him prepare dinner for the King. This is not part of James's direct evidence. He was unknowing and unsuspecting that any man living had come with Ruthven.

Throughout the chase Ruthven was ever near the King, always urging him 'to hasten the end of the hunting.' The buck was slain close to the stables, and Ruthven would not allow James to wait for a second horse: that was sent after him. So the King did not even tarry to 'brittle' the buck, and merely told the Duke of Lennox, Mar, and others that he was riding to Perth to speak with Gowrie, and would return before evening. Some of the Court went to Falkland for fresh horses, others followed slowly with weary steeds. They followed 'undesired by him,' because a report

rose that the King had some purpose to apprehend the oppressive Master of Oliphant. Ruthven implored James not to bring Lennox and Mar, but only three or four servants, to which the King answered 'half angrily.'

This odd conduct roused suspicion in James. He had been well acquainted with Ruthven, who was suing for the place of a Gentleman of the Bedchamber, or Cubicular. 'The farthest that the King's suspicion could reach to was, that it might be that the Earl, his brother, had handled him so hardly, that the young gentleman, being of a high spirit, had taken such displeasure as he was beside himself'; hence his curious, agitated, and moody behaviour. James, as they rode, consulted Lennox, whose first wife had been a sister of Gowrie. Lennox had never seen anything of mental unsettlement in young Ruthven, but James bade the Duke 'accompany him into that house' (room) where the gold and the bearer of it lay. Lennox thought the story of the gold 'unlikely.' Ruthven, seeing them in talk, urged that James should be secret, and bring nobody with him to the first inspection of the treasure. The King thus rode forward 'between trust and distrust.' About two miles from Perth, Ruthven sent on his other companion, Andrew Ruthven, to Gowrie. When within a mile of Perth, Ruthven himself rode forward in advance. Gowrie was at dinner, having taken no notice of the two earlier messengers.

Gowrie, with fifty or sixty men, met James 'at the end of the Inch'; the Royal retinue was then of fifteen persons, with swords alone, and no daggers or 'whingers.' Dinner did not appear till an hour had gone by (say 2 P.M.). James whispered to Ruthven that he had better see the treasure at once: Ruthven bade him wait, and not arouse Gowrie's suspicions by whispering ('rounding'). James therefore directed his conversation to Gowrie, getting from him 'but half words and imperfect sentences.' When dinner came Gowrie stood pensively by the King's table, often whispering to the servants, 'and oft-times went in and out,' as he also did before dinner. The suite stood about, as was custom, till James had nearly dined, when Gowrie took them to their dinner, separately, in the hall; 'he sat not down with them as the common manner is,' but again stood silent beside the King, who bantered him 'in a homely manner.'

James having sat long enough, Ruthven whispered that he wished to be rid of his brother, so James sent Gowrie into the hall to offer a kind of grace-cup to the suite, as was usual—this by

Ruthven's desire. James then rose to follow Ruthven, asking him to bring Sir Thomas Erskine with him. Ruthven requested James to 'command publicly' that none should follow at once, promising that 'he should make any one or two follow that he pleased to call for.'

The King then, expecting attendants who never came, because Ruthven never summoned them, walked alone with Ruthven across the end of the hall, up a staircase, and through three or four chambers, Ruthven 'ever locking behind him every door as he passed.' We do not know whether James observed the locking of the doors, or inferred it from the later discovery that one door was locked. Then Ruthven showed 'a more smiling countenance than he had all the day before, ever saying that he had him sure and safe enough kept.' At last they reached 'a little study' (a turret chamber), where James found, 'not a bondman, but a free-man, with a dagger at his girdle,' and 'a very abased countenance.' Ruthven locked the turret door, put his hat on his head, drew the man's dagger, pointed it at the King's breast, 'avowing now that the King behoved to be in his will and used as he list,' threatening murder if James cried out, or opened the window. He also reminded the King of the death of the late Gowrie, his father (executed for treason in 1584). Meanwhile the other man stood 'trembling and quaking.' James made a long harangue on many points, promising pardon and silence if Ruthven at once let him go. Ruthven then uncovered, and promised that James's life should be safe if he kept quiet; the rest Gowrie would explain. Then, bidding the other man ward the King, he went out, locking the door behind him. He had first made James swear not to open the window. In his brief absence James learned from the armed man that he had but recently been locked up in the turret, he knew not why. James bade him open the window 'on his right hand.' The man did as he was commanded.

Here the King's narrative reverts to matter not within his own observation (the events which occurred downstairs during his own absence). His narrative is amply confirmed, on oath, by many nobles and gentlemen. He says (here we repeat what we began by stating) that, during his own absence, as his train was rising from dinner, one of the Earl's servants, Cranstoun, came hastily in, assuring the Earl that the King had got to horse, and 'was away through the Inch' (isle) of Perth. The Earl reported this to the nobles, and all rushed to the gate. The porter assured

them that the King had not departed. Gowrie gave the porter the lie, but, turning to Lennox and Mar, said that he would get sure information. He then ran back across the court, and upstairs, and returned, running, with the news that 'the King was gone, long since, by the back gate, and, unless they hastened, would not be overtaken.'

The nobles, going towards the stables for their horses, necessarily passed under the window of the turret on the first floor where James was imprisoned. Ruthven by this time had returned thither, 'casting his hands abroad in a desperate manner as a man lost.' Then, saying that there was no help for it, the King must die, he tried to bind the royal hands with his garter. In the struggle James drew Ruthven towards the window, already open. At this nick of time, when the King's friends were standing in the street below, Gowrie with them, James, 'holding out the right side of his head and his right elbow,' shouted for help. Gowrie stood 'ever asking what it meant,' but Lennox, Mar, and others, as we saw, instantly ran in, and up the chief staircase to find the King. Meanwhile James, in his agony, pushed Ruthven out of the turret, 'the said Mr. Alexander's head under his arms, and himself on his knees,' towards the chamber door which opened on the dark staircase. James was trying to get hold of Ruthven's sword and draw it, 'the other fellow doing nothing but standing behind the King's back and trembling all the time.' At this moment a young gentleman of the Royal Household, John Ramsay, entered from the dark *back* staircase, and struck Ruthven with his dagger. 'The other fellow' withdrew. James then pushed Ruthven down the back stairs, where he was slain by Sir Thomas Erskine and Dr. Herries, who were coming up by that way. The rest, with the death of Gowrie, followed. A tumult of the townsmen, lasting for two or three hours, delayed the return of James to Falkland.

Such is the King's published narrative. It tallies closely with the letter written by Nicholson, the English agent, to Cecil, on August 6.

James had thus his version, from which he never varied, ready on the evening of the fatal day, August 5. From his narrative one inference can be drawn. Gowrie and his brother had tried to lure James, almost unattended, to their house. In the event they had an armed man, who would assist the Master to seize the King. Events frustrated the conspiracy; James was

well attended; the armed man turned coward, and Gowrie proclaimed the King's departure falsely to make his suite follow back to Falkland, and so leave the King in the hands of his captors. The plot, once arranged, could not be abandoned, because the plotters had no prisoner with a pot of gold to produce, so their intended treason would have been manifest.

How far is James's tale corroborated? At the posthumous trial of the Ruthvens, in November, witnesses like Lennox swore to his quarter of an hour of talk with Ruthven at Falkland before the hunt. The *early* arrival of Andrew Henderson at Gowrie's house, about half-past ten, is proved by two gentlemen named Hay, and one named Moncrieff, who were then with Gowrie on business to which he at once refused to attend further, in the case of the Hays. Henderson's presence with Ruthven at Falkland is also confirmed by a manuscript vindication of the Ruthvens issued at the time. None of the King's party saw him, and their refusal to swear that they did see him shows their honesty, the point being essential. Thus the circumstance that Gowrie ordered no dinner for the King, despite Henderson's early arrival with news of his coming, shows that Gowrie meant to affect being taken by surprise. Again, the flight of Henderson on the very night of August 5 proves that he was implicated: why else should a man fly who had not been seen by anyone (except a Perth witness who withdrew his evidence) in connection with the fatal events? No other man fled, except some of Gowrie's retainers who took open part in the fighting.

James's opinion that Ruthven was deranged, in consequence of harsh treatment by his brother, Gowrie, is explained by a dispute between the brothers about the possession of the church lands of Scone, which Gowrie held, and Ruthven desired, the King siding with Ruthven. This is quite casually mentioned in a contemporary manuscript.¹ Again, Lennox, on oath, averred that, as they rode to Perth, James told him the story of the lure, the pot of gold. Lennox was a man of honour, and he had married Gowrie's sister.

Ruthven, on his return to Gowrie's house, told a retainer, Craigingelt, that he 'had been on an errand not far off,' and accounted for the King's arrival by saying that he was 'brought' by the royal saddler to exact payment of a debt to the man. Now

¹ 'The True Discourse of the Late Treason,' *State Papers*, Scotland, Elizabeth, vol. lvi. No. 50.

James had just given Gowrie a year's immunity from pursuit of creditors, and there is no trace of the saddler's presence. Clearly Ruthven lied to Craigingelt; he had been at Falkland, *not* 'on an errand not far off.'

That Cranstoun, Gowrie's man, brought the news, or rumour, of the King's departure was admitted by himself. That Gowrie went into the house to verify the fact; insisted that it was true; gave the lie to the porter, who denied it; and tried to make the King's party take horse and follow, was proved by Lennox, Lindores, Ray (a magistrate of Perth), the porter himself, and others, on oath.

That the King was locked in by a door which could not be burst open is matter of undisputed certainty.

All these are facts that 'winna ding, and downa be disputed.' They *were* disputed, however, when Henderson, Gowrie's factor, or steward, and a town councillor of Perth, came out of hiding between August 11 and August 20, told his story and confessed to having been the man in the turret. He said that on the night of August 4 Gowrie bade him ride very early next day with the Master of Ruthven to Falkland, and return with any message that Ruthven might send. He did return—when the Hays and Moncrieff saw him—with news that the King was coming. An hour later Gowrie bade him put on a shirt of mail and plate sleeves, as he meant to arrest a Highlander in the Shoe-gait. Later, the King arriving, Henderson was sent to Ruthven, in the gallery, and told to do whatever he was bidden. Ruthven then locked him up in the turret, giving no explanation. Later the King was brought into the turret, and Henderson pretends that, to a faint extent, he hampered the violence of Ruthven. During the struggle between Ramsay and Ruthven he slunk downstairs, went home, and fled that night.

It was denied that Henderson had been at Falkland at all. Nobody swore to his presence there, yet it is admitted by the contemporary apologist, who accuses the King of having organised the whole conspiracy against the Ruthvens. It was said that nobody saw Henderson slink away out of the narrow stair, though the quadrangle was crowded. One Robertson, however, a notary of Perth, gave evidence (September 23) that he did see Henderson creep out of the narrow staircase and step over the Master's dead body; Robertson spoke to him, but he made no reply. If Robertson perjured himself on September 23, he withdrew his evidence, or

rather, he omitted it, at the trial in November. His life would not have been worth living in Perth—where the people were partisans of the Ruthvens—if he had adhered to his first statement. In the absence of other testimony many fables were circulated as to Henderson's absence from Perth all through the day, and, on the other hand, as to his presence, in the kitchen, during the crisis. He was last seen, for certain, in the house just before the King's dinner, and then, by his account, was locked up in the turret by the Master. Probably Robertson's first story was true. Other witnesses, to shield their neighbours, denied having seen retainers of Gowrie's, who most assuredly were present at the brawls in the quadrangle. It was never explained why Henderson fled at once if he was not the man in the turret. I therefore conceive that, as he certainly was at Falkland, and certainly returned early, his story is true in the main.

Given all this, only one of two theories is possible. The affair was not accidental; James did not fall into a panic and bellow 'Treason!' out of the window, merely because he found himself alone in a turret—and why in a secluded turret?—with the Master. To that theory the locked door of the gallery is a conclusive reply. Somebody locked it for some reason. Therefore either the Ruthvens plotted against the King, or the King plotted against the Ruthvens. Both parties had good grounds for hatred, as we shall show—that is, Gowrie and James had motives for quarrel; but with the young Master, whose cause, as regards the lands of Scone, the King espoused, he had no reason for anger. If James was guilty, how did he manage his intrigue?

With motives for hating Gowrie, let us say, the King lays his plot. He chooses for it a day when he knows that the Murrays of Tullibardine will be in Perth at the wedding of one of the clan. They will defend the King from the townsfolk, clients of their Provost, Gowrie. James next invites Ruthven to Falkland (this was asserted by Ruthven's defenders): he arrives at the strangely early hour of 6.30 A.M. James has already invented the story of the pot of gold, to be confided to Lennox, as proof that Ruthven is bringing him to Perth—that he has not invited Ruthven.

Next, by secretly spreading a rumour that he means to apprehend the Master of Oliphant, James secures a large train of retainers, let us say twenty-five men, without firearms, while he escapes the suspicion that would be aroused if he ordered them to accompany him. James has determined to sacrifice Ruthven (with whom he

had no quarrel whatever), merely as bait to draw Gowrie into a trap.

Having put Lennox off with a false reason for his accompanying Ruthven alone in the house of Gowrie, James privately arranges that Ruthven shall quietly summon him, or Erskine, to follow upstairs, meaning to goad Ruthven into a treasonable attitude just as they appear on the scene. He calculates that Lennox, Erskine, or both, will then stab Ruthven without asking questions, and that Gowrie will rush up, to avenge his brother, and be slain.

But here his Majesty's deeply considered plot, on a superficial view, breaks down, since Ruthven (for reasons best known to himself) summons neither Lennox nor Erskine. James, observing this circumstance, rapidly and cleverly remodels his plot, and does not begin to provoke the brawl till, being, Heaven knows why, in the turret, he hears his train talking outside in the street. He had shrewdly provided for their presence there by ordering a servant of his own to spread the false rumour of his departure, which Cranstoun innocently brought. Why did the King do this, as his original idea involved no need of such a stratagem? He had also, somehow, persuaded Gowrie to credit the rumour, in the face of the porter's denial of its possibility, and to persist in it, after making no very serious attempt to ascertain its truth. To succeed in making Gowrie do this, in place of thoroughly searching the house, is certainly the King's most striking and inexplicable success.

The King has thus two strings to his nefarious bow. The first was that Ruthven, by his orders, would bring Erskine and Lennox, and, just as they appeared, James would goad Ruthven into a treasonable attitude, whereon Lennox and Erskine would dirk him. The second plan, if this failed (as it did, because Ruthven did not obey orders), was to deceive Gowrie into bringing the retinue under the turret window, so that the King could open the window and cry 'Treason!' as soon as he heard their voices and footsteps below. This plan succeeds. James yells out of the window. Not wanting many spectators, he has, somehow, locked the door leading into the gallery, while giving Ramsay a hint to wait outside of the house, within hearing, and to come up by the back staircase, noted, for this very purpose, by the astute King.

The rest is easy. Gowrie may bring up as many men as he pleases, but Ramsay has had orders to horrify him by saying that the King is slain (this was alleged), and then to run him through

as he gives ground, or drops his points; this after a decent form of resistance, in which three of the King's four men are wounded.

'Master of the human heart,' like Lord Bateman, James knows that Ruthven will not merely leave him, when goaded by insult, and that Gowrie, hearing of his brother's death, will not simply stand in the street and summon the citizens.

To secure a witness to the truth of his false version of the matter James must have begun by artfully bribing Henderson, Gowrie's steward, either simply to run away, and then come in later with corroboration, or actually to be present in the turret, and then escape. Or perhaps the King told his man-in-the-turret tale merely 'in the air'; and then Henderson, having run away in causeless panic, later 'sees money in it,' and appears, with a string of falsehoods. 'Chance loves Art,' says Aristotle, and chance might well befriend an artist so capable and conscientious as his Majesty. To be sure Mr. Hill Burton says 'the theory that the whole was a plot of the Court to ruin the powerful House of Gowrie must at once, after a calm weighing of the evidence, be dismissed as beyond the range of sane conclusions. Those who formed it had to put one of the very last men in the world to accept of such a destiny into the position of an unarmed man who, without any preparation, was to render himself into the hands of his armed adversaries, and cause a succession of surprises and acts of violence, which, by his own courage and dexterity, he would rule to a determined and preconcerted plan.'¹

If there was a royal plot, *without a plan*, then James merely intended to raise a brawl and 'go it blind.' This, however, is almost beyond the King's habitual and romantic recklessness. We must prefer the theory of a subtly concerted and ably conducted plot, constructed with alternatives, so that, if one string breaks, another will hold fast. That plan, to the best of my poor powers, I have explained.

To drop the figure of irony, all this hypothesis is starkly incredible. James was not a recklessly adventurous character to go weaponless with Ruthven, who wore a sword, and provoke him into insolence. If he had been ever so brave, the plot is of a complexity quite impossible; no sane man, still less a timid man, could conceive and execute a plot at the mercy of countless circumstances not to be foreseen. Suppose the Master slain, and Gowrie a free man in the street. He had only to sound the tocsin,

¹ Burton, *History of Scotland*, v. 336.

summon his devoted townsmen, surround the house, and ask respectfully for explanations.

Take, on the other hand, the theory of Gowrie's guilt. Here the motives for evil will on either side may be briefly stated. Since the murder of Riccio (1566) the Ruthvens had been foes of the Crown. Gowrie's grandfather and father were leaders in the attack on Mary and Riccio; Gowrie's father insulted Queen Mary, while caged in Loch Leven Castle, by amorous advances—so she declares. In 1582 Gowrie's father captured James and held him in degrading captivity. He escaped, and was reconciled to his gaoler, who, in 1584, again conspired, and was executed, while the Ruthven lands were forfeited. By a new revolution (1585–1586) the Ruthvens were reinstated. In July 1593 Gowrie's mother, by an artful ambushade, enabled the Earl of Bothwell again to kidnap the King. In 1594 our Gowrie, then a lad, joined Bothwell in open rebellion. He was pardoned, and in August 1594 went abroad, travelled as far as Rome, studied at Padua, and, summoned by the party of the Kirk, came to England in March 1600. Here he was petted by Elizabeth, then on almost warlike terms with James. For thirty years every treason of the Ruthvens had been backed by Elizabeth; and Cecil, ceaselessly and continuously, had abetted many attempts to kidnap James. These plots were rife as late as April 1600. The object always was to secure the dominance of the Kirk over the King, and Gowrie, as the natural noble leader of the Kirk, was recalled to Scotland, in 1600, by the Rev. Mr. Bruce, the chief of the political preachers, whom James had mastered in 1596–97. Gowrie, arriving, instantly headed the Opposition, and, on June 21, 1600, successfully resisted the King's request for supplies, rendered necessary by his hostile relations with England. Gowrie then left the Court, and about July 20 went to hunt in Atholl; his mother (who had once already lured James into a snare) residing at his Perth house. On August 1 Gowrie warned his mother of his return, and she went to their strong castle of Dirleton, near North Berwick and the sea, while Gowrie came to his Perth house on August 3, it being understood that he was to ride to Dirleton on August 5. Thither he had sent on most of his men and provisions. On August 5, we know, he went on a longer journey.

We have shown that a plot by James is incredible. There is no evidence to prove a plot by Gowrie, beyond the whole nature of the events, and the strange conduct of himself and his brother.

But, if plot he did, he merely carried out, in the interests of his English friends, the traditional policy of his grandfather, his father, his mother, and his ally, Bothwell, at this time an exile in Spain, maturing a conspiracy in which he claimed Gowrie as one of his confederates. While the King was a free man, Gowrie could not hope to raise the discontented barons, and emancipate the preachers—yet more bitterly discontented—who had summoned him home. Let the King vanish, and the coast was clear; the Kirk's party, the English party, would triumph.

The inference is that the King was to be made to disappear; and that Gowrie undertook to do it. Two witnesses—Mr. Cowper, minister of Perth, and Mr. Rhynd, Gowrie's old tutor—averred that he was wont to speak of the need of extreme secrecy 'in the execution of a high and dangerous purpose.' Such a purpose as the trapping of the King by a secret and sudden onfall was the mere commonplace of Scottish politics. Cecil's papers, at this period and later, are full of such schemes, submitted by Scottish adventurers. That men so very young as the two Ruthvens should plan such a device, romantic and perilous, is no matter for marvel.

The plot itself must be judged by its original idea, namely, to lure James to Perth, with only two or three servants, at an early hour in the day. Matters fell out otherwise; but, had the King entered Gowrie House early, and scantily attended, he might have been conveyed across Fife, disguised, in the train of Gowrie as he went to Dirleton. Thence he might be conveyed by sea to Fastcastle, the impregnable eyrie of Gowrie's and Bothwell's old ally, the reckless intriguer, Logan of Restalrig. The famous letters which Scott, Tytler, and Hill Burton regarded as proof of that plot, I have shown, by comparison of handwritings, to be all forged; but one of them, claimed by the forger as his model for the rest, is, I think, a feigned copy of a genuine original. In that letter (of Logan to Gowrie) he is made to speak of their scheme as analogous to one contrived against 'a nobleman of Padua,' where Gowrie had studied. This remark, in a postscript, can hardly have been invented by the forger, Sprot, a low country attorney, a creature of Logan's. All the other letters are mere variations on the tune set by this piece.

A plot of this kind is, at least, not impossible, like the quite incredible conspiracy attributed to James. The scheme was only one of scores of the same sort, constantly devised at that time. The thing next to impossible is that Henderson was left, as he

declared, in the turret, by Ruthven, without being tutored in his rôle. The King's party did not believe that Henderson here told truth; he had accepted the rôle, they said, but turned coward. This is the more likely as, in December 1600, a gentleman named Robert Oliphant, a retainer of Gowrie, fled from Edinburgh, where certain revelations blabbed by him had come into publicity. He had said that, in Paris, early in 1600, Gowrie moved him to take the part of the armed man in the turret; that he had 'with good reason dissuaded him; that the Earl thereon left him and dealt with Henderson in that matter; that Henderson undertook it and yet fainted'—that is, turned craven. Though nine years later, in England, the Privy Council acquitted Oliphant of concealing treason, had he not escaped from Edinburgh in December 1600 the whole case might have been made clear, for witnesses were then at hand.

We conclude that, as there certainly was a Ruthven plot, as the King could not possibly have invented and carried out the affair, and that as Gowrie, the leader of the Kirk party, was young, romantic, and 'Italianate,' he did plan a device of the regular and usual kind, but was frustrated, and fell into the pit which he had digged. But the Presbyterians would never believe that the young leader of the Kirk party attempted what the leaders of the godly had often done, and far more frequently had conspired to do, with the full approval of Cecil and Elizabeth. The plot was an orthodox plot, but, to this day, historians of Presbyterian and Liberal tendencies prefer to believe that the King was the conspirator. The dead Ruthvens were long lamented, and even in the nineteenth century the mothers, in Perthshire, sang to their babes, 'Sleep ye, sleep ye, my bonny Earl o' Gowrie.'¹

¹ The story, with many new documents, is discussed at quite full length in the author's *King James and the Gowrie Mystery*, Longmans, 1902.

ROSE OF THE WORLD.¹

BY AGNES AND EGERTON CASTLE.

CHAPTER IV.

THE chief guest of the Lieutenant-Governor this evening was one Dr. Châtelard, a French *savant* of world-wide reputation, author of 'La Psychologie Féminine des Races.' Scientist—he had begun his career as a doctor, had specialised in nervous complaints, narrowed his circle again to *les névroses des femmes*; and, after establishing a school of his own, had gradually (though scarcely past the middle life) retired from active practice and confined himself to studying, teaching and writing. The first volume of his 'Psychologie'—under the distinctive heading 'La femme Latine'—had created a sensation not only in the scientific world, where the author's really valuable contributions to observation and treatment could not fail to be recognised, but also among that self-same irresponsible yet charming class which formed the subject-matter of his investigation. Here, indeed, the physician's light turn of wit, the palpitating examples he cited, with a discreet use of asterisks, set up a great flutter. *Madame la Marquise* was charmed when she recognised, or believed to recognise, *cette chère Comtesse* in a singularly eccentric case. Friends hunted for each other eagerly through the delicately veiled pages. Now and again a fair whilom patient would plume herself upon the belief that no other identity but her own could fit that of *Madame D*—, *cette exquise sensitive*. (M. Châtelard clung to style while he revolutionised science.) It is no wonder, perhaps, that the book should have had a greater vogue than the last scandalous novel. A second volume, 'L'Orientale,' was in course of conception. Indeed, it was the occasion of that tour in the East which brought M. Châtelard to India and, incidentally, under Sir Arthur Gerardine's roof.

Sir Arthur was in his element. To condescend, to demonstrate, to instruct, was to the Governor as the breath of his nostrils; he prided himself upon the Attic character of his French; he was justly conscious that, judged even by the Parisian standard, the

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urbanity of his manners was beyond criticism. And to have the opportunity of displaying to the intelligent foreigner the splendours of a quasi-regal position, filled to the utmost capacity ; the working of a superior mind (not unleavened by sparks of English wit that again need, certes, fear no comparison with French *esprit*) ; a cosmopolitan *savoir-faire* ; the nicest sense of official dignity ; the brilliant jargon of a brother writer ; and last, but not least perhaps, a young wife of quite extraordinary beauty . . . it would have been difficult to contrive a situation fraught with more satisfaction ! The presence of a minor personality, such as that of Major Bethune, was no disturbing factor. Apart from the circumstance that Sir Arthur was large-minded enough to appreciate the admiration even of the humblest, there was a subtle thread of pleasure in the thought that ' poor English's ' friend should see and marvel at the good fortune that had fallen to the lot of ' poor English's ' widow ; while the little halo of pathos and romance surrounding the memory of the fallen hero cast a reflected light upon his distinguished successor, which any temperament so sympathetic as that of the gifted Dr. Châtelard might easily be made to feel. A few well-chosen whispered words of sentiment, over the second glass of claret at dessert—and there would be a pretty paragraph for the Frenchman's next letter to the ' Figaro.' For it was well known that the series of brilliant weekly articles appearing in that paper, under the title ' Les Impressions d'un Globe-trotteur,' emanated from the traveller's facile pen.

Matters had progressed according to programme. M. Châtelard, a pleasant tubby man with a bald head, a cropped pointed beard drawing upon greyness, a twinkling observant eye, a sparkling readiness of repartee, and an appreciative palate, fell duly under the charm of the genial Lieutenant-Governor. The latter figured, indeed, that same night in his manuscript as the most amiable representative of John Bull abroad that the *globe-trotteur* had yet had the good fortune to meet.

' Almost French,' wrote the sagacious correspondent, ' in charm of manner, in quickness of insight—thorough Anglo-Saxon, however, in the deepness of his policy, the solidity of his judgment, the linching decision with which he watches over the true interests his Old England in this land of her ever-rebellious adopted sons. *an Anglo-Saxon*, too, in his ceaseless devotion to duty and stern acceptance of danger and responsibility. But he has received recompense. These provinces of his are a model for all other

colonies, and from one end to the other the name of Sir Gerardine is enough to make, &c., &c.'

In very deed Sir Arthur had never been more brilliant, more convincing.

Coffee was served upon the terrace. Even the Governor could find no objection to this al-fresco adjournment upon such a night. A purple-blue sky throbbed with stars. Upon the one side the lights of the town gleamed, red and orange, far below, and its myriad night clamour seemed to emphasise the apartness of the uplifted palace; upon the other stretched the great flat, fertile, empty lands, still half-flooded, gleaming in the moonlight, widely still save for the occasional far-off cry of some prowling savage animal.

Étrange situation ! (wrote M. Châtelard, in his well-known assertive rhetoric). Nous étions là, élevés au-dessus de la plaine, dans cet antique palais converti en résidence moderne, mais tout imprégné des souvenirs de l'Orientalisme le plus prononcé. A nos pieds grouillait la ville Indoue, intouchable, interchangeable, telle qu'elle avait été avant que le pied du maître étranger y eut pénétré. Appuyé contre la balustrade, de la terrasse je laissais plonger mon regard à travers les ténèbres jusque dans la vallée où luisaient, mystérieuses, innombrables, les lumières de la cité et me disais en moi-même : Nous voici donc, petit comité de la race conquérante qui n'a pourtant pas conquis ; de la civilisation Européenne la plus éclairée qui n'a rien su changer dans le fonds des choses là-bas ! Oui, là-bas, l'Orient va toujours son chemin sinistre et secret, inviolable par l'étranger ; et toujours il en sera ainsi ; toujours ces deux races, destinées à être conjointes sans être unies, traverseront les siècles comme deux courants puissants qui cheminent côte à côte sans jamais mélanger leurs ondes !

While Sir Arthur and his guest exchanged the treasures of their minds with mutual satisfaction, Bethune sought to isolate Miss Cuninghame, under the pretext of showing her from a particular corner of the terrace the tents of a new Engineer camp. Baby was nothing loth. Her innocent cherub face looked confidingly forth upon him. Her light hair was spangled by the moon rays.

'Well ?' said he, as soon as they were out of ear-shot.

The spangled mop began to fly.

'No use !'

He drew his brows together : 'Did you try ?'

'Did I try ! Of course, at once—yesterday. Did I not promise ?' The girl was reproachful. 'She forbade me ever to speak of it again.'

Raymond Bethune folded his arms, leaned them upon the balustrade and turned a set profile towards the low hanging moon.

'Then I must try again,' he said, after a pause.

Aspasia wished him to succeed ; but something relentless in his looks filled her with a sort of fear of him, of pity for her aunt. He seemed as indifferent to human emotion, as immutable, she thought, as one of the stone gods that, cross-legged and long-eyed, in unfathomable inner self-satisfaction, had gazed forth from their niches in the temple walls below for unknown centuries upon the passing mortal throng.

Suddenly he turned and left her. Sir Arthur was now pacing the terrace with the globe-trotter, lucidly laying down the law of India, as interpreted by his own sagacity, his smouldering cigar making ruby circles in the night with every wave of an authoritative hand.

The second secretary, Mr. Simpson to wit, was sitting by Lady Gerardine's side, effusively receiving each indifferent phrase that dropped from her lips. As Major Bethune advanced towards them the young civilian rose and drew away, with a crab-like movement, in the direction of the abandoned Baby.

Lady Gerardine clasped her hands together on her knees ; the contraction of her heart, at this man's approach, painted her face ashen even in the pallid light. He took a seat—not Mr. Simpson's lowly stool, but one that placed him on a level with her ; and then there came a little pause between them like the tension of the elements before the break of the storm. She had successfully avoided him the whole evening ; but now she felt that further evasion was useless ; and she waited, collecting her forces for the final resistance.

He went straight to the point :

'I hope you have reconsidered yesterday's decision. Perhaps you do not understand that this is a question of duty with me, of conscience.'

He was trying to speak gently.

'You have no responsibility in the matter,' she answered.

'I cannot accept that point of view,' he said, flashing into icy anger.

She did not reply in words, but rose with a swift haughty movement, unmistakably showing her resolve of closing the discussion once and for ever. But in an instant he was before her, barring her way.

'Major Bethune,' she exclaimed, 'this is persecution !'

The blood rushed to her cheeks, her eyes flashed. For an instant she was roused to superlative beauty. Stronger became

his conviction that here must be more than mere heartless caprice. Something of her emotion gained him.

‘If you would only give me a reason!’ he cried.

‘It is impossible,’ she answered quickly. ‘Is it a thing to be asked for so easily, this raking up of the past? The past! is it not dead? My God—it is dead! What if I for one will keep it so?’

‘That is no reason,’ he said cuttingly; ‘it is hardly an excuse.’

She passed by him with long swift steps and a rush of silken draperies. And thus, once more baffled, Baby found him, stonily reflecting. She stopped, promptly discarding her meek admirer.

‘No success?’

‘No success.’

‘You had better give it up,’ said Aspasia.

‘I was never more determined not to give it up.’

Baby looked exceedingly sympathetic, fluffy and engaging: something like a sweet little night-owl, with her round wide eyes and her pursed-up mouth. He suddenly caught one of her hands and held its soft palm closely between his own lean ones:

‘Miss Cuninghame,’ he said in an urgent whisper, ‘I know you can help me.’

She stared at him. It would almost seem as if this strange being could read her vacillating thought. He saw her hesitate and bent to look into her eyes, while the pressure of his hand grew closer.

‘And if you can help me, you must. Remember your promise.’

‘Well, then,’ the girl became suddenly breathless, as if she had been running. She looked round over her shoulder: ‘I know it’s beastly mean of me, but, there—you have only to make Uncle Arthur take it up. . . .’

‘Ah!’ The teeth shone out in his dark face. ‘I understand. Thank you.’

But Baby was already gone. With crimson cheeks and a deep sense of guilt, she was running hastily away from the starry terrace and the great mysterious, jewelled Indian night, into the lighted drawing-room. Here Lady Gerardine was quietly seated alone by a green-shaded lamp, reading her favourite Thoreau. She looked up and smiled at Aspasia’s flurried entrance, marked the quivering, flushed face.

‘My dear,’ she exclaimed, with a vague amused laugh, ‘what has

happened ? Don't tell me that you have had to box George Murray's ears again !'

George Murray was Sir Arthur's first secretary, a young gentleman with a weakness for the fair sex, whose manners and morals had (in spite of M. Châtelard's theories of Western immunity) been considerably affected by the lax atmosphere of India. Aspasia had found it necessary, more than once, to put him in his place ; and on the last occasion had confided to her aunt, with a noisy sigh, that if the Leschetizky method was to fail in the glorious musical results for which she had once fondly hoped, it had at least had the advantage of singularly strengthening the muscles of her arm.

She now stretched out her fingers, and, half unconsciously sketched a buffet in the air ; then she shook her head :

'Oh, no, indeed ! He has not looked the same side of the room as me since Saturday.'

'Poor man, I am not surprised !'

'Serve him right !' said Aspasia, indefinite but vindictive.

'It is not Mr. Simpson, surely ?'

'Simpson ?' echoed the girl, with supreme contempt, 'that little worm !'

'Who is it, then ? For something, or someone, has upset you.'

'Oh, I don't know ! It's Major Bethune, I think. I don't believe he's canny. He has got such queer eyes.'

Then, thinking she saw her aunt shudder, she gave her a remorseful hug and flew to the piano to plunge into melodious fireworks.

With a sigh as of one oppressed, Lady Gerardine took up her book again and endeavoured to absorb herself. For years she had successfully cultivated the faculty of leading her mind into peaceful places ; but to-night there was no wandering forth with Thoreau's pure ghost into the whispering green woods he loved. Stormy echoes from the past were in her ears ; relentless hands were forcing her back into the arid spaces where dwelt the abomination of desolation. Everything seemed to conspire against her, even Aspasia's music.

The girl's fingers had slid into a prelude of Chopin, and the familiar notes which she had been wont to reel off with the most perfect and heartless technique were now sighing—nay, wailing—under her touch.

'Stop !' exclaimed Lady Gerardine, suddenly springing to her feet. 'Oh Baby, even you ! What has come into your music

to-night? You have betrayed me!' she said, and bursting into tears, hurried from the room.

The girl's hands dropped in consternation from the keys. Never had she heard before to-day that ring in her aunt's voice, that cry of the soul. She did not dare follow the flying figure. '*You have betrayed me!*' . . . Little, indeed, could the poor soul guess how completely she had been betrayed.

CHAPTER V.

DR. CHÂTELARD expressed his desire to accompany the officer of Guides upon his homeward walk. It was part of his programme to study the lesser as well as the great. And, having to his satisfaction completed his psychological analysis of a ruler in chief, he told himself that half a page or so consecrated to one of the pawns in the great chess game of empire would not be without entertainment to his readers—especially as in the lean taciturn Scotsman he believed to have lighted on the *type le plus net* of the 'Anglo-Saxon' soldier.

With this idea in view he had watched his subject with the keenness of the collector already some time before his departure, and had been interested in a little scene between host and guest. With a purposeful yet respectful stride, Bethune had approached the Governor and addressed him in an undertone. Sir Arthur had listened and responded with urbanity and condescension. Whereupon the officer had bowed in what seemed grateful acknowledgement; and, as he had turned away, the astute Frenchman had thought to read upon his countenance, saturnine as it was, a certain unmistakable satisfaction.

Therefore, when they started on their way down to the town, the traveller could think of no better topic for opening the conversation with his dissimilar companion than praise of the official who had evidently just granted him some important request.

'A charming personality, our host, is he not?'

'No doubt.'

Bethune's tone was discouraging—but these *diabes d'Anglo-Saxons* (as M. Châtelard knew) wanted drawing out. So, undauntedly genial, he pursued:

'And one of your great politicians, *hein?* The square man in the square place, as you say.'

This being a mere statement, Bethune did not feel called upon to reply; and M. Châtelard, amazed at a silence which he, with subtlety, interpreted as hostile, was fain to exclaim:

'Is it possible you do not think so?'

'I do not feel myself competent to judge,' said Raymond Bethune.

'My faith,' thought the other, 'we do not make great progress at this rate. Let us try something more intimate. At least, my young friend,' he went on aloud, 'you have, I trust, yourself no cause to be dissatisfied with his Excellency. Some little demand you made of him to-night, did you not? Some matter concerning career, advancement?'

'My career, my advancement, are quite independent of Sir Arthur Gerardine's influence.'

M. Châtelard pondered; was there not certainly something more than British reserve in the almost resentful tone—some deeplying grudge that it would be piquant to find out?

'Why, then,' he cried, with much artful artlessness of candour. 'Why, see how one can deceive oneself! Just now I would have sworn, from your attitude, despite your national phlegm, that you had solicited and been granted some personal favour.'

'A personal favour, yes. Nothing connected with my service.'

'A personal favour, *hein*?'

'If indeed you would reckon it a favour—a mere act of justice I regard it.'

'Indeed, my dear sir, an act of justice?'

'The whole affair is one that could not interest you, M. Châtelard.'

'My dear young man, all interests me. It is my trade to be interested—always.'

They had reached the end of the palace grounds; and, by the lights of the flaring booths that were plastered against the walls, Bethune halted a second to survey the shrewd, kindly, expressive countenance, quivering with eager curiosity, at his shoulder.

His own features relaxed with that twinkle of the eyes which—his usual approach to a display of amusement. After all, why should he not gratify this note-taking traveller with his tale? There is no mystery about it; and a plain statement of the situation might serve to put in order his own ideas which had been troubled by Lady Gerardine's unreasonable and unexpected attitude.

'My business with Sir Arthur to-night is soon told——' He

broke off abruptly. 'You are, I understand, a sedulous observer: did you happen to take any note of her Excellency the Governor's wife?'

'Did I take any note of——' the sentence escaped M. Châtelard in a breathless way—as if the words had been knocked out of him—and ended in a little squeak. He drew back one step and contemplated the younger man in silence for a perceptible moment. 'Did I notice her Excellency?' he repeated then, in elaborately natural tones. 'Why, my dear fellow, it would mean having no eyes not to notice her—one of the most beautiful women it has ever been my good fortune to see! In fact, to-night, still under the influence of the look in her eyes, I should say, my friend, *the* most beautiful! Lucky dog (as you say) your Governor!'

Bethune threw away the match with which he had been lighting his cigar and blew a contemptuous puff.

'Before she married Sir Arthur,' said he, 'she was the wife of a comrade of mine. It is my desire, it is my intention, to write the life of that comrade. I require the co-operation of Lady Gerardine. She refused it to me. I went to Sir Arthur.'

'You went to Sir Arthur,' repeated the Frenchman, in tones of one almost stunned with amazement.

'Yes,' answered the officer, gravely. 'To make her accede to my request.'

'And he——'

'Oh, he has promised to see that she does so at once.'

For a while M. Châtelard was fain to proceed in silence, words failing him before so extraordinary a situation. As he went he regarded the Englishman with ever-increasing respect, admiration, not to say enthusiasm.

'*Voilà qui est raide . . . voilà qui est fort!*' he was saying to himself. 'Was I not right to tell myself that there was something truly remarkable about this young man? What a drama! What could not our Balzac have made of it! The well-conserved—but elderly, yes, elderly husband; the young, lovely, bored wife—ah, but she bores herself, the young wife! And then this young, handsome, sinister officer who has known her before, loved her it is clear from the first—the wife of his comrade! He comes to her with a plan . . . a plan of an astuteness to deceive an angel. But the woman who loves is never deceived. Because she loves him, she reads his heart. Virtuous, she refuses. . . . They are both young, she knows her weakness. She bores herself, yes, she bores herself, but she refuses.'

And he, what does he do, the young, silent, determined adorer? My faith, it is the simplicity of genius: he goes to the old husband, that the old husband may order her to yield to his scheme. And the husband—and this is the strangest part of it all—what does he say? Oh, it is simple, simple in the extreme. He promises to do so at once. What a story! And my friend here, under the starlight, qualifies it in three words: "No favour—justice." It is of a cynicism! Yet yonder he stands, as grave and cold as a judge. Poor Sir Gerardine. But here is a young man who will make his way—and, for the psychologist, what a study!

'My faith,' said he aloud, 'but you have courage, sir.'

'Courage?'

'Ah, you thought I did not notice Lady Gerardine! I will tell you something—as one man to another—she is one who will not make her lover's task easy to him, nor amusing, hey! With her it will be all or nothing: the grand passion. Ah, my gallant friend, believe the word of one who has had experience in these matters! Avoid the grand passion, for it's what makes cinders of our manhood.'

It was Bethune's turn to halt amazed.

'I beg your pardon,' he exclaimed. 'But are you warning me against falling in love with Lady Gerardine?' Then, overcome with the humour of the idea, he threw back his head and gave vent to his short laugh.

In this laugh, however, M. Châtelard's acumen was pleased to discover a concentrated bitterness; in the touch upon his arm, a menace to the interferer.

'Nay, heaven forfend!' he cried, dropping the personal tone with a hasty return to natural good-breeding. 'It only struck me, sir, that your programme was a little dangerous. And for one like myself, who has made a study of women, Lady Gerardine is a type—a type rare, fortunately, perhaps, for the peace of the world, but, heavens, of what palpitating allurements when one does come across it!'

'A type of a very selfish woman,' said Bethune, shortly. And this time the physician was not far wrong in noting bitterness in his tone. 'As cold as a stone, I should say, and as self-centred as a cat.'

'Self-centred, I grant you. But cold?' screamed the Frenchman.

'As cold at heart as she is white in face,' said Harry English's comrade.

'White? so is the flame at its intensest! Cold? With that glow in her hair? With that look in the eyes—those lips? Touch that coldness and you will burn to the bone. Ah, it is not the old husband that will feel that fire! But the fire is there, all the fiercer for being concentrated. Ah, when she lets herself go, her Excellency, it will be terrible—it will be grand! There are conflagrations which make the very skies grow red.'

'My way branches off, here,' interrupted Bethune, drily, 'and yonder are the lights of your hotel. Good-night.'

He shook hands loosely and was gone before the globe-trotter, interrupted in full eloquence, had had time to lay hold of his formal French manner for the farewell ceremony.

'I have pressed him a little too closely,' he thought, as he stood watching the soldierly figure swing away from light to darkness, down the narrow street dotted with gaudy booths. 'He is already on the fatal slope. . . . I must not let the end of this drama escape me.'

Raymond Bethune, as he strode along, laughed to himself at 'the French Johnny's' nonsense. Nevertheless a phrase or two seemed to circle in his mind round the baffling image of his friend's widow like a flight of birds round the head of a sphinx: 'White? so is the flame at its intensest. Cold? Touch that coldness and be burned to the bone . . .'

CHAPTER VI.

THE walls of Lady Gerardine's room glowed like the page of an old missal, with carmine and cobalt blue, with beetle-wing purples and greens. It was a columned and arched apartment in the wing of the modernised palace which yet remained as the last dusky prince had left it. Here Sir Arthur's improving hand had been so far stayed.

Lady Gerardine sat in silence while the ayah brushed her hair. Though no word had passed between them, the woman, inarticulately, as a dog may, felt that her mistress's heart was troubled. And, while her dark fingers moved among the gleaming strands, they trembled a little with a vague anxiety. Jani had been Rosamond's first and only nurse. It was to the faithful breast that had practically given her life that the young widow had clung in the hour of bereavement. This creature, who could not reason but only feel, had been then the sole presence she could endure. To the

house of altered fortunes, from comparative poverty into the almost queenly state of Lady Gerardine, the woman had accompanied her mistress, rejoicing ; bringing with her the same atmosphere of unreasoning, almost animal devotion.

How much did she understand, this secret, dark-minded, dark-faced old Hindoo ? More, perhaps, about her white child than Rosamond knew herself ! But her theories of what was good for her mistress had not changed since the days when she had ministered to her with gaudy toys, scraps of gilt paper, and luscious Indian sweets.

Sir Arthur's step, the resonant step of the master, rang on the marble without. The ayah imperturbably continued to wield her brush. The faint tension that came over Lady Gerardine's figure was familiar to her, but evoked no sympathy ; children and women know not what is their real good, in the Hindoo's opinion ; the Lieutenant-Governor was a great and good lord, and her Ladyship's jewels were even nobler than the Ranee's.

'Tired, Rosamond ?' cried Sir Arthur breezily. 'I was sorry, my dear, that you could not wait to bid good-night to our guests. But I made it all right ; I made it all right. Another time, love, you will consult me, before retiring. Governor's wife, you know . . . *noblesse oblige*, eh ? Well, well, let it pass ! My dear child, the garden window open upon you, at this hour ! We shall have you down with fever as sure as fate.' He clucked disapprovingly. 'Will you never learn sense ?'

Rosamond stood up.

'Pull the blinds, Jani.'

She came forward into the centre of the room, so strange a presence, with the long yellow tresses, the white skin, the tall proportions of her northern womanhood, in this haunt of oriental splendour, still peopled, one would think, with the small ghosts of bygone brown beauties.

Through the door left open by Sir Arthur the sound of the fountain playing in the great inner baths fell soothingly on the ear. A breeze gently swayed the scented matting blinds to and fro and brought in gusts of Eastern airs to their nostrils, spiced, heavy, dreamy. From below, where lay the town, rose rumours of revel—the poignant twang of the ghiter, the plaint of the reed, the dry sob of the tom-tom. The whole atmosphere within and without was an appeal to the emotions, to the senses ; the very touch of the

night wind a velvet-soft caress. A night, surely, when but to be alive was in itself a boon ; when to be young and beautiful should mean joy. The appeal of it clamoured to Rosamond Gerardine's dormant soul, troubled this day to the core of its self-imposed slumber by the insistent voices of the past. She turned cold with a stony prescience of evil. If she might not sleep through life, then must she wish herself dead.

'I am very tired,' she said to her husband, with a note of unconscious pleading in her voice. 'I am going to bed; excuse me to all our guests.'

'Oh, every one has gone !' said the Lieutenant-Governor.

He threw himself luxuriously upon the settee and stretched his arms over the piled cushions with the gesture of the man at home in his wife's room.

'Sit here, dear.'

She took place beside him. He lifted a coil of her hair and played with it admiringly. The ayah drew back into the arched recess of the window and stood immobile, the silver brush gleaming in her dark hand.

'Bethune tells me, Rosamond,' said Sir Arthur, rolling the soft hair round his finger, 'that he wants you to help him with a life of poor English.' Rosamond looked at her husband, the light of pleading in her eyes died down into dull misery. 'I understand, dear, that you have made some objection ; but, as I have said to him, it is our duty, my dear Rosamond, our duty, to see that the memory of the poor fellow should get proper recognition. A very distinguished young soldier,' said Sir Arthur, with benevolence, 'it would certainly ill-become me to put any difficulty in the way. So I have promised——'

She started away from him with an involuntary movement ; the twist of hair in Sir Arthur's fingers plucked her back. She gave a cry :

'Oh, you have hurt me !'

He was full of solicitous apology ; kissed her hand, patted her head. But she, still drawing from him, gazed at him with the eyes of a woman in fever.

'You have hurt me,' she repeated, in a whisper.

'Of course,' proceeded her lord and master, with fresh gusto, 'I can quite understand, dear, that you should shrink a little from the business. It would naturally be a slightly painful one. Your social duties occupy you a good deal, and——' he tenderly pulled

her ear, 'you have not much inclination for literary labour, have you? Therefore, my love, overworked as I am, I have resolved to take the matter into my own hands. In fact, I have actually promised Major Bethune that I will be responsible for the task.'

'You!'

Her pale lips laughed silently.

'Yes, I myself.' He rubbed his hands and nodded. 'I shall make the time, my love.'

'You?' she repeated, and rose stiffly to her feet. 'No.'

'My dear Rosamond!'

It had come upon her, after all. Here would no refusal serve her any more, no strength of determination, no piteousness of pleading. Before this smiling self-confidence of will what resistance could avail? It is the relentless trickle that wears the stone.

'No hands but mine, at least. No eyes but mine!'

'My dear child!'

'One would have thought that my wishes would be paramount in the matter; but you drive me, all of you. Have your way.'

'You amaze me—this is childish, unreasonable!'

She stared vacantly before her.

'Kismet!' she said. 'It is fate—I will do it.'

'I have never heard such nonsense in my life.'

'But at least,' her eyes shot flame upon him, 'let no one talk of laying a hand upon these things. Good God, they, at least, are mine!'

Sir Arthur rose also, too bewildered still to be able to grasp the full measure of the offence.

'You are certainly very strange to-night, Rosamond,' he exclaimed with testy anxiousness. 'Not yourself at all. I feel convinced you have a touch of fever.'

He stretched out his fingers for her pulse. Quickly she evaded his touch.

'Write to that man,' she said, enunciating her words with painful distinctness, 'tell him that he has gained his point.'

Ignoring the unbecoming and extraordinary situation of having a command issued to himself in such imperious tones from his wife's lips, Sir Arthur moved in high dudgeon towards the door.

'I insist upon your taking an effervescing draught at once. And to-morrow I shall certainly call in Saunders to see you. Jani, your mistress must go to bed.'

The door fell back. Rosamond sank down once more on the

settee and sat, with her elbows on her knees, her chin on her clasped hands, staring at the marble floor, long, long into the night, while Jani waited and never even moved a finger.

CHAPTER VII.

If sleep came at all to Rosamond that night, it came with no refreshment of forgetfulness, but rather with an increase of inner struggle. Hour merged into hour until even the noisy Indian town fell into some kind of silence ; but the voices in her troubled soul ceased not their clamour.

Why should she be made to do this thing, she who had asked so little of life ; who had, indeed, deliberately fashioned life for herself so that it should give her but one boon—quietude ? Her pulses throbbed as if with that fever which the solicitous husband had prognosticated. How dared they ?

Then, reason took the cold grey eye, the cold reproachful tone of Major Bethune, to ask her, Had she the right to refuse ? And fate seemed to assume the kindly handsome smiling countenance of Sir Arthur, to assure her that it must be. Who knew as well as she that it was vain to struggle against any fiat of his ? And then, once more, every fibre of her being, every energy of her soul, started in revolt.

The tom-tom beat below in the town a mocking refrain to her anguish. And, without the walls, the pariah dogs howled and fought, snarling, and wrangled, growling. She slid into snatches of horrid slumber, in which the contending elements in her soul seemed to take tangible form. But with the dawn a change came upon her. She awoke from one of these interludes in which she had after all glided to unconsciousness ; the tension had become relaxed ; there was one clear purpose in her mind :

She would not do it !

Reason now no longer appeared under an enemy's shape, but came like a friend to her pillow and whispered words of soothing. They had no right to ask it of her. No power on earth could force her to it. All that the world had the claim to know about Harry English, his comrades, his friend, those that had been beside him in his glorious fight against destiny, could give to it. What concerned the man, apart from the soldier ; what concerned that inner life, had been hers alone. What sense of justice could there be in

the demand that she should break through the deliberate seal of years, stultify the intention of a whole existence, at the bidding of an overbearing young man, of a pragmatic old one? Once, for a little while, life had held for her mysterious possibilities—sweet, but no more unfolded than the bud in the narrow sheath. Was she now to tear apart these reserves, close-folded, leaf upon leaf, dissect the ‘might-have-been’ till her heart’s blood ran? No, a hundred times! And then, upon the strength of this decision, the habitual long-cultivated calmness came floating back to her. She lay and gazed at the shafts of light as they filtered in through the blinds and fell in crosses and bars upon the marble floor. From their first inroad, when they had seemed but the laying of shadow upon shadow, to the awakening of colour in and under them, she watched them with wide-open yet dreamy eyes.

All the night she had battled with the nightmare horror. Now, with the dawn, came peace: not the peace of acceptance, but cessation of feeling. She mused and pleased her mind on the mere feast of sight, as, bit by bit, in the familiar places, the tints of her wonderful missal-page room returned to existence for her eye; here the turquoise-blue inlay, with its cool stripe of black and white, there a lance of rose-crimson on the tessellated wall, glowing like the dawn itself amid the surrounding gloom. Across the light shafts of the garden window, there was a dance of flickering leaf shadows. And this greenness set her mind wandering, not in the over-luxuriant, untranquil, full-blossomed Indian garden, but into cool dim English spaces—into some home wood where harebells grew sparsely and the dew glittered grey on bramble-brake and hollow; where last year’s leaves lay thick and all the air was full of the scent of the honest, clean, wholesome soil of England.

And as she dreamed her placid waking dream, morning life in the Governor’s palace began to stir about her. Already from the town below the too brief hour of stillness had been some time broken. But these outlandish sounds: the cry of the water-carriers and camel-drivers, the jingle of cow-bells, the blast of the shepherd’s horn, the brazen gong of the temple, had not really broken in upon her thoughts: they had formed rather a background, vague and distant, haunting the sweetness of her far wanderings.

Now, however, as the house itself became awake, creepingly, with slinking feet, she called upon sleep again for fear once more of what the day would bring her.

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One came and bent over her, holding his breath. And she feigned unconsciousness. And then she heard him withdraw on exaggerated tiptoe. And next entered the ayah with her tea—Jani, the ayah, who flung wide the windows on the garden side.

Early as it was the lilies were throwing up incense to the rising sun-god; it gushed into the room as upon the swing of a censer. And, turning her languid eyes, Rosamond saw how, in the fresh little breeze, the great green banana-leaves waved to and fro across her window against a sky of quivering silver.

When Jani returned to the bed, Rosamond handed her the empty cup with a smile. But as Jani took it she looked at her mistress keenly; and, after a second or two, stretched out a stealthy hand and touched the forehead under the masses of golden hair, still heavy from the night sweat. The fair brow was cool enough—there was no trace of the ever-dreaded fever in the encircled eyes or on the smooth white face; only the weariness of a long night-watch. But Jani shook her head to herself as she withdrew with her tray; and, meeting Miss Aspasia at the door, she was all for forbidding her entrance. But that young lady was not of those who are turned from their path.

‘Don’t be a goose, Jani!’ cried she briskly. ‘If you can see Aunt Rosamond, why should not I?’ She ducked nimbly under the white-draped forbidding arm, as she spoke. ‘And she is not a bit asleep; her eyes are as wide awake as anything.’

Too strainedly awake, one more versed in the reading of the human countenance might well have deemed. But the last thing Aspasia sought in life was its subtlety. Rosy and fresh from her bath, her crisp hair crinkled into tighter curls than ever and still beaded here and there with the spray of her energetic ablutions, as she stood in the square of green light, wrapping her pink cambrie dressing-gown tightly round her pretty figure, she was as pleasant to look upon as an English daisy. Lady Gerardine smiled more brightly.

‘It’s a glorious morning, Aunt Rosamond. Are not you going to ride?’

‘Not this morning.’

‘Aren’t you well?’ Aspasia sat down on the side of the bed and took her Aunt’s hands into her firm grasp. There was a conscience-stricken anxiety in the girl’s eyes.

‘Quite well; but I slept badly.’

Baby felt the beat of a slow pulse under her fingers. Relieved

but still weighted with a sense of guilt, she bent to kiss the face on the pillow. Lady Gerardine turned her cheek with that tolerant submission to caress that she was wont to display. Then she drew her hands away and gently pushed Aspasia from her.

‘Go and dress, you will be late. And tell your Uncle that I am trying to sleep.’

Still Aspasia hesitated. She would have liked to confess her last night’s treachery and be forgiven. But Lady Gerardine, who was never a very approachable person, seemed this morning more distant than ever. And catching sight of the dancing leaves outside, the girl felt the joy of the young day suddenly seize her spirit. She shuffled gaily across the room in her heel-less slippers.

‘I’ll tell Runkle you’re sound asleep and he must not disturb you,’ she announced with cheerful mendacity, ‘otherwise you’ll have him prowling in and thrusting that thermometer down your throat.’

Lady Gerardine laughed a little, but made no protest.—That thermometer!

Then she turned her head and fell to watching the garden window again, glad when across the open spaces she heard at last the crisp repeated rhythm of the horses’ feet draw close and ring sharp, as the cavalcade moved up the road by the garden walls, and drop away in the distance.

When Aspasia returned from her ride she found her aunt seemingly in the same attitude; the long white hands folded, she could have sworn, exactly as she had last seen them; the deep-dreaming eyes still gazing out of the window.

‘I declare,’ cried the girl, ‘you lazy thing!’ but there was still a shade of uneasiness in her voice and in her glance. ‘Are not you ashamed of yourself?’

‘Not at all,’ said Rosamond, ‘I’ve had a very happy time. And you?’

‘Hot, hot,’ said Aspasia, flinging her Panama hat across the room and rubbing her forehead. Her cheeks had grown pale and there were moist dark rings round her eyes.

‘I have had the better part, I think,’ said Lady Gerardine.

‘Not you,’ said Baby, as she dumped her solid weight on her favourite corner of the bed. ‘It’s been delightful, delicious. I’ve never enjoyed a ride so much.’ Her bright hazel gaze misted over

in remembrance. 'Oh dear,' said she, 'how can you lie there! You're quite young, Aunt Rosamond, but I think your idea of happiness is like a cat's. You just like to sit still and blink and think. And even the cats romp about—at night,' she added, parenthetically.

'Oh, I don't even think, or care to think much,' said the other in that indulgent half-playful manner which she reserved for her niece, to whom she talked more as if she were five years old than eighteen. 'While you were out I let my soul swing on that great green leaf over there by the window. Do you see it, Baby? It is beginning to catch a ray of sunlight now and shines like a golden emerald.'

'Gracious!' cried the girl.

'I think it is partly,' said Rosamond, pursuing her own thoughts, 'because of this vivid passionate land, where everyone lives so intensely. No wonder, poor things, their ideal of complete happiness over here is Nirwana! I am glad, Baby, that we shall soon be in our placid England again, where people go from the cradle to the grave, quietly as along a grey road green-hedged, from a cottage gate to a sleeping churchyard.'

'I am glad, too, we are going to England,' cried Aspasia, catching up one phrase of her aunt's speech and neglecting the main idea. 'I met Major Bethune, this morning,' she said, half-bashful, half-defiant, 'and he's going home on leave, too.'

Lady Gerardine's eyelids drooped, just enough to veil her glance. She lay quite still, without even a contraction of the fingers that rested upon the sheet. Baby peeped at her in a sidelong, bird-like way, and felt inexplicably uncomfortable. She babbled on, stumbling over her words:

'He was riding such a brute of a horse, and sat it like a centaur—or whatever you call the thing. You never saw such an eye as the creature had; one of those raw chestnuts, you know, with a neck that goes up in the air and seems to hang loose. And he sat, just with the grip of his knees, you know. He is as thin as—as——' Simile was not Aspasia's strong point; she broke off. 'You are not listening to a word I am saying.' She swung her legs pettishly, in the short linen habit.

'I heard,' said Rosamond, without lifting her eyes. 'I heard very well.'

'I'll go and take a bath,' said Aspasia, sliding off the bed, and pausing for the expected protest. Aspasia's habit of plunging into

water four or five times a day was a matter of perpetual household oburgation.

'Yes—I'm simply made of dust!' She moved towards the door. Still her aunt lay, fair and white and still. It seemed to the girl, scarcely even breathing.

'Do you know, Runkle's new secretary has come. The famous new Indian secretary—the pure native spring, you know,' she cried, with a childish effort at dispelling that uncanny supineness. 'He gave me an awful fright.'

The long drooped lids flickered with a swift upward look of unseeing pupils.

'Fright! Why?'

'Oh! I don't know. It was fearfully silly of me. As I was coming along your passage, just now, I saw a hand hold back the curtain for me. I thought it was that Simpson. And as I bounced through I nearly fell into his arms—and found it was a black man—ugh! The famous new secretary, in fact. He stood like a stock, and I squeaked in my usual way. And then he smiled. I don't like Indians much, but that's a fine handsome fellow. Looks like a Sikh—I'm boring you. I'm off. Lord, here's Runkle! Runkle, I'm going to have a bath.'

She turned with gusto to fling her little glove of defiance afresh in the newcomer's face—and this time was not disappointed of the effect.

'My dear Aspasia!'

'Only number two.'

'It's not that you've not been warned. . . .'

The wrangle of words rose in the air, to end in the inevitable mutual iterations: 'Don't say you've not been warned, my dear Aspasia,' and 'Don't care, Runkle, I'm going to have a bath.'

'I am afraid Aunt Rosamond's not well,' was Aspasia's somewhat spiteful parting shot, as she slipped out behind the door hangings.

'Not well!'

With his short quick step Sir Arthur came to the bedside.

'Would you mind,' said his wife, 'getting Jani to pull the blinds again; the light is growing too strong?'

She wanted the shadows about her, for the struggle was coming, and she felt in her heart that she was doomed to lose. Sir Arthur attended to the detail himself, then hurried back.

'Fever? No.' Even he could scarcely insist upon this with

his stubby finger upon that pulse, the pulse of a life that found itself just now an infinite fatigue. 'Below par! I wish, dear, you would for once pay some attention to what I say. It is not that I have any desire to find fault with you, my love, but how many times must I represent to you that it is important to get the early freshness of the day in this climate, and take your rest later?'

'Yes,' said Rosamond.

She lay waiting for the dreaded blow to fall. It was not long delayed.

'It is high time, indeed, that we should all have a change,' pursued the Lieutenant-Governor.

He still held her hand in his and looked down complacently to see how white it lay, in the shaded room, upon his broad palm: how alight a thing, how delicately shaped, with taper fingers and filbert nails. The great man had chosen her in the zenith of his life and success because of her beauty. She had little birth to boast of, and no fortune. But it pleased him at every turn to trace in her those points which are popularly supposed to belong only to the patrician.

'It is high time,' said Sir Arthur, turning the passive hand to gaze at a palm no deeper tinted than is the pale blush of mother-of-pearl, 'that we should get back to England for a while. And, by the way, that young man, Bethune of the Guides, poor English's friend—you know, my love—has dear Aspasia told you? We met him this morning; he is also going to travel home very shortly.'

'So Aspasia told me.'

'I have advised him to wait for our boat. A good plan, don't you think? We could be talking over that biography together—*pour passer le temps*—eh, my dear?'

'*Pour passer le temps.*'

'Yes. I informed Major—ah—Bethune, that you had some idea about preferring to do this little matter yourself. As I said to Bethune: "I am willing to undertake it for her; but in this, she she must be free—quite free." He paused upon the generous concession. Her lips moved.

'What did you say?' he asked.

She had but repeated, in the former mechanical manner: 'Quite free.' Now, however, she altered her phrase. Through all the clamour of the inner storm there had pierced the consciousness of his irritable self-esteem on the verge of offence.

'Thank you,' said she.

'I am particularly anxious,' resumed Sir Arthur, squaring his fine shoulders and inflating his deep chest, 'that there should be no hitch in this affair. It would ill become me, as I said to Bethune, me of all men, to place any difficulty in the way of a memorial to poor English. I am sure you understand me in this, my love!'

He bent his handsome grey head and kissed her hand with a conscious old-world grace. The sentiment he was delicately endeavouring to convey was truly a little difficult to put into definite language; and Sir Arthur had too much tact to attempt it. It might be transcribed thus: 'If that excellent young man, your first husband, had not so obligingly left the world, I should not be standing in this present satisfactory position with regard to yourself.' And if he were grateful to Captain English, how much more so ought she—Lady Gerardine—to be on the same account? He was a little shocked that she should not have shown more alacrity to do justice to the worthy fellow's memory.

'Well, my dear,' said Sir Arthur jocosely, after a pause, 'I must not waste much more time in this flirtation. I have a busy morning before me. A very busy morning.' He drew a long breath, to end up with a satisfied sigh. 'And, by the way, my new secretary has come. A capable fellow he seems! Quite extraordinarily well educated. Speaks English perfectly. Caste business will be a bit of a nuisance, of course. Will have to feed apart, and all that nonsense. Strange creatures, are not they? But he's worth it. Well, we shall see you at tiffin.'

The observation was an order, and Rosamond assented to it as such. Short of actual illness, when the precautions surrounding her would have been of the most minute, not to say wearisome nature, the wife of the Lieutenant-Governor was expected to fulfil the duties of her state of life to the last detail.

'And it's quite settled,' added Sir Arthur lightly, 'that you intend to supply the material Bethune requires yourself.'

She sat up in bed, with a sudden fierce movement. And, catching her head in her hands, turned a white desperate face upon him.

'Yes, yes,' she cried, 'Oh God, yes!'

Sir Arthur was amazed. So much so, indeed, that even as last night, amazement superseded his very natural vexation.

'Why, Rosamond! Really, my love. I am afraid, my love, that Aspasia is right, that you are not well. This is the second

time in twenty-four hours that you have answered me in this—in really, what I may call—quite with temper, in fact. I'm afraid, dear, that you cannot be well. I shall certainly request Saunders to look in this evening.'

Lady Gerardine fell back upon her pillow and then, lifting the heavy mass of her hair, swept it across her face like a sheltering wing, as if, even in the dim room, she could not endure the gaze of human eyes upon her. Sir Arthur, for all his science of life, could not but own to himself that he was nonplussed. He shrugged his shoulders. Fortunately, sensible men were not expected to understand the whims of the charming but irresponsible sex. Rosamond was evidently *not* the thing, and therefore was to be indulgently excused. In spite of which philosophic conclusion his attitude towards his secretaries and other subordinates that morning was marked with unwonted asperity.

'Something's turned our seraphic old ass a trifle sour,' Mr. George Murray remarked to his junior, with a grin.

Under the veil of her hair Rosamond would have called, if she could, on all the shades of the world to come and cover her; would have gladly sunk under them, away from the light of life and the pain of living, somewhere where all would be dark and all quiet, where she might be forgotten—and allowed to forget.

(To be continued.)

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THE TRUANTS.¹

BY A. E. W. MASON.

CHAPTER XXV.

TONY STRETTON BIDS FAREWELL TO THE LEGION.

It was a long letter. Tony read it through slowly, standing in the narrow lane between the high walls of prickly pear. A look of incredulity came upon his face.

'Is all this true?' he asked, not considering at all of whom he asked the question.

'I know nothing, of course, of what is written there,' replied Warrisden; 'but I do not doubt its truth. The signature is, I think, sufficient guarantee.'

'No doubt, no doubt,' said Stretton, absently. Then he asked:

'When did you reach Ain-Sefra?'

'This morning.'

'And you came quickly?'

'Yes; I travelled night and day. I came first of all to Ain-Sefra in search of you.'

'Thank you,' said Stretton.

He did not ask how it was that Warrisden had come first of all to Ain-Sefra; such details held no place in his thoughts. Warrisden *had* found him, *had* brought the letter which Pamela Mar-
: had written. That letter, with its perplexities and its con-
: sequences, obliterated all other speculations.

'You have a camp here?' Stretton asked.

'Yes.'

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'Let us go to it. The news you have brought has rather stunned me. I should like to sit down and think what I must do.'

The incredulity had vanished from his face. Distress had replaced it.

'It is all true, no doubt,' he went on, 'but for the moment I don't understand it. Will you tell me where your camp is?'

'I will show you the way,' said Warrisden.

'I think not. It will be better that we should not be seen together,' Stretton said, thoughtfully. 'Will you give me the direction and go first? I will follow.'

Warrisden's camp was pitched amongst trees a hundred yards from the western borders of the village. It stood in a garden of grass, enclosed with hedges. Thither Stretton found his way by a roundabout road, approaching the camp from the side opposite to Ain-Sefra. There was no one, at the moment, loitering about the spot. He walked into the garden. There were three tents pitched. Half-a-dozen mules stood picketed in a line, a little Barbary horse lay on the grass, some Algerian muleteers were taking their ease, and outside the chief tent a couple of camp chairs were placed. Warrisden came forward as Stretton entered the garden.

'Sit down,' he said.

'Inside the tent, I think,' replied Stretton.

There he read the letter through again. He understood at last what Pamela had meant by the warning which had baffled him. Pamela revealed its meaning now. 'Millie is not of those women,' she wrote, 'who have a vivid remembrance. To hold her, you must be near her. Go away, she will cry her eyes out; stay away for a little while, she will long for your return; make that little while a longer time, she will grow indifferent whether you return or not; prolong that longer time, she will regard your return as an awkwardness, a disturbance; add yet a little more to that longer time, and you will find another occupying your place in her thoughts.' Then followed an account of the growth of that dangerous friendship between Millie and Lionel Callon. A summary of Callon's character rounded the description off. 'So come home,' she concluded, 'at once, for no real harm has been done yet.'

Stretton understood what the last sentence meant, and he believed it. Yet his mind revolted against the phrase. Of course, it was Pamela's phrase. Pamela, though frank, was explaining the position in words which could best spare Millie. But it was

an unfortunate sentence. It provoked a momentary wave of scorn, which swept over Stretton. There was a postscript : ' You yourself are really a good deal to blame.' Thus it ran ; but Stretton was in no mood to weigh its justice or injustice at the moment. Only this afternoon he had been lying under the palm trees putting together in his mind the sentences which were to tell Millie of his success, to re-establish him in her esteem, and to prepare her for his return. And now this letter had come. He sat for a time frowning at the letter, turning its pages over, glancing now at one phrase, now at another. Then he folded it up. ' Callon,' he said, softly ; and then again, ' Lionel Callon. I will talk with Mr. Callon.' For all its softness, his voice sounded to Warrisdén the voice of a dangerous man. And after he had spoken in this way he sat in thought, saying nothing, making no movement, and his face gave Warrisdén no clue as to what he thought. At last he stirred in his chair.

' Well ? ' said Warrisdén.

' I shall return at once to England.'

' You can ? '

' Yes ; I shall start to-night,' said Stretton.

' We can go back together, then.'

' No ; that's impossible.'

' Why ? ' asked Warrisdén.

' Because I should be arrested if we did,' Stretton replied, calmly.

' Arrested ? ' Warrisdén exclaimed.

' Yes ; you see, I shall have to desert to-night.'

Warrisdén started from his chair.

' Surely there is an alternative ? '

' None,' replied Stretton ; and Warrisdén slowly resumed his seat. He was astounded ; he had never contemplated this possibility. He looked at Stretton in wonder. He could not understand how a man could speak so calmly of such a plan. Why in the world had Stretton ever joined the Legion if he was so ready, at the first summons, to desert ? There seemed an inconsistency. But he did not know Tony Stretton.

' You are surprised,' said Tony. ' More than surprised—you are rather shocked ; but there is no choice for me. I wish with all my heart and soul there were,' he suddenly exclaimed, with a sort of passion. ' I have foreseen this necessity ever since you tapped me on the shoulder in the lane. Because I foresaw it, I would not

walk with you to your camp. Were we seen together to-day, the reason of my absence might be the sooner suspected. As it is, I shall get a day's start, for I have a good name in the regiment, and a day's start is all I need.'

He spoke sadly and wistfully. He was caught by an inexorable fate, and knew it. He just had to accept the one course open to him.

'You see,' he explained, 'I am a soldier of the Legion—that is to say, I enlisted for five years' service in the French colonies. I could not get leave.'

'Five years!' cried Warrisden. 'You meant to stay five years away?'

'No,' replied Stretton. 'If things went well with me here, as up till to-day they have done, if, in a word, I did what I enlisted to do, I should have gone to work to buy myself out and get free. That can be done with a little influence and time—only time is the one thing I have not now. I must go home at once, since no harm has yet been done. Therefore I must desert. I am very sorry'—and again the wistfulness became very audible—'for, as I say, I have a good name; amongst both officers and men I have a good name. I should have liked very much to have left a good name behind me. Sergeant Ohlsen'—and as he uttered the name he smiled. 'They speak well of Sergeant Ohlsen in the Legion, Warrisden; and to-morrow they will not. I am very sorry. I have good friends amongst both officers and men. I shall have lost them all to-morrow. I am sorry. There is only one thing of which I am glad to-day. I am glad that Captain Tavernay is dead.'

Warrisden knew nothing at all of Captain Tavernay. Until this moment he had never heard his name. But Stretton was speaking with a simplicity so sincere, and so genuine a sorrow, that Warrisden could not but be deeply moved. He forgot the urgency of his summons; he ceased to think how greatly Stretton's immediate return would help his own fortunes. He cried out upon the impulse:

'Stay, then, until you can get free without——' And he stopped, keeping unspoken the word upon his lips.

'Without disgrace.'

Stretton finished the sentence with a smile.

'Say it! Without disgrace. That was the word upon your tongue. I can't avoid disgrace. I have come to such a pass in my life's history that, one way or another, I can't avoid it. I thought just at the first moment that I could let things slide and

stay. But there's dishonour in that course, too. Dishonour for myself, dishonour for my name, dishonour for others, too, whom it is my business—yes, my business—to keep from dishonour. That's the position—disgrace if I stay, disgrace if I go. It seems to me there's no rule of conduct which applies. I must judge for myself.'

Stretton spoke with some anger in his voice, anger with those who had placed him in so cruel a position, anger, perhaps, in some measure, with himself. For in a little while he said :

'It is quite true that I am myself to blame, too. I want to be just. I was a fool not to have gone into the house the evening I was in London, after I had come back from the North Sea. Yes, I should have gone in then ; and yet—I don't know. I had thought my course all out. I don't know.'

He had thought his course out, it is true ; but he had thought it out in ignorance of his wife's character. That was the trouble, as he clearly saw now.

'Anyhow, I must go to-night,' he said, rising from his chair. In an instant he had become the practical man, arranging the means to an end already resolved upon.

'I can borrow money of you ?'

'Yes.'

'And a mule ?'

'Yes.'

'Let me choose my mule.'

They walked from the tent to where the mules stood picketed. Warrisden pointed to one in the middle of the line.

'That is the strongest.'

'I don't want one too strong, too obviously well-fed,' said Stretton ; and he selected another. 'Can I borrow a muleteer for an hour or two ?'

'Of course,' said Warrisden.

Stretton called a muleteer towards him and gave him orders.

'There is a market to-day,' he said. 'Go to it and buy.' He enumerated the articles he wanted, ticking them off upon his fingers—a few pairs of scissors and knives, a few gaudy silk handchiefs, one or two cheap clocks, some pieces of linen, needles thread—in fact, a small pedlar's pack of wares. In addition, a black jellaba and cap, such as the Jews must wear in Morocco, and a native's underclothes and slippers.

'Bring these things back to the camp at once and speak to no one !' said Stretton.

The muleteer loosed a mule to carry the packages, and went off upon his errand. Stretton and Warrisden went back to the tent. Stretton sat down again in his chair, took a black cigarette from a bright blue packet which he had in his pocket, and lighted it, as though all the arrangements for his journey were now concluded.

'I want you to pack the mule I chose with the things which your muleteer brings back. Add some barley for the mule and some food for me, and bring it with the clothes to the south-west corner of the barrack wall at eight. It will be dark then. Don't come before it is dark, and wait for me at the corner. Will you?'

'Yes,' replied Warrisden. 'You are going to tramp to the coast? Surely you can come as one of my men as far as the rail-head. Then I will go on and wait for you at Algiers.'

'No,' said Stretton; 'our ways lie altogether apart. It would be too dangerous for me to tramp through Algeria. I should certainly be stopped. That's my way.'

He raised his arm and pointed through the tent door.

The tent door faced the west, and in front there rose a range of mountains, dark and lofty, ridge overtopping ridge, and wonderfully distinct. In that clear air the peaks and gaps and jagged *arêtes* were all sharply defined. The sun was still bright, and the dark cliffs had a purple bloom of extraordinary softness and beauty, like the bloom upon a ripe plum. Here and there the mountains were capped with snow, and the snow glistened like silver.

'Those mountains are in Morocco,' said Stretton. 'That's my way—over them. My only way. We are on the very edge of Morocco here.'

'But, once over the border,' Warrisden objected, 'are you safe in Morocco?'

'Safe from recapture.'

'But safe in no other sense?'

Stretton shrugged his shoulders.

'It is a bad road, I know—dangerous and difficult. The ordinary traveller cannot pass along it. But it has been traversed. Prisoners have escaped that way to Fez—Escoffier, for instance. Deserters have reached their homes by following it—some of them—at all events. One must take one's risks.'

It was the old lesson learned upon the ketch *Perseverance* which Stretton now repeated; and not vainly learned. Far away to the south, in the afternoon sunlight, there shone that yellow streak of

sand beyond which its value had been surely proved. Warrisden's thoughts were carried back on a sudden to that morning of storm and foam and roaring waves when Stretton had stood easily upon the deck of the fish-cutter, with the great seas swinging up behind him, and had, for the first time, uttered it in Warrisden's hearing. Much the same feeling came over Warrisden as that which had then affected him—a feeling almost of inferiority. Stretton was a man of no more than average ability, neither a deep thinker, nor a person of ingenuity and resource; but the mere stubbornness of his character gave to him at times a certain grandeur. In Warrisden's eyes he had that grandeur now. He had come quickly to his determination to desert, but he had come calmly to it. There had been no excitement in his manner, no suggestion of hysteria. He had counted up the cost, he had read his letter, he had held the balance between his sacrifice and Millie's necessity; and he had decided. He had decided, knowing not merely the disgrace, but the difficulties of his journey, and the danger of his road amongst the wild, lawless tribes in that unsettled quarter of Morocco. Again Warrisden was carried away. He forgot even Pamela at Roquebrune waiting for the telegram he was to send from Oran on his return. He cried:

'I will send back my outfit and come with you. If we travel together there will be more safety.'

Stretton shook his head.

'Less,' said he. 'You cannot speak Mogrhebbin. I have a few sentences—not many, but enough. I know something of these tribes, too. For I once marched to the Figuig oasis. Your company would be no protection; rather it would be an extra danger.'

Warrisden did not press his proposal. Stretton had so clearly made up his mind.

'Very well,' he said. 'You have a revolver, I suppose. Or shall I lend you one?'

And, to Warrisden's astonishment, Stretton replied:

'I shall carry no weapons.'

Warrisden was already placing his arms of defence upon the table so that Stretton might make his choice.

'No weapons!' he exclaimed.

'No. My best chance to get through to Fez is to travel as a Jew pedlar. That is why I am borrowing your mule and have sent your muleteer to the market. A Jew can go in Morocco where no Moor can, for he is not suspected; he is merely despised.

Besides, he brings things for sale which are needed. He may be robbed and beaten, but he has more chance of reaching his journey's end in some plight or other than anyone else.'

Thereafter he sat for awhile silent, gazing towards the mountains in the west. The snow glittering upon the peaks brought back to his mind the flashing crystals in the great salt lakes. It was at just such a time, on just such an afternoon, when the two companies of the Legion had marched out from the trees of the high plateaux into the open desert, with its grey-green carpet of halfa-grass. Far away the lake had flashed like an arc of silver set in the ground. Stretton could not but remember that expedition and compare it with the one upon which he was now to start; and the comparison was full of bitterness. Then high hopes had reigned. The companies were marching out upon the Legion's special work; even if disaster overtook them, disaster would not be without its glory. Stretton heard the clear inspiring music of the bugles, he listened to the steady tramp of feet. Now he was deserting.

'I shall miss the Legion,' he said, regretfully. 'I had no idea how much I should miss it until this moment.'

Its proud past history had grown dear to him. The recklessness of its soldiers, the endless perplexing variety of their characters, the secrets of their lives, of which every now and then, in a rare moment of carelessness, a glimpse was revealed, as though a curtain were raised and lowered—all these particular qualities of the force had given to it a grip upon his affections of which he felt the full strength now.

'Any other life,' he said, 'cannot but be a little dull, a little uninteresting afterwards. I shall miss the Legion very much.'

Suddenly he put his hand into his pocket and took out of it that letter from the French War Office which his colonel had handed to him. 'Look!' and he handed it over to Warrisden. 'That is what I joined the Legion to win—a commission; and I have just not won it. In a month or two, perhaps in a week, perhaps even to-morrow, it might have been mine. Very soon I should have been back at home, the life I have dreamed of and worked for ever since I left London, might have been mine to live. It was to have been a good life of great happiness'—he had forgotten, it seemed, that he would regret the Legion—'a life without a flaw. Now that life's impossible, and I am a deserter. It's hard lines, isn't it?'

He rose from his chair, and looked for a moment at Warrisden in silence.

‘I am feeling sorry that I ever came,’ said Warrisden.

‘Oh, no,’ Stretton answered, with a smile. ‘It would have been still worse if I had stayed here, ignorant of the news you have brought me, and had come home in my own time. Things would have been much worse—beyond all remedy. Do you know a man named Callon—Lionel Callon?’ he asked, abruptly. And before Warrisden could answer, the blood rushed into his face, and he exclaimed: ‘Never mind; don’t answer! Be at the corner of the barracks with the mule at eight.’ And he went from the tent, cautiously made his way out of the garden, and returned to his quarters.

A few minutes before eight Warrisden drove the mule, packed with Stretton’s purchases, to the south-western corner of the barracks. The night was dark, no one was abroad, the place without habitations. He remained under the shadow of the high wall, watching this way and that for Stretton’s approach; and in a few minutes he was almost startled out of his wits by a heavy body falling from the top of the wall upon the ground at his side. Warrisden, indeed, was so taken by surprise that he uttered a low cry.

‘Hush!’ said a voice close to the ground. ‘It’s only me.’

And Stretton rose to his feet. He had dropped from the summit of the wall.

‘Are you hurt?’ whispered Warrisden.

‘No. Have you the clothes? Thanks!’

Stretton stripped off his uniform, and put on the Jewish dress. He had shaved off his moustache and blacked his hair. As he dressed he gave two or three small packages to Warrisden.

‘Place them in the pack; hide them, if possible. That package contains my medals. I shall need them. The other’s lamp-black. I shall want that for my hair. Glossy raven locks,’ he said, with a low laugh, ‘are not so easily procured in Ain-Sefra as in Bond Street. I have been thinking. You can help me if you will; you can shorten the time of my journey.’

‘How?’ asked Warrisden.

‘Go back to Oran as quickly as possible. Take the first boat to Tangier. Hire an outfit there, mules and horses—but good ones, mind!—and travel up at once to Fez. If you are quick you can do it within a fortnight. I shall take a fortnight at the least

to reach Fez. I may be three weeks. But if I find you there, ready to start the moment I come to the town, we shall save much time.'

'Very well ; I will be there.'

'If I get through sooner than I expect, I shall go straight on to Tangier, and we will meet on the road. Now let me climb on to your shoulders.' Stretton made a bundle of his uniform, climbed on to Warrisden's shoulders, and threw it over the wall into the barrack-yard.

'But that will betray you!' cried Warrisden, in a whisper. 'They will find your clothes in the morning—clothes with a sergeant's stripes.'

'I cannot help that,' replied Stretton, as he jumped to the ground. 'I do not intend to be shot as a thief, for that is what may happen when a man deserts and takes his uniform with him. Don't fail me in Fez. Good-bye.'

He held out his hand, and, as Warrisden grasped it, he said :

'I have not said much to you in the way of thanks ; but I am very grateful, however much I may have seemed to have been made unhappy by your coming. Since things are as they are, I am glad you came. I thank you, too, for that other visit to the North Sea. I will give you better thanks when we meet in Fez.'

He cast a glance back to the wall of the barracks, and, in a voice which trembled, so deeply was he moved, he whispered to himself, rather than to Warrisden :

'Oh, but I am glad Tavernay is dead !'

All else that he had said since he dropped from the wall had been said hurriedly and without emotion. These last words were whispered from a heart overcharged with sorrow. They were his farewell to the Legion. He turned away, and, driving the mule before him, vanished into the darkness.

CHAPTER XXVI.

BAD NEWS FOR PAMELA.

WARRISDEN struck his camp early the next morning, and set out for the rail-head. Thence he travelled to Oran. At Oran he was fortunate enough to find a steamer of the Lambert Line in the harbour which was preparing to sail that afternoon for Tangier. Warrisden had three hours to pass in Oran. He went at once to

the post-office and despatched his telegram to Pamela Mardale at the Villa Pontignard. The telegram informed her that Tony Stretton was returning, though his journey might take longer than she would naturally expect; and, secondly, that he himself was sailing that day for Tangier, whither any message should be sent at once to await his arrival at the English post-office. The telegram was couched in vague phrases. Tony Stretton, for instance, was called 'The Truant.' Pamela became more and more disquieted by the vagueness of its wording. She pondered, and in vain, why in the world Warrisden must be sailing to Tangier. It seemed certain that there were difficulties in the way of Tony's home-coming which she had not foreseen, and at the nature of which she could not conjecture. She sent off a reply to Tangier:

'Bring truant to Roquebrune as soon as possible.'

For, on thinking over the new aspect which her problem presented, now that Lionel Callon had come to the Riviera, she had come to the conclusion that this was the safest plan. If Millie Stretton did not come to the south of France, no harm would have been done; whereas, if she did, and Tony went straight home to England, the last chance of saving her would be lost.

This message, however, did little to reassure Pamela. For the more she thought of Warrisden's telegram, the more she was troubled. Tony was returning. Yes, that was something—that was a great thing. But he was going to take a long time in returning, and, to Pamela's apprehension, there was no long time to spare. And the day after she had received the telegram she came upon still stronger reasons for disquietude.

She went down to Monte Carlo in the morning, and again saw Lionel Callon upon the terrace, and again noticed that he was alone. Yet on the whole she was not surprised. Millie Stretton's name figured as yet in no visitors' list, and Pamela was quite sure that if Millie Stretton had come south the name would have been inserted. It was impossible that Millie Stretton could come to Monte Carlo, or, indeed, to any hotel upon the Riviera, under a false name. She could not but meet acquaintances and friends at every step, during this season of the year. To assume a name which was not hers would be an act of stupidity too gross. None the less Pamela was relieved. She avoided Callon's notice, and acting upon a sudden impulse, went out from the garden, hired a carriage, and ordered the coachman to drive along the lower Corniche Road in the direction of Beaulieu.

Pamela was growing harassed and anxious. The days were passing and no message had yet come from Alan Warrisdén. She suspected the presence of Lionel Callon on the Riviera more and more. More and more she dreaded the arrival of Millie Stretton. There was nothing now which she could do. She had that hard lot which falls to women, the lot of waiting. But she could not wait with folded hands. She must be doing something; even though that something were altogether trivial and useless, it still helped her through the hours. In this spirit she drove out from Monte Carlo at twelve o'clock, without a thought that her drive was to assist her toward the end on which she had set her heart.

She drove past the back of the big hotel at Eze. Just beyond, a deep gorge runs from the hills straight down to the sea. The road curves round the head of the gorge and bends again to the shore. Pamela drove round the gorge, and coming again to the shore, went forward by the side of the sea. After a few minutes she bade the driver stop. In front of her the road rose a little, and then on the other side of the crest dipped down a steep hill. On her left a pair of iron gates stood open. From those gates a carriage-drive ran in two zigzags between borders of flowers down to an open gravel space in front of a long one-storied building. The building faced upon the road, but at a lower level, so that even the flat roof was below Pamela. The building was prettily built, and roses and magnolias climbed against the walls, making it gay. The door in the middle stood open, but there was no sign of life about the house. Pamela sat gazing down into the garden with its bushes and brightly coloured flowers.

Pamela spoke to the driver :

‘What place is this?’ she asked.

‘It was only built last year,’ the man replied, and he told her enough for her to know that this was the *Réserve* at which Lionel Callon was staying.

‘Few people come here?’ said Pamela.

‘It is not known yet,’ replied the driver. ‘It is such a little while since it has been opened.’

The sun was bright. Beyond the *Réserve* the Mediterranean rippled and sparkled—here the deepest blue, there breaking into points of golden light. The *Réserve* itself had the look of a country house in a rich garden of flowers tended with love. In the noon-day the spot was very quiet and still. Yet to Pamela it had the most sinister aspect. It stood in a solitary position, just beneath

the road. In its very quietude there was to her harassed thoughts something clandestine.

She knew that Callon was in Monte Carlo. She told her driver to drive down to the door, and at the door she stepped down and walked into the building. A large dining-room opened out before her in which two waiters lounged. There were no visitors. The waiters came forward. 'Would Madame take luncheon in the room, or on the terrace at the back over the sea ?'

'On the terrace,' Pamela replied.

She lunched quite alone on a broad, flagged terrace, with the sea gently breaking at its foot. The greater portion of the building was occupied by the restaurant, but at one end Pamela noticed a couple of French windows. She remarked to the waiter who served her upon the absence of any visitors but herself.

'It is only this season, Madame, that the restaurant is open,' he replied.

'Can people stay here ?' she asked.

'Yes. There are two suites of rooms. One is occupied ; but the other is vacant, if Madame would care to see it.'

Pamela rose and followed him. He opened one of the French windows. A dining-room furnished with elegance, and lightly decorated ; a sitting-room, and a bed-room comprised the suite. Pamela came back to the terrace. She was disquieted. It was impossible, of course, that Millie Stretton should stay at the *Réserve* ; but the whole look of the place troubled her.

She mounted into her carriage and drove back. In front of her the great hotel of Eze stood high upon a promontory above the railway. A thought came to Pamela. She drove back round the head of the gorge, and when she came to the hotel she bade the coachman drive in. In the open space in front of the hotel she took tea. She could not see the restaurant itself, but she could see the road rising to the little hill-crest beside it. It was very near, she thought. She went into the hotel, and asked boldly at the office :

'When do you expect Lady Stretton ?'

'Lady Stretton ?' The clerk in the office looked up his books. 'In three weeks, Madame,' he said. 'She has engaged her rooms from the 31st.'

'Thank you,' said Pamela.

She mounted into her carriage and drove back to Monte Carlo. So Millie Stretton was coming to the Riviera after all. She had refused to come with Pamela, yet she was coming by herself. She

had declared she would not leave England this spring. But she had made that declaration before Lionel Callon had returned from Chili. Now Callon was here, and she was following. Pamela could not doubt that her coming was part of a concerted plan. The very choice of the hotel helped to convince her. It was so near to that at which Callon was staying. Twenty minutes' walk at the most would separate them. Moreover, why should Callon choose that lonely restaurant without some particular, nay, some secret object? No one, it seemed, visited it in the day; no one but he slept there at night. Callon was not the man to fall in love with solitude. And if he had wished for solitude he would not have come to the Riviera at all. Besides, he spent his days in Monte Carlo, as Pamela well knew. No, it was not loneliness at which he aimed, but secrecy. That was it—secrecy. Pamela's heart sank within her. She had a momentary thought that she would disclose her presence to Lionel Callon, and dismissed it. The disclosure would alter Callon's plan, that was all; it would not hinder the fulfilment. It would drive Millie and him from the Riviera—it would not prevent them from meeting somewhere else. It would be better, indeed, that, if meet they must, they should meet under her eyes. For some accident might happen, some unforeseen opportunity occur of which she could take advantage to separate them. It was not known to Callon that she was on the spot. After all that was an advantage. She must meet secrecy with secrecy. She urged her coachman to quicken his pace. She drove straight to the post-office at Monte Carlo. Thence she despatched a second telegram to Alan Warrisden at Tangier.

'Do not fail to arrive by the 31st,' she telegraphed; and upon that took the train back to Roquebrune. She could do no more now; but the knowledge that she could do no more only aggravated her fears. Questions which could not be answered thronged upon her mind. 'Would the telegram reach Tangier in time? What was Alan Warrisden doing at Tangier at all? What hindered them coming straight from Algeria to France?' Well, there were three weeks still. She sent up her prayer that those three weeks might bring Tony Stretton back, that Millie might be saved for him. She walked up the steps from Roquebrune station very slowly. She did not look up as she climbed. Had she done so she might, perhaps, have seen a head above the parapet in the little square where the school-house stood; and she would certainly have seen that head suddenly withdrawn as her head was raised.

M. Giraud was watching her furtively, as he had done many a time since she had come to Roquebrune, taking care that she should not see him. He watched her now, noticing that she walked with the same lagging, weary step as when he had last seen her on that path so many years ago. But as he watched she stopped, and, turning about, looked southwards across the sea, and stood there for an appreciable time. When she turned again and once more mounted the steps, it seemed to him that the weariness had gone. She walked buoyantly, like one full of faith, full of hope; and he caught a glimpse of her face. It seemed to him that it had become transfigured, and that the eyes were looking at some vision which was visible to her eyes alone. Pamela had come back indeed, at the end of all her perplexities and conjectures, to the belief born of her new love, that somehow the world would right itself, that somehow in a short while she would hear whispered upon the wind, answered by the ripples of the sea, and confirmed by the one voice she longed to hear, the sentinel's cry: 'All's well.'

The messages which Pamela had sent to Warrisdén reached him at Tangier. He found them both waiting for him the day after they had been sent. He had twenty days in front of him. If Tony kept to his time, twenty days would serve. He hired a camp outfit, and the best mules to be obtained in Tangier on that day. The same evening he bought a couple of barbs well recommended to him for speed and endurance.

'They will amble at six miles an hour for ten hours a day,' said one whose advice he sought. Warrisdén discounted the statement, but bought the barbs. Early the next morning he set out for Fez.

CHAPTER XXVII.

'BALAK!'

THERE are two cities of Fez. One is the city of the narrow crowded streets, where the cry, 'Balak! Balak!'' resounds all day. Streets, one terms them, since they are the main thoroughfares through which all the merchandise of Morocco passes out to the four quarters of the compass; but they are no wider than the alley-ways of an English village, and in many places a man may stand in the centre

'Take care!'

and touch the wall on either side. These streets are paved with big cobble-stones, but the stones are broken and displaced by the tramp of centuries. If mended at all, they are mended with a mill-stone or any chance slab of rock ; but for the most part they are left unmended altogether. For that is the fashion in Morocco. There they build and make, and they do both things beautifully and well. But they seldom finish ; in a house, dainty with fountains and arabesques and coloured tiles, you will still find a corner uncompleted, a pillar which lacks the delicate fluting of the other pillars, an embrasure for a clock half ornamented with gold filagree, and half left plain. And if they seldom finish, they never by any chance repair. The mansion is built and decorated within ; artists fit the tiles together in a mosaic of cool colours, and carve, and gild, and paint the little pieces of cedar-wood, and glue them into the light and pointed arches ; the rich curtains are hung ; and the master enters into his possession. There follows the procession of the generations. The tiles crack, the woodwork of the arches splits and falls, and the walls break and crumble. The householder sits indifferent, and the whole house corrodes. So, in the narrow streets, holes gape, and the water wears a channel where it wills, and the mud lies thick and slippery on the rounded stones ; the streets run steeply up and down the hills, wind abruptly round corners, dive into tunnels. Yet men gallop about them on their sure-footed horses, stumbling, slipping, but seldom falling. 'Balak !' they cry, 'Balak !' And the man on foot is flung against the wall or jostled out of the way. No one protests or resents.

A file of donkeys, laden with wood or with grain, so fixed upon their backs that the load grazes each street wall, blocks the way. 'Balak !' shouts the donkey-driver. And perhaps some nobleman of Fez, soft and fat and indolent, in his blue cloak, who comes pacing on a mule no less fat, preceded by his servants, must turn or huddle himself into an embrasure. There are no social distinctions in the alley-ways of Fez. It may be that one of those donkeys will fall then and there beneath his load, and refuse to rise. His load will be taken from his back, and if he still refuse, he will be left just where he fell, to die. His owner walks on. It is no one's business to remove the animal. There he lies in the middle of the street, and to him 'Balak !' will be called in vain.

A mounted troop of wild Berbers from the hills, with their long, brass-bound guns slung across their backs, and gaudy handkerchiefs about their heads, will ride through the bazaars, ragged of dress and

no less ragged in the harness of their horses. 'Balak!' Very swiftly way is made for them. Balak, indeed, is the word most often heard in the streets of Fez.

Those streets wind at times between the walls of gardens, and if the walls are broken, as surely at some point they will be, a plot of grass, a grove of orange trees hung with ruddy fruit, and a clump of asphodel will shine upon the eyes in that brown and windowless city like a rare jewel. At times, too, they pass beneath some spacious arch into a place of width, or cross a bridge where one of the many streams of the river Fez boils for a moment into the open, and then swirls away again beneath the houses. But, chiefly, they run deep beneath the towering walls of houses, and little of the sunlight visits them; so that you may know a man of Fez, even though he be absent from his town, by the pallor of his face. A householder, moreover, may build over the street, if he can come to an agreement with his neighbour on the opposite side, and then the alleys suddenly become tunnels, and turn upon themselves in the dark. Or the walls so lean together at the top that barely a finger's breadth of sky is visible as from the bottom of a well.

Into this city of dark streets Warrisden came upon an evening of gloom. The night before he had camped on the slope of a hill by the village of Segota. Never had he seen a spot more beautiful. He had looked across the deep valley at his feet to the great buttress of Jebel Zarhon, on a dark shoulder of which mountain one small round white town was perched. A long high range of grey hills—the last barrier between him and Fez—cleft at one point by the road, rose on the far side of the valley; and those hills and the fields beneath, and the solitary crumbling castle which stood in the bottom amongst the fields, were all magnified and made beautiful by the mists of evening. The stars had come out overhead, behind him the lights shone in his tent, and a cheerful fire crackled in the open near the door. He had come up quickly from Tangier, and without hindrance, in spite of warnings that the road was not safe. The next morning he would be in Fez. It had seemed to him, then, that fortune was on his side. He drew an augury of success from the clean briskness of the air. And that confidence had remained with him in the morning. He had crossed the valley early, and riding over the long pass on the other side, had seen at last the snow-crowned spur of the Atlas on the further side of the plain of Fez. He had descended into the plain, which perpetually rose and fell like the billows of an ocean; and in the afternoon, from

the summit of one of these billows, he had suddenly seen, not an hour's journey off, the great city of Fez, with its crenellated walls and high minarets, a mass of grey and brown, with here and there a splash of white, and here and there a single palm-tree, straggling formlessly across the green plain. The sky had clouded over; the track was now thronged with caravans of camels, and mules, and donkeys, and wayfarers on foot going to and coming from the town; and before the Bab Sagma, the great gate looking towards Mikkes, was reached, the rain was falling.

Warrisden had sent on the soldier who had ridden with him from Tangier, to deliver a note to the Consul, and he waited with his animals and his men for the soldier's return. The man came towards dusk with word that a house had been secured in the town, and Warrisden passed through the gate and down between the high battlements of the Bugilud into the old town. And as he passed through the covered bazaars, and the narrow streets, in the gloom of the evening, while the rain fell drearily from a sullen sky, his confidence of the morning departed from him, and a great depression chilled him to the heart. The high, cracked, bulging walls of the houses, towering up without a window, the shrouded figures of the passers-by, the falling light, the neglect as of a city of immemorial age crumbling in decay, made of Fez to him that night a place of gloom and forbidding mystery. He was in a mood to doubt whether ever he would look on Tony Stretton's face again.

In the narrowest of the alleys, where each of his stirrups touched a wall, his guide stopped. It was almost pitch-dark here. By throwing back his head, Warrisden could just see, far above him, a little slit of light. His guide groped his way down a passage on the right, and at the end opened with a key a ponderous black door. Warrisden stepped over the sill and found himself in a tiled court of which the roof was open to the sky. On the first floor there was a gallery, and on each of the four sides a long narrow room, lofty, and closed with great folding doors opened on to the gallery. In one of these rooms Warrisden had his bed set up. He sat there trying to read by the light of a single candle, and listening to the drip of the rain.

When he left Tangier, he had twenty-one days before he need be at Roquebrune in answer to Pamela's summons. He had looked up the steamers before he started. Four of those days would be needed to carry them from Tangier to Roquebrune. He had reached Fez in five, and he thus had twelve days left. In other

words, if Stretton came to Fez within a week, there should still be time, provided, of course, the road to the coast was not for the moment cut by rebellious tribes. That was the danger, as Warrisden's journey had told him. He discounted the timorous statements of his dragoman, Ibrahim, but one who knew had warned him at El Ksar. There was a risk.

The night was cold. Warrisden wrapped himself in a Moorish jellaba of fine white wool, but he could not put on with it the Moorish patience and indifference. The rain dripped upon the tiles of the court. Where was Stretton, he wondered ?

He went to bed, and waked up in the middle of the night. He had left the great doors of his bedroom open ; the rain had stopped ; and in the stillness of the night he heard one loud voice, of an exquisite beauty, vibrating over the roofs of the sleeping city, as though it spoke from heaven itself. Warrisden lay listening to it, and interpreting the words from the modulation of the voice which uttered them. Now it rang out imperious as a summons, dropping down through the open roofs to wake the sleepers in their beds. Now it rose, lyrical and glorious, in a high chant of praise. Now it became wistful, and trembled away pleading, yet with a passion of longing in the plea. Warrisden could look upwards from his bed through the open roof. The sky was clear again. Overhead were the bright stars, and this solitary voice, most musical and strange, ringing out through the silence.

It was the mueddhin on the tower of the Karueein Mosque. For five hours before the dawn the praises of Allah are sung from the summit of the mosque's minaret. There are ten mueddhins to whom the service is entrusted, and each sends out his chant above the sleeping city for half-an-hour. But in the voice of this, one of the ten whom Warrisden heard on the first night when he slept in Fez, there was a particular quality. He listened for it during the nights which followed ; expected it, and welcomed its first note as one welcomes the coming of a friend. It seemed to him that all the East was in that cry.

It brought back to him sunsets when his camp was pitched by some little village of tents or thatched mud-houses surrounded by hedges of aloes, and prickly pears—at Karia Ben Ouder, at Djouma—villages where there was no mosque at all, but whence none the less the voice of a priest dispersed its plaintive cry across the empty country of marigolds and asphodels, startling the white cow-birds and the storks.

Warrisden fell to thinking of Tony Stretton. He struck a match, and looked at his watch. It was close upon the hour of dawn. Perhaps, just at this moment, by some village in that wild dark mountain country to the south-east, Stretton stirred in his sleep, and waked to hear some such summons chanted about the village. Perhaps he was even now loading his mule, and setting forth by the glimmer of the starlight upon his dangerous road. Warrisden fell asleep again with that picture in his mind, and woke to find the sunlight pouring through the square opening of the roof. He drank his coffee, and mounting a little winding stairway of broken steps, came out into that other city of Fez, the city of the roof-tops.

Fez is built upon the slope of a hill, and upon some of the flat roofs Warrisden looked down and through the dark square holes of the openings, to the parapets of others he looked up. Upon some there were gardens planted—so, he thought, must have looked the hanging gardens of Babylon; on others, linen was strung out to dry as in some backyard of England; the minarets, here inlaid with white and green tiles, there built simply of bricks and brown plaster, rose high into the limpid air. And on the towers were the great nests of storks.

Warrisden looked abroad, and in the sunlight his hopes revived. It seemed that it must have been into another town that he had entered last night. Nowhere could he see the gash of a street in that plateau of roof-tops—so narrow they were; and no noise rose at all, they were so deep. Here the only sound audible was the chattering of women's voices—for the roofs are the playgrounds of the women, and Warrisden could see them in their coloured handkerchiefs and robes clustered together, climbing from one house to another with the help of ladders, visiting their friends. But of all the clamour which must needs be resounding in those crowded streets, not even one stray cry of 'Balak!' reached to this upper air. Lower down the hill to the east, Warrisden could see the city wall and the gate through which Stretton must pass when he came. And he might come to-day!

That was Warrisden's thought. He went down the stairs, had his horse brought into the dark street before the door, and, accompanied by his *mehazni*, that old soldier who had ridden with him from Tangier, went out of the city over the plain towards Sefru. For through that small town of gardens and fruit at the base of the Atlas spur, Stretton would come. But he did not come on that

day, nor on the next. But, on the other hand, Ibrahim, Warrisden's guide, brought bad news.

He mounted to the roof in the morning, while Warrisden sat there after his breakfast, and crouched down behind the parapet so that he might not be seen. For the men leave the roof-tops to their women-folk, and do not trespass there themselves.

'Sir,' said he, 'the road between Djebel Silfat and Djebel Zarhon is cut. Word has come into Fez this morning. The Z'mur have come down from the hills, and sit across the road, stopping and robbing everyone.'

Warrisden sat up.

'Are you sure?' he asked. He was, as he knew, in a country of liars. Ibrahim, in addition, was a coward in the country districts, though the best of braggarts at Tangier. He had ridden on his mule slung about with weapons—a Spanish rifle on his back, a revolver in his belt, and a Winchester in his hands; while between the fingers of his left hand he carried ready four cartridges—but he was none the less afraid. However, Warrisden remembered that mountain pass which led from the plain of the Sebou up to Segota. It was very lonely, it was narrow, the road looped perpetually round the bases of the round buttresses of Djebel Silfat. It would certainly be an awkward place wherein to be entrapped.

'Yes, yes, I am sure,' replied Ibrahim, 'the Z'mur are bad men. They might capture you and hold you to ransom.'

Warrisden was inclined to discount Ibrahim's terror of the Z'mur. The lawless deeds of that wild and fanatical tribe had been dinned into his ears ever since he had crossed the Sebou; until he had come to make light of them. But there was no doubt they terrorised the people; in the villages where Warrisden had camped, they were spoken of with a dread hardly less than that which Ibrahim betrayed. It would certainly never do to be taken by the Z'mur. They would be released, no doubt; but time would be wasted. They might be kept for weeks in the forest of Marmura. They would reach Roquebrune too late.

Warrisden had brought with him, as a servant, one of the men who had been with him to Ain-Sefra, and descending the stairs he called him, and spoke, bidding Ibrahim interpret.

'Do you remember the mule which I gave away at Ain-Sefra?' he asked. And the man answered, 'Yes!'

'You would know it again?'

The man was sure upon that point. He described the marks by which he would recognise the beast.

'Very well,' said Warrisden. 'Go out to the west of Fez, and watch the road to Sefru. If you see a Jew come towards Fez driving the mule, lead him at once to this house. Watch all day until the gate is closed.'

The man went off upon his errand, and Warrisden betook himself to the vice-consulate. On his return he summoned Ibrahim, and said :

'We must travel by Mequinez and Mediyah. A letter will be given to us, passing us on from governor to governor. We can reach Larache, travelling hard, in five days. We may find a steamer there for Gibraltar. If not, we must go on, in one more day, to Tangier.'

Ibrahim bowed his head and made no further protest. In the evening Warrisden's servant came back from the gate ; his watch had been fruitless. Thus three days had passed. Warrisden became anxious again, and restless. The seven days which Tony Stretton could take, and still reach Roquebrune by the date on which Pamela insisted, were now curtailed. Six days formed the limit, and even that limit implied that the journey should be of the swiftest. Of those six days, three had gone.

The fourth came, and passed. Warrisden rode out upon the track to Sefru in vain. Even the promised letter did not come. Warrisden made inquiries. It would come, he was told. There was no doubt upon that score. But a Government letter takes a long time in the writing in Morocco. It was not until the fifth evening that a messenger from the Palace knocked upon the door. These were the days when Mulai-el-Hassan ruled in Morocco, and was on the march against his rebellious tribes for nine months out of the twelve. Mulai-el-Hassan, at this particular time, was far away to the south in the Sus country, and therefore the mountain pass to the north was dangerous.

Warrisden had his letter, however, sealed with the Viceroy's seal. But he gazed out over the city as it lay, warm and ruddy in the sunset, and wondered whether it would avail at all. His servant had come back from the gate with his familiar answer. No Jew had driven the mule down the road into Fez that day. And there was only one more day.

Warrisden descended the stairs to the gallery on the first floor, and as he came out upon it, he heard voices in the courtyard below.

He looked over the balustrade and saw a man standing amongst his muleteers and servants. Warrisen could not see his face. He was dressed in rags, but the rags were the remnants of a black gabardine, and he wore a black skull-cap upon his head.

It is likely that Warrisen would have taken no further notice of the man, but that he cringed a little in his manner as though he was afraid. Then he spoke in Arabic, and the voice was timorous and apologetic. Warrisen, however, knew it none the less. He leaned over the balustrade :

‘Stretton!’ he cried out in a burst of joy.

The man in the courtyard looked up. Warrisen would never have known him but for his voice. A ragged beard stubbled his cheeks and chin ; he was disfigured with dirt and bruises ; he was lean with hunger ; his face was drawn and hollow from lack of sleep. But there was something more, a wider difference between this ragged Stretton in the courtyard and the Stretton Warrisen had known than mere looks explained. The man who had looked up when he heard his voice loudly and suddenly pronounced, had been startled—nay, more than startled. He had raised an arm as though to ward off a blow. He had shrunk back. He had been afraid. Even now, when he looked at Warrisen and knew that he was here in a house of safety, he stood drawing deep breaths, and trembling like one who has received a shock. His appearance told Warrisen much of the dangers of the journey from Ain-Sefra through the hills to Fez.

‘Yes,’ said Tony, ‘I am here. Am I in time?’

‘Just in time,’ cried Warrisen. ‘Oh, but I thought you never would come!’

He ran down the steps into the courtyard.

‘Balak!’ cried Stretton with a laugh. ‘Wait till I have had a bath, and got these clothes burnt.’

In such guise, Tony Stretton came to Fez. He had gone straight to the Vice-Consulate, and thence had been directed to Warrisen’s house. When, an hour later, he came up on to the gallery and sat down to dinner, he was wearing the clothes of a European, and the look of fear had gone from his face, the servility from his manner. But Warrisen could not forget either the one or the other. Tony Stretton had come through the mountains—yes. But the way had not been smooth.

(To be continued.)

*NAVAL WARFARE TO-DAY: WHAT JAPAN
HAS DONE.*

BY ADMIRAL SIR CYPRIAN BRIDGE, G.C.B.

WHATEVER may be the final result of the present war in the Far East, the deep impression made on the world by the demeanour and performances of Japan is likely to endure. That country has extorted from the nations of Western Europe and America a tribute—not always ungrudgingly rendered—of mingled admiration and surprise. We have had to admit that what she has done has been well done, and we do not conceal our astonishment that it should be so. If our admiration is becoming, is it creditable to us that we should have been surprised? The question is worth asking, as it involves considerations of the highest importance to us Britons, viz. those relating to our national security. It is to utter a truism to say that Surprise is the offspring of Ignorance; but there are circumstances which justify the utterance, and even the repetition, of a truism. What right had we to be ignorant of the real progress made by Japan? We had been in closer communication—commercial, financial, political—with her than any other nation had been. It was we who definitely introduced her into the circle of ‘civilised’ Powers, the word civilised being put between inverted commas with deliberate intention. When the war with Russia began we had been two years in alliance with Japan. Scholars of our blood had done as much as, if not more than, those of any other country to make the rest of the world acquainted with the thoughts and spirit of the Japanese. There were, indeed, some Englishmen who did understand the condition that Japan had reached, and who were not surprised at her success in war, which, as a matter of truth, they had predicted. Such people, however, were but few.

Not many weeks ago a former resident in Japan told a friend of mine that in the early seventies the Japanese were quite ‘uncivilised,’ and thus suggested the measure of the progress made by them. This estimate of the stage of culture which Japan had reached before she had assimilated Western methods was a common

one among foreigners, especially among our own fellow-countrymen. The average British idea of civilisation is that it is a state of human society in which the men wear trousers and the women read novels. We cannot easily conceive an equal though different state of civilisation. Our typical spokesman is 'honest Tom Dawson,' acquaintance with whom most of us owe to Macaulay, and who, on seeing that French foot soldiers dressed in blue, observed that blue regimentals were only fit 'for the Blue Horse or the Artillery.'

The truth is that the Japanese, before the Meiji era, had a native civilisation as high, though not the same, as our own. What is specially important is that their condition to-day is as much the product of that civilisation as it is of the Western methods which they have assimilated. Neither alone would have made them what they now are. We knew, we could not help knowing, that they had adopted the methods of the West: and it was our own fault that we did not perceive the foundation of national culture on which the new methods introduced were made to rest. In the case of the Japanese, we are now merely experiencing the unpleasantness due to having undervalued our friends. It would have been something more serious than unpleasantness if those whom we undervalued had been enemies. There is an optimism based on knowledge and judgment, and there is an optimism or infatuation based on ignorance and—well, it must be said—on a vulgar assumption of superiority. What was to have been a military picnic in South Africa turned out to be a bloody, protracted, and costly war. The belief that 'little' Japan would not dare to go to war single-handed with mighty Russia was refuted with emphasis at Port Arthur, on the Yalu, at Kaiping, and elsewhere, and by the capture in fair fight of more than a hundred guns. The feelings of those foreigners who were wont to look on the Japanese with their tongue in their cheek can scarcely be enviable when the names of Togo and Kuroki are mentioned.

Astonishing as the success of Japan in this war may seem to many, it is not a bit more astonishing than the failure on the part of most observers to see that it was to be expected. Not many days before hostilities began I received a letter from London informing me that 'not a *Bourse* in Europe' believed that there would be war. It would, I suppose, have been regarded as an outrage on common sense to suggest that Japan with right on her side would not be afraid of her gigantic antagonist. Even after

the first blows had been struck there was among foreigners in the Far East, specially qualified by position to form a correct estimate, all but complete unanimity in the view that against the Russian land forces those of Japan had little chance of succeeding. As one who has had personal experience of Admiral Alexeieff's courtesy and hospitality I admit that my impartiality in his case may be suspected; but still I make bold to maintain my conviction of his energy and ability. If he erred in believing that Japan would not fight he erred in very good company: and it does not lie in the mouths of those whose attitude towards the Japanese was one of amused contempt to reproach him with his mistake. Besides, once on a time there were Boers who went so far as to try conclusions with the British Empire!

As we could hardly have a better instance of the dangerous errors into which we may be led by ignoring facts than is afforded by the present war, it will be useful to inquire pretty closely into the conditions prevailing in Japan when she engaged in it. Few adjectives could be more inapplicable in the circumstances to the Japanese Empire than 'little,' which was readily fastened on by the would-be knowing ones and pressed into practical use by the cartoonists of the comic papers. A country which contains upwards of five millions of fighting men, all animated by the most enthusiastic patriotism, cannot well be considered little, even comparatively. Whatever the absolute number may be, it has been practically increased by proximity of position to the scene of hostilities. Even those who held that there would be no war would not have denied that, if war did really break out after all, its theatre would be within a few hundred miles of Japan.

In war, as has been proved many a time, and in recent years too, quality is as important as, if not more so than, quantity. We may inquire also into the quality of the fighting resources of Japan. In 1898 there were 439,386 heads of Shizoku, or former Samurai, families; so that there must be half a million Samurai males over seventeen years of age. Let us see what manner of man a Samurai is. Like that of Sweden, which in some points it curiously resembles, the history of Japan is largely made up of the quarrels and the predominance of great families. A Mikado may be seated on the throne, but it is the Fujiwara family which really holds the reins of office. The imperial house endures, but it is the Taira, the Minamoto, the Hojo, the Ashikaga, or the Tokugawa which govern. The domination of a private family is possible only on the condition

that the family is supported by a band of devoted adherents. Yoritomo, the first Shogun, placed this condition on a scientific basis. In addition to the imperial officials in the provinces there were appointed Shugo, or governors, who were dependent on the Shogun, held the supreme military command, and exercised criminal jurisdiction. Under the later and weaker 'regents' of the Hojo family the Shugo found opportunities, which they readily seized, of making themselves nearly independent. Before the fall of the Ashikaga Shogunate their power and arrogance had so increased that their position as great feudal lords was firmly established, and they even indulged in the extreme luxury of feudalism, viz. the practice of private warfare.

The feudalism of Japan, though it resembled that of Europe, differed from it in an important point. The great Japanese barons were not intrusive conquerors who stiffened an existing polity into the Western 'feudal system.' They were not as the companions of the Merwings among conquered Gallo-Romans, as those of William of Normandy among defeated Englishmen, or as Teutonic knights among Subject Letts and Prussian Slavs; they were Japanese among Japanese. The members of their *comitatus*, the band of martial adherents on whose valour and fidelity family distinction was founded, were in speech and race the same as their neighbours. This permitted a virtually unlimited establishment. Under the Minamoto in the twelfth century of our era the privilege of bearing arms was restricted to the Samurai. Their number, as has been seen, was great, and they constituted the whole class of gentry. A few months ago, the conversation at my table happening to turn on the subject of the Samurai, a Japanese officer, Captain K., who was present, was asked to define the term, which he did by saying 'The Samurai are the same as the English squires.'

The history of this remarkable body deserves to be widely known. It repeats on an incomparably greater scale and carries on through a much longer period, and with far more ennobling illustrations, that of the military orders of the Temple or the Hospital. Cloistered communities numbering a few scores or a few dozens may have lived up to the rules of their foundation; but there is no other case on record of a body numbering hundreds of thousands like the Samurai of Japan, scattered over a great extent of country, maintaining during centuries the noble ideals of the loyal vassal and the valiant and devoted soldier. Self-control was their ruling principle. To be influenced by mercenary motives was in their

eyes despicable. Frugality, loyalty, and filial piety were their fundamental virtues. At the very end of their history as a class they gave a conspicuous proof of their sincerity and of their fidelity to their principles. In July 1871—exactly thirty-three years ago—the feudal system in Japan was brought to an end by a laconic imperial decree. The Samurai as an essential element of that system did not as a corporate entity outlive it. They ‘showed,’ says Captain Brinkley, ‘a noble faculty of resignation. They had been a privileged class, but they had purchased their privileges with their blood and by serving as patterns of all the qualities most prized among Japanese national characteristics.’

Military service was now made universal in Japan, and a Samurai was liable to it no more and no less than a peasant or a trader. He had to put away the sword which he had cherished as the mark of a gentleman. It was the instrument of his power and the external symbol of his rank. Many Samurai not only had to descend in the social scale, but were also with their wives and children driven into abject poverty. There was little or no commotion. All was done quickly and borne quietly for the good of Japan. The history of the human race will be searched in vain for anything in the least worthy of being cited as a parallel to this great renunciation by hundreds of thousands of armed men. The Samurai had carried two swords, one long and the other short. The latter ‘served a defeated soldier in his last resort—suicide.’ The suicide of the Samurai was no ignoble flight from personal ills. It was committed to ensure the maintenance of the honour of the class, to testify to wholesome but unwelcome truths, or to give in extreme circumstances a solemn warning. It was the crowning result of a more than stoical training. Boys and girls were made familiar with the idea of it from tender years, and each sex was instructed in the appropriate manner of committing it.

From the class reared in such a school the officers of the modern Japanese army and navy are taken.¹ I once asked Count Katsura, the Prime Minister, and himself a distinguished soldier, if the officers were chosen solely from the gentry. He told me that though by law a commission was open to every Japanese, still with few exceptions officers belong to the educated classes. The mere numbers of the old Samurai class show that, in a country in

¹ Selection of the most suitable men for particular appointments is carried out with what may seem to us audacious disregard of personal feelings and private interests.

which universal liability to serve is the rule, many must find their place in the ranks. Those who do so take service willingly. Every man of fifty grew to adolescence under the old feudal polity. Almost every father of a family in Japan must have been old enough to understand its principles before it was abolished. Nearly every admiral and general now serving had reached the military age under feudalism. Some had gone through a campaign before it ended. It is no wonder that the old Samurai spirit predominates, not among the officers only, but also among the rank and file and on the lower deck. The heroism of Commander Takeo Hirose, who delayed under fire off Port Arthur to search three times for a missing shipmate and lost his own life in consequence, and of Captains Shina and Sakurai and their brother officers of the 37th Regiment of Infantry, who slew themselves rather than be taken prisoners, was equalled by that of the seaman Magoshichi Sugino and of the sergeant-major and the private soldiers who followed Shina's example and 'killed themselves after the traditional Samurai fashion.'

It is of special interest to us that a navy so officered and so manned is using in actual war the most modern naval appliances. The enemy of Japan may be wanting in enterprise; but no one can justly accuse the Russian seamen or soldiers of want of bravery. The action of the *Bayan* and the *Novik*, not to dwell upon the 'butcher's bill' in engagements on shore, which recalls the awful carnage of Preussisch-Eylau or Borodino, would instantly refute any such calumny. Consequently the Japanese ships, so up to date in type, have to give an account of antagonists who have proved their capacity for taking a great deal of punishment. In some important respects, therefore, the present war is reproducing conditions existing in our Great War with revolutionary and Napoleonic France. The contending sides both 'mean fighting' when the occasion arises. One side, the Japanese, has demonstrated its ability to use the most recent naval *matériel* with effect.

It would probably be right to say that there has been general disappointment that the two fleets have not engaged in a general action, that there has not been a good stand-up sea-fight approximating to the battles of the old pattern. Such disappointment has certainly been expressed in naval circles. I would presume to point out that to feel disappointment at this is to pay a poor compliment to the naval strategy of the Japanese. The torpedo attacks on the Russian ships outside Port Arthur, and the attempts

to block up the port with sunken steamers and with mines, indicate that the very thing which the Japanese wished to prevent was the possibility of the Russian fleet forming up for a general engagement. The strategy, in my humble opinion, was admirable and has been completely successful, notwithstanding that no important ship has been destroyed by the locomotive torpedo, though some, since repaired, have been injured by it, and that neither sunken steamers nor mines have effectually blocked up Port Arthur. One result of this strategy is that up to the present we have had no opportunity of seeing how a modern battleship inflicts or stands 'hammering.' The only thing approaching to a stand-up fight between antagonists nearly equal in power has occurred between destroyers. One at least, and probably more, sank owing to the effect of the Japanese gun-fire; but they did not sink till after the actual fight was over, and only repeated an experience not uncommon when small vessels engaged each other in the Old War.

There have been two highly dramatic episodes on the sea—the sinking of the *Petropaulovsk* and the sinking of the *Hatsusé*. By the side of these the losses of smaller craft when engaged in laying or picking up submarine mines seem almost insignificant events. There is no doubt that the cases of the two battleships named caused deep emotion in the non-naval public. I have over and over again heard it said that a terrible fate awaits the officers and men of a navy which is engaged in war, the belief evidently being that they are destined to go to the bottom. Yet had both of these vessels run on a sunken rock like the steamer *Quetta*, for example, or been struck by a friend in a collision as was the *Yoshino* and gone down with nearly all hands, the emotion would have been less and the belief as to the fate of naval officers and seamen would not have been expressed. There is still something to learn about the cases of the *Petropaulovsk* and the *Hatsusé*; but it may be accepted that each was sunk by the explosion of a submarine mine. The probability appears to be that the destruction of each ship was due to contact with a mine originally laid by her own side. However that may be, an external explosion causing, it would seem, one internal explosion or several, sent the *Petropaulovsk* as well as the *Hatsusé* to the bottom in a very short time.

Now, we did not require the present war to tell us that the detonation of a certain quantity of explosive material within a certain distance from the hull of a ship, and at a certain depth below the surface of the water, will inflict terrible damage, prac-

tically amounting to destruction. This has been proved many times, not only in the experiments of peace time, but also in the actual occurrences of war. There was, therefore, nothing new in the cases of the *Petropaulovsk* and the *Hatsusé*, unless it was new to dispose once for all of the absurdity, sometimes expressed by specialists, that a large ship is more likely to survive the effect of an under-water explosion than a small one. A gunboat could not have perished more expeditiously than the *Petropaulovsk*, and the *Hatsusé* went down so rapidly that she took with her many of her crew.

In former wars actions were decided by superiority of gun-fire. The side that fired most straight shots won the action. When a certain proportion of their opponents had been killed and wounded by the straighter shooting crew, the latter's antagonist made off or hauled down her colours. The rule seems to be as valid now as ever it was. There has been no opportunity of exact comparison during the present struggle, but reasonable inferences from occurrences tend to support the present validity of the rule. Off Chemulpho, at the beginning of hostilities, the *Varyag* was so greatly outmatched by her opponents that deductions from her case must be drawn with caution. Her fire was quite ineffectual. The Japanese squadron claims to have hit her ten times, and in fact she had twelve easily visible shot-holes in her hull, two perhaps being caused by the exit of shot which had already made holes in the other side of the ship. She was about a quarter of an hour under fire at long range. Many of the shot fired at her were theoretically capable of sinking her; but she was really sunk by her own crew. That she ventured to face at all so great a superiority of force as she did shows that the memory of Korniloff and Nakhimoff is still a living power in the Russian navy: the point worth noting is that it was on account of the size of her 'butcher's bill' that she was defeated. She had rather over a hundred killed and wounded, and gave up the fight just as the English *Java* or the French *Sybille* had to do in the old days.

The locomotive torpedo has been more successful in destroying unarmed transports and merchant ships than real fighting men-of-war, though—as has been said already—it has inflicted rather serious injuries on some of the latter. The Vladivostock squadron has sent to the bottom, by means of locomotive torpedoes, unarmed steamers off the Korean coast; but Admiral Togo, then a captain, showed us how to do this when he sent the steamer *Kowshing* to

the bottom in 1894. So that we had not to wait till the present conflict to learn that the thing can be done. It may be remarked *en passant* that the operation is a perfectly legitimate one, and that no officer would shrink from sinking a transport that persistently refused to surrender. As a matter of fact, it was frequently done or attempted to be done to neutral merchant steamers which tried to run the blockade in the American Civil War and refused to stop, though actual foundering was escaped by taking advantage of the proximity of shoal water. I knew a man who was wounded by a shell when on board a blockade-runner which ran ashore to avoid being sunk. The ship was refloated, and I saw her many times afterwards. So the intentions of her cannonaders were frustrated; but they were genuine enough.

The effect of gun-fire, where it has been possible to test it, has not been found to differ much from that which had been expected. All the killed and wounded on board the *Varyag* had been employed on or above the upper deck. The immunity of those who were stationed below could not have been due to protection afforded by the sides of the ship, because the plates were not thick enough to keep out the shot fired at her. The result observed must have been brought about by the immeasurably greater frequency with which the Japanese guns were aimed so as to send their projectiles to points considerably above the *Varyag's* water-line. A large proportion of the wounds were not inflicted directly by the hostile shot and shell, but by small fragments of the ship's structure and fittings broken off on impact and sent flying about. One Russian sailor had as many as 135 generally minute wounds in his leg. In this particular again old experience was repeated, very many wounds in earlier naval battles having been caused by splinters. The one apparent novelty in naval gunnery which the recent operations have disclosed was the greatly increased range at which actions can be fought. This had been anticipated in the British navy at any rate, and months before the present war began it had become common in our Service to practise shooting at long ranges. It was considered a proper deduction from the augmented velocity of projectiles, and the consequent flattening of their trajectories, that more distant firing than heretofore would be the rule in battle.

The general conclusion from the experience already gained in the conflict in the Far East may be said to be that in its principal features naval warfare does not differ materially from that of which we have authentic records. There has been nothing to show as

yet that the slaughter will be more terrific than it used to be. Those who think that it will be would do well to examine the lists of the killed and wounded of the beaten side in former days. We knew before that the human element is the deciding element in war. This has not been revealed for the first time in the current struggle, though its truth has been accentuated. If there has been heroic gallantry on one side, there has been steady fortitude on the other: and the balance has been upset by the superior intelligence and enterprise with which the Japanese have conducted their operations. The success with which they have kept efficient the complex machinery of modern men-of-war can only be attributed to unflagging care and a correct appreciation of the demands which can be reasonably made on a ship's mechanical equipment.

Novel as present-day naval appliances are to the historic navies of the West, they must have been much more so to the Japanese, who so recently emerged from the seclusion of centuries. It is of the first importance to understand what has enabled our allies to triumph so completely over the difficulties arising from unfamiliarity. The reason will be found in the wide comprehensiveness of their culture. Admitting the necessity of special studies, they have remained the masters, and have not become the slaves, of specialisation. The narrow *curricula* of specialised branches have been kept subordinate to a general culture-imparting system of education. Chinese—as I heard that most eminent of authorities our distinguished Minister at Peking, Sir Ernest Satow, once remark—is to the Japanese what Greek and Latin have been to the nations of the West. Almost all books are written in Chinese characters, with occasional addition of the native *kana*. The Chinese represent the chief ideas, nouns, and stems of verbs. To the same source they had to go for words to represent such new things and ideas as 'telegram,' 'photograph,' 'democracy,' &c.

Instruction in every special subject is practically conveyed to them in the vehicle of a learned language. Being present when lectures were being given in Japanese to naval students, I was struck by the frequency with which English terms—'melting-point,' 'calorific effect,' &c.—occurred. This must tend to brace the intellectual faculties and to develop mental flexibility. Owing to the long duration of the feudal system and the repeated predominance of great families in Japan, the national history is remarkably varied, and a knowledge of it is—judged by our standard—extraordinarily widespread among the Japanese. This must go

a long way towards correcting the stunting influence of narrow specialism. A very short visit to Japan will convince anyone of ordinary powers of observation that æsthetic culture is general. There must be many English naval officers who have received with confidence the opinion of a Japanese brother-officer on some work of art which they have secured. There are not many Japanese admirals, but among those whom I have the honour to know there are at least two highly distinguished in their own profession whose competence as connoisseurs is generally recognised. Admiral Count Kabayama is an admitted authority on one branch of Japanese fine art; and Rear-Admiral Ito—a namesake, but I believe no relation, of the great Admiral of the Yalu fight in 1894—is probably second only to the Count.

If we consider carefully what the Japanese navy has done, we can hardly fail to admit the potency, even in naval affairs, of general culture: and we should be wise if we were to lay to heart the lesson that our allies are teaching us.

THE HAUNTED WOOD.

WEIRDLY human in outward seeming are the trees of the earth. Glad in sunshine, and how despairing in the gloom! This was the thought that the moaning wind in the branches of two trees before the window soon lulled to sleep. And the reflex of a dream—dreamed in the long-lost years—steals back, like the singing of a bird before the dawn, like the whisper of reeds beside a lake of shadows. . . . It is the dream of a well-loved young fir wood I knew. Not grand nor beautiful, it had all the sweetness of childhood, the rejoicing strength and fulness of youth. The moss grew in lowly beauty round the young spruce's feet; each lovely moss-tribe bearing some peculiar sign and badge of its race: tiny emerald cups, minute balls and seeds, countless points of living green. And underneath the moss, in dark labyrinths, unseen, self-centred in their own small cares, moved another world of life—a world of busy insect life, a ceaseless round of existence circling on and on, far down out of human ken, till the ant is a giant to the myriads around, ever and ever lessening, ever more minute, more blindly careless and unknowing of aught save their own small selves. At ten years old, how delicious was that young fir wood! Green and aromatic, each tree of it well replenished with branches down to the very ground; full of grace and growth, and fairy mazes through and through. And now, it is ten years older. And the little wood will long since have begun to show bare and black, and none would care to dream there now. . . .

Beautiful is the forest in every season, at every hour of all the year. Beautiful in the deep hush of midsummer, beautiful in autumn, when the trees burn like lamps of gold—intensely beautiful beneath the winter starlight. Look up into the starry night through barred branches fretted overhead, and own the dim mystery of these unleaved forest aisles is worth a thousand days of summer pride. The limes and sycamores soon ceased striving with the wind, and the dream grew thin, and the little fir wood slept once more within the grey shades of memory.

Commonly speaking, a wood is a wood. It is *Sylva*: a collection of trees. They may fail through natural decay, or lightning

may rend them, or the woodman's axe may fell them, or hordes of small untiring beetles may sap the life out of them—in places where the gun has left no woodpecker alive to save them—or, by stress of weather, the whole wood may be swept down. And then the ground will be re-planted, and in time a new wood will have grown up. The Haunted Wood changes—changes. Every year, year by year, it changes. Once on a time it was old; century after century it had stood, dark and gloomy, with great red-stemmed pines; the broad brown track through the wood littered with autumn leaves, or shining smoothly with summer rain of pine needles. It was the work of one cruel night, when the storm up-rooted half the wood. For the space of thrice three twelvemonths, from end to end the wood lay bare. Broken trees of deathful grey, knurled and scarred and rugged, grey-bearded with long hanks of lichen hanging dismally, or lying prone, with gaunt, upstanding roots. The old path was obliterated, and no new one made, for none cared to cross a spot so desolate. The deep recesses of the wood now lay bare, and there was full daylight where sweet shades had used to be. Yet all the time green rushes grew strong and cool in many an oozy hollow. And over all the place hints there were as of some unseen movement, of green things and seeds under the earth—things that knew the sun had found them out, through the darkness underground. Also, little shoots of deciduous trees began to spring. Yet these outward signs of strong, impelling inner life did not make the place less cheerless, rather the grimness of it grew.

It is told of a man who wandered there after some strayed sheep, in the long-drawn twilight of a midsummer evening, that near the farther confines of the Haunted Wood he beheld strange things. A long procession of wild beasts passed silently before his eyes—elephants, tigers, giraffes, camels, lions. He watched them as they filed on, turning neither left nor right, faring north between him and the clear, cold sky-line. And all those living creatures, half-transparent and wholly rainbow-coloured, seemed as though they were but appearances of painted glass, like moving colours in some old church window: violet and blue and amber and fire-colour. The man who saw stood still, rooted to the earth, until the last strange beast had passed. Then he forgot all about his wandering sheep, turned and went away to his house like one in a dream. And silent as in a dream, it is said, he existed, until the end came before next new moon arose. Visions of many-

coloured beasts are known elsewhere. In the Castle of the Isle of Man there is a bed-chamber where they who sleep have awoke at early dawn to behold the self-same sight. Visionary, rainbow-tinted creatures marching in long procession around the white walls of the room. Who can tell how these things are? Who can gauge the mystery of the unknown *anima*, the indwelling secret power within the outside shell of being? We know not nor shall ever know. . . .

The latest change in the Haunted Wood is beneficent and thorough. It has renewed its youth, like the eagle. Dead trees have been cut up and dragged away. Not a sign of old decay is suffered to remain. No barren roots now lift horned heads above the brake-fern. Scarce any cleft, broken trees remain—hooded forms that seemed to come and go as evening drew on! No trace is left of that other, older wood. All now is fresh and young and joyous: full of the sweet mystery of young summer, when she empties lapfuls of wild-flowers all over the earth. From whence comes this delicious verdure where all had so long been austere and barren? Last year we could see without hindrance the whole as it were, of the desolate wood. To-day, fragrant glades and closes of wild copse lead—who knows whither? You only are aware for the moment of a sense of boundless distance, as you wander on, till suddenly checked by a straight fence dividing off the heath and open fields. In the place where ruin and mis-luck once set their seal as it were for evermore, smiles the green shiver of fresh leaves. It is as a garden of flowers. Sparkling patches of tiny potentilla, growing quite flat down in the moss and grass, red clouds of seeding sorrel, and short sweet grass damasked all among with trefoil of wood-sorrel, delicately green. The Haunted Wood, with this its latest enchantment, is pleasant, full of charm, and woos to waste one's time there, whether 'at brim of day' or quiet eventide. All along on either side the shadowy way the grass is spangled with blue veronica. Veronica is such a devoted little sun-lover; even within the shade, it will sometimes make shift to be blue and glad. Blue with green is one of nature's commonest, loveliest, contrasts; but green should always have the mastery, as in *Anchusa sempervirens*, where the contrast is so exquisite of green, alive with myriad tiny touches of brilliant blue. So, too, with veronica when dispersed among the grass: the green is as a hundred to one with the number of the blue, yet it is only the blue that attracts the eye.

On the western borders of the wood once stood three old beech trees ; only two remain. They are weather-worn and undersized as compared with the great full-grown ' mast-bearing tree,' as we know him in his prime ; but as yet they are untouched by the axe, unbroken by the storm. A tender young growth of feathery birch is closing up so fast around, that soon the old trees will be held of no account, swallowed up in an alien crowd. Fate is against these two poor beeches. The north has certainly undone them, though not ' with a sleety whistle through them ' ; it was only the north winds of June, for the edges of their leaves are curled and rusted only on the north side. The clean-cut stump between the two, of what was once a third, serves now for the way-farer's seat. Five tall, half-unbranched, half-lifeless pines stand also there, in front of the beech, as before a judgment-seat, arraigned like five lost giants before the woodland bar, to give account for their sorry state. The naked stems stand upright, unclad, in shreds of rough grey lichen. Bare limbs stretch heavenwards in seeming tragic, vain appeal. Beyond them, in lines of perfect beauty, the new-born forest melts into the distance.

Light murmurs floating round among the leaves seem to question the accused : ' Where are your friends ? Why are ye so alone ? ' But no accusation comes from ' the chair of judgment ' ; no answer from those five shattered thralls. Quite irrelevantly, round the poor wind-scathed beeches themselves, rustles on a stave from the old ballad :

'Tis merry, 'tis merry in good greenwood,
Where mavis and merle are singing. . . .

Sitting here under the beeches I forget the grey Scotch firs standing so forlornly dumb, and begin to remember a curious story the poet and historian Lowell used to tell of a ' Witch Farm ' in America. The place is a forest near New York, at some distance, but within a walk from the city. On the edge of the forest a farm will at times appear, which no one remembers to have ever seen before, unless they happen to be among the few who *have* seen. There is no one about the farm, no sound is heard, yet there are signs of busy occupation. The door is open, empty milk-pails lean against the wall, newly-cleaned pans and dairy utensils and butter-churns are set out to dry ; clothes hang on the line in a little drying-ground—all looks as if the farmer's wife, or servant, had but just gone indoors ; or gone out meaning to return in a few

minutes. Whoever thus chances on the farm seldom stops long to look. He will pass on, thinking to himself: 'I don't seem to remember that farm. I must inquire about it in town.' In town not a soul knows anything about it, and never will that person see the farm again, however often he may return to look for it. Then others will go out to seek the witch-farm. Over and over again will they pass and re-pass the very spot where it had been seen, retracing their steps, and puzzling and saying: 'It must be there; we have mistaken the way.' They are few indeed to whom the spectral farm has shown itself. Lowell himself once saw it. On the verge of the wood he passed a homestead which appeared precisely as had been described—the milking-pails and dairy things all about round the open door, the linen hanging out to dry on the clothes-line. Mr. Lowell saw it all, and passed on without thinking; then suddenly stopped short with a feeling of something strange, turned and sauntered slowly back in order to look again at the place. But no house at all was there, and he was unable to find again the exact spot where it had been. He had seen the Witch-Farm.

In the Haunted Wood one never comes upon a mystic homestead, yet well I know a Garden lies hid in its innermost shades. In June the growing copse is wont to give out its fragrance in the sunshine, and it happened I was led to follow down a narrow green alley sloping ruggedly to where some ruined remnants of the older wood survive. A wide-winged, silvery, pale-green moth floated on before, till just where the thicket grew more dense the large wings closed as it settled on the underside of a leaf, whilst I drew near to get a clearer view of the lovely thing. The maze of slender branchlets suddenly parted in a little arch of mountain-ash rich in red ripe berries—though indeed their time of ripening was not yet—and, just beyond the rowans lay a garden. Woodland and winding paths and pale green moth were not; instead, an open lawn filled full of light and colour. Above, the Eye of Heaven, in a cloudless depth of light, shone down upon a mist-walled garden. Countless flowers, all dewy and shadowless, rejoicing as flowers rejoice only when the day is young. One step within that magic circle, one breathless glance, then the shimmering mist arose and spread and blotted out garden and sunshine and flowers. So swiftly did the vision vanish, there was not time to note the exact spot where it had been. There seemed to be a glassy pool in the centre of the flowers, and a streaming

of blue to meet the pool; but whether the blue were running waters or a shoal of bright-winged birds at play, or troops of azure butterflies fluttering down to sip at the margin of the pool—who can say? The vision passed away as quickly as it came. And it is certain that the flowers were ‘garden-flowers.’ There was nothing of the inconstant look of wild-flowers, nothing of the wild-flower aspect that none mistake. The flowers I saw were chequered pink and purple, most richly doubled and re-doubled in their pride. So the young copse once more closed in on one side and the other of the narrow, green, way. . . .

Dreams are said to be ‘the interludes that fancy makes’; and that gay impictured garden was but a visionary interlude. Yet at once I fell to thinking out the plan of a forest garden. The whole world is his who plans. ‘The plan’ may be of the wildest, and impossible to realise. Still it exists, if in the mind it be drawn out. It is a reality, more solid perhaps than anything that is actually made real. To begin with, the forest must be like ‘The Haunted Wood’ and none other. Therefore it must be in Scotland. And if rarer and more sensitively delicate plants are desired, such as would naturally be unsuited to so wild a spot, then must be found another sort of wood-garden in some more genial clime.

Mine shall be a garden of iris, the flower of poetry, the flower of the mystic three, the flower of reticence. Rich in velvet colour, beyond words to describe, it is yet, above all others in the garden, the flower of silence. The iris keeps counsel with herself. Her close-swathed bud gives no promise, brags not, tells no tales of loveliness to be. The single, slender, erect stalk bears one flower, whose sister bud awaits in patience the hour when her turn also shall come. From under the petalled tip, as soon as its day is over, steals out a new beauty into bloom, while the other fades and is not. When iris is white, it is as the whiteness of moonlight shining on the snow. And the time of her blooming is in June and July.

This, then, shall be the flower of our woodland garden—English iris, Xiphoides, and Spanish Xiphium, with infrequent clumps between of the beautiful broad-leaved flag, or German iris.

XIPHIMUM XIPHIODES.

The plan of the garden planned that day in the Haunted Wood is a shell or spiral. After passing through a brown, dim, grove of great old trees, a little burn is crossed, and at once we are in the midst of a dense young growth of self-sown *Betula*, or birch. Then, after following a wild, uncertain path, our iris-spiral shall begin. A long, curving, close-shorn grassy way, hewn out through the thick of the underwood, curving spirally like the shell of a snail; or rather, like an ancient ammonite. No design is lovelier than the spiral; none so primeval! The selvedge or edge along the outer side is enriched with iris. This selvedge may be about eighteen inches wide, and the green way six or eight feet. And since English iris want coolness about the feet, and either completely die down in summer, or at best, the narrow leaves grow yellow, there must be an intermingling of the finer and more delicately made wild grasses. Or scattered seeds of low growing summer flowers will keep up the interest and keep the border full of colour. Spanish iris (*Xiphium*) differs scarcely from the English, save only in the outline of her lovely flower, which is even more exquisitely refined and small. It also blooms earlier, and for perfect growth must receive full sunlight. Wherever the spiral curves most freely catch the sun, there *Xiphium* should do well; not forgetting that always the bluest are loveliest, and more true in colour to the brilliant blue flashes of wild iris seen so often by travellers in Spain between flowery borders of the railroad. English iris, *Xiphioides*, must, however, chiefly fill the border, and thus the spiral will be long lengths of purple, blue, and white all the way, with shining breaks of golden yellow; or mottled grey, or lavender, or silvery splashed with violet. Then, as the winding track sweeps round, its convolutions end at last in a small clear pool. A single thread of water rises glittering from the centre. The pool should be full of fish, so that perhaps a heron might be enticed to take his stand there and keep solemn watch for hours among the great splendid *Kæmpferi*, or Japanese iris. Or a marble Naiad might dream for ever on the brink. One thing must be noted; it is this: the beauty of English or Spanish iris is never enhanced by undue crowding. They will of themselves fill out in time. And the thrifty, thinly furnished line, with sometimes four or five together, sometimes only two, will prove more full of charm and interest than a space more thickly planted.

In how many gardens of the day is evident an almost painful striving for effect! To achieve 'masses of colour,' 'wonderful effects,' is a chief aim; whilst the endless lovely forms of individual leaf and flower are unnoticed and unthought of.

Round the heron's pool—or the Naiad's haunt—must be disposed a fringe of broad-flowered Japanese iris. It blooms later than the others, and thus when these are done will come as a beautiful surprise; and the colour, magnificently purple, shall contrast grandly with the taller *Ochroleuca Monnieri* standing near in raiment of wrought gold. With our joy in her presence, too often we forget that the iris season is very brief. Before July the feast is over, or will soon be over. Some other flower must be ready to fill her place. Blue *nemophila* streaming round might be some consolation. Or streaks of crimson linum, or some other bright attractive seedling; simply as lovely makeshifts for the moment. . . .

Although the Iris Shell, so easily planned, lives ever with us as a vision of beauty greatly to be desired, there yet remains an abiding consciousness of its visionary nature; a feeling that such a design, simple though it be, could never be carried out, and that it must always be a dream and nothing more. Yet,

'With the dream foregone, foregone,
The deed forborne for ever,
The worm regret will canker on,
And time will turn him never!'

And as the beautiful iris spiral fades, another garden, the same with a difference—one which might be found less hard to realise—is already planned in its stead. They, in whose souls the Queen of Flowers reigns pre-eminent, whose desire is ever to 'the rose, the rose,' might devise for some English woodland, in the heart of its deep hazel copse, a spiral Rose garden. A fair place of well-clipped green-leaf walls. Here would be jutting capes of juniper or yew to give variety, half hiding, half disclosing a new surprise, something brilliant and unexpected at every turn. A splendour of white *campanula* grow joyfully in the narrow selvedge; or columbine, blue, and orange, and pink—crushed-strawberry colour—each floret very slender and innocent of any hint of double-ness. Variety and loveliness unnumbered shines all around their rose spiral. But the rose; the rose must be supreme. Here no 'rich-bosomed garden rose' may have leave to live. Only

such as Penzance briers of many shades, and wandering Ayrshires, pink roamer (*Wickuriana*) wildly spangled—and Ideale, if she do but consent to fling her flower-laden streamers about the tangled walls; with many another. Single or half-double roses, named or nameless, crimson or blush-pink or purest white, shall all be dear to us. There is hardly a limit to the colours of the roses winding round and round the Rose Shell. Yet even of these not over many. For our law is ‘ane few meyne’; or, as one might say, a few of sorts. Then, two narrow vistas may be carved somewhere through the outmost leaf-walls, and paved with turquoise of blue forget-me-not, or pale gold of primroses. Beyond, blue glimpses of a hill country very far off, with clouds of rosiest willow herb between. The last whorl of the rose spiral is a green circle of turf. And on the green stands a small, open, white temple, like a little reminiscence of a Temple of Vesta. On one side low-growing roses—Bengal or red Damascus—surge up to the very base of the slender, white shafts; while opposite is only the green turf between the temple and a receding line of flowers. To follow on alone along these wild-wood spirals of rose or iris, is to pursue some blissful mystery of tranquil pleasure. . . .

Somewhere exists, or once existed, a pen-and-ink drawing by Rossetti—‘How they met themselves.’ Two lovers in the bright bloom of youth and happiness, walking together in some wild ferny place, on a sudden perceive *themselves* approaching. The youth and the maiden start back appalled at the haggard, sin-scored faces that met them thus, prophetic of the future—of their own similitude in life’s hereafter. Something like this idea in the rough may be found in a manuscript family house-book of over a hundred years ago, along with recipes for rose-water, almond cakes, &c., headed thus: ‘To Make a Ghost in a Garden Wilderness.’ And thus the recipe begins: ‘Find some rather long-shaped damp-disfigured mirror, or other polished lucid substance—the worse condition of it the better for your purpose. Fix the glasse warily at a certain distance off the footpath amidst of wild thicknesse of underwood and weeds and leaves in such manner as half to hide and half display it. Any person using the footpath and chancing to turn his eyes that way, sees as it were a Phantom; not knowing that it is but a vain image of himself.’ A childish conceit, one that must never find room in *our* gardens of sedate delight!

‘Let us sit upon the ground and tell sad stories of the

death of kings,' were the words that seemed to come and go in the mind's ear at one special spot near the entering in of a bower-path, burrowed through copse and scrub, not far from an out-most corner of the wood. The threads of memory are often far to find, and often her roots are buried deep, so the secret of the haunting reiteration long lay hidden. One day it happened that, entering the embowering shade, suddenly I knew. And remembered sunshine of long ago, 'when all the world was young,' again shone down upon a tall house-roof, and four gilded vanes flashed back the gleam. Four golden doves turned east and west and north and south, gently veering with the winds of summer. All day in the blue of heaven they seemed to hover above the roof. Through the storm and the tempest their wings glowed fitfully; glowing even at dead of night, when the whole house slept, in watch and ward of the golden doves. Again there was a day (when all the world was young) and summer shone fair upon the roof; and our poet host, Lord Lytton, led his friends along garden ways hedged in with glistening laurel—the pride of the place—to the water of Knebworth. From the margin of the lake they marked the long ripple and liquid shadows, and then it was the poet lightly quoted: 'Let's sit upon the ground and tell sad stories of the death of kings.' And thus the gilded vanes and little unimportant scene as the friends sat down upon the grass by Knebworth lake come back years after, and the word spoken so long ago is whispered to-day in innumerable foliage of the Haunted Wood—but how, or why, who knows? Yet there is no unfathomable mystery, for had not a packet of old letters been only very lately opened and read once more, after lying lost for forty years? And one was penned under the roof of the golden doves. The ink may be faded, but the thoughts are fresh as yesterday: 'I wonder whether anybody lives the life he or she meant to live; and sometimes doubt whether the failure of felicity in this life should not rebuke rather than encourage our hopes of another. When a child spoils his toy you take it away from him. You don't give him a better one to break. The world that has been given us seems so much more beautiful and fruitful of enjoyment than the lives we live in it. Is the defect in the individual or society? I don't think it true that birds of a feather flock together. They only come across each other now and then, and seldom keep long in company. If the dull, wicked, and the selfish-hearted are found in troops, it is only because their number is so great that they

cannot avoid each other. They would if they could ; preferring the society of brighter and gentler natures, were it only for the pleasure of tormenting them. I have slipped, however, into a stream of talk, which, unlike other streams, will certainly *not* grow either brighter or gentler the further it runs on.—R.L.’

. . . At noon the Haunted Wood lay bare its charm to the golden prime of an August day. The myriad-leaved underwood, flecked with too early yellow, veiled as in a light mirage the full glory of the sun. Rushes and sedge, and moss low-lying on the earth, had drunk so deep of sunshine that stalks and leaves burned green as though illumined with an inner fire of life. Sitting in an alcove of wild raspberries, reddening in their own shade of white-lined leaves, and smelling already of raspberry jam—the silence and the sunshine and the ripe fruit called back to mind a certain dear old house of former days. Up the long passages, in those old hot Julys, fragrant whiffs of raspberry jam from the kitchen would sometimes steal right into the wainscotted parlour. Mingling with the smell of sun-warmed fruit thrilled a sense of something sweeter far. An aroma as of white jasmme with ten thousand wild-flowers of the woods, the rarest fragrance of the sweetest flower, dear memory’s keenest stimulant, the marsh-loving Butterfly Orchis, came wafted from some secret corner of the wild. Yet hardly like the dreamy fragrance of an orchis, it was but a suggested fragrance—a momentary thought-scent such as bracken in the rain gives out, wafted from some woodland far away. A scent that made the faces of long-lost friends shine out of dim mists of other days, and the sound of their voices seem nigh at hand. Once more we had met (in the rain) at the thatched hut—the scene of many a happy meeting—among the firs on St. George’s hill, long years ago. The hut looked down a steep ferny slope, green just then with the glory of midsummer, sparkling with midsummer rain. There were Adelaide Sartoris, and Browning, and Leighton, and Mrs. Brookfield, with her fair-haired Magdalen, and others ; and it was Adelaide led the laughter and the talk. And then she sang a song she loved—‘ The Music of the Sea ’—and then she read aloud. William Morris had not at that time very long begun to publish ; and his style was hardly understood. It was one of his slighter poems that was read aloud that day, in Adelaide’s usual dramatic manner. The refrain of ‘ Two Red Roses across the Moon,’ was given with a look and intonation irresistibly funny. And then Browning told story after story. Only one of

his stories, trivial as it is, survives after all these years! It was about the deaf old lady's tea-party after a visit to the Zoo. A shy young man next her had to say something into her trumpet. So he said, 'Did you see the elephant?' 'Did I see *what*?' 'The elephant!' 'What?' He tried a little louder: 'The elephant!' 'Oh, the tea-pot!' 'No, the elephant!' 'The tea-pot!' 'The elephant!' he shrieked. 'The tea-pot?' And so it went on, amid a dead pause round the tea-table, till the miserable youth jumped up and fled the scene. It was the way Brown-ing had of telling a thing that told, and roused the merriment ringing from our hut. And so ran on the stories and the mirth, till the rain had ceased, and the sun broke out, and all the party went out and followed Mrs. Sartoris, while she and Leighton plunged down into the sea of fern—in youth who cares for wet or dry? And all the company got wet through, and sought the winding homeward paths, and went their ways back to London; and the well-known voices died away. It is the moment to put on the Ring of Secret Thought, when I remember.

All the friends so knit together,
I've seen around me fall like leaves in wintry weather;

to forget the sun-lit shades, and sweet woodland sounds: to know that 'the only thing in life worth thinking about is death.'

. . . Not in the Haunted Wood—it is too freshly new. Not in the little fir-wood, still in its first fragrant youth. Not there, but in some old secluded forest tract, sacred perchance to a great brotherhood of immemorial oak; or in lonely places murmurous with music of 'the voiceful pine,' where beneath the trees the grass grows smooth and shivers in the wind. There, when long shafts of sunset steal between the trees; and birds are silent; in such an hour, to the inner mind of one who muses there—it may be 'musing upon the days of his youth, the glad days and the solemn days'—at times will come the sense of some strange spirit crisis, and to him the Present will seem to fail and fall away, while the Past comes back intensely near, lying rolled together, as it were, in a little heap that the hand might gather up. Within the compass of the forest glade, such an one, at such a time, will know the agony of a mysterious influence, the supreme influence of Nature when we are alone with her. Like a dream it holds us, drawing to us from the hard substance of the trees, from rough oak or smooth-rinded beech. In such an

hour the soul will seem to come close to the very outmost gates of being ; so close, it feels their touch—shrinking back from the chill prison of mortality. Hope, love, death, are not ; only a burning to be free, so the soul might release herself from mortal sense. The solemn trees stand round—calm, immutable, as for ages they have stood, types of the inexorable. What are we to them, with all our perishing human love and hate ? born to die, while they grow on for ever, calmly growing to decay, self-involved in a grand, profound indifference !

Slow, slow, the red-gold sunset illumines each leaf-crowned head, till the sullen passive strength of the great trees seems to pass into a smile ; until, looking upward through green ranks of branch and leaf, there shines at last a little space of tenderest blue—above, immeasurably far. . . .

E. V. B.

*HOUSEHOLD BUDGETS ABROAD.¹*III. *FRANCE.*

BY MISS BETHAM-EDWARDS.

THE following figures and calculations have been supplied by experienced French householders. Although a quarter of a century ago I spent an unbroken twelvemonth in Brittany, and since that period have passed a sum-total of many years on French soil, I have always lodged under native roofs and sat down to native boards. Whilst pretty well acquainted with the cost of living among our neighbours, I could not authoritatively parcel out incomes, assigning the approximate sum to each item of domestic expenditure. Friendly co-operation alike from Paris and the provinces has enabled me to prepare these pages. For the convenience of readers I give each set of figures its equivalent in our money. I add that the accompanying data have all reached me within the last few weeks.

We may assume that where English officials, professional, naval and military men and others are in receipt of 500*l.* or 600*l.* a year, their French compeers receive or earn deputy's pay, i.e. 9,000 francs, just 360*l.*; adding 1,000 francs more we obtain a sum total of 400*l.* a year. Such incomes may be regarded as the mean of middle-class salaries and earnings, and whilst salaries and earnings are much lower than in England, living is proportionately dearer. Hence the necessity of strict economy. Very little, if any, margin is left for many extras looked upon by ourselves as necessities of existence. Take, for instance, an extra dear to the British heart, the cult of appearances, Dame Ashfield's ever-recurring solicitude as to Mrs. Grundy's opinion.

So long as reputation, and the toilette, are beyond reproach, a French housewife troubles her head very little about standing well with the world. Feminine jealousy is not aroused by a neighbour's superiority in the matter of furniture, or what is here called style of establishment. The second extra, this an enviable one,

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is the indulgence of hospitality. An English family living on 500*l.* a year spends more on entertaining friends during twelve months than a French family of similar means and size would do in as many years, and for the excellent reason that means are inadequate. Our neighbours are not infrequently misjudged by us here. We are too apt to impute inhospitality to moral rather than material reasons.

We begin, therefore, with the mean—that is to say, incomes of 10,000 francs, *i.e.* 400*l.* a year, and of persons resident in Paris. Here is such a budget: parents, two children old enough to attend day-schools or lycées, and a servant making up the household.

	£	s.	d.
Income	400	0	0
Rent	60	0	0
Taxes	7	4	0
Food and vin ordinaire of three adults and two children .	146	0	0
Servant's wages	16	16	0
Two lycées or day-schools	32	0	0
Dress of four persons	60	0	0
Lights and firing	24	0	0
Total	346	0	0
Balance for doctors' bills, travel, pocket-money, amusements, &c.	54	0	0

The amount of taxation seems small, but it must be borne in mind that food, clothing, medicines, indeed almost every article we can mention, are taxed in France.

The sum-total of 7*l.* 4*s.* covers *contributions directes*, *i.e.* taxes levied by the State and municipality and quite apart from *octroi* duties. Rents under 20*l.* in Paris and 8*l.* in the provinces are exempt. Municipal charges are always on the increase. A friend living at Passy informs me that her tiny flat, consisting of two small bedrooms, sitting-room and kitchen, hitherto costing 28*l.* a year, has just been raised to 32*l.*, and it is the same with expensive tenements.

The following figures will explain the apparently disproportionate sum-total expended on the table alike in Paris and, as we shall see further on, throughout the provinces. Butter, in what is pre-eminently a butter-making country, costs from 1*s.* 3*d.* to 2*s.* 6*d.* a pound (the French livre of 500 grammes is 1 lb. 3 oz. in excess of our own). Gruyère cheese, another home-product, from 1*s.* to 1*s.* 4*d.*, chickens from 1*s.* 3*d.* to 2*s.* per pound weight, milk

5*d.* a quart, bread 2*d.* a pound, meat (according to joint) 1*s.* 2*d.* to 1*s.* 6*d.* and 2*s.* Fruit ripened on French soil is double the price at which it is sold in England. Thus bananas and oranges, grown by the million in Algeria, cost 2*d.* each. Coffee is from 2*s.* to 2*s.* 6*d.*, tea from 2*s.* 6*d.* to 6*s.*, sugar 5*d.* to 6*d.* a pound. The penny bun—that delight of childhood—is unknown in Paris. The *brioche* or *madeleine*, little cakes half the size of the penny bun, cost 1½*d.* each. A currant cake, under the weight of a 6*d.* one here, costs 1*s.* 3*d.* These are current prices. The result of such high prices is that French householders find it easier to reduce any item of expenditure rather than that of the table. In the case of persons living alone the cost is naturally higher. Thus my correspondents assure me that such caterers for themselves only cannot live in Paris under 2*s.* 6*d.* a day, this sum covering plain diet only, with a very moderate allowance of *vin ordinaire*. An extra ½*d.* on bread is a serious matter to an essentially bread-eating people, three French pounds (i.e. 3 lb. 4½ oz.) being the daily consumption of the average Frenchman.

The low-priced restaurants of business quarters doubtless mislead many travellers. I should say that the plateful of roast beef or mutton supplied with potatoes for 1*s.* in the Strand contains at least a third more nutriment than the tempting little dish offered with a *hors d'œuvre* for 1*s.* 5*d.* on the boulevards. The *hors d'œuvre* I expatiate upon lower down.

The average cost of a Frenchman's plain lunch and dinner at a quiet, well-ordered house of the better sort, with tips, I learn, cannot be under 5*s.* or 6*s.* a day. I allude to officials of standing compelled by their avocations to breakfast and dine at an eating-house.

The wages set down in the foregoing table seem excessively moderate for Paris, but, as my correspondent informs me, the fact of keeping a servant at all under such circumstances implies very great economy in other matters. A parallel budget—that is to say, the yearly expenditure of a similar family with a similar income—allows a more liberal margin for food, no domestic being kept.

Wages of good servants are high in Paris; the cost of a capable maid of all work, including board, washing, wages and New Year's gifts, cannot be calculated, my friend assures me, at less than 60*l.* a year. Thus many families of the middle ranks do with the occasional services of a charwoman, thereby economising at least 40*l.* annually for other purposes.

Fuel is another onerous item of domestic expenditure. Writing

from Paris, on February 24 last, a householder informed me that good coals cost 2*l.* 16*s.* the ton. No wonder that in moderate households firing is economised as in the home of *Eugénie Grandet*.

And many French temperaments seem positively invulnerable, appear to be cold-proof by virtue of habit, or, may be, heredity. I know a Frenchwoman whose happy immunity it is never to feel cold. No matter the weather, she needs neither fire, foot-warmer, nor warm clothing. A certain French physique exists, matchless for hardiness and powers of resistance.

The dearness of combustibles is equalled in other matters.

From a postage stamp upward—there are neither penny stamps nor halfpenny postcards in France—we may safely assume that every commodity costs a third more on the other side of the Channel.

Spills and spill-cases are as obsolete in England as the tinder-boxes and snuffer trays of our great-grandparents. But lucifer matches, like tobacco, since 1871 have been a state monopoly in France. Whereas we get a dozen boxes for 3*d.*, our neighbours still pay 1*d.* for one, and that one containing lights of an inferior kind. A match is never struck by French people when a gas jet and a spill are available.

Drugs and patent medicines are incredibly dear. No wonder that every country house and cottage has its store of home-made simples and remedies. Some eighteen months since, I fell ill in Paris and a friendly physician prescribed for me. One week's remedies ran up to 1*l.* Four shillings were charged for a dozen cachets, which composed of a similar substance would, a chemist informed me, have cost just 2*s.* here.

Little wonder that families with an income limited to 300*l.* or 400*l.* a year cannot afford even a Tilly Slowboy, whilst an outing to the sea or the country during a long vacation is equally out of the question. My first correspondent informs me that, unless paternal hospitality is available, Parisians so situated would very seldom get a holiday away from home. Fortunately many folks have some farmhouse of parents or grandparents to retreat to in the dog-days.

A considerable item in remaining sum-totals is that of *étrennes* or New Year's gifts. We grumble at being mulcted when Yuletide comes round. What should we think of 100 francs, 4*l.*, a year for Christmas boxes out of an annual 300*l.* or 400*l.*? Yet the unfortunate French, rather we should say Parisian, householder, whose

income is much lower, must set aside at least 100 francs for the inevitable *étrennes*. There is the *concierge* to begin with, that all-important and not always facile or conciliatory janitress of Parisian blocks. Fail to satisfy your *concierge* when New Year's day comes round, and you must be prepared for small vexations throughout the year.

Next to *concierge*, maid-of-all-work, or charwoman, come postman, telegraph boy, gas or electric-light *employés*, baker, milk-woman, and the rest, New Year's gifts reaching a much higher figure in proportion to means than among ourselves. The *étrennes* make an appreciable hole in small balances.

Tips are also high, and as Parisians who are narrowly housed and unprovided with servants do their scanty entertaining in restaurants, such items help to limit this kind of hospitality. In fact, of all luxuries in Paris, that of feasting one's friends is the most costly.

I will here say something about dress. The sum of 60*l.* in the foregoing tabulation allows 20*l.* each for husband and wife, half that sum for each child, say a boy and a girl attending day-schools.

As Frenchwomen in such a position are always well dressed, the question arises, how is the matter managed?

In the first place, if from her earliest years a French girl is taught the arch importance of *la toilette*, with equal insistence is inculcated economy in the wearing.

Thus the schoolgirl, whether at school or preparing her lessons at home, will always wear a black stuff bib apron for the proper protection of her frock, with sleeves of the same material tied above the elbow. The first-mentioned article is particularised in the prospectus of the lycée. Boarders at these colleges, created by virtue of the Ferry laws of December 1880, as at convent schools, are compelled to wear a neat and serviceable uniform. The prospectus of the Lycée of Toulouse shows that among the articles of apparel must be 'two aprons of black woollen material, cut according to a given pattern,' the object being to protect the two costumes made by a dressmaker under the lady principal's orders. It is not only the cost of materials but of dressmaking that necessitates such care. As an inevitable consequence of dear food and lodging, dressmakers and seamstresses are obliged to charge proportionately for their labour. The chambermaid of an hotel in Paris I sometimes stop at, lately told me that she could not

get a Sunday gown made under 1*l*. ‘And,’ she added, ‘seeing, what a young woman has to pay for her room, let alone provisions, I could not ask her to take a halfpenny less.’

A French lady must not only never be shabby, she must never be out of fashion. Oddly enough, the wittiest saying I know on this subject was uttered by an Englishman. ‘No well-dressed woman ever looks ugly,’ wrote Bulwer Lytton—a saying, or rather a conviction, taken to heart in France.

I well remember an illustrative instance. Calling some years since on a very moderately paid official at Grenoble, I was received by his wife, a decidedly ordinary-looking and slovenly young woman, wearing a dingy morning wrap. Her husband soon entered. Madame left us to discuss farming matters: ten minutes later looking in to say adieu. Like Bottom, she was wonderfully translated. In her pretty bonnet and elegant, if inexpensive, walking costume, her hair becomingly arranged, *bien chaussée et gantée*, well shod and gloved, she looked almost lovely. But at what cost of time and ingenuity such toilettes are obtained only a Frenchwoman could tell you.

The economical have recourse to the *maison de patrons* or pattern shop. Ladies living in the country send measures to these Parisian houses and obtain patterns of the latest fashions, either in paper or canvas. With the help of a clever needlewoman, hired by the day, dresses can thus be made to look as if they had just come from the boulevards or the Rue Royale.

As we should naturally expect, the cost of living is considerably less in the provinces. Here, for instance—supplied me by another correspondent—is the budget of a similar family, i.e. husband and wife, two children, and a woman servant, having an income of 8,000 francs, or 320*l*. a year:—

	£	s.	d.
Rent and taxes	36	0	0
Servant's wages	14	8	0
Food, five persons	100	0	0
Dress for four persons, two adults and children	48	0	0
Two lycées or day-schools	20	0	0
Firing, lights, laundress	32	0	0
	250	8	0
Balance left	70	0	0

These items represent expenses of living in a cathedral town 200 miles from Paris. Here certain articles of daily consumption are considerably cheaper. Meat at Dijon costs 8*d*. to 1*s*. the

pound, butter 8*l.*, fruit and vegetables are lower in price ; rent also and education. Thus we find a difference of 12*l.* in the cost of two lycées or day-schools.

The same correspondent has calculated the balance of similar income and tantamount charges in Paris. The discrepancy is suggestive. Allowing 48*l.* for rent and taxes, 120*l.* for food, 48*l.* for dress, and so on in proportion, she found that just 21*l.* would remain for amusements, medical attendance, and extras generally.

The next budget is the weekly one of a married *employé* or clerk in Paris, having one child aged six, his entire income being 160*l.* a year. Every item has been set down for me as from a housewife's day-book, and, in addition to figures, I have a general description of daily existence economically considered.

	£	s.	d.
Food and wine	1	1	2
Rent		9	11
Dress		11	1
Firing		3	6
Lights and laundress		5	10
Amusements, stationery, and personal expenses generally		5	10
Weekly total	2	17	4
The year of fifty-two weeks	149	1	4
Balance	10	18	8

I will now state precisely what is obtained for this outlay, describe, in fact, how this little family lives.

In the morning they take coffee with bread and butter, followed at midday by *déjeuner*, consisting of meat, vegetables, and what is called dessert, namely, fruit, with perhaps biscuits or cheese. At four o'clock Madame and the child have a roll and a bit of chocolate, and at half-past six or seven the three sit down to dinner, or rather supper, soup, vegetables, and dessert, often without any meat, constituting the last meal of the day.

On Sundays is enjoyed the usual *extra de dimanche* of the small Parisian householder. Our friends then lunch at home, alike in summer and winter, after which they sally forth to spend the rest of the day abroad. Winter afternoons are wiled away in music-halls; bright warm hours a few miles out of Paris, dinner at a restaurant, coffee or liqueur on the boulevards finishing the day.

The expense of these Sunday outings sometimes amounts to 8*s.* or 10*s.*, an indulgence often involving deprivations during the week.

Except among the rich, hospitality in Paris, as I have already

remarked, is reduced to the minimum. Nevertheless folks living on 3,000 or 4,000 francs a year will occasionally entertain their relations or friends, and, owing to two agencies, that of the *hors d'œuvre* and the *rôtisseur*, at very small cost and trouble. ¶

Thrift, indeed, in France often wears an engaging aspect; the sightly becomes ancillary to the frugal, and of all elegant economies the *hors d'œuvre*, or side dish, served at luncheon, is the most attractive. Whether displayed on polished mahogany or snowy linen, how appetising, and at the same time how ornamental, are these little dishes, first-fruits of the most productive and most assiduously cultivated country in the world—tiny radishes from suburban gardens, olives from Petrarch's valley, sardines from the Breton coast, the far-famed *rillettes* or brawn of Tours, the still more famous pâtés of Périgueux, every region supplying its special yield, every town its special dainty, pats of fresh butter and glossy brown loaves completing the preparations!

Until lately I had regarded the *hors d'œuvre* on luncheon tables of modest households as a luxury, an extravagance of the first water. A French lady has just enlightened me on the subject.

'The *hors d'œuvre* an extravagance!' she exclaimed. 'It is the exact reverse. Take the case of myself and family, three or four persons in all. We have, say, a small roast joint or fowl on Sunday at midday, but always begin with a *hors d'œuvre*, a slice of ham, stuffed eggs, a few prawns, or something of the kind. As French folks are large bread-eaters, we eat so much bread with our eggs or prawns that by the time the roast joint is served, the edge of appetite is taken off, and enough meat is left for dinner. So you see the *hors d'œuvre* is a real saving.'

The *rôtisseur*, or purveyor of hot meat, soups, and vegetables, plays an important part in Parisian domestic economy. You are invited, for instance, to dine with friends who keep no servants. On arriving, your first impression is that you are mistaken in the day. No savoury whiffs accord gastronomic welcome. Through the half-open kitchen door you perceive the tiny flame of a spirit lamp only. Nothing announces dinner. But a quarter of an hour later, excellent and steaming hot soup is served by a *femme de ménage* or charwoman, the obligatory side dish, a vegetable and *rôti* follow; the *rôtisseur* in the adjoining street has enabled your hosts to entertain you at the smallest possible cost and to the exclusion of anything in the shape of worry. Quiet folks, also, who like to spend Sunday afternoons with friends or in the country,

and who prefer to dine at home, find the *rôtisseur* a great resource. They have only to order what they want, and precisely to the moment appears a *gâte-sauce*, or cook-boy, with the hot dishes piled pyramidally on his head.

We will now consider the budget of an artisan, skilled workman, or petty clerk (*employé subalterne*), whose weekly wages amount to 40 francs, i.e. 32s.; the average, I am assured, at the present time. A friend at Reims has made out the following tabulation :

	£	s.	d.
Weekly income	1	12	0
<i>Expenditure :</i>			
Food of four persons, two adults and two children aged from 5 to 10 years		16	10
Lodging		4	0
Clothes and house linen		1	7
Shoes			10
Lights and firing		1	5
Pocket-money of husband, newspapers and amusements		4	7
Total	1	9	3
Balance		2	9

This little balance, my correspondent informs me, will be spent upon the various *Sociétés de Prévoyance* and *Secours Mutuels*, associations answering to our own working-men's clubs and to the system of the post office deferred annuities. The bread-winner's pocket money supplies his tobacco, occasional glass of beer or something of the kind, his daily newspapers, the monthly subscription of fivepence to a *Bibliothèque populaire* or reading-club, and the family *extra de dimanche*, an outing on Sundays by rail or tramway or tickets for the theatre. Presumably, also, although this item is not mentioned, the father of a family, as in England, provides himself out of this *argent de poche* with boots and best clothes.

At Reims, as elsewhere in the provinces, we must take into account that living is much cheaper than in Paris. Thus in the former city coals, all the year round, cost 1s. 8d. the sack of 110 lbs. (50 kilos), vin ordinaire 5d. the litre or 1½ pint, beer 2½d. the litre. Garden and dairy produce is also cheaper. Lodgings which would cost 18l. or 20l. a year in Paris can be had for 10l. or 12l. in provincial cities. Education is non-sectarian, gratuitous, and obligatory throughout France. Even the bulk of what is called *fourniture scolaire*, i.e. copybooks, pencils, &c., is supplied by the richer municipalities. But in the eyes of anxious and needy mothers the primary school is ever an onerous affair. Watch

a troop of youngsters emerging from an *école communale*, many belonging to well-to-do artisans and others, many to the very poor. From head to foot one and all will be equally tidy, black linen pinafores or blouses protecting tunics and trousers. With girls we see the same thing. A Frenchwoman, however poor, regards rags as a disgrace.

One highly characteristic fact pointed out by my Reims friend I must on no account omit. It seems that the working classes throughout France, from the well-paid mechanic to the poorest paid journeyman, invariably possess a decent mourning, or rather ceremonial, suit. Thus every man owns black trousers, frock coat, waistcoat, neck-tie and gloves and silk hat. He is ready at the shortest notice to attend a funeral, assist at a wedding, or take part in any public celebration. Every working-woman keeps by her a black robe, bonnet and mantle or shawl. When overtaken by family losses, therefore, even the very poor are not at a loss for decent black in which to attend the interment. The scrupulously cared for garments are ready in the family wardrobe.

My correspondent adds the following table of actual salaries and wages in this great industrial city :—

Head clerks (*employés principaux*) in the champagne and wine trade, from 160*l.* a year upwards, with a percentage on sales ; in the woollen trade the same figures hold good—small clerks (*petits employés*) from 4*l.* to 8*l.* per month ; clerks and assistants in shops from 3*l.* 4*s.* to 6*l.* per month ; workmen in manufactories 3*s.* 2*d.* to 4*s.* per day ; masons and plasterers 4*s.* 9*d.* per day, or from 4*d.* to 8*d.* per hour ; foremen in factories from 6*s.* 6*d.* to 7*s.* per day ; women in factories 2*s.* to 2*s.* 6*d.*, and boys 1*s.* 8*d.* to 2*s.* 6*d.*

The writer further informs me that, although the Benefit society, *Prévoyant de l'Avenir*, is very prosperous, the situation of the working-man, on the whole, is unsatisfactory. Too many are in debt for rent and other matters. The explanation doubtless lies in the tariff of cheap stimulants and intoxicants appended to these figures : *absinthe*, *eau de vie de marc* and *apéritifs divers*. The drink evil is now in France, as with us, the question of the hour.

The tabulated budgets of workmen, living respectively in Paris and Dijon, supplied by a friend, will show that even with much lower wages the Dijonnais is considerably better off.

Thus the yearly wages of the first at 1 <i>l.</i> 13 <i>s.</i> 7 <i>d.</i> per week	£.	s.	d.
amount to	87	6	4
His expenses	83	4	0
Leaving a balance of	4	2	4

	£.	s.	d.
The yearly wages of the second at 1 <i>l.</i> 4 <i>s.</i> amount to	62	8	0
His expenses	58	0	0
Leaving a balance of	6	8	0

The Parisian's rent for one or two rooms will cost him 18*l.* yearly; the food of himself, wife, and two children 47*l.*, clothes 12*l.*, and so on in proportion; whilst the provincial, similarly situated, will economise 6*l.* on rent, 17*l.* on food, 4*l.* on clothes.

If three persons in Paris, having an income of as many pounds a week, can only afford meat once a day, how small must be the butcher's bill of the working classes! In most cases, alike in Paris and in the provinces, a man's wages are supplemented by earnings of his wife. An experienced lady writes to me on this subject:—

'The condition of the working-man's home depends absolutely on the wife. Generally speaking, a wife adds at least 12*l.* a year to the family income, and she not only manages to maintain the household in comfort, but to lay by. Economy is the supreme talent of the French *ménagère*.'

The adroit Parisienne can turn her hand to anything. Ironing, charring, cooking, call a mother away from home. Indoor work is found for agile fingers.

The loungeur in Paris, especially in old Paris, will unexpectedly light upon these home industries, the means by which working-women supplement their husband's earnings. I was lately visiting a doll's dressing warehouse near the Rue de Temple, when my companion, a French lady, called my attention to a certain window. The tenement was that of a humble *concierge*, door-keeper of an ancient house let out as business premises. On a small deal table immediately under the uncurtained and wide open casement—for the weather was hot—lay a heap of small circular objects in delicate mauve satin and swans-down. What they might be I could not conceive. 'See,' said my companion, taking up one of the articles, 'here is one of the home industries you were inquiring about just now. This good woman earns money in spare moments by making these envelopes for powder puffs; in all probability they will be wadded and finished off with a button by another hand, or maybe at the warehouse. Many women work in this way for toyshops and bazaars.

The marvel was that these little bags of pale mauve satin

and swans-down should, under the circumstances, remain spotless. Put together at odd times, heaped on a bare deal table which looked like the family dinner-table, not so much as a newspaper thrown over them, all yet remained immaculate, ready for great ladies' toilettes. The secret doubtless lay in the swiftness and dexterity of French fingers and the comparatively pure atmosphere. What would become of such materials exposed to the smuttiness of a back street in London? In no field does a French housewife's thrift more conspicuously manifest itself than in cookery. The fare of a Parisian workman, if not so nutritious as that of his London compeer, is at least as appetising. Thus a basin of soup is often a man's meal before setting out to work. Water, in which a vegetable has been boiled, will be set aside for this purpose, a bit of butter or bacon added, and there will be a savoury mess in which to steep his pound of bread. The excessive dearness of provisions puts a more solid nutriment out of the question. Thus bacon costs 1s. 6d. the pound, and the high price of butter drives poor folk to the use of margarine.

Whether the pleasant and apparently fresh butter supplied in Parisian restaurants is adulterated or no I cannot say. This I know, that a friend living in Paris has for years abjured butter from a horror of margarine. And here I add a hint to fastidious eaters. In order to make up for the missing butter with cheese, this gentleman mixes several kinds of cheese together at dessert. Roquefort, Brie, Camembert—a delicious compound I am assured.

In humble restaurants may be seen long bills of fare, each dish priced at sums varying from 2½d. to 5d. Workmen in white blouses sit down out of doors to these dishes, which look appetising enough. I have never ventured to try them. I am assured, however, that it is only the very poor of Paris who patronise horse-flesh, and you have to make a long voyage of discovery before lighting upon the shop sign, a horse's head and the inscription *Boucherie de cheval*, or *Boucherie chevaline*. One such shop sign I have seen in the neighbourhood of the Rue Roquette.

Money is so hardly earned by the Parisian workman and workwoman, and existence is such a struggle, that we need not wonder at the deadly tenacity with which earnings are clutched at. When some years ago the Opéra Comique blazed, amid a scene awful as that of a battlefield, the women attendants thought of their tips, the half franc due here and there for a footstool. Unmindful

of their own peril and that of others, they rushed to and fro, besieging half-suffocated, half-demented creatures for their money ! A similar scene happened during the terrible catastrophe on the Paris underground railway last year. Although the delay of a few seconds might mean life or death many workmen refused to move from the crowded station, clamouring for the return of the forfeited twopenny ticket.

When M. Edmond Demolins sets down the French character as the least possible adapted to spending, in other words, to the circulation of capital, he hits upon what is at once the crowning virtue and the paramount weakness of his country-people. Money in French eyes means something, on no account whatever to be lightly parted with, absolute necessity, and absolute necessity alone, most often condoning outlay. But there is a shining side to this frugality. French folks do not affect a certain sumptuary style for the sake of outsiders, such unpretentiousness imparting a dignity mere wealth cannot bestow. The following incident opened my eyes to French standards many years ago.

I had been spending a few days with a French friend, widow of an officer at Pornic, and on returning to Nantes took a third-class ticket. The astonishment of my hostess I shall not forget.

‘I always travel first class,’ she exclaimed, after a little chat about the matter of trains, adding, ‘but I do not travel often, and I am rich. I have an income of 200*l.* a year.’

Of which I doubt not she seldom spent two-thirds. And in this supreme sense the vast majority of French folks are rich, ay, and often ‘beyond the dreams of avarice.’

HISTORICAL MYSTERIES.

BY ANDREW LANG.

IX. THE CHEVALIER D'ÉON.

THE mystery of the Chevalier d'Éon (1728-1810), the question of his sex, on which so many thousand pounds were betted, is no mystery at all. The Chevalier was a man, and a man of extraordinary courage, audacity, resource, physical activity, industry, and wit. The real mystery is the problem why, at a mature age (forty-two), did d'Éon take upon him, and endure for forty years, the travesty of feminine array, which could only serve him as a source of notoriety—in short, as an advertisement? The answer probably is that, having early seized opportunity by the forelock, and having been obliged, after an extraordinary struggle, to leave his hold, he was obliged to clutch at some mode of keeping himself perpetually in the public eye. Hence, probably, his persistent assumption of feminine costume. If he could be distinguished in no other way, he could shine as a mystery; there was even lucre in the pose.¹

Charles d'Éon was born on October 7, 1728, near Tonnerre. His family was of *chétive noblesse*, but well protected, and provided for by 'patent places.' He was highly educated, took the degree of doctor of law, and wrote with acceptance on finance and literature. His was a studious youth, for he was as indifferent to female beauty as was Frederick the Great, and his chief amusements were

¹ The most recent work on d'Éon, *Le Chevalier d'Éon*, par Octave Homberg and Fernand Jousset (Plon-Nourrit, Paris, 1904), is rather disappointing. The authors aver that, at a recent sale, they picked up many MSS. of d'Éon 'which had lain for more than a century in the back shop of an English bookseller.' No other reference as to authenticity is given, and some letters to d'Éon, of supreme importance, are casually cited, but are not printed. On the other hand, we have many new letters for the later period of the life of the hero. The best modern accounts are that by the Duc de Broglie, who used the French State archives and his own family papers in *Le Secret du Roi* (Paris, 1888), and *The Strange Career of the Chevalier d'Éon* (1885), by Captain J. Buchan Telfer, R.N. (Longmans, 1885), a book now out of print. The author was industrious, but not invariably happy in his translations of French originals. D'Éon himself drew up various accounts of his adventures, some of which he published. They are oddly careless in the essential matter of dates, but contain many astounding genuine documents, which lend a sort of 'doubtful trust' to others, hardly more incredible, which cannot be verified, and are supposed by the Duc de Broglie to be 'interpolations.' Captain Buchan Telfer is less sceptical. The doubtfulness, to put it mildly, of some papers, and the pretty obvious interpolations in others, deepen the obscurity.

fencing, of which art he was a perfect master, and society, in which his wit and gaiety made the girlish-looking lad equally welcome to men and women. All were fond of 'le petit d'Eon,' so audacious, so ambitious, and so amusing.

The Prince de Conti was his chief early patron, and it was originally in support of Conti's ambition to be King of Poland that Louis XV. began his incredibly foolish 'secret'—a system of foreign policy conducted by hidden agents behind the backs of his responsible ministers at Versailles and in the Courts of Europe. The results naturally tend to recall a Gilbert and Sullivan comic opera of diplomacy. We find magnificent ambassadors gravely trying to carry out the royal orders, and thwarted by the king's secret agents. The king seems to have been too lazy to face his ministers, and compel them to take his own line, while he was energetic enough to work like Tiberius or Philip II. of Spain at his secret Penelope's task of undoing by night the warp and woof which his ministers wove by day. In these mysterious labours of his the Comte de Broglie, later a firm friend of d'Eon, was, with Tercier, one of his main assistants.

The king thus enjoyed all the pleasures and excitements of a conspirator in his own kingdom, dealing in ciphered despatches, with the usual cant names, carried in the false bottoms of snuff-boxes, precisely as if he had been a Jacobite plotter. It was entertaining, but it was not diplomacy, and, sooner or later, Louis was certain to be 'blackmailed' by some underling in his service. That underling was to be d'Eon.

In 1755 Louis wished to renew relations, long interrupted, with Elizabeth, Empress of Russia, the lady whom Prince Charlie wanted to marry, and from whose offered hand the brave James Keith fled as fast as horses could carry him. Elizabeth, in 1755, was an ally of England, but known to be French in her personal sympathies, though she was difficult of access. As a messenger, Louis chose a Scot, described by Captain Buchan Telfer as a Mackenzie, a Jesuit, calling himself the Chevalier Douglas, and a Jacobite exile. He is not to be found in the 'Dictionary of National Biography.' A Sir James and a Sir John Douglas—if both were not the same man—were employed as political agents between the English and Scottish Jacobites in 1746, and, in 1749, between the Prince and the Landgrave of Hesse. Whatever the true name of the Douglas of Louis XV., one suspects that he was one or the other of these dim Jacobites of the Douglas clan. In June 1755 this Chevalier Douglas was sent by Louis to deal with Elizabeth.

He was certainly understood by Louis to be a real Douglas, a fugitive Jacobite, and he was to use in ciphered despatches precisely the same silly sort of veiled language about the fur trade as Prince Charles's envoys had just been using about 'the timber trade' with Sweden.

Douglas set forth, disguised as an intellectual British tourist, in the summer of 1755, and it is Captain Buchan Telfer's view that d'Éon joined him, also as a political agent, in female apparel, on the road, and that, while Douglas failed and left Russia by October 1755, d'Éon remained at St. Petersburg, attired as a girl, Douglas's niece, and acting as the *lectrice* of the Empress, whom he converted to the French alliance! This is the traditional theory, but is almost certainly erroneous. Sometimes, in his vast MSS., d'Éon declared that he went to Russia disguised in 1755. But he represents himself as then aged twenty, whereas he was really twenty-seven, and this he does in 1773, before he made up his mind to pose for life as a woman. He had a running claim against the French government for the expenses of his first journey to Russia. This voyage, in 1776, he dates in 1755, but in 1763, in an official letter, he dates his journey to Russia, of which the expenses were not repaid, in 1756. That is the true chronology. Nobody denies that he did visit Russia in 1756 attired as a male diplomatist, but few now believe that in 1755 he accompanied Douglas as that gentleman's pleasing young niece.

MM. Homberg and Jouselin, in their recent work,¹ declare that among d'Éon's papers, which lay for a century in the back shop of a London bookseller, they find letters to him, from June 1756, written by Tercier, who managed the secret of Louis XV. There are no known proofs of d'Éon's earlier presence in Russia, and in petticoats, in 1755.

He did talk later of a private letter of Louis XV., of October 4, 1763, in which the king wrote that he 'had served him usefully in the guise of a female, and must now resume it,' and that letter is published, but all the evidence, to which we shall return, tends to prove that this paper is an ingenious deceptive 'interpolation.' If the king did write it, then he was deceiving the manager of his secret policy—Tercier—for, in the note, he bids d'Éon remain in England, while he was at the same time telling Tercier that he was uneasy as to what d'Éon might do in France, when he obeyed his *public* orders to return.² If, then, the royal letter of October 4, 1763, testifying to d'Éon's *eminine* disguise in Russia, be genuine,

¹ *Le Chevalier d'Éon*, p. 18.

² Broglie, *Secret du Roi*, ii. p. 51, note 1.

Louis XV. had three strings to his bow. He had his public orders to ministers, he had his private conspiracy worked through Tercier, and he had his secret intrigue with d'Éon, of which Tercier was allowed to know nothing. This hypothesis is difficult, if not impossible, and the result is that d'Éon was not current in Russia as Douglas's pretty French niece and as reader to the Empress Elizabeth in 1755.

In 1756, in his own character as a man and a secretary, he did work under Douglas, then on his second visit public and successful to gain Russia to the French alliance; for, dismissed in October 1755, Douglas came back and publicly represented France at the Russian Court in July 1756. This was, to the highest degree of probability, d'Éon's first entrance into diplomacy, and he triumphed in his mission. He certainly made the acquaintance of the Princess Dashkoff, and she, as certainly, in 1769-1771, when on a visit to England, gave out that d'Éon was received by Elizabeth in a manner more appropriate to a woman than a man. It is not easy to ascertain precisely what the tattle of the princess really amounted to, but d'Éon represents it so as to corroborate his tale about his residence at Elizabeth's Court, as *lectrice*, in 1755. The evidence is of no value, being a biased third-hand report of the Russian lady's gossip. There is a mezzotint, published in 1788, from what professes to be a copy, by Angelica Kauffmann, of a portrait of d'Éon in female costume, at the age of twenty-five. If these attributions are correct, d'Éon was masquerading as a girl three years before he went to Russia, and, if the portrait is exact, was wearing the order of St. Louis ten years before it was conferred on him. The evidence of this copy of an alleged portrait of d'Éon is full of confusions and anachronisms, and does not even prove that he thus travestied his sex in early life.

In Russia, when he joined Douglas there in the summer of 1756, d'Éon was a busy secretary of legation. In April 1757 he went back to Versailles bearing rich diplomatic sheaves with him, and one of those huge presents of money in gold, to Voltaire, which no longer come in the way of men of letters. While he was at Vienna, on his way back to St. Petersburg, news came of the battle of Prague; d'Éon hurried to Versailles with the news, and, though he broke his leg in a carriage accident, he beat the messenger whom Count Kaunitz officially despatched, by thirty-six hours. This unladylike proof of energy and endurance procured for d'Éon a gold snuff-box (Elizabeth only gave him a trumpery snuff-box in tortoise-shell), with the king's miniature, a good deal of money, and

a commission in the dragoons, for the little man's heart was really set on a military rather than a diplomatic career. However, as diplomat he ferreted out an important secret of Russian internal treachery, and rejected a bribe of a diamond of great value. The money's worth of the diamond was to be paid to him by his own Government, but he no more got that than he got the 10,000 livres for his travelling expenses.

Thus early was he accommodated with a grievance, and because d'Eon had not the wisdom to see that a man with grievances is a ruined man, he overthrew, later, a promising career, in the violence of his attempts to obtain redress. This was d'Eon's bane, and the cause of the ruinous eccentricities for which he is remembered. In 1759 he ably seconded the egregious Louis XV. in upsetting the policy which de Choiseul was carrying on by the king's orders. De Choiseul's duty was to make the Empress mediate for peace in the Seven Years' War. The duty of d'Eon was to secure the failure of de Choiseul, without the knowledge of the French ambassador, the Marquis de l'Hospital, of whom he was the secretary. Possessed of this pretty secret, d'Eon was a man whom Louis could not safely offend and snub, and d'Eon must therefore have thought that there could scarcely be a limit to his success in life. But he disliked Russia, and left it for good in August 1760.

He received a life pension of 2,000 livres, and was appointed aide-de-camp to the Maréchal de Broglie, commanding on the Upper Rhine. He distinguished himself, in August 1761, by a very gallant piece of service in which, he says, truly or not, he incurred the ill-will of the Comte de Guerchy. The pair were destined to ruin each other a few years later. D'Eon also declares that he led a force which 'dislodged the Highland mountaineers in a gorge of the mountain at Einbeck.' I know not what Highland regiment is intended, but d'Eon's orders bear that he was to *withdraw* troops opposed to the Highlanders, and a certificate in his favour from the Duc and the Comte de Broglie does not allude to the circumstance that, instead of retreating before the plaids, he drove them back to the English camp. It may therefore be surmised that, though d'Eon often distinguished himself, and was wounded in the thigh at Ultrop, his claim of a victory over a Highland regiment is—'an interpolation.' De Broglie writes, 'we purpose retreating. I send M. d'Eon to withdraw the Swiss and Grenadiers of Champagne, who are holding in check the Scottish Highlanders lining the wood on the crest of the mountain, whence

they have caused us much annoyance.' The English outposts were driven in; but, after that was done, the French advance was checked by the plaided Gael: d'Eon did not

quell the mountaineer
As their tinchel quells the game.

Not a word is said about this triumph even in the certificate of the two de Broglies which d'Eon published in 1764.

In 1762, France and England, weary of war, began the preliminaries of peace, and d'Eon was attached as secretary of legation to the French negotiator in London, the Duc de Nivernais, who was on terms so intimate with Madame de Pompadour that she addressed him, in writing, as *petit époux*. In the language of the affections as employed by the black natives of Australia, this would have meant that de Nivernais was the recognised rival of Louis XV. in the favour of the lady; but the inference must not be carried to that length. There are different versions of a trick which d'Eon, as secretary, played on Mr. Robert Wood, author of an interesting work on Homer, and, with the Jacobite *savant*, Jemmy Dawkins, the explorer of Palmyra. The story as given by Nivernais is the most intelligible account. Mr. Wood, as under-secretary of State, brought to Nivernais, and read to him, a diplomatic document, but gave him no copy. D'Eon, however, opened Wood's portfolio, while he dined with Nivernais, and had the paper transcribed. To this d'Eon himself adds that he had given Wood more than his 'whack,' during dinner, of a heady wine grown in the vineyards of his native Tonnerre.

In short, the little man was so serviceable that, in the autumn of 1762, de Nivernais proposed to leave him in England, as interim Minister, after the Duc's own return to France. 'Little d'Eon is very active, very discreet, never curious or officious, neither distrustful nor a cause of distrust in others.' De Nivernais was so pleased with him, and so anxious for his promotion, that he induced the British ministers, contrary to all precedent, to send d'Eon, instead of a British subject, to Paris with the treaty, for ratification. He then received from Louis XV. the order of St. Louis, and, as de Nivernais was weary of England, where he had an eternal cold, and resigned, d'Eon was made minister plenipotentiary in London till the arrival of the new ambassador, de Guerchy.

Now de Guerchy, if we believe d'Eon, had shown the better part of valour in a dangerous military task, the removal of ammunition under fire, whereas d'Eon had certainly conducted the operation with courage and success. The two men were thus on

terms of jealousy, if the story is true, while de Nivernais did not conceal from d'Éon that he was to be the brain of the embassy, while de Guerchy was only a dull figure-head. D'Éon possessed letters of de Broglie and de Praslin in which de Guerchy was spoken of with pitying contempt; in short, his despatch-boxes were magazines of dangerous diplomatic combustibles. He also succeeded in irritating de Praslin, the French minister, before returning to his new post in London, for d'Éon was a partisan of the two de Broglies, now in the disgrace of Madame de Pompadour and of Louis XV.; though the Comte de Broglie, 'disgraced' as he was, still managed the secret policy of the French king.

D'Éon's position was thus full of traps. He was at odds with the future ambassador, de Guerchy, and with the minister, de Praslin; and would not have been promoted at all, had it been known to the minister that he was in correspondence with, and was taking orders from, the disgraced Comte de Broglie. But, by the fatuous system of the king, d'Éon, in fact, was doing nothing else. De Broglie, exiled from court, was d'Éon's real master, not de Guerchy and de Praslin, with Madame de Pompadour, who was not in the secret of her royal lover.

The king's secret now (1763) included a scheme for the invasion of England, which d'Éon and a military agent were to organise, at the very moment when peace had been concluded. There is fairly good evidence that Prince Charles visited London in this year, no doubt with an eye to mischief. In short, the new minister plenipotentiary to St. James's, unknown to the French Government, and to the future ambassador, de Guerchy, was to manage a scheme for the ruin of the country to which he was accredited. If ever this came out, the result would be, if not war with England, at least war between Louis XV., his minister, and Madame de Pompadour, a result which frightened Louis XV. more than any other disaster.

The importance of his position now turned d'Éon's head, in the opinion of Horace Walpole, who, of course, had not a guess at the true nature of the situation. D'Éon, in London, entertained French visitors of eminence, and the best English society, it appears, with the splendour of a full-blown ambassador, and at whose expense? Certainly not at his own, and neither the late ambassador, de Nivernais, nor the coming ambassador, de Guerchy, a man far from wealthy, had the faintest desire to pay the bills. Angry and tactless letters, therefore, passed between d'Éon in London and de Guerchy, de Nivernais, and de Praslin in Paris.

De Guerchy was dull and clumsy; d'Eon used him as the whetstone of his wit, with a reckless abandonment which proves that he was, as they say, 'rather above himself,' like Napoleon before the march to Moscow. London, in short, was the Moscow of little d'Eon. When de Guerchy arrived, and d'Eon was reduced to *secrétariser*, and, indeed, was ordered to return to France, and not to show himself at Court, he lost all self-control. The recall came from the minister, de Praslin, but d'Éon, as we know, though de Praslin knew it not, was secretly representing the king himself. He declares that, at this juncture (October 11, 1763), Louis XV. sent him the extraordinary private autograph letter, speaking of his previous services in female attire, and bidding him remain with his papers in England disguised as a woman. The improbability of this action by the king has already been exposed.

But when we consider the predicament of Louis, obliged to recall d'Eon publicly, while all his ruinous secrets remained in the hands of that disgraced and infuriated little man, it seems not quite impossible that he may have committed the folly of writing this letter. For the public recall says nothing about the secret papers of which d'Eon had quantities. What was to become of them, if he returned to France in disgrace? If they reached the hands of de Guerchy they meant an explosion between Louis XV. and his mistress, and his ministers. To parry the danger, then, according to d'Eon, Louis privately bade him flee disguised, with his cargo of papers, and hide in female costume. If Louis really did this (and d'Eon told the story to the father of Madame de Campan), he had three strings to his bow, as we have shown, and one string was concealed, a secret within a secret, even from Tercier. Yet what folly was so great as to be beyond the capacity of Louis?

Meanwhile d'Eon simply refused to obey the king's public orders, and denied their authenticity. They were only signed with a *griffe*, or stamp, not by the king's pen and hand. He would not leave London. He fought de Guerchy with every kind of arm, accused him of suborning an assassin, published private letters and his own version of the affair, fled from a charge of libel, could not be extradited (by virtue of what MM. Homberg and Jousset call 'the law of *Home Rule*'!), fortified his house, and went armed. Probably there really were designs to kidnap him, just as a regular plot was laid for the kidnapping of de la Motte, at Newcastle, after the affair of the Diamond Necklace. In 1752 a Marquis de Fratteau was collared by a sham marshal court officer, put on board a boat at Gravesend, and carried to the Bastille!

D'Eon, under charge of libel, lived a fugitive and cloistered existence till the man who, he says, was to have assassinated him, de Vergy, sought his alliance, and accused de Guerchy of having suborned him to murder the little daredevil. A grand jury brought in a true bill against the French ambassador, and the ambassador's butler, accused of having drugged d'Éon, fled. But the English Government, by aid of what the Duc de Broglie calls a *noli prosequi* (*nolle* being usual), tided over a difficulty of the gravest kind. The granting of the *nolle prosequi* is denied.¹ The ambassador was mobbed and took leave of absence, and Louis XV., through de Broglie, offered to d'Eon terms humiliating to a king. The chevalier finally gave up the warrant for his secret mission in exchange for a pension of 12,000 livres, but he retained all the other secret correspondence and plans of invasion. As for de Guerchy, he resigned (1767), and presently died of sheer annoyance, while his enemy, the chevalier, stayed in England as London correspondent of Louis XV. He reported, in 1766, that Lord Bute was a Jacobite, and de Broglie actually took seriously the chance of restoring, by Bute's aid, Charles III., who had just succeeded, by the death of the old Chevalier, to 'a kingdom not of this world.'

The death of Louis XV., in 1774, brought the folly of the secret policy to an end, but in the same year rumours about d'Eon's dubious sex appeared in the English newspapers on the occasion of his book, 'Les Loisirs du Chevalier d'Éon,' published at Amsterdam. Bets were made on a very large scale, and d'Éon beat some bookmakers with his stick. But he persuaded Drouet, an envoy from France, that the current stories were true, and this can only be explained, if explained at all, by his perception of the fact that, his secret employment being gone, he felt the need of an advertisement. Overtures for the return of the secret papers were again made to d'Eon, but he insisted on the restoration of his diplomatic rank, and on receiving £14,000 on account of expenses. He had aimed too high, however, and was glad to come to a compromise with the famous Beaumarchais. The extraordinary bargain was struck that d'Éon, for a consideration, should yield the secret papers, and, to avoid a duel with the son of de Guerchy, and the consequent scandal, should pretend to be a woman, and wear the dress of that sex. In his new capacity he might return to France and wear the cross of the Order of St. Louis.

Beaumarchais was as thoroughly taken in as any dupe in his own comedies. In d'Éon he 'saw a blushing spinster, a kind of

¹ *Political Register*, Sept. 1767; Buchan Telfer, p. 181.

Jeanne d'Arc of the eighteenth century, pining for the weapons and uniform of the martial sex, but yielding her secret, and forsaking her arms, in the interest of her king. On the other side the blushless captain of dragoons listened, with downcast eyes, to the sentimental compliments of Beaumarchais, and suffered himself, without a smile, to be compared to the Maid of Orleans,' says the Duc de Broglie. 'Our manners are obviously softened,' wrote Voltaire. 'D'Éon is a Pucelle d'Orléans who has not been burned.' To de Broglie, d'Éon described himself as 'the most unfortunate of unfortunate females'! D'Eon returned to France, where he found himself but a nine days' wonder. It was observed that this *pucelle* too obviously shaved; that in the matter of muscular development she was a little Hercules; that she ran upstairs taking four steps at a stride; that her hair, like that of Jeanne d'Arc, was *coupé en rond*, of a military shortness; and that she wore the shoes of men, with low heels, while she spoke like a grenadier! At first d'Eon had all the social advertisement which was now his one desire, but he became a nuisance, and, by his quarrels with Beaumarchais, a scandal. In drawing-room plays he acted his English adventures with the great play-writer, whose part was highly ridiculous. Now d'Éon pretended to desire to 'take the veil' as a nun, now to join the troops being sent to America. He was consigned to retreat in the Castle of Dijon (1779); he had become a weariness to official mankind. He withdrew (1781-85) to privacy at Tonnerre, and then returned to London in the semblance of a bediamonded old dame, who, after dinner, did not depart with the ladies. He took part in fencing matches with great success, and in 1791 his library was sold at Christie's, with his swords and jewels. The catalogue bears the motto, from Juvenal,

Quale decus rerum, si virginis auctio fiat,

no doubt selected by the learned little man. The snuff-box of the Empress Elizabeth, a gift to the diplomatist of 1756, fetched £2 13s. 6d.! The poor old boy was badly hurt at a fencing match in his sixty-eighth year, and henceforth lived retired from arms in the house of a Mrs. Cole, an object of charity. He might have risen to the highest places if discretion had been among his gifts, and his career proves the *quantula sapientia* of the French Government before the Revolution. In no other time or country could 'the King's Secret' have run a course far more incredible than even the story of the Chevalier d'Éon.

MY COUSIN CYNTHIA.¹

BY MRS. PHILIP CHAMPION DE CRESPIGNY.

'HONOR,' Cynthia said suddenly, over the edge of the hammock in which she had been swaying herself gently to and fro in the shadow of a big ilex, 'I'm in the dickens of a fix, and I don't know how to get out.'

'You shouldn't use bad language,' I replied, from the luxurious depths of a garden chair. 'If you throw one foot over the side the other will follow it naturally, and you will get out quite easily.'

'I don't mean that I can't get out of the hammock. It's the fix I'm talking about; a very serious one, the worst I've had yet.'

She knitted her brow and turned her pretty blue eyes to me appealingly.

'The usual sort, I suppose,' was my indifferent reply. Cynthia was always getting into trouble of some kind, and it was impossible to become wildly excited upon each fresh occasion. 'What is it this time?'

She hesitated, and lay back in the hammock.

'It's rather a long story, and I must begin at the beginning.'

'I suppose you want me to help you,' I remarked. It was not the first time that I had helped her out of what she called a fix.

'It was last year it happened—before I left school.'

'Did you say "Yes" when you meant "No," or "No" when you meant "Yes" this time?'

Cynthia raised her eyebrows in deprecating surprise.

'You know I only did that once, Honor; and I am sure anyone is liable to in the fluster of the moment. The wonder is how people ever say what they mean on those occasions.'

'You haven't told me the trouble yet,' I said; and lying back in the low straw chair I awaited my cousin's revelations with languid curiosity.

'I can't quite remember now how it began,' Cynthia said thoughtfully, 'but I wrote some letters to somebody.'

'Who was he?'

'I don't know; I never saw him,' was the surprising answer.

¹ Copyright, 1904, by Mrs. Philip Champion de Crespigny, in the United States of America.

I sat up in my chair.

'Cynthia!' I exclaimed in horror, 'what do you mean? What kind of letters?'

'The very silliest kind of letters,' she replied, nodding her head solemnly. 'That is just where the trouble is.'

'Do you mean to say you wrote silly letters to a man you had never seen?' I asked, speaking very slowly, hardly able to believe my own ears. 'Really silly letters?'

'Perfectly idiotic letters,' Cynthia replied placidly.

I stared at her for a moment in speechless wonder.

'What in the world made you do it?' I asked at length.

She turned her face sideways on the red cushion under her head, and drew the edge of the hammock down so that her view of me might be uninterrupted.

'It happened like this,' she said; and I confess my curiosity was now thoroughly aroused. The situation appeared so very unusual, even for Cynthia to have brought about. 'You remember the high brick wall that surrounded the garden at Wintersbury?'

I nodded.

'One day I was walking along the path through the lilacs when a stone came flying over the top of the wall and fell at my feet. Something was tied to it, and naturally enough I picked it up. It was a note, and there was no address on the outside.'

'It would hardly have been on the inside,' I remarked, as she waited for me to speak.

'So I opened it,' she went on, ignoring my observation, 'and there was no beginning to it either, and it was just signed M. P.'

'Do you mean that he was a member of Parliament,' I asked, astonished.

Cynthia laughed.

'Of course not; they were just his initials. One of his names began with M., and the other with P., and that's all I know about him to this day.'

'What did you do with the note?'

'Answered it,' Cynthia replied serenely.

'But how did you know it was meant for you?'

'It probably wasn't.'

'Cynthia, you are hopeless!' I cried, flinging myself back in the chair again. I never knew whether to laugh or to cry at her inconsequence.

'It had no address on it, Honor, and it fell at my feet, so it

was mine as much as anyone else's. I couldn't give it to the owner, so why not take the good the gods had sent me? It was a very nice letter,' she added thoughtfully.

There was a pause, for I could really think of nothing to say.

'So I wrote a very nice answer,' she went on, 'and signed it with my initials, and put no address on it, and threw it over the wall and hoped for luck.'

'What happened then?'

'He must have got it, because he sent another letter with my initials on it this time. It was a very nice one, too, and I wrote an answer to match; and then they got nicer and nicer. In fact, it gives me the cold creeps to think of how nice they got in the end.'

She wrinkled her brows and looked really perturbed. I sincerely hoped she was.

'I can't think how you can do such silly things, Cynthia. You will get into serious trouble some day.'

'There is every prospect of serious trouble now, it seems to me,' she replied, with that exasperating serenity.

'Besides being foolish, it's so—so horrid,' I said again, at a loss for a word. 'How you can do it is beyond me altogether.' I looked at her as severely as I could, but it was almost impossible to be really angry with that vision of dimpled loveliness.

'It's no use to think about that now,' she answered, shaking her head sagely. 'M. P. has the letters. That's the only thing really worth thinking about.'

'Did you never meet at all?'

'Never. We had arranged to meet when, if you remember, scarlet fever broke out in the school, and we were all bundled home. It annoyed me then, but now I'm inclined to think it was a direct interference of Providence.'

'One could almost have wished that Providence had sent the scarlet fever a little sooner,' I remarked drily.

'He wrote once more, asking me to address his letters to "M. P., Wilworthy Post Office."'

'That is not far from here.'

Cynthia nodded and went on:

'He also asked how he was to address mine. Then I got ill with scarlet fever directly I arrived home, and didn't answer. After that I didn't want to write any more, so I stopped.'

I watched the mottled sunshine playing over Cynthia's golden locks, and remained silent. Lying there in the hammock, with a

brilliant gleam of light on the water of the lake beyond her, she would have made a charming subject for an artist.

'Then about a week ago I remembered the letters,' Cynthia continued dreamily, 'and it struck me what a pity it would be if they should prove the means of blasting an otherwise successful career.'

'You mean you got a sudden panic that Mr. Horndean, or Ned Bromley, or one of the others would find out about them,' I said cynically.

'So I wrote and asked M. P. to send them back,' she finished.

'Has he done so?'

'No: he says he will give them back if I will meet him for the purpose; that after all that has passed between us he thinks he has a right to claim an interview. And so the matter stands.'

'It's certainly a very pretty fix.'

'It's the deuce,' Cynthia said, calmly.

I raised my eyebrows.

'It's no use to look at me like that, Honor,' she went on. 'What is the use of saying it's a great pity, or very unfortunate? It isn't; it's the deuce. There's no doubt about it.'

'What are you going to do?'

'That is just what I don't know.'

She flung herself back in the hammock, and contemplated the flickering shadows in silence, making lazy and ineffectual feints at a drone buzzing noisily above her head.

'I see nothing for it but to go and fetch them,' I said, after a long pause.

'Wild horses wouldn't get me there,' Cynthia answered with decision.

'Why? What are you afraid of?'

She made no answer.

'You had better make an effort to get the letters back,' I added. 'You haven't a notion what kind of a man he is, and you may find yourself really in trouble over it.'

'Of course, that's the horror of it; he holds my fate in his hands,' she said dismally. 'Suppose I were to get engaged, he could produce one of the letters and blight all my prospects of happiness, as they do in books.'

'How many did you write?'

'Six. He could break off six engagements that way. Think

of it! Thank Heaven he couldn't interfere with the seventh,' she added under her breath.

I opened my mouth to speak, but she went on without giving me an opportunity.

'The only course open that I can see is to get engaged six times to the wrong man, and keep the right one for the seventh,' and she looked at me seriously over the edge of the hammock.

'Do talk sense,' I said, laughing in spite of myself. 'You simply must fetch those letters. If you are quite sure he won't be persuaded to send them by post there is nothing else to be done. He must be a horrid man.'

'You wouldn't say so if you had read his letters,' she replied complacently. 'What a pity it is that I can't threaten him with them in return. I suppose he wouldn't mind a bit if I did.'

She caught at an overhanging branch of the ilex and swung herself to and fro, making the shadows dance and flicker across her white dress till my eyes were dazzled.

'Has he actually threatened you?' I asked anxiously.

She brought the hammock to a standstill before answering.

'No, not at all. He has only said he won't give them up unless I fetch them myself. Honor!' she cried suddenly, sitting bolt upright and bending towards me in her eagerness, 'you're not afraid of any man living. Why shouldn't you fetch them for me?'

'Because it's you he wants to meet, not me,' I said shortly.

'But he won't know that you are not me. He has never seen either of us. Do go and get those tiresome letters for me, Honor—like a dear,' she said entreatingly.

'He will think I wrote them,' I remonstrated, with a little grimace.

'Of course he will; that's just the idea, though I must say you don't look like it. No,' she went on, looking at me critically; 'when I remember what is in those letters, I feel sure he'll be surprised when he sees you. It will be all over in a moment, you know. Just take the letters and say "Thank you," and come away.'

Cynthia swung herself out of the hammock and stood before me with her hands clasped.

'He'll never know you're not me,' she urged. 'Honor, you will go! I shall never have a moment's peace till I have seen those letters consumed to an ash with my own eyes.'

'I must think it over,' I said rather irritably. 'I don't promise to go at all. It will be a detestable errand, and might lead us both deeper into the mire.'

'I don't see how I can get in any deeper. I am stuck fast as it is. John Bunyan and forty thousand pilgrims couldn't get me out unless I can get those letters.'

She sat down on the edge of the hammock and swung herself disconsolately to and fro. I lay back in my chair to think the matter out.

The mission would truly be most distasteful, but I had a premonition that I should undertake it. When Cynthia turned persuasive she generally got her own way. I was a few years older than she was, and it had become a sort of understanding between us that I should come to the rescue when called upon. But this was almost too much. At the same time I quite realised the importance of securing these evidences of Cynthia's indiscretion, and felt pretty certain that she would not go herself.

'Try and make up your mind to it, Cynthia,' I said at last, though I knew I was leading a forlorn hope. 'It will be all over in a moment, as you say. Take the bull by the horns and go.'

She shook her head with great decision.

'I couldn't do it. I'd rather go without the letters, only it's so very important to get them. I simply couldn't face him.'

'Then why should you expect me to?'

'You don't know what is in the letters. I do; and that makes all the difference,' she retorted cheerfully.

This did not bring me the consolation Cynthia seemed to expect.

'But if he thinks I do, I don't see where the difference lies,' I remonstrated.

'You'll have a *mens conscia*—what you call it?—and I shouldn't; and they say when you've got that you can face anything. Say you'll go, Honor.' She wrinkled up her forehead and looked the very picture of distress.

'I suppose someone must go,' I said with a sigh; 'but I can't tell you how I shall hate it, Cynthia.'

'Then you'll go, Honor darling!' she cried, dancing round me with glee; 'you don't know what a weight off my mind it will be. I should be truly too frightened to go myself, and very likely should not get them in the end if I did, whereas you can freeze him with one of your looks.'

'If he thinks I wrote those letters it will probably take more than one of my looks to freeze him,' I retorted grimly. 'However, I'll try. It's most unpleasant, and I hate it more than I can say; but I suppose it's got to be done. For pity's sake let it be a lesson to you; it was worse than silly, Cynthia, it was a horrid thing to do, to write letters like that to anybody.'

'Of course it was—odious,' she agreed, with much heartiness, 'but it won't be half so bad if you can get them back. I do thank you from the bottom of my heart, Honor,' she added sweetly. 'Those letters have been a veritable Jackdaw of Rheims to me. I've cursed them sitting, cursed them standing, cursed them——'

'That won't do much good,' I interrupted; 'it will be much more to the purpose to make plans for their recovery. Where does he ask you to meet him?'

'He leaves that to me.'

'And when?'

'That is left to me, too. Quite like a duel, isn't it?'

It struck me that it was going to be a very one-sided duel, as all the weapons were in his hands.

'I only hope he will keep his promise when I get there,' I said dubiously.

'He is sure to do that,' was the airy reply.

'How can you possibly tell? He may think nothing of breaking a promise. He is probably an odious person,' I said irritably. Cynthia's optimism, now that the burden was shifted on to my shoulders, annoyed me.

'His letters were charming,' she murmured gently.

'You can tell him to meet me the day after to-morrow at the corner of Abbott's copse, just where the footpath runs round the outside of it.'

'At what time?' she asked with alacrity.

'At three o'clock. But please add a last appeal to him to send them by post. I can't tell you how I hate it, Cynthia.'

'Honor, you are an angel. There's no doubt about it, and I shall be eternally grateful. If I could possibly screw up my courage to do it myself I would; but I can't,' she finished, with a little nod of conviction.

My courage required a great deal of screwing up during the next two days, and I could hardly sleep for thinking of the unpleasant errand before me. In itself to fetch a packet of letters was not a great thing, but the attending circumstances were intensely

distasteful. The man might be detestable, and take advantage of the situation, for I could well believe that Cynthia's letters had been 'perfectly idiotic.' A hundred times I repented having ever undertaken it. However, it was too late to retract; I had promised to do it, so the only thing was to get it over as quickly as possible.

With reluctant steps and a painfully beating heart I betook me to the trysting-place when the time arrived.

He was already there, and I could see at a glance the man was a gentleman, which in a way made my task the more distasteful. An expression of such frank surprise came over his face when he saw me that it required a real effort on my part not to disclose the authorship of the letters. He behaved like a gentleman, too, for he gave them to me without a word, raised his hat, and walked away. I suppose my distressed embarrassment must have been very evident.

To my surprise Cynthia was out when I returned to the house. I thought she would have been waiting, eager to hear how I had fared, and her absence did not tend to soothe my already irritated nerves.

I put a match to the fire, not for the warmth of it, for it was the middle of summer, but because I felt sure Cynthia would wish to have the letters destroyed without any further witnesses. However, with the packet ready in my hand, I hesitated, and decided to wait for my cousin; they were her letters, not mine.

As the hours passed and still she did not appear, my temper became more ruffled, and the ordeal I had been through grew in proportion. It would be weeks before I could live down the humiliation of it. To have stood before that man and humbly asked for letters which I had never written, dependent on his generosity, or possibly laying myself open to insult, was a situation too unpleasant for words. Looking back at it, I was filled with amazement that I had ever had the courage to face it.

It was late before Cynthia came in, and there was an air of suppressed excitement about her which I did not understand.

'There are the letters,' I said, throwing the packet on the table, 'and please never ask me to do anything so disagreeable again. For pity's sake let us put them in the fire and forget all about them.'

I put out my hand to throw them in the fire, but Cynthia pounced on them with a little scream.

'Leave them alone, Honor! They are mine, and I want them,' she cried, holding them tightly in her hands.

I gazed at her in amazement.

'Whatever has come over you? Where have you been?' I asked.

'Well,' she replied, with a slight reluctance, 'I've been out. The truth is, I thought I would like to see M. P. after all.'

'You thought you would like to see M. P. after all?' I repeated stupidly.

'So I followed you,' she went on, with only the least suspicion of hesitation in her voice. 'I went by the footpath and cut him off at the bridge. He's very nice, Honor, just like his letters. I told you he was.'

She paused, expecting me to speak, but for the moment I was speechless.

'So I explained everything to him.'

'Which seems to have taken some time,' I said, looking at the clock.

'It took all the afternoon,' she answered sweetly; 'and there were other things besides, and——'

'And what?' I asked grimly.

'And—it was lucky you didn't put the letters in the fire, because ---well, he was so charming, and he asked me so nicely, Honor, that I've promised to let him have them back,' she said calmly.

NAVAL CADETSHIPS.

THE COMMITTEE FOR INTERVIEWING APPLICANTS.

It was with much curiosity, and an entirely unprejudiced mind, that I accepted a place on the board for interviewing candidates for the Naval School at Osborne.

I had heard something about the examination, and recognised that it was a bold experiment. I understood that it was an attempt to select the fittest candidates, without the evil pressure of a competitive examination. I had heard the system spoken of with amusement, with scepticism, and with admiration. My own experience lay entirely in the conduct of public school examinations, and I was well aware of the faults and merits of that system. The public school system of examination has the merit of being a fairly close review of work which boys have done; it has the advantage of a certain prestige; public school boys view examinations with respect, and they are baited by promotion; but they have the great demerit of rewarding memory for details, rather than ability; they are businesslike, but not educationally stimulating.

I accepted the task without hesitation, and wrote to two members of previous boards on the subject, asking them for any useful hints they could give me. I received replies, expressing admiration for the system, and indicating the policy which each had pursued. I also studied a Blue-book containing reports on the subject.

My colleagues on the Board were Admiral of the Fleet, Sir Charles Hotham, who presided; Captain Wemyss, the present Captain of the Osborne College; and Viscount Helmsley, one of the First Lord's Private Secretaries, who had had considerable experience in connection with both of the previous Boards.

The Board held a preliminary meeting in order to settle procedure. I was introduced to my colleagues, and was delighted at once to recognise in them men with whom it was evident that it would be possible to work on a sensible and harmonious basis. We were summoned to the presence of the First Lord of the Admiralty, who, in a brief speech, laid down with great lucidity the principles upon which he desired us to work. The idea, he said, was that we should divide candidates into classes according to their ascertainable fitness for the Navy; he expounded the theory of

the scheme, and ended by telling us that he would leave the details entirely in our hands, and allow us to use our own judgment. We were shown the rooms in which the Board was to sit, and the methods which had previously been in use were described. Understanding that the candidates were young boys, about twelve years of age, and that it had been the custom to have them interviewed by the whole of the Board, I raised the point as to whether it would not be better to divide our forces, and to examine the boys twice over, each time before two of the members, rather than to subject them to the ordeal of being examined in the presence of four formidable persons. This, I thought, would tend to diminish the natural nervousness from which it seemed probable that some of the boys might suffer. An official, who had acted as secretary to previous Boards, assured us that we should not find the boys at all unduly nervous ; and after a short discussion it was resolved that we should try the former plan, and change our tactics if it seemed desirable.

I devoted a considerable time to thinking out questions which seemed to me likely to be suitable ; questions in simple history and geography, in natural history, in common knowledge of all kinds ; and lastly, questions which should test a boy's power of resource, imagination, and common sense. I will not, for prudential motives, indicate the details of these questions too minutely. It must suffice to say that I accumulated a large stock, of wide variety, and I devoted a day or two previous to the examination in arranging these so as to make it possible not to go over the same ground too much.

We met for business at eleven o'clock on a Monday morning. The room in which we sat was a large room in the old Admiralty buildings. It was furnished with glazed presses containing books, with tables, chairs, globes, charts, and maps which gave a pleasing professional air to the scene. One disadvantage it had, that it overlooked the scene of the building operations now in progress, and the groaning of cranes, the clink of trowels, and the grumbling of a cement-mill furnished an accompaniment of noise which was occasionally disturbing.

The rooms were admirably adapted for the purpose. There was a large ante-room through which the Board-room was approached, where the parents and tutors of the boys could wait ; another door from this room admitted the boys to two rooms in which they waited to be summoned to the Board ; in one of these rooms they were required, in turn, to read a short passage of English poetry,

which we selected day by day, such as a ballad, treating of a single incident, which a boy could reasonably be expected to master in a few minutes. In another room they wrote for ten minutes a little essay, on a simple subject, which they brought with them into the Board-room. We began operations at once. An Admiralty attendant appeared, on the President touching a bell, leading a small boy, whom he introduced in a stentorian voice. Our President followed a wise and kindly rule on every occasion. He rose, shook hands with the boy, and greeting him as Mr. —, which, I thought, gave the boy a sense of dignity, requested him to sit down. He took a chair at the President's right, at the table, facing the windows. The President sat at the end of the table, and on his left, with their backs to the light, facing the candidate, sat the other three examiners; a secretary at the other end of the table to record our verdicts.

The first boy looked nervous; but a few simple questions as to his home, his school, his journey, from the President, assisted by encouraging smiles from the other examiners, succeeded in this, as well as in the great majority of cases, in putting the boy entirely at his ease, to a degree, indeed, that I had hardly thought possible. But I soon reflected that boys at that earlier age are in reality far less shy than boys of sixteen or seventeen would be. They are not overshadowed by anxiety as to their prospects. The idea of being questioned by a board of officials, whom they vaguely believe to be peers and admirals, is the alarming feature of the case; and to find themselves in a quiet room, surrounded by several genial and smiling persons, robs the ordeal of its terrors.

We asked questions in turn, quite informally; the member of the board engaged in questioning would sometimes deliver his questions walking about, or even sitting upon the table by the side of the boy. One of our number had, I thought, an extraordinary knack in seeing how to treat a shy boy; he would, if the terror of sitting still betrayed itself by nervous motions, lead a boy to the window, or ask him a question which involved a short walk to a globe or a chart. Two things I saw in a very few minutes: the first, that no boy should ever be corrected or told he was wrong, unless he could be briskly put upon the right tack; and we soon learnt to receive the most astonishing statements with an air of smiling approval. The next thing I saw was that all elaborate questions were thrown away, except in the case of boys of very marked ability. The thing to do was to make the questions as

general as possible, so as to encourage the boy to talk about a subject with which he was acquainted. I learnt, therefore, to ask a boy at once what he had been doing, and what his interests were, and then to note carefully how he handled the subject. I discovered as much or even more by observing the boy carefully when he was being questioned by my colleagues as when he was being questioned by myself. We all learnt to find out in a few moments what a boy's interests were, and what he had been taught; and I can only say that I found it surprising how easy it was, in an interview lasting ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, to gauge to a considerable extent a boy's capacity and character. It would not, of course, be possible to test a boy's attainments in that time. But it was easy to see whether he had been taught well or ill, and how much ability and observation he had.

The general bearing and temperament of the boy also, in most cases, emerged very satisfactorily from these interviews; even the boy's manner of entering and leaving the room cast light upon his disposition. There were but a very few cases where boys were really hampered by nervousness, and I can only say that ample allowance was made for this in determining a boy's class.

The actual method of examination was simplicity itself. The President, very judiciously as I thought, did not attempt to begin with questions of at all an educational type. He would ask the boy about his school, by which line he had come up to town, what buildings he had passed in coming from the station, what games he played and so forth, in the simplest conversational way. By the time that a boy had answered a few such questions—and even here it was easy to see whether he had his wits about him—the anticipated terrors of an awe-inspiring examination had, as a rule, subsided. It was probably entirely unlike what the child had expected. Instead of a row of Admirals in full uniform, here were four very fairly amiable persons talking as they might have talked if he had come to luncheon. The President then often asked him what books he had been reading, classical or English, and perhaps a question or two arising from them. Then he would nod to the next member of the board, who, acting on some hint that previous questions had given him, or some indication in the boy's report, would find out if the boy had any special tastes, was making any collections, or was interested in mechanical things. If, for instance, he was collecting eggs, he would ask him some simple question of natural history; or he would ask him to describe some engine

he had made or seen, or, if he cared for carpentering, make him draw a picture of a dove-tail ; or if the boy was known to be fond of drawing, he would be asked to draw a box in perspective, and asked what perspective was. Or he would be asked if he had had relations or ancestors in the service, and the examiner would go on to some simple question of naval history. If the boy was known to be good at languages, he would ask him a few questions in French, and tell him to answer in the same language. Then the next examiner would proceed, perhaps, to find out what history the boy had been doing, select a simple episode, and try to make the boy talk about it ; or he would see what geography the boy had been doing, and ask him to describe a voyage from one place to another ; or, on finding where the boy lived, would ask him to describe the course of a river near his home, or to say what counties abutted on his own. If the boy was said to have mathematical ability, he would be asked some simple common-sense problem involving a little power of mental calculation. He would be helped out if he stuck fast, or, if he seemed to be floundering, another fly, so to speak, would be tried at once ; the object being to encourage the boy to give the best account of something he was supposed to know, and to reassure him as far as possible. Then the next member of the board would take his turn, and ask the boy to give an account in his own words of the ballad he had been reading, or to explain, as if to some one who had never seen it, what a game of cricket was ; or he would perhaps follow out some evidence of special capacity elicited by previous questions, or supplement the questions of previous examiners if there remained ground that ought to be covered. The boys, as a rule, became amused and interested, and unconscious of their surroundings when dealing with questions of common knowledge. As a rule, each examiner tried to supplement what the other examiners had asked, so that a boy should really have a chance of showing what he knew. Thus, if the earlier questions had tended to test habits of observation, the later questions would be directed to solid attainments and work done, and *vice versa*.

I felt that all the boys had had a chance of showing any strong points they possessed, and that no side of character or education was unduly neglected. It was possible, too, to see from the way a boy handled an educational question, whether he had been sensibly taught or merely crammed. If a boy showed weakness in a point, we never attempted to develop that weakness, but to

turn to something else where he felt more confidence. The result of the process was certainly to diminish diffidence. A boy would smile at his interlocutor, and say, 'I don't think I know that,' and the interlocutor would reply, 'Well, it doesn't matter—we'll try something else.' Instead of an examination, it became a more or less interesting game, and the result was a briskness and liveliness which I have seldom seen in an examination.

As soon as we had finished our questions, the President shook hands with the boy, who went out into the waiting-room, and departed with his friends.

One important fact we kept carefully in view : we tried to guard against the possibility of a boy having been crammed in likely questions. How necessary this was may be indicated by the fact that a question was asked a boy, on one of the later days of the examination, which had been previously asked a boy who came from the same school, and who had presumably reported the question to his tutor. The second boy at once reeled off an answer with a satisfied smile. 'Very good,' said one of the board ; 'and when did you do that ?' 'Oh, yesterday,' said the boy. 'Mr.— read out some answers to questions, and made us take notes.'

Besides the actual questions, many simple tests were resorted to—a collection of miscellaneous articles was placed on a side-table, a boy was requested to look for a few seconds at them, and was then told to turn round and say what he could remember. This, it may be remembered, is a device employed in the training of conjurors, and is a good test of a power of rapid and accurate observation.

As soon as the boy retired, we debated on the class to which he was to be assigned, and it was interesting to find that our opinions generally coincided, and never differed by more than one point above or below the proposed class. The result was recorded by the secretary, and another boy summoned.

We sat for three hours or more in the morning ; we had a brief interval for luncheon ; and we sat again for two hours in the afternoon.

I confess that the strain was considerable, especially at first. Not only was the strain of framing questions so as to elicit a boy's capacity great, but the constant and steady observation of a candidate required all one's powers of attention.

We were occasionally visited by high Admiralty officials, and the First Lord himself made a brief inspection of our proceedings the course of one afternoon.

But the lighter element of comedy was not wanting. One boy, on being asked who the present Prime Minister was, confidently replied, 'The Lord Chamberlain.' Another, being asked to indicate the Pole in a Mercator's Projection, said scornfully, 'Of course there is no Pole here—this is a Mercator's Projection.' Another small boy addressed the board at the conclusion of his examination, indicating a hope that he had passed. A relation of one of the boys who had appeared before us told me that the boy, on being asked by whom he had been examined, replied that he did not know the others, but that Mr. Chamberlain had been present, and had been very kind to him. One of our number was obliged to plead guilty to this identification on the ground that he wore an eyeglass; and he was presented at the next meeting of the Board with a large orchid, in order that he might play his part with greater confidence.

The only criticism that I should make on our procedure is that we sat too continuously. We met every day for six days running, and at one time, though not at the end, I felt that my freshness of observation was rather deserting me, and that my judgment was not quite so decided as it had been. But this is a small point, because the periods of the staleness, experienced by the examiners, did not coincide.

To sum up my impressions generally, I should say that the whole system is an excellent one. It provides a real test of fitness; it enables examiners to form a satisfactory judgment of the temperament, ability, and general vigour of the boys. We were assisted, I may add, by confidential reports from the schools as well as by medical reports. Some of the former were very valuable, when we felt them to be sincere appreciations of the boy; others were useless, and worse than useless, when one felt that the schoolmaster was playing the part of an advocate. Of course, the signatures carried weight. In the majority of cases there was at least one member of the board who knew enough of the particular school to express an opinion. But we did not allow ourselves to be unduly influenced by these reports; we rather allowed them to guide us, to a certain extent, in framing the questions we put to the boys, and formed our own independent opinion.

The examination, conducted on these lines, is an admirable device for obviating the disadvantages of the cramming system. A boy who is taught seriously and thoroughly at school, and who is trained in intelligent habits of observation at home, stands a

good chance of passing with credit. A boy who is badly taught, and who is not encouraged to have interests of his own, is at a disadvantage; moreover, the personal interview enables an examiner, especially one who is used to boys, to form an impression of a candidate's bodily vigour, animal spirits, and *savoir faire*.

Of course, much depends upon the examiners; and I would add that I think it is a pity to change them too often; if one is interested in the system, one learns experience very rapidly as to how to elicit what is in a boy's mind, and the best method of interviewing; and it seems to me a pity to waste this power.

Of course, it must be added that the examining board has nothing to do with the final nomination. That is entirely in official hands; but the board discharges the function of practically eliminating unfit candidates—and as to that we never had a shadow of difference—while it also calls attention to specially promising boys.

Of course a further elimination is necessary, after the boys have been at Osborne a short time, and under minute observation. But the advantage of the system of taking boys so young is that the step is not irrevocable, and if a boy is at a later date discharged from Osborne as being unsuited to the profession, he is discharged at an age when it is natural that he should begin acquaintance with an ordinary public school.

My feeling about the examination, then, is that it is eminently sensible, practical, and satisfactory. It diminishes the possibility of cramming, and it does not strand an unsuitable boy at an impossible age. I cannot help believing that we have here the germ of a system which may lead to important and valuable modifications of our examination scheme generally—that scheme which is confessedly unsatisfactory in many points, substituting as it does a narrow test of special capacity for a broad classification of temperament.

It may be modified and improved in details. But I should affirm with confidence that it has hold of the right principle, and may be administered to the great advantage both of the service and the nation.

ARTHUR C. BENSON.

WAYFARERS.

ACROSS the moorlands and the open wind-swept spaces
 And country commons unenclosed,
 Past field and farm, hedgerow and fruitful orchard places,
 The quiet lanes run by,
 And the great roads,
 Wherefrom the wanderer's eye,
 Made free of beauty, roams in ecstasy
 O'er sea and sky to clear delight composed.

Smile the near woodlands, all their starry heart revealing,
 And far-seen, through the chance hedge-gap,
 Hill-gleams of shimmering blue, mysterious depths concealing;
 Or where calm valleys break
 The windy ridge,
 Lo! each a golden lake,
 Ripens the treasure that by toil men take
 From earth's un giving, unwithholding lap.

Stir of the woods, airs of the moorlands still untaken
 By man's indomitable toil,
 Breathe the breath of the wild in the ordered fields, and waken
 In hearts that understand
 Life to be lived;
 And on the ancient land
 Joy as of endless morning lays her hand,
 And youth undying springs from this dear soil.

Ways ever open, ever free for such communion,
 With what despair your pilgrim sees
 Where man has wrought and Nature joined in loveliest union,
 Upraised a stubborn wall;
 Knows parked and pent
 Beyond his utmost call
 Things best beloved; only where trees are tall
 May guess the flower-starred depths, the freshening breeze.

Comrades and lovers ! O beloved on my life's wayfaring !
Your hearts are what the woodlands show :
Your love the airs that from the mountains breathe, repairing
The labour and the stress,
The road's fatigue ;
Draw near again to bless,
Though jealous walls, the woodland past, oppress,
And bar your access to the way I go.

I hear you, though the appointed barrier stands unbroken
That bids us leave a world unsaid ;
Clear call, I hear you—watchword cried afar for token
That parted ways shall spell
Meeting at last,
The heart its burden tell.
O comrades, forward ! On the open fell
No wall debars ; the road is free to tread.

LEONARD HUXLEY.

SCIENTIFIC PROPHECIES.

THE most valuable things which we have or know were not prophesied, because they were with us in some shape or other before men began to record their prophecies. The knowledge that the earth is round, and of the apparent yearly tour of sun and planets through starland; a belief in 'development,' and that all things are ultimately composed of one sort of matter, called by Aristotle *πρώτη ὕλη*, by the old Greek atomists 'atoms,' and recently identified first with hydrogen, then with ether, then with helium, then with 'liquid space,' then with ions and electrons; acquaintance with the chief forces of Nature, fire, lever, lens, arch, gun-powder, and steam-engine, and with the chief institutions of society, religion, marriage, language, writing, kings, lords, and commons, property, barter, division of labour, and money—all these things were prehistoric. In enriching these ideas and applying them to more objects (thanks chiefly to our artificial ears, eyes, and sense of touch), in sifting them and making them more definite (thanks chiefly to 'clock balance and footrule'), and, above all, in organising them and interweaving them into the fabric of our national life so that they cannot again turn mouldy and be forgotten, we have made the new world of science quite unlike the old world of science. But we have done this with the aid of what was always with us. Our moorings have been shifted into better and securer quarters, but the anchors have been the same. This process is not the fulfilment of prophecy; it is something greater, it is progress—gradual, unswerving, ever widening, without beginning or end. Progress is along the main road of human history; prophecy lurks in little lanes lying off the main road and leading nowhither.

Prophecies are isolated anticipations of future events or discoveries, and they are scientific if based on law. But though the subject of this paper is based on law, it is not law, or rather it is law *plus* something else, and more especially the something else. Every scientific law deals with past, present, and future; but it deals with the past as much as with the future, and it is the proper business of science to be impartial between past and future.

On the other hand, whenever a scientific man concentrates his attention on the past in a way which excludes the future, telling us what in very deed happened a million years ago; and whenever he looks away from the past into the future, telling us not what may but what will happen a million years hence, he is just a little unscientific, and encroaches on the private preserves of novelists and writers of romance. There is always an element of fiction in this sort of history and prophecy. Some grain of guesswork leavens the scientific lump; and the size and kind of grain differ in different sciences.

Mathematical laws apply, as we all know, to all time and all space, and are as true as true can be if only its units are equal, its points invisible, and its lines impalpable. That great big 'if' always looms before our minds, and haunts us till we ask, 'In the name of goodness, what actual or possible things are you referring to?' To which the mathematician replies, 'I do not know, but only guess that we shall some day find something which these puzzles explain.' Mathematicians are patient, humble people; they wait long, and their guess is seldom spoken, but exists for the most part as a silent hope or a prayer, which, when it comes true, is like a prophecy which is fulfilled. Thus, 2,100 years ago, Apollonius taught nearly all that can be known about ellipses; and for 1,800 years this learning seemed to some a madman's delusion, to others like a game of chess, and to others beautiful but useless as a tune in music, until Galileo and Kepler discovered that this was the very tune to which the planets have been dancing round their sun and the moons round their planet from all eternity.

No one ever questioned the usefulness of the laws of natural science, but almost everyone forgets that these laws will only be available to-morrow in the same way as they are available to-day if no other force interferes, and that they resemble a *decree nisi* in the Divorce Court, which some King's Proctor may at any time intervene and upset. The Nautical Almanac—that typical manual of scientific prophecy—writes this 'if' in invisible ink, and confidently assumes that gravity is the only power which need be taken into account; yet some rival power, such as heat, affinity, or magnetism, may at any moment oust gravity from its solitary throne among the stars, and that is why not all the scientific men in all the world can say when the Leonids will reappear, or whether the sun will rise to-morrow. This confident assumption, this unquestioning belief that what has been will be because it has been,

is not science, but blind, unthinking, undiluted Toryism. It is a guess with very big odds in its favour; and he who shouts out at the top of his voice that these big odds are a dead cert., and then wins, is hailed as a prophet.

In the social sciences we are apt to ignore sometimes the usefulness, sometimes the very existence, of law. It does not follow that, because the Comtists always bowl wides, all historians are cock-eyed. Many of them see true and far; and far sight is akin to foresight, truth to sooth.

Thus Thucydides, when he diagnosed revolution—just as a medical man diagnoses measles—revealed the future as well as the past. Two forces, he says, disappear—patriotism and contract. Two become dominant, unenlightened self-interest and partisanship at a white heat. There also appear political clubs, a social war, and petty tyrants. Then, he adds, ‘These things have been and always will be if human nature remains the same, though there will be differences of degree and local colouring.’ These very seven oddly assorted symptoms of social disease did reappear 2,200 years later in the great French Revolution. The prophecy is none the less a prophecy because the prophet was diffident and underlined his ‘if.’

Again, political economists have shown that bad money must drive out good money when both circulate side by side; and although Aristophanes noted that this was the case 2,300 years ago, Gresham 340, Locke 210, and Walker 20 years ago, political economists, like historians, build their edifices on the shifting sands of the human nature that they know; and although we are nearly, we are not quite, sure that this law will hold even in Europe on the next occasion on which good and bad money compete. Some new madness may seize the people. True, these shifting sands have not shifted for 2,300 years; but that only leads us to guess that they will not shift, and a guess based on the experience of 2,300 years seems but a broken reed when compared with the guesses of men who point to millions of years to support them. No wonder men deride you nowadays if you declare that political economy is a fairly safe guide in telling what will be the effect of a certain future economic change.

But lest I should press too hardly on this poor discredited science, one thing shall be mentioned to its credit. In 1817 Ricardo added to this abstract science one of its most abstract laws, called the law of comparative cost. The law was quite new, and was not

supported by one fact. Wags said that he had added an imaginary tail to a phantom. The new law was to the effect that if a nation, which feeds itself, but could, by paying half as much again, buy food from a neighbour, finds mines which yield twice as much as its neighbour's mines, it will go to its neighbour for its food. The exact case arose in Victoria in 1851. The exact result ensued which Ricardo foresaw ; and the curious thing is that in 1851 the air was thick with prophecies uttered by practical men—by men of business, by statisticians, and by self-appointed fiscal commissioners—and not one of these prophecies came true. So that it is not always a vain fancy to build on foundations only 2,000 odd years old. Castles so built are not quite castles in the air.

Hitherto we have been discussing prophecies that new facts, if any, will prove old friends, or that old friends will reappear. Let us now pass to those more dazzling prophecies that a brand-new fact will appear, and when it appears will illustrate old law. These double-barrelled prophecies (if they may be so called) fall into two classes—those in which there is little knowledge and much guesswork, and those in which there is much knowledge and little guesswork. The former are deemed frivolous, and the latter serious. As we have been too long on the heights, it is high time to descend to levels where the climate is milder and more relaxing. But I must utter a word of warning.

Prophecies, however frivolous, are based on scientific notions. The prophets of the street-corner never possess exact first-hand knowledge, nor do they grasp the substance of any one science, yet they live beneath the shadow of all the sciences. For this very reason they often trespass more boldly than sober, steady men of science ; and, as every treasure-hunter knows, it is only the boldest trespasser who succeeds. Their science is usually popular, vague, and ineffectual ; but many of them have been humorists and poets deeply imbued with a sense of symmetry in Nature, and with a conviction that the course of Nature is often zigzag and paradoxical. They draw their bow—often a very long bow—at a venture and with their eyes half-shut, but it is a great mistake to think that there is neither method nor direction in their aim. Their method is instinctive, the best knowledge of the time determines their direction, and that is why they often hit the mark.

In 1750 or thereabouts, a great prose poet, J. J. Rousseau, wrote of Corsica that it had legislative genius and merited some one wise legislator ; and this reflection inspired him with

'a presentiment that this little island will astonish Europe.' One generation later a Corsican legislator endowed with legislative genius did astonish Europe. But the prose poet was not dreaming, nor did he see in his dreams some future Napoleon; but he was wide awake, and looking, as he often did, in the looking-glass, where he saw a brachycephalous Ueber-Mensch who was daily expecting an invitation to become a Corsican Lycurgus. This is no prophecy, but a mere coincidence of words—a mare's nest. Let us try again.

Once upon a time there lived (or did not live) an old hag called Mother Shipton, whose prophecies won much vogue among the flat-heads of the seventeenth century. In 1862, when flatheads were far more numerous, these so-called prophecies were republished by a young editor, and the flatheads in question were amazed to read therein rhymes about railway trains and telegraph wires. Whereat the learned world began at last to scratch its head and wonder. Wonder led to inquiry, and eleven years later there appeared in the modest seclusion of *Notes and Queries* a brief note to the effect that these rhymes were not written by the old hag some centuries ago, but in 1862 by the young editor, who had passed them off as the old hag's handiwork by way of joke. What a joke! Oddly enough, a year ago a writer in an evening newspaper quoted motor-car regulations contained in an alleged statute of Henry VIII., and his editor explained, a few days later, that there was no such statute, and that his contributor was only joking. Some lies are always with us; and lies are none the less lies because they are meant as jokes.

'It is all a lie; there is nothing in it actual or possible, or which I ever heard, saw, or learned from anyone.' So wrote Lucian of his *True History* in the year 150 A.D. or thereabouts. Yet in the *True History* we read, 'They use their stomachs as a pouch; . . . it opens and shuts, has nothing in it, but is only shaggy and hairy, so that their new-born young when cold slink into it.' Here is no verbal juggle nor lie, but a vivid, unmistakable description by some half-educated man of a kangaroo or of some other Australian marsupial 1,500 or 1,600 years before Australia and its marsupials were discovered. The real liars are the historical and scientific professors of to-day, who still assert that no Australian marsupial was known before Van der Hagen (1611), Dampier (1697), or even Captain Cook (1770). This little gleam of sunshine in this dense forest of Munchausenism convicts and confutes them.

In order to eliminate the possibility of accidental coincidence or accidental sources of information, I shall now adduce the cumulative and corroborative testimony of six respectable and independent witnesses, who lived in the seventeenth century and formed a group representing every nationality and class. Two are foreign Jesuits—Walchius (1609) and Strada (1617); two are English bishops—Godwin (1638) and Wilkins (1641); and two are men of letters, one foreign and one English—Cyrano de Bergerac (1648 ?) and, a good deal later, Gulliver. All of them were steeped in the best science of their time, although not one of them knew anything in particular. Indeed, how could two bishops, two Jesuits, and two men of letters be expected to know anything in particular? And here are a few samples of what they have written :

Strada writes of two magnetised needles which vibrate in such exact unison with one another that by using them as pointers to a lettered dial friends converse together, however far they are from one another. Here we have electric wireless syntonistic telegraphy, as a twentieth-century halfpenny daily paper might describe it. When Godwin writes of a single topaz-coloured light of 100 lamp-power, able to light a whole church, we seem almost to see Sir H. Davy's electric arc lamp. Cyrano de Bergerac's hero, after trying every quack device for rising, sailing, and flying in the air, when sunward-bound, invents a round balloon filled with hot air, kept hot by solar heat. But for the different source of heat this is Montgolfier's invention of 140 years later. If Montgolfier is the father of modern ballooning, Cyrano is assuredly their grandfather. Again, Cyrano's hero says he sees 'a book made wholly for the ears and not for the eyes, . . . so that when anybody has a mind to read in it he winds up that machine, . . . then he turns the hand to the chapter which he desires to hear, and straight as from the mouth of the man or a musical instrument proceed all sounds . . . for expressing thoughts, . . . so that you never want the company of all the great men, living and dead, who entertain you with living voices,' which reads like an advertisement of the phonograms and gramophones of to-day. Something of the same sort may be found in Walchius and Wilkins, but it is not nearly so good. J. S. Bach wrote his own name in music, and Schumann spun musical phrases out of Abegg Asch and Gade ; but Godwin's hero, Gonsalez, has forestalled them both—Bach by a century, Schumann by two centuries. Moreover, Gonsalez's

efforts are not only the earliest, but are by far the ugliest of their kind.

Cyrano and Gulliver write about storing sun-heat purged of light or sunlight purged of heat, dreams which recent discoveries of phosphorescent substances like uranium, polonium, and radium may yet realise; and Gulliver watches men freezing air, which makes me think that he must have been present in the Royal Institution Laboratory in 1894 and 1895, when this feat was accomplished by Professor Dewar. Indeed, Gulliver's powers of prediction are positively uncanny. For centuries, poets had sung of 'moonless Mars.' It was the only big planet which had no moon. Gulliver provided him with two moons. Why? I am not sure. But perhaps he argued thus: 'The earth has one moon, Jupiter four, and Saturn a ring of innumerable moons. The universe is generally symmetrical; so I will credit Mars (which comes between the earth and Jupiter, but is nearer the earth than Jupiter) with two moons.' Well might men laugh at such childish prejudices in favour of symmetry; but they laugh best who laugh last. Further, he argued, or may have argued, thus: 'Look at these four planets: (1) Earth, (2) Mars, (3) Jupiter, and (4) Saturn. This is the order in which they occur. The moons of the odd numbers are like one another and unlike those of No. 4. What is more likely than that the moons of the even numbers are like one another and unlike those of the odd numbers?' So he made Mars's inner moon go round, like Saturn's ring, in ten hours, although that made the day on Mars longer than the month on Mars, an arrangement not only paradoxical but, in the eyes of Laplace and his followers, impossible; and he made the outer moon go round in twenty-one and a half hours. *O sancta simplicitas!* Why should a man fancy that odd answers odd, and even even, and that Dame Nature walks like a biped, or even zigzags? Simple, perhaps; but not all simpletons are fools. Finally, he knew that the quicker moons revolve the nearer they must be, and calculated their distance from Mars by Kepler's Third Law. In 1877 the scientific world was startled by Professor Hall's discovery that Mars has two moons, that one goes round him in seven and a half hours, making the day longer than the month, and the other in thirty and a quarter hours, and that their distances depend on Kepler's Third Law. So Gulliver, in pinning his faith to symmetry and what I will venture to call alternate correspondence, was not far out. The only people who were far

out were Laplace and his school. Scientific sages were confuted out of the mouths of babes and sucklings.

But we have already loitered too long with these wonder-children, who, after all, only ate what crumbs of science fell from their elders' table, and must now turn to the heavy fathers of natural science, among whom Mendeléjeff, the famous chemist, towers. During the years 1869-71 this Russian giant astonished and delighted or dismayed his admirers by suddenly plunging into the Castalian spring, leaping on to the Delphic tripod, and casting over his dingy professorial gown the mantle of Apollo. 'What!' said they, 'is Mendeléjeff also among the prophets?' It was too true, he was; and this is how it happened.

Elements, as every schoolboy knows, are the inconvertible materials of which all material things are composed. In the years 1869-71, when only sixty-three elements were known, Mendeléjeff resolved to review them, and for this purpose drew them up in battle-array, seven deep (with a supernumerary eighth rank) by twelve, or, as he put it, in seven or eight 'groups' and twelve 'rows.' He then proceeded to 'size' his elements.

Chemists (as every schoolboy knows, but no one but a chemist can explain) reduce all elements to gas, weigh equal volumes of these gases, and call that weight the 'atomic weight' of the element which it represents. So Mendeléjeff ordered his elements to take up their position from left to right, and in successive rows, in the order of their atomic weights—the lightest in the first row and group, the heaviest in the last row and group. There was no one particular number for the difference between adjacent atomic weights, but it was usually between one and five. And now he became aware that a wonderful undesigned harmony had resulted. Glancing down the groups, he found that nearly every group formed a natural family, with a definite family likeness. It was as though fathers and sons were ranged down each group, and cousins along each row, the eighth in one row being half-brother to the first in the next row. The hereditary qualities are numerous, and one or two of them are indicated by those cabalistic figures at the top of Mendeléjeff's table on the next page. There we learn that the elements (R) in Group II., after absorbing, say, a bottle of what the Germans call 'sour stuff' (oxygen), completely change their nature; two similar bottles are required to produce a similar Circæan transformation among the members of Group IV.; and Groups VI. and VIII. are composed respectively of three-bottle and

four-bottle people. Further, the groups on the left do not take to 'water stuff' (hydrogen); those on the right do, but in inverse proportion to their thirst for 'sour stuff.' These peculiarities on the part of the elements are euphemistically termed their valency; and there are, as I said, many other qualities besides 'equal valency' which knitted the groups together and made them symmetrical. But the symmetry was in places imperfect. There were flaws and blemishes. Wherever Mendeléjeff detected flaws and blemishes, he wiped them out—like Mr. Podsnap—by 'flatly refusing to believe in them,' and prophesied that his flat refusal would soon be justified by proof. Thus he prophesied that the atomic weights of Thor(ium) and Ur(anium) would soon be doubled, and of Ce(rium), Ind(ium), and Yt(trium) half trebled, and of Ti(tanium) would prove two less, of Te(llurium) three less, and of gold three more than men said, and embodied these prophecies in his table. He has been proved right. He prophesied that certain elements would be found to possess valencies other than those attributed to them, and has been proved right three times out of four. Then he took to second sight, and placed in twelve or fifteen vacant niches, which he spied between the eighth and tenth rows, twelve or fifteen shadows, summoned for that purpose from the land of dreams. Certainly five, probably eight, possibly more, of these shadows have since then materialised as 'rare earths.'

MENDELÉJEFF'S TABLE (1871) FROM OSTWALD.

Rows	Group I. — R ^o	Group II. — R ^o	Group III. — R ^o ^a	Group IV. RH ^a R ^o	Group V. RH ^a R ^o	Group VI. RH ^a R ^o	Group VII. RH ^a R ^o	Group VIII. — R ^o
1	H=1							
2	Li=7	Be=9, 4	B=11	C=12	N=14	O=16	F=19	
3	Na=23	Mg=24	Al=27; 8	Si=28	P=31	S=32	Cl=35; 5	
4	K=39	Ca=40	=44	Ti=48	V=51	Cr=52	Mn=55	Fe=56, Co=58, Ni=59, Cu=63
5	(Cu=63)	Zn=65	=68	=72	As=75	Se=78	Br=80	
6	Eb=86	Sr=87	? Yt=88	Zr=90	Nb=94	Mo=96	=100	Ru=104, Rh=104 Pd=106, Ag=108
7	(Ag=108)	Cd=112	Tn=112	Sn=118	Sb=122	Te=126	J=127	
8	Ce=133	Ba=137	? Di=138	? Ce=140	—	—	—	—
9	(—)	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
10	—	—	? Er=178	? La=180	Ta=182	W=184	—	Os=196, Ir=197 Pt=198, Au=198
11	(Au=199)	Hg=200	Tl=204	Pb=207	Bi=208	—	—	—
12	—	—	—	Th=231	—	U=240	—	—

Next, casting his eye on to the right half-company, in which all the best-known and most indispensable elements take their stand, he detected gaps in row four, Group III., and row five, Groups III. and IV., and angrily called out, 'What is the meaning of this?'

Here are three well-known indispensables absent without leave. Where are they?' Then a light titter arose, and someone said that it was well known that no one had seen or heard of these well-known indispensables since the beginning of the world. The speaker replied, 'That is a frivolous and irrelevant excuse, for if they have not been seen or heard of, they soon will be, being quite common. I have already seen these unseens with my mind's eye, and will now tell you what I know of these unknowns.' Then he held forth as follows on the subject of the three well-known unknowns.

Looking into the first vacant space, he named the ghost of its future occupant by a hideous semi-Sanskrit name, Ekaboron, and endowed him with the following qualities :

Aunt Mag(nesium) (he explained) is the same relation to uncle Si(licon) that cousin Ca(lcium) is to cousin Ti(tanium); and as father Al(uminium) is the link which connects the first pair, so Ekaboron will be the connecting link between the second pair. Similarly Ekaboron will be midway in his character between grandfather Bor(on) and grandson Yt(trium). Now aunt Mag. is more positive, expansive, ductile, volatile, apt to melt and, if hot, to get hot all over, but less apt, if cold, to get hot, and less dense than father Al. She, then, being to father Al. as father Al. is to uncle Si., and she being to uncle Si. as cousin Ca. is to cousin Ti., you may (he said) scratch out 'aunt Mag.' and 'uncle Si.' in my last sentence and write in their place 'cousin Ca.' and 'Ekaboron.'

By a like method he showed why Ekaboron, when changed, as changed he would be, by a bottle and a half of 'sour stuff,' would become baser and less stable than the old Bor., less base and more stable than the little Yt., and would possess greater gravity than cousin Ca., but less than cousin Ti., under similar distressful conditions. Moreover, a triple sulphur bath (not without some 'sour stuff') would turn him to salt, like aunt Mag. (or Lot's wife), and two such baths (with help from cousin K, Potassium) would turn him into a double salt, as though aunt Mag. and Lot's wife were rolled into one compound, but the compound would not be used for sizing paper as alums are; and so on, and so on. In 1879 Scandium was discovered. It has already been proved to possess all these qualities. Next, the Russian soothsayer peopled the second and third vacant spaces with disembodied spirits whom he conjured up from the vasty deep, and christened, in his barbarous language, Ekaluminium and Ekaasilicium. He then clothed them with their future attributes, and told their future fortunes, and in doing so noted that in this row some characteristics were apt, like the gout, to skip a generation. Of Ekaluminium he said little, but when Gallium was

discovered in 1875, what he had said of Ekaluminium fitted Gallium like a glove. All but all that he said of Ekasilicium has already proved true of Germanium, which was discovered in 1885. It would, he said, be a metal, but rather like its non-metallic neighbour As. (Arsenic) (yes), with atomic weight 72 (yes), and density 5.5 (it is 5.469); it would form oxides, O^3 (yes), with density 4.7 (yes), ethides, Æ^4 (yes), with density .96 (just under 1.00), and boiling-point 160° (yes), non-gaseous fluorides, Ff^4 (yes), liquid chlorides, Cl^4 (yes), with density 1.9 (1.88) and boiling-point somewhat under 100° (86°), and sulphides which would dissolve in ammonium sulphide (as Voegelen proved in 1902).

How lucky for Mendeléjeff that he did not live in the Middle Ages, or he would have been roasted alive! Even now it is hard to read these things without crossing oneself or rapping wood three times, and it is an intense relief to find that this 'wizard of the north' went wrong once. He wrote (1871) that nothing could or would come between Li(thium) and Cl (Chlorine); but Argon (1894) and Neon (1900) do, for all that.

Looking at these prophecies by Mendeléjeff in 1871, I know nothing like them in fable, fiction, history, or science. Yet, as I have indicated, they were ultimately derived from a childlike belief in symmetry, diversified by an equally childlike belief in what I called alternate correspondence. In this respect, and in this respect only, they resemble Gulliver's prophecy of the moons of Mars; in other respects, backed as they were by fuller, firmer, and far more perfect knowledge, they were to that prophecy as wheat to chaff, as sunlight to moonlight, or as wine to water.

This unreasoning prejudice in favour of symmetry has inspired many a false and many a true astronomical prophecy, from Pythagoras to Bode; but the only astronomical prophecy to which I am going to refer had nothing to do with these fancies, and entailed only the old, old, pretty safe guess that gravity is autocrat, and brooks no rival in regulating the movements of our planet. Uranus had been discovered in 1781; but this new star-baby caused much distress to the nurses who watched its goings-on. It was contrary, fractious, would not go straight. Some observers said that it must have a double dose of original magnetism; others ascribed its wobbling to the attractions of some counter-star-baby. Adams, an advocate of the latter school, worked the whole problem out in 1845, and pointed to the very spot where the counter-star-baby ought to be. The Astronomer Royal did not find it, partly

because he did not look for it. In 1846, Leverrier, who had never heard of Adams, worked out the same problem, and he, too, put his finger on the very spot. Three weeks later a German astronomer clapped his telescope to his eye, and, sure enough, there was the little stranger just where he should be. His godfathers and god-mother christened him Neptune, as may be read in Miss Clerke's beautiful books.

Roscher compares this prophecy of a missing planet with his own prophecy of a missing school of Dutch economists, whose existence was indicated by certain political, commercial, and philosophical perturbations in the seventeenth century. He had never seen nor heard of them, and the best Dutch savants said that there were no such persons. At last, at Roscher's suggestion, a search party started out from Leipsic, and in 1862 Laspeyres announced his discovery of the literary constellation. The story is told by Roscher in a book with the charmingly simple title 'Königliche Baierliche Akademie der Wissenschaften-Geschichte der Wissenschaften in Deutschland. Neuere Zeit-Geschichte der National ~~Ö~~konomik in Deutschland von W. Roscher,' p. 222; also in Laspeyres's book, but as the title of the latter book is longer and more complicated I have not space to quote it.

Genuine prophecies about future historical events are very rare, but the following is beyond suspicion. In 1651 Violet wrote that oppressive taxation is a sure cause of revolution. 'And this,' he added, 'is like shortly to be the fate of France; the inventions for gathering money there being so many that the common people declare their life is bitter to them, and in all likelihood will end in the ruin of their taskmasters, for the fury of an oppressed people and a breach of an enraged sea is one and the same.' He was right as to cause, effect, place, and, so far as he went, time. If Violet and Thucydides may be looked on as partners, their joint prophecy is about as good a prophecy as any that can be made of an impending catastrophe. Lord Chesterfield (1753) saw the same shadow on the dial, but less clearly. He did not point to the open economic sore. While predicting 'great changes and revolutions in government' before the century closed, he probably meant a Whig movement like that of 1688; and even if he meant more he mixed false with true by adding, 'I am glad of it; the rest of Europe will be the quieter.' The gate through which his dream came was half ivory, half horn.

Lord Chesterfield's forecast lies on the borderland between

history and politics, and in politics prophecy of the immediate future ceases to be prophecy—first, because it is universal, so that a few prophecies are true, more are false, and most are both or neither; and it is absurd to select the few true ones and reject the others; secondly, because the statesman helps to bring about what he predicts. Tod Sloan cannot be said to prophesy the result of a race in which he rides.

Let us look back a moment. There is no hard and fast line dividing frivolous and serious scientific prophecies, but in both wisdom and folly are mingled, though in different proportions. If, then, fools as well as wise men have succeeded as prophets, why should not I, who belong to the former category, try my 'prentice hand?' I will begin: 'Men will for ever seek perpetual motion, ultimate atom, a vacuum, the vital principle, missing links, to count the stars, to annihilate space, disease, and war, to fly, to square the circle, to resolve differences of quality into differences of quantity, but they will not succeed. Every uncivilised race will be destroyed by or merge in some great nation, but the great nations will not destroy or merge in one another. Men will travel through the air more than they do, make themselves unseen (though with difficulty), reach the North Pole and the top of Mount Everest (all to no purpose), see through mountains and across continents, hear the inaudible, store sunlight and sun-heat, and solve the secret of the sun.'

JOHN D. ROGERS.

A GLIMPSE OF NAPOLEON AT ELBA.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER.

ONE of the first consequences of the abdication at Fontainebleau and of the restoration of peace to Europe in 1814 was the rehabilitation of the Grand Tour. For twenty years the Continent had been a sealed book to Englishmen unconnected with the fighting or the diplomatic services, always excepting those unlucky travellers whom Napoleon had consigned to years of weary detention after the rupture of the Peace of Amiens. But now the reign of the Corsican was over, and the stream of young men, sometimes in parties, sometimes travelling alone with governor or tutor, was free to wander through France and Italy and back over the Alps and down the pleasant Rhineland and home through Holland and the 'Low Countries,' as had been the English fashion, from Tudor times at any rate, for youths of good family destined to serve God both in Church and State. And during the autumn and winter months of that famous year the little island of Elba, distant only a few hours' sail from Piombino on the Italian mainland, and within easy reach of Leghorn, became a veritable Mecca. For there Napoleon the Great, fallen, as it was fondly deemed, 'like Lucifer, never to hope again,' was ruling his puny kingdom, and holding his mimic court, surrounded by half a dozen faithful officers and a battalion of the immortals who had trod in triumph the streets of every European capital save one.

Napoleon was reported to be well disposed towards the English as the most magnanimous of his conquerors; the British Commissioner, Colonel Sir Neil Campbell, had been retained on the island at his special request. There was no difficulty in obtaining an audience for any one properly recommended, and in the light of subsequent events it is not difficult to guess why English visitors, especially if they belonged to Whig families and bore historic names, should have been made welcome at Porto Ferraio, the seat of Napoleon's government.

An Emperor, a conqueror (wrote Sir Walter Scott) retired from war and sequestered from power, must be favourably listened to by those who have the romantic pleasure of hearing him plead his own cause. Milder editions of his

measures began to be circulated in Europe, and in the curiosity to see and admire the captive sovereign men forgot the ravages which he had committed while at liberty.

Among those who had the good fortune to 'embrace,' in auctioneer language, 'this unique opportunity' was a Mr. Charles Standish, whose account of the interview was found not long ago among the papers of the late Mrs. Lloyd of Rhagatt, the representative of a well-known Denbighshire family. The letter, to the best of my knowledge, information, and belief, has never been published before, though a more detailed and more accurate account of what is obviously the same conversation was printed in a little pamphlet by Lord Ebrington, afterwards the second Earl Fortescue, as long ago as 1823. The writer was the eldest son and heir of Mr. Standish of Standish in Lancashire, from a collateral branch of whose family had sprung stout Miles Standish of the *Mayflower*. Born in 1790, he was just four-and-twenty at the date of the interview, and he lived till 1863. He was of old Roman Catholic stock, and married in 1823 a Mademoiselle de Methiesen, great-niece of the famous Comtesse de Genlis; readers of Lady Granville's delightful correspondence may remember him as figuring not unfrequently among the 'sparks' of Parisian society. He writes a good letter, but he could not have been well grounded in the occurrences of his own times, for, as will be seen, he places in the mouth of Napoleon the most extraordinary sequence of chronological blunders, transposing amongst other things the dates of the Italian campaign and the expedition to Egypt; and he appears to believe that Napoleon was the defender and not the assailant of Toulon. It must be remembered, in extenuation, that it is just those events which have happened in our own boyhood and have not yet found their way into written history that one is most prone to confuse and forget; and, according to Sir Neil Campbell, Napoleon's reminiscences of his early days were not always characterised by precision.

But it is time to let Mr. Standish speak for himself.

Florence: Decr. 18th, 1814.

My dear Mr. Perryn,¹—Having just arrived from the island of Elba and had a long audience of his Imperial Majesty during which he opened out upon almost all the important topics of his

¹ The son, as I conjecture, of Sir Richard Perryn, Baron of the Exchequer from 1776 to 1799, a Welshman from Flint, who had received his education at Ruthin grammar school.

rise, reign and fall, I concluded it would not be uninteresting to you to hear some of the anecdotes he told and the opinion he delivered, and this I thought a sufficient excuse for troubling you with a Letter. First let me tell you that I was not less gratified than surprized to find Gerard in the same Hotel I am in, in this beautiful capital. He is just arrived from Venice with Mr. Lechmere and Mr. Stanhope, Spencer Stanhope's Son, and has been making a most interesting Tour in Switzerland and the North Eastern part of Italy; myself and party have taken the Western route and after coming from Paris to Fontainebleau, Troyes, Dijon, Lyons, Turin, we went to Genoa and Leghorn, and from thence to Piombino and crossed the water to Porto Ferrajo.

From thence here. Both Gerard and myself shall not remain long here at present but hasten to Rome for Xmas Day to see the Solemnization of that great festival with all the pomp of the Roman ritual. I shall then go to Naples and settle there for at least two months, as many at Rome on my return, a month here and another at Milan, the rest of the summer and autumn will most probably be occupied in seeing all the East and North-east parts of this beautiful country, and Switzerland will also have its share. After that my plans are unsettled. But enough of the first person singular, you must be anxious to hear of the more interesting third. I will first tell you that Porto-Ferrajo is a small Town most beautifully situated on a neck of land that jutting into the Sea, and is rendered both by art and Nature almost impregnable strong. In a small house situated on a high rock, that overlooks the sea on one side and the Town on the other, resides the once Tyrant of Europe. He who so few months ago gave away palaces and created Kings, has not now a room so large as your drawing room, ill furnished, and in all its departments bespeaking poverty—and here I cannot help telling you that he, Napoleon, has not as yet received a farthing of the subsidy that was granted to him by the government of France; however impolitically great this may have been, it certainly is a disgraceful instance of the bad faith of the Nation. Napoleon has in consequence been obliged to reduce his establishment, to curtail the salaries of those about him, and to retrench in every possible way the expenditure, which almost as a gentleman he was entitled to. Mr. Silvertop, Davenport and myself, had three separate audiences, the most interesting parts of which you shall now read. He is in stature very low, 5 feet 6 I should think at the outside, but immensely

broad across the chest, altogether very corpulent, but with all this has the appearance of the soundest, and stoutest health. His physiognomy [*sic*] except when animated by some very interesting subject, is not in any way remarkable, not so sallow as generally represented, and a light grey eye approaching to blue. I found him standing by the fire, dressed in a very shabby old uniform, with the grand cordon of the Legion of Honour, and several other small orders, the iron crown &c. &c. His accueil was rather blunt. 'D'où venez-vous?' he asked with a sharp piercing voice. 'Je viens de la France, Sire,' I reply'd. His tone and manner then changed into the greatest possible affability and good nature and he asked, 'Que dit-on de moi dans la France, ay ay, parlez franchement, je vous prie.' I upon this told him freely that tho' the great mass of the population seemed to be decidedly in favour of the Bourbons, yet that many certainly were attached to his cause particularly the army. He then began his own history.

He said he was an officer in Artillery at Toulon, in the beginning of the Revolution, when it was attacked by the English. The commanding officer died, and that he was called to fill his place. He immediately perceived what was the key to the place and there he posted his best troops. His efforts were successful, and he preserved the Citadel. The Convention then ordered him to Paris, and made him a general. 'They then sent me into Egypt,' he said, and here he dilated upon his campaigns there. I have had an opportunity to ask him the truth of the massacre at Jaffa about which Sir Robert Wilson, and our Reviewers have had so many disputes. He said it was perfectly true, and 'et je vous le raconterai. I took El Arisch—It contained two thousand Turks. They became my prisoners. I released them upon their parole that they should not serve again for a stated period, and should march off in a certain direction. They had hardly got out of the sound of my canon before they broke their promise and threw themselves into Jaffa. I stormed the place and was successful. I found there all *my Turks*—my own force consisted of but ten thousand men, I could neither guard, nor maintain so large a body of prisoners, of their treachery I had had a proof; my own safety demanded their annihilation. I ordered them all to be shot, et je ne me repens pas,' were his words—'car dans la guerre tout ce qui est utile, est légitime.' I then ventured, as he was so good-natured and so explicit, to ask him if the report was true about poisoning his sick in Egypt. 'It is partly true and partly not,' he said—'on

the eve of a forced march, I was obliged to make, these Soldiers were reported to be dying of the plague. I sent immediately for Desjounettes,¹ the head of the medical staff, and asked him if there was the smallest chance of their surviving. I was told, none. Can they be moved with the Army? They will infect the rest of your troops, Sir. Alors je lui priai de les traiter comme je voudrais qu'il me traitasse en pareil cas—enfin qu'il leur donnerait une dose d'opium. Desjounettes' answer was—Non—mon métier est de guérir, et non pas de tuer les hommes.' He (Bonaparte) then was silent for a minute, and then exclaimed, 'et je crois qu'il avait raison, il faut que chacun remplît sa destinée.' He left his men and did not poison them. This again illustrates, if you may believe his own words, another closely disputed point of his history.

'From Egypt,' he said, 'I again returned to Paris, where I lived for some time in private. One day I saw in the paper a decree of the Convention, naming Bonaparte commander in chief of the Army. I bought the paper and gave three pence for it, not having the least idea it referred to myself—I immediately took my walk out in the Town, entered a Coffee house, and began to enquire who this Bonaparte was, saying that I was not aware of having a namesake so lucky. No one knew—I walked down to where the Convention sat—the doors of the house were crowded. I had not been there long before I was recognized. The shout was immediately, "Vive Bonaparte! Vive notre petit General!" I was lifted on to a platform and saluted by the populace. The members of the Convention were now acquainted of my arrival, and I was sent for into the house, and was immediately invested with the Command in chief of the Army destined for Italy.'² He then gave a short sketch of his Italian Campaigns, and of his after being made first Consul. 'Après cet époque (he said) je trouvais un trône vide, personne fut pour le remplir—je le saisissois—Avais-je tort? mais je suis content. Je repose dans l'idée que j'ai plutôt augmenté que diminué le bonheur de la France.'

He then began about the Bourbons. 'Louis XVIII. c'est bien

¹ The proper spelling of the name is Desgenettes. For a discussion of this incident and a careful review of the evidence, the reader is referred to Rose's *Napoleon*, vol. i. p. 211.

² A reference to Sir Neil Campbell's Diary for the 4th of December, 1814, will show that Mr. Standish has got a confused recollection of the story which Napoleon used to tell about his nomination as second in command to Barras on the 13th Vendémiaire (October 5, 1795), the day of the famous whiff of grape shot.

bon homme que ça, disait-il, il a même du talent; travaille-t-il beaucoup?' I told him I believed he dedicated 6 hours a day to business. 'On peut faire beaucoup en six heures,' was his reply. 'Monsieur est un gentilhomme avec des manières fort gracieuses, mais il ne sait pas travailler. Les Ducs d'Angoulême et de Berri ne sont pas grande chose des riens'—too true—He then enquired about the Duke of Orleans. I told him he was a man of the first rate talent, a firm decided character, a deep mathematician, and digne de gouverner la France. This he seemed amazingly surprised to hear, and betrayed some emotion—he said, 'avec ce qualité sûrement il en est capable.' It appeared to me most extraordinary that he should be so ignorant of this Duke's character, and to me it appeared clear that he had built hopes upon his imbecility and unfitness to govern. He then talked of the Emperor Alexander. 'Ce n'est qu'un léger que ça, mais vous n'avez pas une idée comme il est fin et faux. Le roi de Prusse, c'est un bon homme; il se croit sage, mais ce n'est qu'un imbécille, un caporal—mais pourtant un bon homme.' Talleyrand he described as a very fiend, 'ce vieillard, cet évêque qui a épousé une —, it was he that proposed to me to convey the Bourbons from England by means of smugglers and to murder them all. It was he that was the cause of the death of the Duc d'Enghien—he wore me out with his sollicitations to have him destroyed. I at last consented. The young Duke begged to see me. I sent for Talleyrand to arrange the audience—car c'était un brave jeune homme, et son sort m'a vraiment touché. To my great surprise Talleyrand told me it was too late—the deed was done. I hated him ever since, for I do believe I should have spared the Duke's life.' It is very well for him to say so now, but 'credat Judæus non ego.'

Apropos of Jews, Ebrington asked him why he had been so anxious about the wellbeing of the Jews in Paris. 'I had two reasons,' he said, 'first I had then an eye to the conquest of Russia, and my aim was to ingratiate myself with the numerous and opulent tribe of Hebrews that inhabit Poland, to induce them to provide my armies with necessaries in the campaigns; secondly I was ashamed of the intolerant system that had prevailed so long in Paris, which had made all the Jews slaves. Universal tolerance is the very soul of happiness to a populous and enlightened nation. I built churches for all sects, two for you Protestants,' addressing himself to Lord Ebrington. He

asked me several questions on the subject of the many and hard restrictions we labour under as Catholics and he seemed to consider the policy as little, and as he said, 'c'est indigne d'une grande nation comme la vôtre.'¹ He said he neither murdered Wright nor Pichegru, they both died in Prison. Wright's name he did not at first remember. 'Ah oui,' he at last said, 'c'était un suivant de Smith—non, non, pourquoi le tuer, je l'avais en prison, il ne pouvait pas me faire aucun tort—ça aurait été un crime inutile, c'était un des plusieurs mensonges à vos gazettiers. Pichegru non plus, c'était un homme sans talent, sans tête—il est mort en prison comme Wright. Moreau à la bonne heure—il m'aurait pu faire repentir ma clémence, mais non, je ne voudrais pas lui ôter la vie.' He then said, 'I have been far too merciful—had I spilt more blood, I might have been now, where I was, on the throne of France.' He spoke of the English ministers—of both Pitt and Fox he had the highest opinion. Lord Grenville's talents he prized particularly. He then said, 'Connaissez-vous Addington?' 'Oui, Sire, c'est un pauvre que ça.' But I am sure you must now be tired of Buonaparte and I could go on for 8 days more, but will not bore you any longer.

CHARLES STANDISH.

The mention of Lord Ebrington enables us to fix the precise day of the interview. That young nobleman, who was then a member of the House of Commons and had somewhat distinguished himself in the previous session, was at Elba during the first week in December and was twice admitted to an audience with Napoleon, on the 6th and on the 8th; on the latter date he was honoured with an invitation to a dinner where General Drouot was the only other guest, a fact which settles the conversation recorded by Mr. Standish as having taken place on the 6th. Even had his letter contained no reference to Lord Ebrington, the most cursory comparison of the two narratives would establish the fact of their substantial identity. Lord Ebrington's pamphlet contains everything recorded by Mr. Standish—*minus* the chronological blunders—and a good deal more beside. Next to Sir Neil Campbell's Diary it is the main English authority on Napoleon at Elba.

But it must be admitted that there was a great sameness in the table talk with which the deposed Emperor regaled his English

¹ 'C'est un bigot que ce Milord Sidmouth' appears in Lord Ebrington's narrative.

visitors. About a fortnight after Lord Ebrington's departure—to be strictly accurate, on Christmas Day—that adventurous traveller Lord John Russell, who had followed as an amateur in the wake of Wellington's armies in the Peninsula, arrived at Porto Ferrajo and was admitted to an audience at which he received the highest mark of imperial favour—Napoleon pulled his ear.

His manner (wrote Lord John) is very good-natured and seems studied to put one at one's ease by its familiarity; his smile and his laugh are very agreeable he asks a number of questions without object and often repeats them, a habit which he no doubt acquired during fifteen years of supreme command. To this I should also attribute the ignorance he seems to show at times of the most common facts. When anything that he likes is said he puts his head forward and listens with great pleasure.

Lord John was not so favourably impressed with Napoleon's exterior as was Mr. Standish.

He appears very short, which is partly owing to his being very fat; his hands and legs being quite swollen and unwieldy. That makes him appear awkward and not unlike the whole-length figure of Gibbon the historian. Besides this, instead of the bold-marked countenance that I expected, he has fat cheeks and rather a turn-up nose, which, to bring in another historian, makes the shape of his face resemble the portraits of Hume. He has a dusky grey eye which would be called vicious in a horse, and the shape of his mouth expresses contempt and decision.

But the magnetism of the Emperor's personality had done its work on the Whig statesman, and we find him at Westminster in June of the following year, five days before Waterloo, moving a resolution strongly condemnatory of the war with France.

The account of Napoleon's conversation which Lord John afterwards printed differs very little from that recorded by Lord Ebrington and Mr. Standish, and the three narratives taken together should be compared with the long interview with Sir Neil Campbell which appears in the latter's *Diary* under the date of December 4. It is sufficiently obvious that Napoleon's outpourings were no simple unpremeditated lay. The curiosity to which Lord John Russell alludes was apparent on the surface, but the desire to create a favourable impression and to put the best colour on some of the most dubious actions in an unscrupulous career is the dominant motive. Yet it is not difficult to discern that, though the general outline of Napoleon's conversation was prepared beforehand, he permitted himself to be carried away into expressions and into a line of thought which revealed more of his inner self than strict prudence would have dictated.

Sir Neil Campbell's journal was published in 1869, and is easily accessible: it was utilised in manuscript both by Sir Walter Scott and Sir Archibald Alison. Lord Ebrington's pamphlet is comparatively rare, and I may be pardoned if I supplement Mr. Standish's letter by extracts from it.

After some questions about myself and my family he asked eagerly about France, saying: 'Tell me frankly, are they contented?' I said 'Comme ça.' He replied: 'They cannot be; they have been too much humbled by the peace—they have had a king imposed upon them, and imposed by England. Lord Wellington's appointment must be very galling to the army, and so must the great attentions shewn him by the King, as if opposing his own feelings to those of the country.'

The Bourbons, Napoleon said, were not calculated to be popular with a people like the French. Madame d'Angoulême, he had heard, was plain and awkward. 'For the angel of peace a witty or a pretty woman was required at least.' He had always felt that France wanted an aristocracy, 'but for that it required time. I have made Princes and Dukes, and given them large estates, but I could not make real noblemen of them.' He had intended to inter-marry them with the old nobility, and in some instances had done so, 'and if the twenty years I demanded for the grandeur of France had been granted me, I would have done a good deal: but fate has determined otherwise.' The King, he thought, ought to follow the same plan, instead of showering his favours on men who for the last twenty years had been 'buried in the garrets of London.'

Napoleon's verdict on his fellow-monarchs is given with greater fulness by Lord Ebrington than by Mr. Standish.

I asked him what he thought of the Emperor Alexander. 'Oh he is a true Greek! one cannot rely on him. He is however intelligent, and has certain liberal ideas with which he was imbued by one of our French philosophers—Laharpe, who brought him up. But he is so fickle that one can never know whether the sentiments he utters proceed from his real conviction or from a species of vanity, to put himself in contrast with his real position.' During the fortnight that they were at Tilsit the two Emperors dined together nearly every day, 'but we rose early from table to get rid of the King of Prussia who bored us. About nine o'clock the Emperor Alexander returned in plain clothes (*en frac*) to drink tea with me, and remained conversing very agreeably on different subjects, for the most part philosophical or political, till two or three o'clock in the morning.' The Emperor Francis, he said, had more honesty but less capacity.

¹ According to Creevey, Napoleon was in the habit of summing up the merits of the two sovereigns in very different language to General Köller, the Austrian commissioner at Elba. 'Now I'll tell you the difference between the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia. The Emperor thinks himself a very clever

The Archduke Charles was 'un esprit très-médiocre' who had, however, on some occasions shown himself not to be without military talent. Ferdinand, the King of Spain,¹ was not without natural parts, but ignorant and bigoted from the faults of his education, which had been left entirely to priests. 'Moreover, the most dissimulating character I ever knew.'

Napoleon spoke lightly of the talents of his marshals, 'but having once elevated them it had been his system to maintain them.' Murat he called 'un magnifique Lazzarone.' Augereau was a 'mauvais sujet,' but Masséna had behaved well in the latter days, as did also Soult and Davoust.

I asked if he was not surprised at Berthier having been among the first to welcome the King's arrival. He answered, with a smile, 'I have been told he has committed some follies of the kind, but his head is not a strong one. I had promoted him more than he deserved because I found his pen useful. Besides, I assure you, he is a good fellow, and if he saw me he would be the first to express regret for what he has done with tears in his eyes.'²

Napoleon asked what would happen to him if he went to England. 'Que ferait-on avec moi si je venois en Angleterre ? serais-je lapidé ?' Lord Ebrington reassured him, and said that the violent feeling excited against him was rapidly subsiding now that the two countries were no longer at war. Napoleon smiled and replied : 'Je crois pourtant qu'il y auroit toujours quelque risque de la part de votre *mob* de Londres.'

Lord Ebrington relates the Jaffa and El Arisch incidents in almost the same words as Mr. Standish, but he makes one interesting addition. After quoting Napoleon's reflection that 'it is always better to suffer a man to finish his destiny, be it what it may,' he reports the Emperor as saying :

I judged so afterwards in the case of Duroc, who, when his bowels were falling out before my eyes, repeatedly cried out to me to have him put out of his misery. I said to him : 'I pity you, my friend, but there is no help for it—you must suffer on to the end.'³

fellow, and he is a damned fool ; whereas the King of Prussia thinks meanly of his own talents, and he is a very sensible man.'—*Cressey Papers*, vol. i. p. 195.

¹ The father of Queen Isabella who died only the other day.

² It is generally believed that the defection of Berthier was felt more keenly by Napoleon than that of any other of the marshals. But Berthier had never recovered from the physical shock of the retreat from Moscow. On learning of his old master's return from Elba he retired to Germany, and while a Russian regiment was passing through the town threw himself out of the window of a house in Bamberg. Rumour spoke of assassination, but it is certain that his mind was unhinged.

³ Duroc, Duc de Friuli, was mortally wounded by a cannon-shot on the

The curiosity manifested both by Mr. Standish and Lord Ebrington as to the fate of Captain Wright may appear strange to the present generation. But when Napoleon, in July of the following year, was detained off Plymouth Sound, and when shoals of heavy-laden boats put off to see the uncrowned Emperor, a cry which reached the ears of the officers on the *Bellerophon* was 'What did you do with Captain Wright?'

Wright was a daring seaman closely associated with Sir Sidney Smith: he had shared his imprisonment in the Temple and had joined in his escape in May 1798. On the renewal of the war he had been employed, as commander of a brig, in conveying to the French coast the leaders in the great Royalist conspiracy of Georges Cadoudal and Pichegru. Ill-fortune threw him once more into the hands of the enemy, he was flung again into the Temple prison, and after a rigorous imprisonment of eighteen months it was announced that he had committed suicide on the night of October 25, 1805. The statement was universally discredited: Wright was believed to have been murdered by Napoleon's orders, and many circumstantial details to that effect were circulated. The mystery remains unsolved: it is difficult to see what Napoleon had to gain; he always repudiated the idea, and I think that he, personally, is entitled to an acquittal. Remembering what the methods of the French police were, the fate of Pichegru, and the barbarities which were exercised on the Breton peasants in the Paris dungeons, it is wisest, as far as Fouché and his myrmidons are concerned, to leave the matter at 'non-proven.' It may be remembered that an actor in the great Dreyfus drama, the notorious Colonel Henry, was found dead in circumstances strongly reminiscent of the fate both of Pichegru and of Wright.

One would dearly like to know what was passing in Napoleon's mind when he discussed European politics with Lord John Russell and gave vent to Liberal sentiments before Lord Ebrington and Mr. Standish. It was on February 26, 1815, that he embarked with Bertrand, Cambronne, Drouot, six hundred of the Old Guard, and a hundred Polish lancers, on that desperate adventure which was to lead him to Waterloo and St. Helena. How far, if at all, were his plans matured in the previous December? For some time

second day of the battle of Bautzen, May 20, 1813. He had been with Napoleon since the siege of Toulon, and was the man, with the possible exception of Lannes, for whom the Emperor felt more sympathy and affection than he ever bestowed on any human being.

past Sir Neil Campbell had noticed a growing disposition on the part of the Emperor to see less and less of him, though Napoleon's manner lost nothing of its former cordiality on the occasions when they did meet. There had been mysterious comings and goings, and rumours of projected enlistments. Pauline, the Emperor's youngest sister, the most intriguing woman of her day, had taken up her residence on the island, and Bonapartist agents were known to be busy in France and Italy.

Mr. Standish notices the evident signs of the straits to which Napoleon had been reduced by the neglect of the French Government to pay him the income stipulated at Fontainebleau. His pecuniary position was desperate: his wife and child had been taken from him, and the former was already being subjected by Metternich to the corrupting influence of Count Neipperg. He was under keen and by no means ill-founded apprehensions that the Barbary pirates, whose power was as yet undisciplined by the guns of Lord Exmouth, meditated a descent on Elba. Rumours had reached him from Vienna that some at least of the autocrats of Europe considered that an island in the Atlantic would be a safer prison than an island in the Mediterranean; and it had even been whispered that, in the famous words of Lord Essex, 'Stone-dead hath no fellow.'

It is possible, thinks Houssaye, that, if the Treaty of Fontainebleau had been faithfully carried out, and if the proceedings at Vienna had not raised dark suspicions in his mind, the Emperor might have remained content in his retreat. But, adds the French historian, it is most improbable. The violated treaty and the rumours of assassination and deportation served as pretexts for his escape, but they were only secondary causes. '*La cause déterminante fut l'état de la France sous la restauration. La cause première, ce fut que le petit souverain de l'île d'Elbe s'appelait Napoléon et qu'il avait quarante-cinq ans.*'

J. B. ATLAY.

PROVINCIAL LETTERS.

XV. BURY ST. EDMUNDS.

To sing thy beauties and thy environs
 Demands great Virgil's hundred mouths and tongues.

Dr. Winter.

I HAVE discovered at last what every man past fifty is for ever in search of, whether consciously or not—a place in which to set up one's rest for the years when the grasshopper becomes a burden. I had heard from many friends of the amenities of St. Edmundsbury, but in these matters one distrusts one's friends. There is no place so uninteresting that there cannot be found people who are content, and more than content, to live in it. The associations of childhood or courtship avail to transfigure with the glories of Paradise the very flattest landscape and the dreariest country town. I confess, and I do so with contrition, that when people spoke to me of Bury St. Edmunds, my memory reverted to a day I had once, by ill-fortune, been compelled to waste in another Suffolk town—the unromantic borough of Sudbury, a sleepy place if there ever was one, 'the very houses seemed asleep,' and the tired inhabitants looked like the citizens of Gonzalo's commonwealth—'no occupation, all men idle, all.' But of what injustice have I not been guilty to this exquisite spot! The arrogance of wishing to be more fastidious than my neighbours has been justly punished by too long ignorance of its charm. If I had but opened a guide-book I might have learned how Defoe spoke of it as 'famed for its pleasant situation and wholesome air, the Montpelier of Suffolk, perhaps of England!' Even then (who knows?) I might have remembered that Defoe retired hither after a year spent in Newgate, and after Newgate even Sudbury might have seemed 'the Montpelier of Suffolk, perhaps of England.' But how absolutely right and how discriminating Defoe was in his praise! Pleasant, indeed, is the situation—a long, sloping hill, stretching down to the valley of the Lark at the point where the Linnet joins it. And how wholesome the air! As I sit at my window upon Angel Hill—

the air
 Nimble and sweetly recommends itself
 Unto my gentle senses.

And I begin, though no sceptic, to have my suspicions that the world-renowned miracle of St. Edmund's incorruptible body may have owed less to the saint's virtue than to that of the delicate atmosphere. And then for the streets and houses. Were ever streets so clean since the great flood ; were ever houses so varied and so beautiful ? All styles meet here, from the substantial stone house of the Norman Jew, and the timber structures of the mediæval shopkeepers with their overhanging storeys, through Tudor brickwork with its new pride in chimney-stacks, to the classical *fascias* of the brothers Adam. Of the grandeur of the churches I must speak more particularly ; but even Dissent, in St. Edmundsbury, has lost half its evil by refusing to be pseudo-Gothic. The meeting-house to which Defoe was wont to turn his enfranchised steps is a dignified and simple structure of red (not brown) brick, built at a time when architects understood the beauty of proportion.

The one drawback to complete peace of mind in Bury comes from a contemplation of the ruins of the monastery. The day has gone by when the *virtuoso* could admire ruins for ruin's sake, and even construct artificial heaps of his own at the end of picturesque vistas in his pleasure grounds. We are all socialists now ; and a ruin is coming to be estimated at its real value in capital loss to the body politic. A twentieth-century poet, if such arises, will find himself inspired by the 'bare, ruin'd choirs' of Tintern and Fountains to a different strain of sentiment from that to which we are accustomed ; and the twentieth-century historian of Henry VIII. will hardly speak of that 'grim wolf' in the endearing phrases of Mr. Froude. Even the casual passenger of to-day, who knows how dead are both architecture and public spirit, mutters a malediction over the short-sighted cupidity which unroofed or pulled down so many magnificent buildings for the mere market price of their lead and stone. If the true tale of the spoliation of the monasteries ever gets into the popular histories, I should not be surprised if Mr. Lloyd-George, when in due course he becomes Prime Minister, saw his way to a bill for escheating a few of the larger English mansions for use as university colleges, as a tardy act of reprisal for the impropriation of these ancient homes of learning by our old nobility. The particular jackal who inherited the carcass of St. Edmund's Abbey, when the royal wolf had drained its blood, picked the bones remarkably clean. He left nothing but two gateways, one of the twelfth and one of the fourteenth century, and both so beautiful that it is a wonder he had

the heart to spare them. His name was John Eyre; and the rest of his acts may be read in the 'History and Fate of Sacrilege' of his relation, Sir Henry Spelman. He died without issue.

If it interests us to know how the monastery impressed Englishmen of that generation who had no desire for ill-gotten gains, we may turn to the 'Itinerary' of the King's librarian—the celebrated John Leland—who visited it during his grand tour through England in search of antiquities. These are his words:

The sun hath not seen either a City more finely seated (so delicately standeth it upon the easy ascent or hanging of an hill, and a little river runneth down on the east side thereof), or a goodlier Abbey; whether a man indifferently consider either the endowment with revenues, or the largeness, or the incomparable magnificence thereof. A man that saw the Abbey wou'd say verily it were a city: so many gates there are in it, and some of brass, so many towers, and a most stately church; upon which attend three¹ others also, standing gloriously in one and the same church-yard; all of passing fine and curious workmanship.

But within a year or two this goodly abbey was to have visitors of another type sent by Master Crumwell to spy out the land. There are preserved two letters relating to their visitation which throw light upon the methods employed to trump up a plausible case against the poor abbot and monks:

Please it your Mastership, forasmuche as I suppose ye shall have sute made unto you touching *Burie* ere we retorne, I thought convenient to advertise you of our Proceedings there and also of the Complaints of the same: As for th' Abbot, we founde nothing suspect as touching his lyving. But it was detected that he laye moche foorth in his granges; that he delited moche in playing at Dice and Cardes; and therein spente moche money, and in buylding for his Plesure. He did not preche openly; also that he converted divers fermes into copiehouldes, *whereof poore men doth complaine*: also he semeth to be addict to the maynteyning of suche superstitious ceremonies as hath ben used hertofore. As touching the

¹ Weever, who extracts this passage in his *Funeral Monuments*, notes in the margin that of the three churches there were but two then remaining, and these happily survive to this year of grace. They are large and good specimens of the Perpendicular style, and contain some notable features. St. Mary's open-timber roof is said to be one of the finest in the world, and the other, dedicated to St. James of Compostella, and built by Abbot Anselm (1119-48) in redemption of a pledge to go on pilgrimage to Santiago, has some Flemish glass, the purples in which—on the robes of some wicked elders—make us for once understand the taste of Dives. The churchyard passed with the monastic buildings to John Eyre, and in the eighteenth century was even sold by auction. It contains some interesting remains of a chapel called 'The Charnel,' built by Abbot John de Northwold in 1301, who noted 'not without sorrow of heart and pressure of vehement grief,' that the bones of the poor whose graves were wanted for some new tenant were 'indecently cast forth and left.' An attempt was made in the days of the Methodists to make these dry bones live by converting 'Le Charnelle' into a meeting-house.

Covent, we could get litle or no complaints amonge them, *although we did use moche diligens in oure examination*, and therby, with some other arguments gathered of their examinacions formerly, I beleve and suppose they had confedered and compacted before our comyng, that they should disolose nothing. Amongst the reliques we found mooh vanite and supersticion &c. And thus Almighty God have you in his tuition.

Your servaunt mooste bounden

From Burie, 5 Nov.

JOHN AP RICH.

An extract from the second letter shows where the real offence of the convent lay :

Pleasyth it youre Lordship to be advertised that wee have ben at Saynt Edmondsbury, where we found a riche shryne which was very comberous to deface. We have takyn in the seyde monastery in Golde and sylver 5000 markes and above, besyds as well a Riche Croos with emeredds, as also dyvers and sundry stones of grete value ; and yet we have left the church, Abbott, and Covent very well furnished with plate of sylver necessary for the same.

When the monastery was finally dissolved on November 4, 1539, the abbot Dominus Johannes Reve, of Melford,¹ received a pension of five hundred marks ; but he was not long a burden upon his impoverished Supreme Head, for within half a year he died of a broken heart. The researches of Dr. Montague James have revealed the fact that the library of the monastery contained some two thousand five hundred volumes, so that perhaps poor Abbot Reve and his forty-four monks did not spend their whole time in playing cards. From the Bury cloisters in the fifteenth century came the celebrated monk, John Boston, who roamed through England to make a single catalogue of the books in all the monastic libraries. From Bury came also a little later the poet John Lydgate, of whose voluminous works, if little is now read, much is still written by those who offer themselves for examination in English literature. And there were not a few chroniclers, Jocelin of Brakelonde and John of Everisden being the most famous, to whose labours we are indebted for a picture of the times when kings, and queens, and parliaments were proud to be the guests of St. Edmund, and the town earned its motto, *Sacrarium Regis Cunabula Legis*.

¹ Melford was a manor belonging to Bury, and a favourite residence of the abbots. As every reader of *Lavengro* will remember, the town is famous for its length ; the beautiful church is also remarkably long (180 feet), and beyond this again is a Lady chapel. Round the cornice of one of the side chapels runs a scroll inscribed with verses by Bury's poet Lydgate. The church has nearly a hundred windows, once filled with fifteenth-century glass. The remains of this, containing some pieces of an exquisite blue, have been collected into the lights of the east window, and as if to point the contrast of the centuries, it has been framed in a border of blue, such as only a nineteenth-century artist could have conceived.

Everybody knows the delightful chapters in 'Past and Present' in which Carlyle, following the Chronicle of Jocelin of Brakelonde, which had just been edited for the Camden Society (1840), tells again the story of the most famous of the abbots of St. Edmund—Abbot Samson. Pure historians have objected that his account of his hero is 'rhetoric rather than history,'¹ and pure Latinists may point out that he has not always rendered his text with exactness;² but he has given a fascinating picture of a great mediæval abbot, and probably has done more than any Churchman to render intelligible to modern England the part the monasteries once played. It is interesting also to remember that it was Carlyle who first, in our days, pointed out the absurdity of our praising Henry VIII. for robbing the commonwealth of these magnificent endowments. The manors belonging to Bury alone would be worth half a million in modern money. 'A sorrowful waste of noble wood and umbrage, perhaps among the saddest our England ever saw. Why will men destroy noble forests, even when in part a nuisance, in such reckless manner, turning loose four-footed beasts, and cattle, and Henry-the-Eighths into them?' Carlyle's name as a philosopher and man of letters is not for the moment current in England. His reputation has been sadly wounded in the house of his friends. But a modern reader in search of the picturesque might still do worse than take down 'Past and Present,' and read the section that treats of St. Edmundsbury. One of the quaintest of Jocelin's stories, which Carlyle reproduces, is that of Samson's mission to Rome on the convent's behalf, while he was a schoolmaster and before he became a monk. It was in the days of the anti-pope Octavian, who was supported by the Emperor, and so messengers carrying letters to Rome had to run the risk, as they crossed Germany, of being hanged or maimed by the honest German knights. Samson, even thus early, showed himself a person of resource. As England sided with the pope of Rome, and Scotland, in consequence, with the anti-pope, Samson thought it prudent to travel as a Scot. This is the account he gave to his chaplain Jocelin, in Carlyle's rendering: 'Putting on the garb of a Scotchman, and taking the

¹ See the life in *Dictionary of National Biography*.

² Thus when Samson, on his election after paying homage to the King, turns to the altar and sings the *Miserere* 'with firm voice, firm step and head, no change in his countenance whatever,' the King is made to say: 'By God's eyes, that one, I think, will govern the Abbey well!' What the King did say was 'that abbot elect seems to think he can govern an abbey' (*iste electus videtur sibi dignus abbacie custodienda*).

gesture of one, I walked along ; and when anyone mocked at me, I would brandish my staff in the manner of that weapon they call *gaveloc*, uttering comminatory words after the manner of the Scotch. To those that met and questioned me who I was, I made no answer but *Ride, ride Rome, turne Cantwæreberei.* Samson's study in Scottish ethics is interesting even to-day ; but his answer to rude questioners is cryptic, and we may suspect corruption. One wonders if the good Jocelin has given the second verb incorrectly, not recognising some Scottish *vox comminatoria*, or 'sweer word.'

Since the suppression of its abbey Bury has not come much into the light of publicity, until the other day, when a dispute arose about some bones said to be those of St. Edmund, which were to be given to the Roman Cathedral in Westminster, and Sir Ernest Clarke demonstrated that they had never belonged to the saint. But we meet with it under a more ambiguous aspect, in the year 1664, when the assizes were made memorable by the last trial of witches in England. Twenty years before as many as forty poor bodies, whom the infamous Hopkins denounced as witches, were hanged ; but the later trial has been fully reported, and is interesting from the eminence of the persons concerned in it. On the bench was Sir Matthew Hale, Kt., Lord Chief Baron of his Majesty's Court of Exchequer, and among the evidence called was that of Dr. Brown, of Norwich. Two poor widows of Lowestoft, Rose Cullender and Amy Dury, were charged with bewitching two children, Elizabeth and Dorothy Pacey, so that they had terrible fits, and, moreover, vomited a vast number of pins and twopenny nails. The fits went on in court, but without the production of nails or pins. One of the witnesses called was an aunt of the girls living at Yarmouth, to whom the children had been sent. This deponent said that she gave no credit to what was related to her, conceiving possibly the children might use some deceit in putting pins into their mouths themselves. Whereupon she had unpinned all their clothes and left not so much as one pin upon them, but sewed all the clothes they wore instead of pinning them. But notwithstanding all this care and circumspection of hers, the children afterwards raised at several times at least thirty pins in her presence, and had most fierce and violent fits upon them in which they would cry out against Rose Cullender and Amy Dury, affirming that they saw them and they threatened to torment them ten times more if they complained of them. Sometimes the children would see things run up and down the house in the appearance of mice ;

and one of them suddenly snapped one with the tongs and threw it into the fire, when it screeched out like a rat. At another time the younger child, being out of her fits, went out of doors to take a little fresh air, and presently a little thing like a bee flew upon her face, and would have gone into her mouth, whereupon the child ran in all haste to the door to get into the house again, screeching out in a most terrible manner. Whereupon the deponent made all haste to come to her, but before she could get to her the child fell into her swooning fit, and at last, with much pain, straining herself, she vomited up a twopenny nail with a broad head, and after that the child had raised up the nail she came to her understanding; and being demanded by this deponent how she came by this nail, she answered that the bee brought the nail and forced it into her mouth.

This picture of a bee carrying a twopenny nail does not seem to have disturbed the gravity of the court; for, of course, a bee might be bewitched as well as a human being, and so perform prodigies out of nature. The most interesting feature of the trial to us of to-day is the evidence of the famous author of the 'Vulgar Errors,' which is worth transcribing:

There was also Dr. Brown, of Norwich, a person of great knowledge, who, after the evidence given, and upon view of the persons in court, was desired to give his opinion, what he did conceive of them. He was clearly of opinion that the persons were bewitched; and said that in Denmark there had been lately a great discovery of witches, who used the very same ways of afflicting persons, by conveying pins into them, and crooked as these pins were, with needles and nails. And his opinion was, that the Devil in such cases did work upon the bodies of men and women upon a natural foundation, that is, to stir up and excite such humours superabounding in these bodies to a great excess, whereby he did in an extraordinary manner afflict them with such distemper as their bodies were most subject to, as particularly appeared in these children. For he conceived that these swoounding fits were natural, and nothing else but that they call the *Mother*, but only heightened to a great excess by the subtilty of the Devil, co-operating with the malice of those which we term witches.

One reads with satisfaction that there was one person present with a judicial mind. A certain Mr. Sergeant Keeling was 'much unsatisfied' with the evidence, and thought it insufficient to warrant a conviction, saying that 'no person was in safety if it be applied to the prisoners upon the imagination of the persons afflicted.' Notwithstanding his protest, however, these poor widows, who had perhaps annoyed the Pacey children while they were at Lowestoft and so got on their nerves, were hanged for having sent pins and twopenny nails by bee-post all the way to Yarmouth.

URBANUS SYLVAN.

*ROSE OF THE WORLD.*¹

BY AGNES AND EGERTON CASTLE.

CHAPTER VIII.

'JANI,' said her mistress, 'bring me Captain English's box !'

The ayah stared as if she could not have heard aright. There followed a strange oppressive silence, in which the lapping of the waters in the inner marble spaces seemed to take whispering voices of amazement. Then Lady Gerardine, standing straight and impassive by her dressing-table, her head just turned aside from the reflection of her own beauty, repeated her order in the same hard, uninflected tone.

'Captain English's box ; bring it to me.'

Jani looked sharply up at the speaker's face and clapped her hands together with the wail of the children of her race when sudden trouble comes upon them.

'Ai, ai !'

'Go,' said Lady Gerardine.

Grudgingly Jani turned to obey. She went, muttering to herself, groping in her soul for the reason of this strange and most unexpected order—an order so out of keeping with the whole tenor of her mistress's life, that it rang in her ears like a menace of calamity.

It was a small thing enough, a common battered tin box, to rank with such importance. But it held tragedy : more than tragedy, a woman's murdered youth. Well did Jani remember the day it had come back to the little home, up in the hills—all that was left to them of their handsome young lord. They could not carry Rosamond back her dead ; what soldier's widow can hope for that last tragic comfort ? But the few tangible traces he had left behind him : these were hers by right, and to her they were brought, with scarcely less reverence than if they had been his honoured remains—the journal he had kept for her during yonder endless months of siege ; the letters he had written her, never to post ; his notes ;

¹ Copyright, 1904, by Egerton Castle, in the United States of America.

sundry trifling belongings, marked with that poignant personal touch which seems to inflict the hardest pain of all.

One can kneel in uplifted resignation beside the awful grandeur of the soul-abandoned clay. But the old pipe, burned down on one side, the worn glove . . . over these trivial relics the heart breaks. Rosamond English, in her nausea of misery, her rebellion against the unaccepted unrealisable sorrow, could not look at them, could not touch the poor memorials. She thrust them back into the battered box away from her sight, and with them all the garnered treasures of her brief girlhood and of her briefer wifehood : the simple keepsake, the dried flowers—sprig from her wedding bouquet, bridal wreath—the letters to the betrothed, the first letters to the wife. Things of no worth, yet full of hideous potentialities of grief : symbols of what had been, what might have been. ‘ Away, away with them ! ’ cried her sick heart, ‘ out of my sight for ever ! ’

And now she was to break open the coffin to look upon the horror of the murdered thing that was her youth ; she who had nailed it down so fast, buried it so deep !

Jani laid the box at her mistress’s feet and loosened the cords slowly and with protest.

‘ Go, leave me now,’ said Rosamond, ‘ and let no one disturb me. Leave me ! ’ she ordered sharply, as once more the ayah hesitated. And Jani slunk way, dragging noiseless feet, her dim mind filled with inarticulate foreboding.

Rosamond drew a long breath as the hangings fell. Surely, surely, if there be anything to which one has a right, in this grinding world, it is to be alone with one’s dead !

She took the key from where she had herself placed it ready to her hand on the table : a black rusty thing amid all the jewels and costly trinkets which it was Sir Arthur Gerardine’s pleasure to provide for the adornment of the most beautiful of all his attributes—his wife. She knelt down and inserted it in the lock ; and then she paused, passing her hand across her damp forehead.

Inexorable fate ! She for years had walked in the company of some creature of horror, the face of which had been mercifully veiled ; she had carried a mortal anguish cunningly lulled to sleep. Now her hand must lift the veil. . . . Now no opiate would further serve her : she must face the pain.

For a moment yet she hesitated : the last recoil of the flesh.

Then the courage which despair or resignation lends—that rise of the spirit to meet the inevitable which seldom fails even the lowest human being at the end—brought back strength sufficient. She turned the key, drew out the rusty hasp, and opened the casket of her dead past.

The breath that rushed at her from the gaping box seized her by the throat. The unfading scent of the faded orange blossom ; the very atmosphere of the lost presence, of the tobacco he had been wont to use, of the Russian-leather pocket-books she had given him ; a faint, faint whisper of the English lavender her hands had been so careful to set for him, since he loved it. And, over all, through all, some odour of the siege : of strife, fever, bloodshed, and death—eastern, indescribable, terrible ! Her soul sickened away.

No, the past was not dead ! It had but lain in wait for her all these years. It had but gathered force to spring upon her in the fated hour. None can escape destiny. Here was the cup she had refused to drain ; here were the tears of which she had cheated her heart ; here, even, was the intensity of her lost youth, that she might mourn the husband of her girlhood as it had been written she must mourn.

She rose to her feet. A cry rang in her ears like the cry of an animal hurt ; and she never knew that it had come from her own lips. Through gathering mists she saw Jani reappear and run towards her ; and, summoning all her failing energies in one supreme effort, she called out in distinct tones :

‘Close the box and let no one touch it.’

Then she fell like a mown lily, straight and long, beside it.

CHAPTER IX.

For thirty-six hours the unconsciousness for which she had longed cradled Rosamond, and when she came to herself it was slowly and with dimness. Three times, indeed, did day and night slip by her in her darkened and silent room before she even began to wonder how it was she should be left in such peace. But upon the fourth dawn, as the sun set to work to paint once more the jewel glories of her walls, memory came back upon her like a torrent.

She sat up, wildly crying :

‘Jani, the box ! What have they done with the box ?’

The ayah's arms were round her in a second. Jani whispered and soothed her mistress as, long ago, she had soothed her nursing. Safe was the mem sahib's box ; no one should lay finger on it but herself. But the mem sahib must be good and sleep, for Jani was by her. And Rosamond let her head rest gratefully upon the wasted bosom that once had held such loving bounties for her, and from thence slid back upon her pillows into forgetfulness again. She was weary still, with a great and blessed weariness.

Dr. Saunders paid brief daily visits. In Sir Arthur's opinion he was inclined to make culpably light of the whole affair—to allow those unimportant fever cases in the compound to weigh against the indisposition of the Lieutenant-Governor's wife.

It is a notable fact that the medical man treats the feminine syncope as not calling for much notice. And though the excellent Scot conceded that there might be some shock caused by the fall, to account for the prolonged unconsciousness, he declined to admit to Sir Arthur there was ground for anxiety or to recommend any treatment but quiet—absolute quiet. The preliminary symptom of irritability towards himself which Sir Arthur commented upon as extraordinary and alarming, Dr. Saunders in so many words declined, as a waste of time, even to discuss.

Nevertheless, as days succeeded each other and the patient's languor, not to say apathy, continued unabated, Dr. Saunders abruptly changed his tactics and informed his Excellency that he had better lose no time in sending his wife home.

'Pack her off,' he said brusquely.

'Pack her off !' The choice of words was as unfitting as the idea they embodied was distasteful.

'I thought,' said Sir Arthur loftily, 'that you were aware, Dr. Saunders, of my intention of progressing homewards next month.'

'Well, I should pack off Lady Gerardine by the next boat,' said the Doctor, no whit abashed. 'There's a good deal of sickness about, and I should not like to take the responsibility of keeping her on here in this condition. She's in a queer low state—damn queer low state, Sir Arthur.'

Sir Arthur puffed an angry breath down his nostrils and fixed a withering gaze on the other's dry, impassive countenance.

What sort of a physician was this who, having charge of the precious health of such a distinguished household, could allow one

of its most important members to get into a damn queer low state and then brazenly announce the fact? Sir Arthur, a spot of red anger burning upon each cheekbone, gave Dr. Saunders clearly to understand how grossly he had failed in his post of trust, and announced his own intention of procuring higher opinion without delay. Whereat the doctor shrugged his shoulders and drove off in his little trap at break-neck speed, as philosophically as ever.

The higher medical opinion was procured. And though it was enveloped in phraseology better suited to the patient's distinguished station, it was substantially the same as the first—with the single difference that it seemed to take a more serious view of the case. Lady Gerardine was once more ordered home with the least possible delay, this time under penalties so obscurely hinted at as to seem far more alarming than the most explicit statement.

Sir Arthur's irritable anxiety caught fire again. He hastened the departure with as much energy as he had hitherto displayed in repudiating the idea. Truth to tell, no prescription could have well been less pleasing to him. Precluded himself by public business from leaving before his allotted time, not only would his stately 'progress' home be sorely shorn of its chief adornment, but the visit of his distinguished relative, Lady Aspasia Melbury, would have to be unceremoniously postponed. Moreover, it was never part of his views of the marital state to allow his beautiful wife to remove herself more than a day's journey from his personal influence. Scornfully as he would have repudiated any suggestion of jealousy (and indeed, as Aspasia had asserted, he was perhaps too vain a man to entertain so unflattering a guest in the complacency of his thoughts), he had, whether from long residence in the East or natural disposition, an almost oriental manner of regarding the wife as an appanage to the man's estate—a satellite, pleasing and brilliant enough, but yet a mere satellite in the greater luminary's orbit of glory. And therefore, while feverishly speeding the necessary preparations, he could not but let it be seen that he was disappointed, not to say hurt, that there should be any necessity for them.

Lady Gerardine showed herself as gently indifferent to reproach as she had been to solicitude. But the physician's wisdom was so far justified that, from the moment she was told of his decision, she roused herself and began to take some interest in life again.

‘Home,’ she said, ‘England! Oh, I am glad!’

And, by and by, when she was alone with Aspasia, she began, to the girl’s delight, to discuss plans with quite an eagerness in her weak voice.

They were in a long cool room, one of the bygone zenana apartments preserved practically untouched, which opened upon the one side into the garden through the arches of a colonnade, and was secluded even from that quiet spot by marvellous stone lace-work screens, each different down to the smallest detail of design, yet all in harmony. However the small dusky Eastern beauties may have rebelled in their day against these exquisite prison walls, the present Northern mistress of the whilom palace found pleasure in their very seclusion, their apartness; and, according to her wont, she feasted her soul lazily on their artistic perfections.

She was stretched on a highly painted Indian couch which had been converted into a sofa, and let her eyes wander from the carving of the window screens themselves to their even lovelier reflections, cut in grey shadow on the white marble of the pavement. From the inner rooms the waters of the baths played murmurous accompaniment to her thought and her interrupted speech. Aspasia, squatting on the rug at the foot of the couch, listened, commented and suggested.

The latter had not yet quite overcome her horrified sense of guilt in connection with Lady Gerardine’s singular breakdown. Without being able to piece together any reasonable explanation of late events, she felt instinctively that there was more than met the eye; that there was in the web of her aunt’s life, so to speak, an under-warpage of unknown colour and unexpected strength; that behind the placid surface there lay secret depths; and that her own trifling treachery had unwittingly set forces in motion with incalculable possibilities. She had gone about, these days, with a solemn look—a living presentment of childish anxiety. The scared shadow was still on her pretty face as she now sat in attendance.

‘Home in six weeks . . .’ said Rosamond dreamily. ‘We shall still find violets amid the dark-green leaves, Baby, and brown and yellow chrysanthemums on the top of their frost-bitten stalks.’

‘And is it not jolly,’ said Aspasia, hugging her knees, ‘to think that we can go and paddle about in the wet as much as ever we like, without anyone after us! And isn’t it delightful to be going off just our two selves. Oh! Aunt Rosamond, you gave me an awful fright, you know; but really it was rather well done of you, to

faint off like that. You see, the doctor says, whatever they do, now, they're not to contradict you. If ever I get an illness I hope it will be that sort. It is worth anything to be leaving Runkle behind.'

Rosamond did not answer, unless a small secret smile in her pillows could be called an answer.

'I don't suppose,' proceeded Baby, emboldened, 'that you have ever been free from the dear Runkle for more than three days at a time since you married him.'

The phrase being a mere statement of fact, it was again left without response.

'And really,' pursued Aspasia, warming to her subject, 'the way he pounced upon us last summer up in the hills was enough to ruin the nerves of a camel. No sooner gone than he was back. Positively one would rather have had him at home the whole time!'

Force of comparison evidently could no further go. Lady Gerardine gave one of her rare laughs. Baby's face was all wrathful gravity.

Poor Sir Arthur! Disciplinarian as he was, he failed to inspire his immediate circle with anything like average respect. It was a study in morals to watch the rapidity with which the first awe of some newly joined member of his English staff, the flattered reverential fascination produced by early intercourse with the great man, gave way to the snigger, the jeer, the grudging submission. But, serene in his own consciousness of power and his own heaven-born gift of applying it, Sir Arthur laid down the law smilingly and inflexibly; and the native world about him, at least, bowed to his rule with impassive face and supple back. And, if there were any symptoms of that mutiny which his niece declared a long continuance of his rule must inevitably foster, it is quite certain that he would have refused to believe in it until the rebel's knife was actually at his throat.

'Ah,' cried he, coming in upon them at the sound of his wife's laugh, 'that's better! I thought we should soon have you on the right road when Sir James took you in hand.'

Sir James's harmless ammonia mixture, orange-scented, differed as little from Dr. Saunders' sedative drops as the pith of his flowery advice from the latter's blunt statement. But Dr. Saunders was in deep disgrace, and would probably remain so until the Governor's next colic.

Lady Gerardine's face had instantly fallen back to its usual expression of indifference.

'I hope you weren't listening,' cried Aspasia pertly, 'we were just saying what a bore you are.'

Sir Arthur laughed again, very guilelessly, and stooped to pinch her little pink ear.

'I have wired to Sir James to have his opinion upon the best resort for you in England, until my arrival, dear. His answer has just come.'

He spread out the flimsy sheet and ran his short trim finger along the lines: 'Decidedly Brighton, Margate, or Eastbourne.' It is evident he thinks you require bracing.'

'I have quite decided where I am going,' answered Lady Gerardine, turning her head on her cushion to look at him.

'Eh?' cried Sir Arthur, scarce able to believe his ears.

'I have been unable to talk business, hitherto,' proceeded his wife gently. 'But I wanted to tell you I have decided: I go to Saltwoods.'

'To Saltwoods?' His eyes were fixed, protruding, in displeased amazement.

To Saltwoods, that paltry little Dorsetshire manor-house which, by the recent demise of Captain English's mother, had devolved upon his young widow! The Old Ancient House, as it was invariably called throughout the countryside, set in such preposterous isolation that the letting of it on any terms had ever remained an impossibility—the legacy was by no means acceptable to Sir Arthur. The various sums that he had already had to disburse for its upkeep and repairs had been a very just grievance with him; and one of the many matters of business he had resolved to accomplish on his return to England was the sale, at any loss, of this inconvenient estate.

'I mean to go there,' said Lady Gerardine in the same tone of delicate deliberation, but sitting up among her cushions and pushing the hair from her forehead with the gesture that he had already learned to regard with some dismay as indicative of 'her nervous moments.' 'Old Mary, the housekeeper, can easily get in a couple of country girls, and that will do for me and Aspasia very well.'

'Preposterous! Now that's what I call perfectly idiotic! I don't want to find fault with you, my dear girl, and of course you've been ill and all that. But it's quite evident you are not yet in a state to see things in their right light. "A case of sudden neurasthenia upon a highly sensitive organisation," as Sir James says.'

This was certainly a more suitable definition of her ladyship's

malady than the 'damn queer low state' of Dr. Saunders; and Sir Arthur rolled it with some complacency upon his tongue.

'There, there, we won't discuss the matter any more just now. Rely upon me to arrange all that is necessary in the most suitable and satisfactory manner.' He drew a carved stool to the head of the couch, and possessed himself of her hand in his affectionate way. 'There, there, she must not be worried!'

Across the fatigue of Lady Gerardine's countenance came an expression that was almost a faint amusement, tempered with pity. Aspasia watching, very demure, mouse-still, from her lowly post, found the situation one of interest.

'You are always kind,' said Rosamond then; 'but I shall be better at Saltwoods than anywhere. You forget that I have work to do.'

'Work?' echoed Sir Arthur. He drew back to contemplate her uneasily; positively this sounded like wandering.

'It was your wish,' she continued (could there lurk in that soft voice an undertone of resentment?) 'that I should . . . look over'—she hesitated as if she could not pronounce her dead husband's name and remodelled her phrase—'that I should assist Major Bethune with his book.'

'Ah!'

Sir Arthur remembered. But the proposition was none the less absurd. That Lady Gerardine, too delicate to be able to remain with him—with him, Sir Arthur, the Lieutenant-Governor, at a moment when a hostess was eminently needed at Government House—should be taking into her calculations the claims of so unimportant a personality as that of poor dead and gone English, was, for all his consciously punctilious chivalry towards his predecessor's shade, a piece of irritating feminine perversity that positively stank in Sir Arthur's nostrils. He snorted. For a moment, indeed, he was really angry. And the sharpness of his first exclamation brought the blood racing to Aspasia's cheeks. She hesitated on the point of interference. But the invalid's unruffled demeanour made no demand upon assistance. Suddenly realising himself the unfitness of his tone towards a neurasthenic patient of highly sensitive organisation, Sir Arthur dropped from loud indignation to his usual indulgent pitch:

'See, my love, how perverse you are. First, when it seemed a mere matter of justice to poor English's memory and could have been accomplished with a very trifling expenditure of trouble, you

were opposed to the matter. And now, when, as Sir James says, it is so important for you to have absolute rest, to put even your ordinary correspondence on one side, you tell me, childishly, that it is my wish you should *work*! I hope, I hope,' said Sir Arthur, appealing to space, 'that I am not an unreasonable man.'

'I was wrong,' said Lady Gerardine; 'I do not intend to do it because it was your wish, but because it is now mine.'

Once again Sir Arthur paused for want of the phrase that would fit his sense of the extraordinary attitude of his wife and yet not induce any recurrence of the dreaded symptoms. Then a brilliant solution of the difficulty flashed across his mind.

'I will write and inform Major Bethune of the necessary postponement of the whole affair. And now, not a word more.'

Lady Gerardine smiled, but it was with lips that were growing pale.

'I have myself written to Major Bethune,' said she. 'It is all settled. He will be travelling by our boat and will come to me at Saltwoods as soon as I am ready for him.'

She sank a fraction deeper among her cushions as she spoke, and a blue shade gathered about her mouth and nostrils. Aspasia scrambled to her feet in time to arrest the storm that was threatening in clouds upon her uncle's brow.

'For heaven's sake,' she cried, 'hold your tongue and go away, Runkle. You'll kill her!' She dived for the smelling-salts and shrieked for Jani. 'Good gracious,' she rated him, holding the bottle with pink, shaky fingers to the waxen nostrils, 'after all the doctors said, and everything!'

Sir Arthur retired, remarkably crestfallen, to his study. How was a man to exercise the proper marital control upon the marble-white obstinacy of a fainting woman?

Neurasthenic shock was a very fine diagnosis. But it was a question, after all—he lit his cheroot—whether a 'damn queer state' did not more aptly picture the actual condition of affairs.

The receipt of a letter from Lady Aspasia Melbury was the first drop of balm in his Excellency's unwontedly distasteful cup. She pooh-poohed his old-fashioned suggestion that the hostess's enforced absence necessitated a postponement of her visit—announced her arrival at the prescribed time, and her conviction that she and her cousin would get on 'like a house on fire.' Such being the great lady's opinion, the great man was delighted; and,

before many further hours had gone by, the younger and less important Aspasia, with hardly suppressed giggles, heard him hold forth at the dinner table to the following effect :

‘What my wife requires really is absolute country quiet. I have arranged that she should pass her first weeks in England at her own little place in Dorsetshire, a charming old manor-house. She naturally does not wish to see much society till my return ; and, anyhow, there is a small piece of work which she is undertaking at my suggestion.’ Here he whispered audibly to the General—his guest of the evening : ‘Poor English, you know—a little biography we are getting up about him. He was killed, you remember, in that Baroghil expedition.’

‘Umph, yes ; I remember, Inziri Pass—seven years ago, nasty business,’ grumbled the General, as he guzzled his soup ; and Aspasia’s eyes danced and her cheeks grew pink with suppressed laughter. Young Simpson thought she was laughing at him, and became abjectly wretched for the evening.

.

Having re-established his supremacy to his own satisfaction, Sir Arthur took an enormous interest in the protocol of his wife’s departure. As he himself intended to accompany her to Bombay—he was to meet Lady Aspasia at an intermediate town on her way north—all the pomp and circumstance in which his soul delighted was to grace the occasion : the escorts, the salutes, the special trains and so forth. Finding that Major Bethune was bound by the same boat, he annexed him to his ‘progress,’ with a condescension peculiarly his own. ‘He is engaged in some literary work, at my request. A very good kind of fellow ; very intelligent, too,’ he explained.

And so Raymond Bethune found himself one of the Lieutenant-Governor’s brilliant retinue that autumn evening of the departure. ‘A silent, unemotional man,’ Sir Arthur might have added to his description, had he, in his own sublime content, ever thought of examining the impressions of others.

Yet, under his impassive exterior, Raymond Bethune was conscious of a keener interest than he had felt these many years. But it was not in the smartness of the Lieutenant-Governor’s escort, in the gorgeousness of his equipages or the general splendour of the magnate himself that he found food for speculation ; it was in the personality of Sir Arthur’s wife—a repellent yet fascinating

enigma. His thoughts perpetually worked round it without being able to solve it.

In another manner, a sweet, vague stirring of his being—totally new experience this!—the girlish presence of Aspasia filled his mind also to an unacknowledged degree. He felt as if his life had been caught up out of its own vastly different course and suddenly intertwined with that of these two women; the one whose every action, every word, was mysterious to him; and the other, clear to the eye as running water, child-heart, child-soul, impulse elemental, nature itself from her spontaneous laugh to her frank impertinence.

‘Do you know,’ whispered Aspasia to him, as they stood side by side under the great colonnade waiting for their turn to descend to the carriage, ‘I have been hating myself ever since I was such a beast about poor Aunt Rosamond. I think it has half killed her, this business. Even the Runkle wants her to give it up while she’s so ill.’

The man’s eyes had been lost in a musing contemplation of the rosy pointed face surrounded by diaphanous folds of grey gauze. A dainty figure was Aspasia in her soft greys—the sort of travelling companion a man might gladly take with him through the arid and dusty journey of life. But at these words his singular light gaze kindled.

‘Surely,’ said he, ‘you do not connect Lady Gerardine’s illness with anything that you or I have done? That would be absurd, in the circumstances’—he threw a scornful glance about him—‘too absurd a proposition to be entertained for a moment.’ (‘This sensibility in a woman who has consoled herself so quickly and to such good purpose!’ he added to himself.)

‘Oh,’ said Aspasia back, in a brisk angry whisper, ‘you don’t understand, and neither do I. But I feel, and you don’t . . . and I think you are perfectly hateful!’

She had caught his look, followed his thought, and was indignant.

And now out into the divine Indian evening they set. The travellers, with their crowd of attendants, moved of necessity slowly, for Lady Gerardine went upon her husband’s arm, in the languor of the semi-invalid. Through the frowning gateway, down the stairway they passed, to halt again before the last flight of steps. Rosamond drew herself away from Sir Arthur’s support, leaned up against the rough stone slabs of the wall and laid a slender gloved hand absently in one of five prints that mark it.

‘Do you see those?’ cried Baby, turning, all her ill-humour forgotten in her desire to impart a thrilling piece of information to Major Bethune as he walked behind her. ‘Do you see those funny marks? Those are supposed to be made by the hands of the queens, when they came down to be burned. Ugh! I say, Aunt Rosamond, are not you rather glad you are not an ancient Indian princess, and that Runkle is not an old rajah, and that you’ve not got to look forward to frizzle on his pyre?’

‘You forget,’ came Rosamond’s dreamy voice in reply, ‘I should not have been alive to grace Sir Arthur’s pyre. My ashes would have mingled with other ashes long, long before. . . . Oh, I’m not so sure,’ she went on, again fitting a delicate hand into the sinister prints, ‘I am not sure that it was not a kind law in the end.’

‘Gracious!’ cried the irrepressible Aspasia, with a shriek and a laugh. And then she whispered, all bubbling mischief, into Bethune’s ear: ‘The poor Runkle, he is not as bad as all that, after all!’

Then, at sight of his face, she suddenly fell grave; and the two stood looking at each other. Bethune had first been startled by Lady Gerardine’s look and accents even more than by the words themselves. The next moment, however, he mentally shrugged the shoulder of contempt.

Whom did she think to take in by her affectation of sensibility, this languid, self-centred creature in the midst of her chosen luxury?

Thus, when his eyes met Aspasia’s, they were sad with the scorn of things, sad for the sordid trickeries of the soul of her on whom the love of his dead friend had been lavished.

Sir Arthur, with touching unconsciousness of the interlude, was once again affectionately sustaining his wife. Then, as the procession moved on once more, Baby, troubled and discomfited—she could have hardly explained why—moved childishly close to Raymond Bethune, and shivered a little.

‘I am glad to be getting away from this haunted place and this uncanny country,’ she whispered again. ‘I feel sure I should have ended by making one of these dreadful natives stick a knife into me. I am always plunging in upon their feelings and offending their castes, and all the rest of it. Just look at Saif-u-din’s face—Runkle’s new secretary—I never saw such a glare as he threw upon us all just now. I suppose he thought we were making fun of

their precious suttee !' Aspasia's idea of native distinctions was still of the vaguest.

Bethune turned the keen gaze of the conscious dominator upon the man that Aspasia had indicated with her little indiscreet finger. The red-turbaned, artistically draped figure, with the noble dusky head and the fan-shaped raven beard, was striding in their wake with a serene dignity that looked as if nothing could ever ruffle it. Had he been ruffled ? Had the glare existed merely in Aspasia's imagination ? While recognising a Pathan (whose contempt for the Hindoo probably exceeded Baby's own), Bethune knew that it was quite possible the irritable pride of the mountain man had taken fire at some real or fancied slight ; but the betrayal could have been no more than a flash.

The Major of Guides smiled to himself. He knew his native : the man who will never give you more than an accidental peep of the bared blade in the velvet sheath—no, not till he means to strike ! About this fellow, a splendid specimen of the noblest race, a creature cut out of steel and bronze, there was, he thought, a more than usual sinister hint of the wild nature under all the exquisite manner and the perfect self-restraint ; and he found himself regarding him with the complacent eye of the connoisseur. The artistic lion-tamer likes his lions savage.

As he looked he wondered once and again how one so evidently a son of the warlike Pathans could have sought the pacific calling of secretary.

Sir Arthur was taking his new toy down to Bombay with him, where there were, he had been informed, certain documents which might be of value to the 'monumental work.' And so it came to pass that Bethune and Muhammed Saif-u-din, destined to share one of the subordinate vehicles, found themselves presently standing side by side at the foot of the steps.

Whether because of the interest he must have seen he had inspired in the officer, or whether he was simply drawn towards him by his racial military instincts, Raymond could not determine, but, as they halted, well nigh shoulder to shoulder, the Pathan suddenly wheeled round, looked him full in the face in his turn, then smiled. It was a frank smile, showing a flash of splendid teeth ; and it lit up the fierce, proud features in a way that was at once bright and sad.

'It would be curious,' reflected Bethune, 'to know what sort of a soul dwells in that envelope, which might become the greatest

gentleman on earth. I'll warrant the fellow has many a bloody page in his story that a man might scarce look upon, and yet he has got a smile to stir you like a woman's.'

The first horses of the escort began to move with much crisp action, for Sir Arthur was at last installed in his state chariot. Through the great glass windows he might be seen and admired of all beholders, feeling his wife's pulse with an air of profound concern; while she, submissive, her patient smile upon her lips, was gazing up into his face with gentle abstracted eyes.

'A model couple!' sneered Bethune to himself. And, turning impatiently aside to devote his attention to the more pleasing subject of the oriental, he found the latter just in the act of dropping his glance from the same spectacle, and thought to notice a flicker as of kindred scorn pass across the statuesque composure of the dark face.

'For ever will the East and the West be as poles apart,' cogitated the soldier, even as M. Châtelard had done; 'upon no point do they in their heart more despise us than in our subserviency to our women. I am not sure,' he pursued to himself, cynically, as the splendid presence of Saif-u-din settled itself with dignity upon the seat beside him; 'I am not sure but that the orientals knew what they were about when they made their laws concerning the false and mischievous sex.'

Loud and deep rang the great guns of the salute: their Excellencies had started. Rosamond Gerardine was bound for England. In a waggon, at the tail of all the other equipages, sat Jani, withered and sad-faced, wrapt in her thoughts as closely as in her dusky chuddah. She would not talk with the bearers or even lament her coming exile. She held on tightly with one thin brown hand to a much battered military tin case, which she herself had laid on the seat beside her. No one else would she permit to touch it. The other servants mocked her about it, vowing it was full of her hoardings and that they would rob her of it. At that she would menace them fiercely with her monkey paw. Strange, sad, inscrutable little Parca keeping guard on the fate of lives!

CHAPTER X.

BOMBAY, a very dream-city, was fading—ever more dreamlike, enwrapped in pale-tinted sunset mists—into the distance.

The salt breeze was in their faces; in their ears was the rushing

of the waters from the sides of the ship as she cut her way through. Already the something of England that the sea must always bring her children, the surroundings of an English ship especially, was about them! They seemed to have come from the land of languor and secret doings into open life, into simple action, into a busy, wholesome stir.

Beneath them pulsed the great heart of the ship, white foam pointing her way as she forged ahead. Behind her stretched the furrow of her course, two long lines, ever wider divergent till they lost themselves to the eye. And now, by some fantastic mirage effect, the great oriental port, with its glimmering minarets and cupolas, showed as if caught up into the sky itself. Let but this iron heart labour on a little while longer, let but this eager prow cut its way a little deeper towards the sunset, and the East would have vanished altogether. . . . The travellers would not even see the first glimmer of her evening lights hang a jewel necklace on the horizon, so swiftly had the sea laid hold of them.

Homeward bound! The step from pier to steamer had already severed the link of their strange affinity with the East. Its mystery had fallen from them. Already this was England. Rosamond Gerardine and Aspasia, side by side, watched the shores retreat, fade, sink, and vanish.

'Good-bye, India!' said Aspasia, her head sentimentally inclined, dropping at last the little handkerchief with which she had been frantically signalling long after there was any possibility of the vessel being descried from the land otherwise than as a black spot; 'Good-bye, India, and hey for home!'

Lady Gerardine fixed the fading vision with wide, abstracted eyes.

'God grant,' she said, under her breath, more to herself than to the girl beside her, 'that I may never see those shores again!'

'Amen!' said Aspasia, cheerfully.

Rosamond laid her hand upon Aspasia's wrist as they leaned against the railings and pressed it with a grasp that almost hurt.

'An accursed land!' she went on, this time in a low, intense voice. It was as if she flung anathema to the retreating shores. 'Cruel, cruel, treacherous! Oh, God, what has it not already cost us English! Is there a home among us that has not paid its blood tribute to that relentless monster? Listen, child. I was as young as you when I last beheld its shores—thus—from the sea. It was in the dawn (it is fit it should now be dusk), and we stood together

as I stand beside you to-day. And I saw it grow out of the sky, even with the dawn, a city of rose, of pearl, beyond words beautiful—unimaginable, it seemed to me, in promise! He said to me: "Look, there is the first love of my life; is she not fair? And I am bringing to her my other love . . . and you two are all that I will have of life." And then he laughed and said: "It would be strange if I wanted more, with two such loves." And, again: "Not even for you could I be false to her."

Aspasia, mystified, turned her bright gaze full upon her aunt's face. In the pupils of Rosamond's eyes there was enkindled a sullen fire.

'He came back to her,' she went on; 'and she—that land—lay smiling in the sunrise to receive him. Oh, how she can smile and look beautiful, and smell fragrant, and caress, with the dagger hidden under the velvet, the snake in the rose, and the sudden grave yawning! I've never been home since,' she said, with a sudden change of tone, bringing her glance back from the misty horizon, to fix it upon Aspasia with so piteous and haggard a look that the girl lost her composure. 'And now I am coming home alone, and he remains there.' She made an outward sweep with her left hand towards the north. 'I am coming home alone. The other has kept him. She has kept him. I am alone; he is left behind.'

'Who?' cried the bewildered Baby, who had utterly failed to seize the thread of her aunt's strange discourse. And, upon her usual impulsiveness springing to a conclusion of mingled amazement and derision: 'Who—Runkle?' she exclaimed.

No sooner had the foolish cry escaped her lips than she could have bitten out her tongue for vexation.

A change came over Lady Gerardine's face, colder and greyer than even the rapid tropic evening that was closing upon the scene. The light went out in her eyes, to be replaced by a distant contempt. The features that had quivered with passion became set into their wonted mask of repose; it was as if a veil had dropped between them, as if a cold wind drove them apart.

'I was not speaking of your uncle,' said Rosamond, at length, very gently. Then she suggested that as it was growing late they should take possession of their cabin.

And Aspasia, as she meekly acquiesced, trembled upon tears at the thought of her blundering. For one moment this jealousy centred heart had been about to open itself to her; for one moment

this distant enfolded being had turned to her as woman to woman ; impelled by God knows what sudden necessity of complaint, of another's sympathy, of another's understanding, the lonely soul had called upon hers. And she, Aspasia—Baby, well did they name her so—had not been able to seize the precious moment ! The sound of her own foolish laugh still rang in her ears, while the unconscious contempt in Rosamond's gaze scorched her cheeks.

From the very first day, fate, in the shape of an imperiously intimate Aspasia, drew Raymond Bethune, the saturnine lonely man, into the narrow circle of Lady Gerardine's 'board-ship existence. In her double quality of great lady and semi-invalid, the Lieutenant-Governor's wife was to be withdrawn from the familiar intercourse which life on a liner imposes on most travellers. It had been Sir Arthur's care to see that she was provided with an almost royal accommodation, which, as everything in this world is comparative, chiefly consisted in the possession of a small sitting-room over and above the usual sleeping-cabin.

Into these sacred precincts Miss Cuninghame hustled Bethune unceremoniously, as the first dusk closed round their travelling home on the waste of waters.

'Steward ! . . . Oh, isn't it too bad, Major Bethune ! I've been ringing like mad, and poor old Jani's bewildered out of her wits ; and Gibbons—that's our English fool of a maid—she's taken to groaning already. There's not a creature to do anything for us, and that idiot there says he's nothing to say to the cabins !'

Her arms full of flowers, she stood close to him ; and the fragrance of the roses and carnations came to him in little gushes with her panting breath. Her rosy face, in the uncertain light, had taken to itself an ethereal charm very different from its usual clear and positive outline. Hardly had this realisation of her personality come to him than, under the hands of the ship's servant she had so contemptuously indicated, the flood of the electric light leaped upon them. And behold, she appeared to him yet fairer—youth triumphant, defying even that cruel glare to find a blemish in bloom or contour.

'What do you want ?' he asked, with the softening of his hard face which so few were ever privileged to see.

'A vase for our flowers—a big bowl. I hate messy little dabs ; and I don't want them to die an hour before they can help it. Oh, a really big bowl, at once !'

Her residence in an Indian governor's palace had been short, but sufficient to give Miss Aspasia the habit of command.

Raymond Bethune gave his dry chuckle as he set to work to fulfil her behest.

'I've captured a salad bowl,' cried he, almost jovially, when he returned; 'and the head steward is in despair!'

'Tell him to steal the cook's pudding-basins,' said Aspasia, and swept him back with her to the minute sitting-room.

Here sat Lady Gerardine, still wrapped in her cloak but bare-headed, under the shaded light. Leaning back among her cushions, her feet crossed on a footstool, she seemed to have taken full possession of her quarters. The narrow commonplace surroundings had already received her special personal imprint. The flowers, the cushions, a few books, a great cut-glass scent bottle—the very disorder even of a litter of rich trifles that had not yet found their place, removed the trivial impression of steamer upholstery. She received him without surprise, if without any mark of welcome; and Aspasia chattered, ordered, laughed, kept him employed and amused. Now and again Lady Gerardine smiled vaguely at her niece's outbursts. Bethune could not feel himself an intruder. And certainly it was better than his fourth share of a bachelor's cabin, better than the crowded saloon and smoking-rooms, with their pervading glare and odour of high polish.

Through the open port-hole came the sound of the rushing, swirling waters, punctuated by the slap of some sudden wave against the flank of the ship. A wind had arisen, and now and again gusts, cold and briny, rushed in upon the warm inner atmosphere of flowers.

Lady Gerardine held a large bouquet of Niphetos roses, and her pale long fingers were busy unrolling the bonds that braced them in artificial deportment. Their petals, thought the man, were no whiter than her cheeks.

Presently Aspasia plunged her healthy pink hands down among the languid blossoms and began pulling out the wires.

'I shouldn't, if I were you,' said Rosamond; and then she held up a spray. 'See, the poor flower, all stained, all fallen apart, all broken. Never draw away the secret supports, Baby. It is better to hold one's head up, even with the iron in one's heart, and pretend it is not there.'

Bethune looked at her, a little startled. In some scarcely tangible way the words seemed aimed at him; but he saw that for her, at that moment, he did not exist.

For the first time a pang of real misgiving shot through him. He seemed to behold her with new eyes. She struck him as very frail. Could it be true, or did he but imagine it, that that lovely head, once so defiantly uplifted against him, now drooped?

Feeling the fixity of his gaze upon her, she glanced up and then smiled. Strange being! Was he, then, so easily forgiven? His heart gave a sudden leap.

The memory of this first evening was one which haunted him all his life with a curious intimate sweetness.

Time passed as time will pass on board ship; vague hours resembling each other, dropping to dreamy length of days; days that yet lapse quickly and moreover work a sure but subtle change. No traveller that lands after a long sea journey is the same as he who started. Sometimes, indeed, he will look back upon his former self as upon another, with surprise.

So it was with Raymond Bethune; and if he came to view himself with surprise, still more inexplicable to him was the new Lady Gerardine as he learned to regard her. According to his presentiment, these two women—she to whose puzzling personality he had vowed antipathy, and she whose fresh young presence made dangerously strong demands upon his sympathy—soon began to absorb all the energies of his thoughts. To a man who had hitherto known no other emotion, outside a very ordinary type of home affection, than friendship for another man; whose life, with the exception of one brief period of glanorous hero-worship, had been devoted to duty in its sternest, most virile form, this mental pre-occupation over two women, both comparative strangers, was at first a matter for self-mockery. It was afterwards one of self-conflict. Whoso, however, has reached the point of actually combating an idea is already and obviously its victim, and the final stage of abandonment to the obsession cannot be very distant.

Looking back upon his memories, in later days, it was singular to him how completely the girl and the woman divided his most vivid impressions of that journey. If the vision of Aspasia, fresh as the spray, rosy as the dawn, coming to meet him of a morning, brisk and free, across the deck, her young figure outlined against sparkling sea and translucent sky, was a memory all pleasant and all sweet, the picture of that other, slow moving and pallid, so enwrapped in inexplicable mourning, so immeasurably indifferent

to himself, was bitten into the tablets of his mind as with burning acid, fixed in lines of pain.

It is never flattering for a man to realise that he is of no consequence to a woman with whom he is brought into daily intercourse. And to feel that, though his acts have had a distinct influence upon her life, his personality has failed to make the smallest impression, is a situation certain to pique the most unassuming. In the end Bethune began to wish that Lady Gerardine had retained even her original attitude of resentment. Now and again, indeed, he would find her eye fixed upon him, but at the same time would know unmistakably that her thought was not with him. Sometimes her attitude of inexplicable sorrow seemed harder to bear than her first evidences of heartlessness.

One day Aspasia had suddenly attacked her aunt upon the subject of her black garb, crying, with her noted heedlessness :

‘ I declare, anyone would think you were in mourning.’

Lady Gerardine shifted her distant gaze from the far horizon to Aspasia’s countenance, and her lips moved but made no sound. In her heart she was saying :

‘ How else should I clothe myself, when I am travelling with my dead ? ’

Almost as if he read her thought, Bethune sneered as he looked at her, and with difficulty restrained the taunt that rose to his tongue. ‘ *Lady Gerardine wears belated weeds !* ’

Her attitude of hopeless melancholy, her raiment of mourning, irritated him bitterly. Yet, while he looked at her in harshness, he marked the admirable white throat, rising like a flower stem from the dense black of her dress, and found himself wondering whether any shimmer of colour would have become her half so well.

Towards the end of their journey together he was once summoned to speak with her alone. It was about the forthcoming book. Nothing could be more brief, more businesslike than her words, more unemotional than her manner. She asked for his instructions ; she discussed, criticised, concurred. It was obvious that, when she chose, her brain could act with quite remarkable clearness. It was also obvious that she had completely capitulated to his wishes ; and yet never was victory more savourless.

At the conclusion of this conversation she settled with him that, when she had accomplished her part of the task, she would send for him. And as he withdrew, he felt himself dismissed from her thoughts, except as a mere instrument in what now seemed

more her undertaking than his own. At heart he found it increasingly difficult to accept the position with good grace.

After this, during the few days of ship life together left to them, Lady Gerardine seldom admitted him to her company; and thus Raymond was the more thrown with Aspasia. The girl, unconventional by temperament and somewhat set apart by her position of 'Governor's niece,' unhesitatingly profited by a situation which afforded her unmixed amusement. She was not in love as yet with the Major of Guides. Indeed, she had other and higher ambitions. Aspasia's dream-pictures of herself were ever of a wonderful artist of world-wide celebrity, surrounded by a sea of clapping hands, graciously curtsying her thanks from the side of a Steinway grand. . . . But Bethune interested her, and there was something piquantly pleasant in being able to awaken that gleam in his cold, light eye, in noticing that the lines of his impassive face relaxed into softness for her alone.

One afternoon, as they sat on deck—the great ship cutting the blue waters of the Adriatic, between the fading of a glorious red and orange sunset and the rising of a thin sickle moon, Aspasia wrapped against the chilly salt airs in some of her aunt's sables, out of which richness the hardy, wild-flower prettiness of her face rose in emphatic contrast—she told him the story of her short life.

She spoke of her musical career, of the bright student days at Vienna; the hard work of them, the anguish, the struggle, the joy. Then of the death of her mother, and the falling of all her high hopes under the crushing will of Sir Arthur, her appointed guardian.

'When mother went,' said Aspasia, 'everything went.' As she spoke two tears leaped out of her eyes, and hung poised on the short, thick eyelashes. 'The Runkle thinks it's a disgrace for a lady to do anything in life. And, besides,' he says, 'she can't, and she'd better not attempt it. But wait till I'm twenty-one,' cried the girl, vindictively, 'and I'll show him what his "dear Raspasia's" got in her!'

She smiled in her young consciousness of power, and the big tears, detaching themselves, ran into her dimples. Raymond, looking at her with all the experience of his hard life behind him, and all the disillusion of his five-and-thirty years, felt so sudden a movement at once of pity and tenderness that he had to stiffen himself in his seat not to catch her in his arms and kiss her on those wet dimples as he would have kissed a child.

'Oh, you'll do great things,' said he, in the tone in which one

praises the little one's sand castle on the beach, or tin soldier strategy. 'And may I come with a great big laurel crown, tied with gold ribbons, when you give your first concert in the Albert Hall?'

'Albert Hall,' mocked she, 'the very place for a piano recital!' Then she let her eyes roam out across the heaving space. Once more she saw herself the centre of an applauding multitude; but, in the foremost rank, there was the lean, brown face, and it was moved to enthusiasm, too. And, somehow, from that evening forth, the dream-visions of her future glory were never to be quite complete without it.

A mist-enwrapped, rain-swept shore, parting the dim grey sea and sky in twain, was their first glimpse of England after years of exile.

'Ugh,' said Aspasia, shivering, 'isn't it just like England to go and be damp and horrid for us!'

Lady Gerardine, looking out with eager straining gaze towards the weeping land, turned with one of her sudden, unexpected movements of passion upon the girl.

'I'm glad it's raining,' she said. 'I'm glad it's cold, and bleak, and grey. I'm glad to feel the raindrops beating on my face. I'm sick of hard blue skies and fierce sunshine. . . . And the trees at Saltwoods will be all bent one way by the blowing of the wet sea wind. It's England, it's home; and, oh, I'm glad to be home!'

(To be continued.)

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*THE TRUANTS*¹

BY A. E. W. MASON.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

HOMEWARDS.

THE two men smoked together upon the roof-top afterwards.

'I left a man at the gate all day,' said Warrisdén, 'to watch the track from Sefru. I had brought him from Algiers. I do not know how he came to miss you.'

'He could not know me,' said Tony, 'and I spoke to no one.'

'But he knew the mule!'

Tony was silent for a little while. Then he said, in a low grave voice, like a man speaking upon matters which he has no liking to remember :

'The mule was taken from me some days ago in the Ait Yussi country.' And Warrisdén upon that said :

'You had trouble then upon the way, great trouble.'

Again Tony was slow in the reply. He looked out across the city. It was a night of moonlight, so bright that the stars were pale and small as though they were withdrawn; there was no cloud anywhere about the sky; and on such a night, in that clear translucent air, the city, with its upstanding minarets, had a grace and beauty denied to it by day. There was something of enchantment in its aspect. Tony smoked his pipe in silence for a little while. Then he said :

'Let us not talk about it! I never thought that I would be sitting here in Fez to-night. Tell me rather when we start!'

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'Early to-morrow,' replied Warrisden. 'We must reach Roquebrune in the South of France by the thirty-first.'

Stretton suddenly sat back in his chair.

'Roquebrune! France!' he exclaimed. 'We must go there! Why?'

'I do not know,' Warrisden answered. 'A telegram reached me at Tangier. I kept it.'

He took the telegram from his pocket and handed it to Stretton, who read it and sat thinking.

'We have time,' said Warrisden, 'just time enough, I think, if we travel fast.'

'Good,' said Stretton, as he returned the telegram. 'But I was not thinking of the time.'

He did not explain what had caused him to start at the mention of Roquebrune; but after sitting for a little while longer in silence, he betook himself to bed.

Early the next morning they rode out of the Bab Sagma upon the thronged highway over the plain to Mequinez.

The caravans diminished, striking off into this or that track. Very soon there remained with them only one party of five Jews mounted on small donkeys. They began to ride through high shrubs and bushes of fennel over rolling ground. Stretton talked very little, and as the track twisted and circled across the plain he was continually standing up in his stirrups and searching the horizon.

'There does not seem to be one straight path in Morocco,' he exclaimed impatiently. 'Look at this one. There's no reason why it should not run straight. Yet it never does.'

Indeed, the track lay across that open plain like some brown monstrous serpent of a legend.

'I do not believe,' replied Warrisden, 'that there is a straight path anywhere in the world, unless it is one which has been surveyed and made, or unless it runs from gate to gate, and both gates are visible. One might think the animals made this track, turning and twisting to avoid the bushes. Only the tracks are no straighter in the desert where there are no bushes at all.'

They halted for half an hour at eleven, beside a bridge which crossed a stream, broken and ruinous, but still serviceable. And while they sat on the ground under the shadow they suddenly heard a great clatter of hoofs upon the broken cobbles; and looking up saw a body of men ride across the bridge. There were about

forty of them, young and old ; all were mounted, and in appearance as wild and ragged a set of bandits as could be imagined. As they rode over the bridge they saw Warrisdén and Stretton seated on the ground beneath them ; and without a word or a shout they halted as one man. Their very silence was an intimidating thing.

‘Z’mur,’ whispered Ibrahim. He was shaking with fear. Warrisdén noticed that the two soldiers who accompanied them on this journey to Mequinez quietly mounted their horses. Stretton and Warrisdén rose to do likewise. And as they rose a dozen of the mounted Z’mur quietly rode round from the end of the bridge and stood between them and the stream. Then the leader, a big man with a black beard turning grey, began to talk in a quiet and pleasant voice to the soldiers.

‘You are bringing Europeans into our country. Now why are you doing that ? We do not like Europeans.’

The soldiers no less pleasantly replied :

‘Your country ? The Europeans are travelling with a letter from your master and mine, my Lord the Sultan, to the Governor of Mequinez.’

‘You will show us then the letter ?’

‘I will do nothing of the kind,’ the soldier replied, with a smile. The Z’mur did not move ; the two soldiers sat upon their horses smiling—it seemed that matters had come to a deadlock. Meanwhile Warrisdén and Stretton got into their saddles. Then the leader of the Z’mur spoke again :

‘We passed five Jews riding on donkeys a little while ago. They were kind enough when we stopped them to give us a peseta apiece. We are going to Fez to offer our help to the Sultan, if only he will give us rifles and ammunition. But we shall go home again when we have got them. Perhaps the Europeans would like to give us a peseta apiece as well.’

‘I do not think they would like it at all,’ said the soldier. ‘Salem aleikum !’ and he turned his horse and, followed by Warrisdén and Stretton, the terrified Ibrahim, and the train of mules, he rode right through the forty Z’mur and over the bridge.

It was an awkward moment, but the men of Warrisdén’s party assumed with what skill they could an air of unconcern. Trouble was very near to them. It needed only that one of those wild tribesmen should reach out his hand and seize the bridle of a horse. But no hand was reached out. The Z’mur were caught in a moment

of indecision. They sat upon their horses motionless. They let the Europeans pass.

Ibrahim, however, drew no comfort from their attitude.

'It is because they wish rifles and ammunition from the Government,' he said. 'Therefore they will avoid trouble until they have got them. But with the next party it will not be so.'

There are three waterfalls in Morocco, and of those three one falls in a great cascade between red cliffs into a dark pool thirty feet below, close by the village of Medhuma. By this waterfall they lunched, the while Ibrahim bared his right arm to the shoulder, stretched himself full length upon the ground, and, to the infinite danger of the bystanders, practised shooting with his revolver. They lunched quickly and rode on. Towards evening, above a grove of trees on a hill, they saw here and there a minaret.

'Mequinez,' exclaimed Ibrahim. 'Schoof! Mequinez!'

In a little while fragments of thick wall began to show, scattered here and there about the plain. Brown walls, high and crumbling to ruin, walls that never had been walls of houses, but which began and ended for no reason. They were all that was left of the work of Mulai Ismail, who, in the seventeenth century, had built and planned buildings about this town until death put an end to all his architecture. There was to be a wall across the country, from Fez to Morocco city far away in the south, so that the blind, of which this kingdom still has many, and then was full, might pass from one town to another without a guide. Part of that wall was built, and fragments of it rise amongst the oleanders and the bushes to this day.

The travellers entered now upon a park. A green mossy turf spread out soft beneath the feet of their horses, dwarf oaks made everywhere a pleasant shade; Stretton had lost sight now of the minarets, and no sign of Mequinez was visible at all. The ground sloped downwards, the track curved round a hill, and suddenly on the opposite side of a valley they saw the royal city, with its high walls and gates, its white houses, its green-tiled mosques, and its old grey massive palaces stretch along the hillside before their eyes.

One of the soldiers rode forward into the town to find the Basha and present his letters. A troop of men came out in a little time and led the travellers up the cobbled stones through a gateway into the wide space before the Renegade's Gate, that wonderful monument of Moorish art which neither the wear of the centuries nor the neglect of its possessors has availed to destroy. Its tiles

are broken. The rains have discoloured it, stones have fallen from their places. Yet the gate rises, majestic yet most delicate, beautiful in colour, exquisite in shape, flanked with massive pillars and surmounted by its soaring arch, a piece of embroidery in stone, fine as though the stone were lace. By the side of this arch the camp was pitched just about the time when the horses and mules are brought down to roll in the dust of the square and to drink at the two great fountains beyond the gate.

Later in that evening there came a messenger from the Basha with servants bearing bowls of kouss-kouss.

‘Fourteen soldiers will ride with you to-morrow,’ he said, ‘for the country is not safe. It will be well if you start early, for you have a long way to go.’

‘The earlier the better,’ said Stretton.

‘It will do if you breakfast at five—half-past five,’ said Ibrahim, to whom punctuality was a thing unknown. ‘And start at six—half-past six.’

‘No,’ said Warrisen. ‘We will start at five—half-past five.’

That night a company of soldiers kept guard about the tents, and passed the hours of darkness in calling to one another and chanting one endless plaintive melody. Little sleep was possible to the two Englishmen, and to one of them sleep did not come at all. Now and then Warrisen dropped off and waked again; and once or twice he struck a match and lit his candle. Each time that he did this he saw Stretton lying quite motionless in his bed on the other side of the tent. Tony lay with the bed-clothes up to his chin, and his arms straight down at his sides, in some uncanny resemblance to a dead man. But Warrisen saw that all the while his eyes were open. Tony was awake with his troubles and perplexities, keeping them to himself as was his wont, and slowly searching for an issue. That he would hit upon the issue he did not doubt. He had these few days for thought, and it was not the first time that he had had to map out a line of conduct. His course might be revealed to him at the very last moment, as it had been on the trawler in the North Sea. Or it might flash upon him in a second, as the necessity to desert had flashed upon him amidst the aloes of Ain-Sefra. Meanwhile he lay awake and thought.

They started early that morning, and crossing a valley, mounted on to that high wide plain Djebel Zarhon and Djebel Geronan. They left the town of Mequinez behind them; its minarets dropped out of sight. They had come into a most empty world. Not a

tent-village stood anywhere beside the track. Far away to the right in a deep recess the white sacred town of Mulai Idris fell down the dark side of Zarhon like a cascade. A little further an arch of stone and a few pillars rising from the plain showed where once the Romans had built their town of Volubilis. But when that was passed there was no sign of life anywhere at all. For hours they rode in a desolate, beautiful world. Bushes of asphodel, white with their starry flowers, brushed against them; plants of iris, purple and yellow, stood stirrup-high upon their path; and at times the bushes would cease, and they would ride over a red carpet of marigolds, which would pale away into the gold of the mustard flower. Flowers were about them all that day, but no living things. Even the air above their heads was still. The country seemed too empty even for the birds.

At eleven o'clock they stopped beside a stream which ran prettily between trees across their path.

'We shall find no more water until evening,' said Ibrahim. 'We will stop here.'

Stretton dismounted, and said:

'We can send the mules on and catch them up. It will save time.'

The soldiers shook their heads.

'We are in the Berber country,' they said. 'We must not separate.'

Stretton looked around impatiently.

'But there is no one within miles,' he exclaimed; and, as if to contradict him, a man walked out from the bushes by the stream and came towards them. He had been robbed on this very track not two hours before by eleven mounted Berbers. He had been driving three mules laden with eggs and food to Mulai Idris, and his mules and their loads had been taken from him. He was walking home, absolutely penniless. His whole fortune had been lost that day; and when once again the travellers started upon their journey he ran at a trot beside their horses for safety's sake.

The road mounted now on to stony and mountainous country. It wound continually, ascending in and out amongst low round peaks towards the summit of a great line of hills which ran from east to west opposite to them against the sky.

'Beyond the hills,' cried Ibrahim, 'is the plain of the Sebou.'

A big village crowned the hill just where the track ascended.

It had been placed there to protect the road. In a little while they came to the brow of the hill, and suddenly they saw, far below them, the great plain of the Sebou, green and level, dotted with villages and the white tombs of saints and clumps of trees, stretching away as far as the eye could reach. It was afternoon, not a cloud was in the sky, and the sun shone through the clear, golden air beneficently bright. The hillside fell away to the plain with a descent so sheer, the plain broke so abruptly upon the eyes, that the very beauty of the scene caught the breath away. Both Warrisdén and Stretton reined in their horses, and sat looking across the plain as a man might who suddenly from the crest of some white cliff sees for the first time the sea. And then Warrisdén heard his companion begin to hum a song. He caught some of the words, but not many.

'Oh, come out, mah love, I'm awaitin' foh you heah!'

Tony began, and suddenly checked himself with an expression of anger, as though the words had associations which it hurt him to recall.

'Let us ride on,' he said, and led the way down the steep, winding track towards the plain.

They pressed on that evening, and camped late in the Beni Hassan country. Stretton slept that night, but he slept fitfully. He had not yet come to the end of his perplexities, and as he rode away from their camping ground in the morning he said, impulsively:

'It is quite true. I have thought of it. I am to blame. I should have gone into the house that night.'

He was endeavouring to be just, and to this criticism of himself he continually recurred. He should have entered his house in Berkeley Square on the night when he contented himself with looking up to the lighted windows. He should have gone in and declared what was in his mind to do. Very likely he would have only have made matters worse. Contempt for a visionary would very likely have been added to the contempt for a ne'er-do-weel. Certainly no faith would have been felt by Millie in the success of his plan. He would have been asked, in a lukewarm way, to abandon it and stay at home. Still, he ought to have gone in. He had made a mistake that night.

All that day they rode through the Beni Hassan country westwards. The plain was level and monotonous; they passed village

after village, each one built in a circle round a great space of open turf into which the cattle were driven at night. For upon the hills, and in the forest of Mamura to the south, close by, the Z'mur lived, and between the Beni Hassan and the Z'mur there is always war. In the afternoon they came to the borders of that forest, and skirting its edge, towards evening reached the caravanserai of El Kantra.

The travellers saw it some while before they came to it—four high, smooth, castellated walls crowning a low hill. It stands upon the road from Fez to Rabat, and close to the road from Rabat to Larache, and a garrison guards it. For you could almost throw a stone from its walls into the trees of Mamura. Stretton and Warrisdén rode round the walls to the gate, and as they passed beneath the arch both halted and looked back.

Outside was a quiet country of grey colours; the sun was near to its setting; far away the broken walls of the old Portuguese town of Mediyah stood upon a point of vantage on a hillside, like some ruined castle of the Tyrol. Inside the caravanserai all was noise and shouting and confusion. In the thickness of the walls there were little rooms or cells, and in these the merchants were making their homes for the night, while about them their servants and muleteers buzzed like a hive of bees. And the whole great square within the walls was one lake of filthy mud wherein camels, and mules, and donkeys, and horses rolled and stamped and fought. A deafening clamour rose to the skies. Every discordant sound that the created world could produce seemed to be brayed from that jostling throng of animals as from some infernal orchestra. And the smell of the place was fetid.

'Let us pitch our camp outside!' said Warrisdén. But the captain of the garrison came hurrying up.

'No,' he cried excitedly. 'The Z'mur! The Z'mur!'

Stretton shrugged his shoulders.

'I am getting a little bored with the Z'mur,' said he.

'They have sent in word to us,' the captain continued, 'that they mean to attack us to-night.'

Stretton looked perplexed.

'But why send in word?' he asked.

The captain of the garrison looked astonished at the question.

'So that we may be ready for them, of course,' he replied quite seriously; for life in Morocco has some of the qualities of *opéra-bouffe*. 'So you must come inside. You have a letter from my lord the Basha of Fez, it is true. If the letter said you were to

sleep outside the walls of El Kantra, then I would kiss the seal and place it against my forehead, and bring out my five hundred men to guard you, and we should all get killed. But it does not say so.'

His five hundred men were really short of fifty. Stretton and Warrisden laughed; but they had to go inside the caravanserai. This was the last day on which they ran any risk. To-morrow they would cross the Sebou at Mediyah, and beyond the Sebou the way was safe.

They rode inside the caravanserai, and were allotted a cell which obtained some privacy from a hurdle fixed in the ground in front of it. The gates of the caravanserai were closed, the sunset flushed the blue sky with a hue of rose; the mueddhin came out upon the minaret which rose from the southern wall, and chanted in a monotone his call to prayer; and then a drummer and a bugler advanced into the crowded square. Suddenly there fell upon Stretton's ears, competing with the mueddhin and the uproar of the animals, the 'Last Post.'

Stretton started up, amazed, and most deeply moved. An English officer instructed the Moorish troops. What more natural than that he should introduce the English calls and signals? But to Stretton it seemed most wonderful that here, in this Eastern country, while the Mohammedan priest was chanting from his minaret, he should hear again, after so many years, that familiar tattoo sounded by an Eastern bugle and an Eastern drum. In how many barracks of England, he wondered, would that same 'Last Post' ring out to-night? And at once the years slipped away, the hard years of the North Sea and the Sahara. He was carried back among the days when he served in the Coldstreams. Then arose in his heart a great longing that something of the happiness of those days might be recaptured still.

Warrisden and Stretton crossed the Sebou the next morning, and rode with the boom of the Atlantic in their ears. Hills upon their left hand hid the sea from their eyes, and it was not until the next day, when they mounted on to a high tableland four hours from Larache, that they saw it rolling lazily towards the shore. They caught a steamer at Larache that night.

CHAPTER XXIX.

PAMELA MEETS A STRANGER.

MEANWHILE Pamela waited at the Villa Pontignard, swinging from hope to fear, and from fear again to hope. The days chased one another. She watched the arrival of each train from Marseilles at the little station below, with an expectant heart; and long after it had departed towards Italy, she kept within her vision the path-way up the hillside to the villa. But the travellers did not return. Expectation and disappointment walked alternately at her elbow all the day, and each day seemed endless. Yet, when the next day came, it had come all too quickly. Every morning it seemed to her, as she turned her calendar, that the days chased one another, racing to the month's end; every evening, tired out with her vigil, she wondered how they could pass so slowly. The thirty-first of the month dawned at last. At some time on this day Millie Stretton would arrive at Eze. She thought of it, as she rose, with a sinking heart; and then thrust thought aside. She dared not confront the possibility that the trains might stop at Roquebrune, and move on to Italy and discharge no passengers upon the platform. She dared not recognise her dread that this day might close and the darkness come as fruitlessly as all the rest. It was her last day of hope. Lionel Callon was waiting. Millie Stretton was arriving. To-morrow, Tony might come, but he would come too late. Pamela lived in suspense. Somehow the morning passed. The afternoon *Rapide* swept through towards Mentone. Pamela saw the smoke of the engine from her terrace, and knew that upon that train had come the passenger from England. Half-an-hour ago Millie had most likely stepped from her carriage on to the platform at Eze. And still Tony Stretton and Warrisden lingered.

Towards dusk she began to despair. In a little while another train was due. She heard its whistle, saw it stop at the station, and waited with her eyes fixed upon the hillside path. No one appeared upon it. She turned and went into the house. She thought for a moment of going herself to Eze, thrusting herself upon Millie at the cost of any snub; and while she debated whether the plan could at all avail, the door was opened, a servant spoke some words about a visitor, and a man entered the room. Pamela started to her feet. The man stood in the twilight of the room:

his back was against the light of the window. Pamela could not see his face. But it was not Warrisdén, so much she knew at once. It could only be Tony Stretton.

‘So you have come,’ she cried. ‘At last! I had given up hope.’

She advanced and held out her hand. And some reserve in Tony’s attitude, something of coldness in the manner with which he took her hand, checked and chilled her.

‘It is you?’ she asked. ‘I watched the path. The train has gone some while.’

‘Yes, it is I,’ he replied. ‘I had to inquire my way at the village. This is the first time I ever came to Roquebrune.’

Still more than the touch of his hand and the reserve of his manner, the cold reticence of his voice chilled her. She turned to the servant abruptly:

‘Bring lamps,’ she said. She felt the need to see Tony Stretton’s face. She had looked forward so eagerly to his coming; she had hoped for it, and despaired of it with so full a heart; and now he had come, and with him there had come, most unexpectedly, disappointment. She had expected ardour, and there was only, as it seemed, indifference and stolidity. She was prepared for a host of questions to be tumbled out upon her in so swift a succession that no time was given to her for an answer to any one of them; and he stood before her, seemingly cold as stone. Had he ceased to care for Millie, she wondered?

‘You have come as quickly as you could?’ she asked, trying to read his features in the obscurity.

‘I have not lost a moment since I received your letter,’ he answered.

She caught at the words, ‘your letter.’ Perhaps there lay the reason for his reserve. She had written frankly, perhaps too frankly she feared at this moment. Had the letter suddenly killed his love for Millie? Such things, no doubt, could happen—had happened. Disillusion might have withered it like a swift shaft of lightning.

‘My letter,’ she said. ‘You must not exaggerate its meaning. You read it carefully?’

‘Very carefully.’

‘And I wrote it carefully,’ she went on, pleading with his indifference; ‘very carefully.’

‘It contains the truth,’ said Tony; ‘I did not doubt that.’

‘Yes; but it contains all the truth,’ she urged. ‘You must

not doubt that either. Remember, you yourself are to blame. I wrote that, didn't I? I meant it.'

'Yes, you wrote that,' answered Tony. 'I am not denying that you are right. It may well be that I am to blame. It may well be that you, too, are not quite free from blame. Had you told me that morning, when we rode together in the Row, what you had really meant when you said that I ought never to leave my wife ——' And at that Pamela interrupted him :

'Would you have stayed if I had explained?' she cried. And Tony for a moment was silent. Then he answered slowly :

'No; for I should not have believed you.' And then he moved for the first time since he had entered the room. 'However, it can do neither of us any good to discuss what we might have done had we known then what we know now.'

He stopped as the door opened. The lamps were brought in and set upon the tables. Tony waited until the servant had gone out, and the door was closed again; then he said :

'You sent a telegram. I am here in answer to it. I was to be at Roquebrune on the thirty-first. This is the thirty-first. Am I in time?'

'Yes,' said Pamela.

She could now see Tony clearly; and of one thing she at once was sure. She had been misled by the twilight of the room. Tony, at all events, was not indifferent. He stood before her travel-stained and worn. His face was haggard and thin; his eyes very tired, like the eyes of an old man; there were flecks of grey in his hair, and lines about his eyes. These changes she noticed, and took them at their true value. They were signs of the hard life he had lived during these years, and of the quick, arduous journey which he had made. But there was more. If Tony had spoken with a measured voice, it was in order that he might control himself the better. If he had stood without gesture or motion, it was because he felt the need to keep himself in hand. So much Pamela clearly saw. Tony was labouring under a strong emotion.

'Yes, you are in time,' she cried; and now her heart was glad. 'I was so set on saving both your lives, in keeping you and Millie for each other. Of late, since you did not come, my faith faltered a little. But it should not have faltered. You are here! You are here!'

'My wife is here, too?' asked Tony coldly; and Pamela's enthusiasm again was checked. 'Where is she?'

'She arrives in the south of France to-day. She stops at Eze. She should be there now.'

She had hoped to see the blood pulse into his face, and some look of gladness dawn suddenly in his eyes, some smile of forgiveness alter the stern set of his lips. But again she was disappointed.

Tony seemed to put his wife out of his thoughts.

'And since your message was so urgent,' he continued deliberately; 'it follows that Callon comes to-day as well,' and he repeated the name in a singularly soft, slow, and almost caressing voice. 'Lionel Callon,' he said.

And at once Pamela was desperately afraid. It needed just that name uttered in just that way to explain to her completely the emotion which Tony so resolutely controlled. She looked at him aghast. She had planned to bring back Tony to Millie and his home. The Tony Stretton whom she had known of old, the good-natured, kindly man who loved his wife, whom all men liked and none feared. And lo! she had brought back a stranger. And the stranger was dangerous. He was thrilling with anger, he was anticipating his meeting with Lionel Callon with a relish which, to Pamela, was dreadful.

'No,' she exclaimed eagerly. 'Mr. Callon has been here all this while, and Millie only comes to-day.'

'Callon has been waiting for her, then?' he asked implacably.

'Oh, I don't know,' Pamela exclaimed in despair. 'I have not spoken to him. How should I know?'

'Yet you have no doubts.'

'Well, then, no,' she said, 'I have no doubt that he is waiting here for Millie. But she only arrives to-day. They have not met until to-day. That is why I sent the telegram.'

Tony nodded his head.

'So that I might be present at the meeting?'

And Pamela could have cried out aloud. She had not thought, she had not foreseen. She had fixed all her hopes on saving Millie. Set upon that, she had not understood that other and dreadful consequences might ensue. These consequences were vivid enough before her eyes now. All three would meet—Tony, Millie, and Lionel Callon. What would follow? What might not follow? Pamela closed her eyes. Her heart sank; she felt faint at the thought of what she had so blindly brought about.

'Tony!' she exclaimed. She wrung her hands together, pleading with him in short and broken sentences. 'Don't think of him! . . . Think of Millie. You can gain her back! . . . I am very sure. . . . I wrote that to you, didn't I? . . . Mr. Callon. . . It is not worth while . . . He is of no account. . . . Millie was lonely, that was all. . . . There would be a scandal, at the best . . . ' And Tony laughed harshly.

'Oh, it is not worth while,' she cried again piteously, and yet again, 'it is not worth while.'

'Yet I am anxious to meet him,' said Tony.

Suddenly Pamela looked over his shoulder to the door, and for a moment, hope brightened on her face. But Stretton understood the look, and replied to it.

'No, Warrisen is not here. I left him behind with our luggage at Monte Carlo.'

'Why did he stay?' cried Pamela, as again her hopes fell.

'He could hardly refuse. This is my affair, not his. I claimed to-night. He will come to you, no doubt, to-morrow.'

'You meant him to stay behind, then?'

'I meant to see you alone,' said Tony; and Pamela dared question him no more, though the questions thronged in her mind and tortured her. Was it only because he wished to see her alone that he left Warrisen behind? Was it not also so that he might not be hampered afterwards? Was it only so that another might not know of the trouble between himself and Millie? Or was it not so that another might not be on hand to hinder him from exacting retribution? Pamela was appalled. Tony was angry—yes, that was natural enough. She would not have felt half her present distress if he had shown his passion in tempestuous words, if he had threatened, if he had raved. But there was so much deliberation in his anger, he had it so completely in control; it was an instrument which he meant to use, not a fever which might master him for a moment and let him go.

'You are so changed,' she cried. 'I did not think of that when I wrote to you. But, of course, these years and the Foreign Legion could not but change you.'

She moved away, and sat down holding her head between her hands. Stretton did not answer her words in any way. He moved towards her, and asked:

'Is Callon, too, at Eze?'

'No, no,' she cried, raising her head, thankful, at last, that

here was some small point on which she could attenuate his suspicions. 'You are making too much of the trouble.'

'Yet you wrote the letter to me. You also sent the telegram. You sent me neither the one nor the other without good reason.' And Pamela dropped her eyes again from his face.

'If Callon is not at Eze,' he insisted, 'he is close by!'

Pamela did not answer. She sat trying to compose her thoughts. Suppose that she refused to answer, Tony would go to Eze. He might find Millie and Callon there. On the other hand, it was unlikely that he would. Pamela had seen that quiet, solitary restaurant by the sea where Callon lodged. It was there that they would be, she had no doubt.

'Where is Callon?' asked Tony. 'Where does he stay?'

Pamela closed her ears to the question, working still at the stern problem of her answer. If she refused to tell him what he asked, Millie and Callon might escape for to-night. That was possible. But, then, to-morrow would come. Tony must meet them to-morrow in any case, and to-morrow he might be too late.

'I will tell you,' she answered, and she described the place. And in another minute she was alone. She heard the front door close, she heard Tony's step upon the gravel of the garden path, and then all was silent. She sat holding her throbbing temples in her hands. Visions rose before her eyes, and her fear made them extraordinarily luminous and vivid. She saw that broad, quiet terrace over the sea where she had lunched, the lonely restaurant, the windows of that suite of rooms open on to the terrace. A broad column of light streamed out from the window in her vision. She could almost hear voices and the sound of laughter, she imagined the laughter all struck dumb, and thereafter a cry of horror stabbing the night. The very silence of the villa became a torture to her. She rose and walked restlessly about the room. If she could only have reached Warrisdien! But she did not even know to which hotel in all the hotels of Monte Carlo he had gone. Tony might have told her that, had she kept her wits about her and put the question with discretion. But she had not. She had no doubt that Stretton had purposely left him behind. Tony wished for no restraining hand, when at last he came face to face with Lionel Callon. She sat down, and tried to reason out what would happen. Tony would go first to Eze. Would he find Millie there? Perhaps. Most likely he would not. He would go on then to the restaurant on the Corniche road. But he would have wasted some

time. It might be only a little time; still, however short it was, what was waste of time to Tony might be gain of time to her—if only she could find a messenger.

Suddenly she stood up. There was a messenger, under her very hand. She scribbled a note to Lionel Callon, hardly knowing what she wrote. She bade him go the instant when he received it, go at all costs without a moment's delay. Then, taking the note in her hand, she ran from the villa down the road to Roquebrune.

CHAPTER XXX.

M. GIRAUD AGAIN.

THE dusk was deepening quickly into darkness. As she ran down the open stretch of hillside between her villa and the little town, she saw the lights blaze out upon the terrace of Monte Carlo. Far below her upon her right they shone like great opals, each with a heart of fire. Pamela stopped for a second to regain her breath before she reached Roquebrune. The sudden brightness of those lights carried her thoughts backwards to the years when the height of trouble for her had been the sickness of a favourite horse, and all her life was an eager expectation. On so many evenings she had seen those lights flash out through the gathering night while she had sat talking in her garden with the little schoolmaster whom she was now to revisit. To both of them those lights had been a parable. They had glowed in friendliness and promise—thus she had read the parable—out of a great, bright, gay world of men and women, upon a cool, twilit garden of youth and ignorance. She thought of what had come in place of all that imagined gaiety. To the schoolmaster, disappointment and degradation; while, as for herself, she felt very lonely upon this evening. 'The world is a place of great sadness.' Thus had M. Giraud spoken when Pamela had returned to Roquebrune from her first season in London, and the words now came back to her again.

She ran on through the narrow streets of Roquebrune, her white frock showing in the light from the shops and windows. She wore no hat upon her head, and more than one of the people in the street called to her as she passed and asked her whether she needed help. Help, indeed, she did need, but not from them. She came to the tiny square whence the steps led down to the station.

On the west side of the square stood the schoolhouse, and, close by, the little house of the schoolmaster. A light burned in a window of the ground floor. Pamela knocked loudly upon the door. She heard a chair grate upon the floor-boards. She knocked again, and the door was opened. It was the schoolmaster himself who opened it.

'M. Giraud !' she exclaimed, drawing her breath quickly. The schoolmaster leaned forward and stared at the white figure which stood in the darkness just outside his porch ; but he made no reply.

'Let me in !' cried Pamela ; and he made a movement as though to bar the way. But she slipped quickly past him into the room. He closed the door slowly and followed her.

The room was bare. A deal table, a chair or two, and a few tattered books on a hanging bookshelf made up all its furniture. Pamela leaned against the wall with a hand to her heart. M. Giraud saw her clearly now. She stood only a few feet from him in the light of the room. She was in distress ; yet he spoke harshly.

'Why have you come ?' he cried ; and she answered, piteously, 'I want your help.'

At that a flame of anger kindled within him. He saw her again, after all this long time of her absence—her whose equal he had never spoken with. Her dark hair, her eyes, the pure outline of her face, her tall, slim figure, the broad forehead—all the delicacy and beauty of her—was a torture to him. The sound of her voice, with its remembered accents, hurt him as he had thought nothing could ever hurt him again.

'Really !' he cried, in exasperation. 'You want help ; so you come to me. Without that need would you have come ? No, indeed. You are a woman. Get your fine friends to help you !'

There were other follies upon his tongue, but he never spoke them. He looked at Pamela, and came to a stop.

Pamela had entered the cottage bent with a single mind upon her purpose—to avert a catastrophe at the little restaurant on the Corniche road. But M. Giraud was before her, face to face with her, as she was face to face with him. She saw him clearly in the light as he saw her ; and she was shocked. The *curé* had prepared her for a change in her old comrade, but not for so complete a disfigurement. The wineshop had written its sordid story too legibly upon his features. His face was bloated and red, the veins stood

out upon the cheeks and the nose like threads of purple; his eyes were yellow and unwholesome. M. Giraud had grown stout in body, too; and his dress was slovenly and in disrepair. He was an image of degradation and neglect. Pamela was shocked, and betrayed the shock. She almost shrank from him at the first; there was almost upon her face an expression of aversion and disgust. But sorrow drove the aversion away, and immediately her eyes were full of pity; and these swift changes M. Giraud saw and understood.

She was still his only window on the outside world. That was the trouble. By her expression he read his own decline more surely than in his mirror. Through her he saw the world; through her, too, he saw what manner of figure he presented to the world. Never had he realised how far he had sunk until this moment. He saw, as in a picture, the young schoolmaster of the other days who had read French with the pupil, who was more his teacher than his pupil, upon the garden terrace of the Villa Pontignard—a youth full of dreams, which were vain, no doubt, but not ignoble. There was a trifle of achievement, too. For even now one of the tattered books upon his shelf was a copy of his brochure on Roquebrune and the Upper Corniche road. With perseverance, with faith—he understood it in a flash—he might have found, here, at Roquebrune, a satisfaction for those ambitions which had so tortured him. There was a field here for the historian had he chosen to seize on it. Fame might have come to him, though he never visited the great cities and the crowded streets. So he thought, and then he realised what he had become. It was true he had suffered great unhappiness. Yet so had she—Pamela Mardale; and she had not fallen from her pedestal. Here shame seized upon him. He lowered his eyes from her face.

‘Help!’ he stammered. ‘You ask me to help you? Look at me! I can give you no help!’

He suddenly broke off. He sat down at the table, buried his face in his hands, and burst into tears. Pamela crossed to him and laid her hand very gently upon his shoulder. She spoke very gently, too.

‘Oh, yes, you can,’ she said.

He drew away from her, but she would not be repulsed.

‘You should never have come to me at all,’ he sobbed. ‘Oh, how I hate that you should see me like this. Why did you come? I did not mean you to see me. You must have known that!’

You must have known, too, why. It was not kind of you, mademoiselle. No, it was not kind !’

‘Yet I am glad that I came,’ said Pamela. ‘I came, thinking of myself, it is true—my need is so very great ; but now I see your need is as great as mine. I ask you to rise up and help me.’

‘No, leave me alone !’ he cried. And she answered, gently, ‘I will not.’

M. Giraud grew quiet. He pressed his handkerchief to his eyes, and stood up.

‘Forgive me !’ he said. ‘I have behaved like a child ; but you would forgive me if you knew how I have waited and waited for you to come back. But you never did. Each summer I said : “She will return in the winter !” And the winter came, and I said : “She will come in the spring.” But neither in the winter nor in the spring did you return to Roquebrune. I have needed you so badly all these years.’

‘I am sorry,’ replied Pamela ; ‘I am very sorry.’

She did not reproach herself at all. She could not see, indeed, that she was to blame. But she was none the less distressed. Giraud’s exhibition of grief was so utterly unfamiliar to her that she felt awkward and helpless in face of it. He was yet further disfigured now by the traces of weeping ; his eyes were swollen and red. There was something grotesque in the aspect of this drink-swollen face, all convulsed with sorrow. Nothing could well be less in sympathy with Pamela’s nature than Giraud’s outburst and display of tears ; for she was herself reticent and proud. She held her head high as she walked through the world, mistress alike of her sorrows and her joys. But Mr. Mudge had spoken the truth when he had called upon her in Leicestershire. Imagination had come to her of late. She was able to understand the other point of view—to appreciate that there were other characters than hers which must needs fulfil themselves in ways which were not hers. She put herself now in M. Giraud’s place. She imagined him waiting and waiting at Roquebrune, with his one window on the outside world closed and shuttered—a man in a darkened room who most passionately desired the air without. She said, with a trace of hesitation :

‘You say you have needed me very much ?’

‘Oh, have I not ?’ exclaimed Giraud ; and the very weariness of his voice would have convinced her, had she needed conviction.

It seemed to express the dilatory passage of the years during which he had looked for her coming, and had looked in vain.

'Well, then, listen to me,' she went on. 'I was once told that to be needed by those whom one needs is a great comfort. I thought of the saying at the time, and I thought that it was a true one. Afterwards'—she began to speak slowly, carefully selecting her words—'it happened that in my own experience I proved it to be true, at all events for me. Is it true for you, also? Think well. If it is not true I will go away as you bade me at the beginning; but if it is true—why, then I may be of some little help to you, and you will be certainly a great help to me; for I need you very surely.'

M. Giraud looked at her in silence for a little while. Then he answered her with simplicity, and so, for the first time during this interview, wore the proper dignity of a man.

'Yes, I will help you,' he said. 'What can I do?'

She held out the letter which she had written to Lionel Callon. She bade him carry it with the best speed he could to its destination.

'Lose no time!' she implored. 'I am not sure but it may be that one man's life, and the happiness of a man and a woman besides, all hang upon its quick receipt.'

M. Giraud took his hat from the wall and went to the door. At the door he paused, and standing thus, with an averted face, he said in a whisper, recalling the words she had lately spoken:

'There is one, then, whom you need? You are no longer lonely in your thoughts? I should like to know.'

'Yes,' Pamela answered, gently; 'I am no longer lonely in my thoughts.'

'And you are happy?' he continued. 'You were not happy when you were at Roquebrune last. I should like to know that you, at all events, are happy now.'

'Yes,' said Pamela. In the presence of his distress she rather shrank from acknowledging the change which had come over her. It seemed cruel; yet he clearly wished to know. He clearly would be the happier for knowing. 'Yes,' she said; 'I am happy.'

'I am very glad,' said M. Giraud, in a low voice; 'I am very glad.' And he went rather quickly out by the door.

(To be continued.)

WASHINGTON, LINCOLN, AND GRANT.

BY GENERAL JAMES GRANT WILSON, D.C.L.

By the general judgment of the English-speaking world, Washington, Lincoln, and Grant are accepted as the three greatest Americans—Washington the founder, Lincoln the liberator, and Grant the saviour of our country. With the *pater patriæ* I enjoyed agreeable associations in early youth through intimacy with several of those who were nearest and dearest to him; with the martyr-President it was my privilege to be well acquainted during a period of six years; and with the illustrious soldier I was on terms of close friendship for almost a quarter of a century. While many persons have known Lincoln and Grant, and a few were acquainted with Washington and Lincoln, so far as I am aware but one person was ever born into this world who knew the triumvirate of uncrowned American kings. That individual was Horace Binney, leader of the Philadelphia Bar, and among the foremost leaders of the profession throughout the land, with whom I spent a memorable hour in the year 1874. During that delightful interview he stated that when a youth his home was near President Washington's Philadelphia residence, that he had met him almost daily for several years, and that he frequently held conversations with the General. Mr. Binney also mentioned the interesting fact that he had been acquainted with every President of the United States up to the time of Grant, during whose second Administration he passed away at the great age of ninety-five.

In the victory that was won at Saratoga in October 1777, the hero of the battle—in its results one of the decisive engagements of the world—was not the American commander, but Benedict Arnold. A few weeks after that great event, the Commander-in-Chief complimented Arnold upon his gallantry, and said to him in his stately manner: 'I understand, sir, that in the Battle of Saratoga, where you rendered such valuable service to your country, you lost your sleeve-links. Will you do me the honour to accept this pair, which I have worn several months, and of which I have duplicates?' When General Arnold became a traitor to his native land, and Washington, with righteous indignation, had denounced his base

treachery in bitter and burning words, he no longer found pleasure in the possession of the sleeve-links, and so he presented them to Colonel Tarleton, the only British officer who had treated him with any degree of courtesy. When Tarleton returned with the British Army to the Old World, he gave Washington's gift to his military secretary, an American Loyalist, and when he died they were left to his only son, Fitz-Greene Halleck. When the poet passed away, he bequeathed them to a young army friend who later became his biographer, and also the author of this article, who is the proud possessor of the beautiful gold sleeve-links.

Several years before the commencement of the American Civil War there was a house party in a spacious Virginia mansion on the banks of the Potomac, assembled together for the purpose of celebrating the anniversary of Washington's birth. The host was Washington's adopted son, the hostess his only daughter, Mary, wife of Robert E. Lee, then Lieutenant-Colonel of the Second United States Cavalry. The day was devoted chiefly to listening to charming recollections of Mr. Custis, who had lived with his father, as he called Washington, for eighteen years; to looking at Washington's letters, his books, his swords, his canes, his jewellery, and, in short, to innumerable articles hallowed by associations with him. It was a red-letter day—in the words of Carlyle, 'A day never to be forgotten in this world.' Alas! of all that happy house party, the Richmond beauties, the Baltimore belles, the young Virginians, and the two college students from the North, the writer is the only survivor. The place of that memorable meeting was Arlington, now a national cemetery. There rests that *beau sabreur*, gallant Phil Sheridan, and around him are buried several thousand of those roughriders who followed him on many a well-fought field.

A few days later the present writer was the guest, in the city of Washington, of a venerable lady whose hair was silvered by the snows of ninety-six winters. In early life she and my godmother, Mrs. Grant of Laggan, were taught in Albany, New York, by the same governess. They parted at the age of thirteen, and never met again. The broad Atlantic rolled between them, but they continued to correspond for three score and ten years. Elizabeth Schuyler, at the age of eighteen, spent the winter with General and Mrs. Washington, when the army was quartered at Morristown, New Jersey. Among her many admirers was a young captain of artillery to whom she gave her heart and hand, and they were married in her father's (General Philip Schuyler) house in Albany,

124 years ago. At the time of my visit she had been separated by death from her young captain for more than half a century, but she still loved to speak of him and of his great chief, with whom he was a staff officer later on, with the rank of colonel. She described Washington as the most majestic and magnificent of men, and the finest horseman of his age. Mounted on one of his fiery chargers, he was always an inspiration to his troops. When I bade this venerable woman a final farewell, she said to me, 'My dear young friend, you may be glad to remember hereafter that the same hand that your lips have just pressed was often pressed by the lips of Washington.' A year later I saw her placed by the side of her young captain under the shadows of Trinity Church, New York. That young captain's fame as the most brilliant of American statesmen has flown to the four quarters of the globe. His name was Alexander Hamilton.

A few years after the Civil War was closed by Grant at Appomattox, the writer was a guest in one of England's great houses. The estate of between 6,000 and 7,000 acres was purchased by the British Government at a cost of 300,000*l.*, and, together with a dukedom and 10,000*l.* a year, was presented to a successful soldier for a day's work at Waterloo. Another equally important battle was won at Gettysburg by General Meade—a battle not surpassed in importance by any fought since Saxon Harold fell at Hastings 800 years ago, but I never heard that he received an estate of any kind or an accession of rank or emolument from our Republican Government. When I entered the Strathfieldsaye drawing-room for the first time with the Duke of Wellington's eldest son and heir, I was surprised and delighted to see one of Gilbert Stuart's noble portraits of Washington occupying the place of honour in the handsome apartment. 'Where did you find that fine picture?' asked the American. 'Oh,' said the second Duke, 'my father hung it there almost half a century ago.' I then inquired, 'Did your father admire Washington?' 'My father,' was the Duke's reply, 'deemed Washington the purest and noblest character of modern time—possibly of all time, and considering the raw troops with which he had to oppose the trained and veteran soldiers of England, also a great general.'

Another interesting statement which the second Duke made to me was that when his father was assigned to the command of an expedition to be sent out against the city of Washington and New Orleans in 1814, he declined the command chiefly on the ground

that he would not fight against Washington's countrymen. And when his Government asked for the names of three officers from whom a commander could be selected, Wellington wrote, 'Sir Edward Pakenham, Sir Edward Pakenham, Sir Edward Pakenham,' and so poor Sir Edward, his brother-in-law, was sent to New Orleans to meet his death in the most disastrous defeat ever sustained by a British Army.

Six years ago, a young cavalry officer who followed Grant down the Mississippi valley wrote the General's life, and sent a copy to Gladstone, with whom he enjoyed the privilege of an acquaintance. In the course of his biography the author drew a comparison between Washington and Grant. Soon after an acknowledgment came from the great Christian statesman, in which some pleasant compliments were paid to the volume, the communication closing with these words: 'America is indeed a happy country if she can produce men worthy to be compared to the excellence of Washington, who has been a guide to my path all the days of my long life.' That letter is among my most valued literary treasures. Another one, containing but two lines, written and signed by W. M. Thackeray, is as follows: 'Washington was the very noblest, purest, bravest, best of God's men.'

When at the close of the Civil War the oldest of American universities called upon James Russell Lowell to sing the requiem of her own heroic dead, the poet made the 'Commemoration Ode' a pedestal on which he placed the statue of one whom he called 'The First American.' Again Lowell said:

Here was a type of the true elder race,
And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face to face.

My first talk with that extraordinary man was in the year 1858, when he was engaged in the celebrated debate with Douglas—a debate which terminated in a victory for the 'Little Giant,' who regained his seat in the United States Senate; but Mr. Lincoln won a still higher place—the presidency. I was introduced by one of my father's friends, an Illinois judge; we found the future chief magistrate in a shabby little uncarpeted office over a grocer's shop. He was a man of unusual height, six feet four inches, being four inches taller than Washington, and nearly nine inches taller than Grant. His face was rugged and swarthy, with coarse rebellious hair; he had long arms and limbs, huge hands and feet, and his greyish-

brown eyes were the saddest I ever saw. But when a good story was told by himself, or another, Lincoln's face lighted up until he was positively handsome.

During that memorable hour he was asked from what part of the country his ancestors came, and he replied : ' Well, my young friend, I believe the first English ancestor came to Massachusetts in 1638, and settled in Hingham or Hanghim—which was it judge ? ' The latter then said to Mr. Lincoln that I had mentioned some remarkable stories recently told by Mr. Custis at Arlington, including the statement that Washington was the strongest man of his generation, and that he was a famous wrestler, then a favourite amusement with Virginians, and that he had never been thrown. Lincoln then remarked : ' It is a curious thing, my young friend, but that is precisely my record : I could outlift any man in Illinois when I was a youth, and I never was thrown. If George was around now, I should be pleased to have a tussle with him, and I rather believe that one of the plain people of Illinois would be able to keep up his end against the aristocrat of Old Virginia.' Mr. Lincoln was fond of being known as one of the plain people. I frequently heard him use the expression. On one occasion he said, ' Well, I believe the Lord must love the plain people because He has made so many of them.' Washington and Lincoln certainly possessed ' the wrestling thews that throw the world.'

Something was said about the wild-cat currency of an earlier period, a species of Western paper money worth about as much as Confederate currency after Lee's surrender at Appomattox. Lincoln's story was that he was going down the Mississippi in the 'thirties. The wood then used on the steamers was getting low, and the captain ordered the pilot to steer in to the nearest wood pile. When they reached the bank of the river, the captain said to the man on shore : ' Is that your wood ? ' ' Certainly.' ' Do you want to sell it ? ' ' Yes.' ' Will you take wild-cat currency ? ' ' Of course.' ' How will you take it ? ' ' Cord for cord,' answered the owner.

The mention of Washington's name doubtless suggested to Lincoln the following droll story about attending a few days previous, a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the State Lunatic Asylum, situated near Springfield. As the day was cold and the long hall chilly, he deemed it prudent to wear his hat as he walked through. When about midway, a little lunatic darted out of a door, stopped in front of Mr. Lincoln, swelled out his chest, and looking very

indignant, said : ' Sir, I am amazed that you should presume to wear your hat in the presence of Christopher Columbus.' Removing his hat, Mr. Lincoln said, ' I beg your pardon, Christopher Columbus,' and passed on to the meeting. Returning, half an hour later, having forgotten the incident, and with his hat on again, the little lunatic darted out from the same door, and, drawing himself up as before, exclaimed : ' Sir, I am astounded that you should dare to wear your hat in the presence of General Washington.' ' Excuse me, General,' and Lincoln took off his hat, ' but it seems to me that half an hour ago you said you were Christopher Columbus.' ' Oh, yes ; that is quite correct, *but that was by another mother.*'

Years passed, and General Grant gave me leave of absence to go to Washington to see a younger brother who had been mortally wounded at the battle of Fredericksburg. After seeing him, I called upon the President, who said : ' What brings you to Washington, Colonel ? ' When informed, he remarked, ' If you will come in this afternoon at four o'clock, we will walk out to the Georgetown Hospital and see the young captain.' When we arrived there the President saw, or thought he saw, a strong resemblance between my brother and the son whom he had lost the year previous. This interested him so much that the following day Mrs. Lincoln drove out with us, and she saw the same striking resemblance. Almost daily during the fortnight that my brother survived, the President saw the young soldier, and Mrs. Lincoln sent him little delicacies made by herself. This incident is introduced to illustrate the fact that the President was one of the kindest-hearted of men, of whom it may be said, in the words of Bassanio, applied to his Venetian friend, ' The kindest man, the best conditioned and unwearied spirit in doing courtesies.'

On one occasion the President and the Secretary of State, accompanied by a young army officer, attended a review near Arlington. There was an ambulance provided, drawn by four mules, and when the party reached the Virginia side of the Potomac, where the roads were badly cut up by the army trains, the driver had so much difficulty with the mules that he began to swear, and the worse the roads became, the more profanity. At this point the President said in his pleasant manner, ' Driver, my friend.' The driver looked around, when Mr. Lincoln asked, ' Are you an Episcopalian ? ' Of course he was astonished, and he answered : ' No, Mr. President, I ain't much of anything. If I go to church at all, I go to the Methodist church.' ' Oh, excuse me,' replied

Lincoln, 'I thought you must be an Episcopalian, for you swear just like Seward, and he's a churchwarden.'

Dining at the White House one evening, I sat conversing with Mrs. Lincoln after the other guests had departed and the President had gone to his library. It was late when the cards of the Secretary of State and Mr. Washburne, a member of Congress from Illinois, were brought in. When they entered, Mr. Seward said that they had called to show the President the gold medal, just received from the Philadelphia mint, which was voted by Congress to General Grant for his capture of Vicksburg. When Mr. Lincoln entered it was handed to him, and, approaching a small centre-table on which there was a droplight, he opened the morocco case containing the medal upside down. After a time the writer ventured to remark: 'What is the obverse of the medal, Mr. President.' He looked up, and turning to Seward, said, 'I suppose by his obverse the Colonel means t'other side!' There was no sting in this, and the victim joined in the laugh. Indeed, Lincoln was too kind-hearted to exercise his trenchant power of repartee. 'Wit laughs at everybody,' he said, 'humour laughs *with* everybody.' Lincoln's jocoseness was partly natural, partly intentional. In the sea of troubles that almost overwhelmed him, he affected a serenity that he was far from feeling, so that his fun and mirth at momentous epochs were censured by dullards like the Secretary of War, who could not comprehend their philosophy.

I was so fortunate as to be within a few yards of the President when he delivered the second inaugural address, which is one of the gems of the English language, and few existing writings are likely to outlive it. A fortnight later I was invited to accompany the President, Mrs. Lincoln, and a young lady to the theatre. He sat in the rear of the box, leaning his head against the partition, paying no attention to the play, and looking so worn and weary that it would not have been surprising had his soul and body separated that very night. I said, 'Mr. President, you are not apparently interested in this play.' 'Oh, no, Colonel,' he replied, 'I do not come here for the play, but for rest. I am being hounded to death by office-seekers who pursue me early and late, and it is simply to get two or three hours' relief from them that I am here.' He then closed his eyes, and I turned to the ladies. A moment later I felt his heavy hand on my shoulder. Turning, to my surprise I saw the President sitting erect, his eyes full of fun, when he inquired, 'Colonel, did I ever tell you the story of Grant at the

circus?' On the answer, 'No,' he said, 'Well, when Grant was a little chap of about ten, a circus came to Point Pleasant, Ohio, where the family lived, and the boy asked his father for a quarter to go to the circus. As the old tanner would not give him the necessary twenty-five cents, he crawled in under the canvas as I used to do, for in those days I never possessed a quarter of a dollar. There was a mule that had been trained to throw his rider, and a silver dollar was offered to anyone in the audience who could ride him around the ring without being thrown. Many unsuccessful efforts were made to win the coin, but all were thrown over the mule's head into the tan bark. As the beast was being led out, Master Ulysses stepped forward, saying, 'I would like to try that mule.' He mounted, holding on longer than any of the others, but at length the mule succeeded in shaking him off. Ulysses jumped up, threw off his coat, and said, 'I would like to try that mule again.' This time he used strategy. He faced to the rear, took hold of the mule's tail instead of his head, which demoralised the mule, and so the boy rode around the ring, winning the silver dollar. And,' added the President, 'just so Grant will hold on to Lee.' Fourteen days later General Lee surrendered at Appomattox.

Before we separated that evening, the President said: 'If you will come in to-morrow, I will give you a photograph that has just been taken by Brady, of New York.' The following day he presented me with it, writing his name out in full, 'Abraham Lincoln.' He appeared to have a presentiment that something was to happen to him, for in handing me the signed photograph he remarked: 'Now, my dear Colonel, perhaps this will be valued by you after I am gone.' A few weeks later I was in the family home on the Hudson, and was awakened one morning by the tolling of bells. When I inquired why the church bells were tolling, I learned that Mr. Lincoln had been assassinated. General Grant said to me it was the saddest day of his life, and I think I may repeat those words—it was, with a single exception, the saddest day of my life. At his burial, the committee having the arrangements in charge wisely ordained that the second inaugural address should be read over his grave, as the friends of Raphael selected the incomparable canvas of the Transfiguration as the principal feature of his funeral. The lovers of freedom and justice, for which Lincoln lived and died, from the four quarters of the earth joined hands as sincere mourners at his grave, and of the martyr-President, the angel of Leigh Hunt's beautiful allegory might have written in the golden book of

remembrance as he did of Abou Ben Adhem, 'He loved his fellow-men.'

The words that Tennyson wrote of Wellington are equally applicable to General Grant: he was a 'tower of strength which stood four-square to all the winds that blew.' It is now sixty years since I saw the illustrious soldier take the highest jump recorded in military annals—six feet six inches. It occurred on the occasion of his graduation at the United States Military Academy, when, as a small schoolboy on my first visit to West Point, I happened to be present. I next saw him at Cairo, Illinois, where he was in command in the summer of 1861. The first success of the North in the Civil War was won by Grant, at Fort Donelson, early in the following year. On the day that the Confederates endeavoured to break through our lines, the General was seen riding from one end of the field to the other with an unlighted cigar in his mouth, and when the correspondents from the chief cities of the North sent off their accounts of the victory, they mentioned the circumstance of the cigar. The North felt grateful to Grant, and thought that as a smoker there was no better way of testifying their gratitude than by sending him a box of cigars, and in less than a fortnight there were some 20,000 cigars piled up in his headquarters. As Grant was a conscientious man, he did not think he could sell them, or even give them away, so the only course left was to smoke them, and a man who never used more than two a day began to smoke almost a bunch of twenty-five, continuing the habit for a score of years. That is the history of Grant's excessive smoking. Begun as a matter of duty, it became a habit. He was not aware, as he assured me, that he suffered any ill-effects from it, but to it the surgeons attributed the appearance of the fatal malady that terminated his life.

Connected with Grant's next great battle, at Shiloh, was a trifling incident which I heard him relate more than once. A private who had never heard a gun fired before—a tall, handsome fellow of six feet—was so perfectly panic-stricken by the second or third volley and seeing his comrades falling around him, that he threw down his gun and started for the rear as fast as his long legs could carry him. In his flight he passed General Sherman, who shouted to him, 'What are you running for?' and the frightened man, without stopping, yelled back, 'Because I can't fly.' Fortunately Sherman's bullet missed him, and he became one of the

bravest officers in the Western Army. Another story that amused Grant, and which he sometimes told, was of a certain rough carpenter who accompanied 'Stonewall' Jackson in many of his marches. On one occasion when he was making a rapid movement he came to a deep stream; the bridge had been burned, and it was necessary it should be restored as rapidly as possible. Jackson sent for his engineers and the carpenter, telling them what was required; the engineers retiring to their tents to prepare their plans. Two hours later the carpenter appeared and said: 'General, that bridge is finished, but them pictures ain't come yet.'

Another of Grant's stories was of a little incident of the Mexican tour. General Taylor sent a regiment to Brownsville, opposite Matamoras. A few days passed, when the sound of distant guns was heard, and 'Old Rough and Ready' knew that war had begun. The army was ordered to move immediately in light marching order, that nothing superfluous should be taken, but one waggon being allowed to a regiment. 'There was a young captain in the Fourth Infantry,' said Grant, 'who was a great reader, and he had a small bookcase holding a score of favourite volumes, which he placed in the waggon. The Colonel was an old-fashioned soldier who did not care for literature, and when he saw the bookcase, he ordered it to be thrown out. The adjutant of the Fourth, who witnessed this, was anxious about a keg of whisky, so he approached Colonel Whistler¹ and said: "Colonel, I am not very well, and I have taken the liberty of putting a small keg of whisky in the waggon." "Oh," he replied, "that's all right, Mr. Hoskins; anything in reason, but Graham wanted to carry books!"'

Then followed Vicksburg, which I cannot look back to except in the light of being the most brilliant campaign of the Civil War. During the siege, a planter's wife, living several miles from the city, appeared on her porch, where Grant was waiting for a glass of water, and tauntingly inquired of the General if he expected to take Vicksburg and when, adding that he would never capture the city. 'I cannot tell the exact day,' he replied, 'but I shall stay until I do, if it takes three years.' The surrender followed in less than thirty days. This is quite as good as Marshal MacMahon's famous saying at the siege of Sebastopol, '*J'y suis et j'y reste.*' Sherman wrote a protest against the contemplated campaign, which he gave Grant, asking that it might be forwarded to Washington, saying: 'You know, Grant, I have always supported you loyally, and will continue to do so in this campaign; but I have nothing

¹ Grandfather of the artist James McNeill Whistler.

except my reputation as a soldier, and my judgment is against this campaign—it is too hazardous, and I want to go on record as having opposed it.’ ‘All right, Sherman, all right,’ and Grant put the protest in his pocket. Just before it was obvious to our army around Vicksburg that we were about to capture the ‘Western Gibraltar,’ they were smoking together before Grant’s tent, when the adjutant-general’s orderly came for a certain paper which was wanted. Grant gave it to him, and taking another from his pocket, handed it to Sherman, saying: ‘Sherman, there is something you had better put in your pocket.’ It was his protest, which was not sent to Washington, because Grant felt absolutely certain that if he lived he would take Vicksburg, and he did not desire to humiliate his faithful lieutenant. The day before we entered the city, which was on the nation’s birthday, Meade had driven back Lee, after the crushing defeat at Gettysburg. It was after that news had reached Sherman, who had been sent in pursuit of Johnston, and he had heard that we had entered Vicksburg, that he telegraphed Grant, saying: ‘Dear Grant,—Glory Hallelujah! This is the greatest Fourth of July since 1776. Sherman.’

In September 1863, Grant held a consultation with General Banks in New Orleans, in regard to a proposed expedition against Mobile, and later reviewed the 13th Army Corps, which had been sent from Vicksburg to reinforce Banks in the anticipated movement against Mobile. After the review, when accompanied by the writer, the General’s spirited charger took fright, and threw his rider, the only time Grant was ever thrown from the saddle. He was severely injured, and that accident cost us the serious defeat at Chickamauga, for it prevented his being present, and it is reasonable to suppose that if he had been, no such result would have followed. As soon as he was able to move on crutches, the General proceeded to Chattanooga, and there, soon after, he won one of the important victories of the four years’ war, and the most spectacular of all his many battles; it was spread out like a panorama, and I have often heard Grant say that ‘as a military spectacle it surpassed any battlefield that he ever saw.’

Grant having been given command of all the armies of the North, numbering nearly a million of men, came to the East to enter upon a death grapple with Lee. Many of the Southern captains sneered at the Western General, but Longstreet, their greatest corps commander except Jackson, said: ‘Grant will take us by the throat, and never loosen his grip until we are on our

knees.' A man of less nerve and military genius would have quailed before the fierce and terrible onset of Lee in the Wilderness. Not so Grant. His courage was sublime. On the evening of the first day's conflict, when a young officer came from General Burnside with bad news and a gloomy countenance, Grant said: 'It is all right, Wilson. I shall take no backward step. This army moves forward at four o'clock in the morning.' Then followed the continuous fighting, which Stanton, the Secretary of War, called 'the bloodiest swath ever made on this globe.' As an American commander Grant has had no equal. His sledge-hammer blows were given with all his strength, and he was always ready for a fight. He had the gravity of all great fighters. He was like the famous dog of which Dr. 'Rab' Brown tells us. A Highland gamekeeper named Grant, when asked why a certain terrier of singular pluck was so much graver than the other dogs, said: 'Oh, sir, life's full of seriousness to him—he just never can get enough o' fechtin'.' Grant's stout heart never quailed under the most alarming conditions.

After Lee's surrender on the most generous terms ever granted to a beaten army, the victor hastened to Washington to stop the enormous expenditure of almost four millions of dollars a day without even entering the Confederate capital which he had conquered. The close of the war soon followed, and then came the great review in Washington, when the army of the Potomac, under Meade, passed before Grant; and the next day the Western Army, whose drums had been heard in seven Southern States, commanded by their famous leader Sherman, marched past.

As President of the United States, Grant gave us peace with arbitration, money without dishonour, Civil Service, and justice to the Indians. After his two terms he made the tour of the world, going first to England. There he was entertained by the second Duke of Wellington, who said to me that as the son of her most illustrious soldier he thought he was entitled to the honour of giving General Grant his first dinner in England. It occurred in the Waterloo Chamber, where the 'Iron Duke' entertained his surviving comrades on every anniversary of Waterloo. Grant gave his arm to the Duchess, and Mrs. Grant was escorted by the Duke. At this banquet the Duke gave the following toast to his American guest: 'The descendant of the most successful General in the English army drinks the health of the ablest General of modern times.' The great Duke's son was much amused by Mrs. Grant's answer to his remark in the course of a conversation con-

cerning her country and countrymen. He said: 'I understand, Mrs. Grant, from what I have heard or read, that the Americans have very poor teeth.' 'You are very much mistaken, sir,' said Mrs. Grant; 'they have very good teeth, or if they haven't, they buy them.'

Soon after his return to the United States, Grant purchased a residence in New York. There he had a fall which lamed him for life. Later on he lost his fortune, and at length consented to write his 'Military Memoirs,' being assured by intimate friends that in this way he might replace in part the money he had lost through the villany of a Wall Street knave. So, I think, he won the greatest of all his victories when, suffering from the mortal malady which caused his death and in constant pain, he actually defied death itself until his work was completed. Grant might have said:

Until my work is done, I cannot die;
And then, I would not live.

His 'Military Memoirs' has been the most successful work of its character since the art of printing was discovered in 1445. No other similar book has ever met with such an extraordinary sale. While the General thought I was extravagant in predicting a circulation of 200,000 copies, its sale was more than double that number, and his family have received more than 90,000% copyright. No work of autobiography with which I am acquainted is so absolutely free from egotistic self-consciousness. It will live with Lincoln's immortal addresses.

An English historian tells us that two centuries ago, about eight o'clock in the morning, the hero of the battle of the Boyne died in Kensington Palace, and when the lords-in-waiting were superintending the laying out of his remains and preparing them for burial, they found around his neck a small black silk ribbon, and attached to it was the wedding ring of his deceased wife, Queen Mary, and a lock of her dark-brown hair. They ordered it to be removed. When General Grant's spirit took its flight back to its Maker at the same hour in the morning as that of the gallant English king, they found suspended around his neck a long thin braid of a woman's hair, intertwined with a little curl of a child's hair. It had been sent to Captain Grant, then on duty far away in Oregon, on the distant Pacific coast, by his young wife. It was her hair and that of his eldest son, whom Grant had never seen, and he had worn it for thirty years! *En passant*, perhaps I may be permitted to mention that the ring I wear contains the hair of

Washington, Lincoln, and Grant, also that of Napoleon and Wellington.¹

General Grant's funeral took place in New York. It was the greatest military display of armed men ever seen in the American metropolis. The tomb prepared for him is the grandest ever erected in this world in honour of a soldier. Over the portals of that noble tomb on the banks of the Hudson are fitly inscribed Grant's dying words: 'Let us have peace.'

President Roosevelt says of this triumvirate of his predecessors: 'Washington fought in the earlier struggle, and it was his good fortune to win the highest renown alike as a soldier and statesman. In the second and even greater struggle, the deeds of Lincoln the statesman were made good by those of Grant the soldier, and later Grant himself took up the work that dropped from Lincoln's tired hands when the assassin's bullet went home, and the sad, patient, kindly eyes were closed for ever.'

It would be a curious question to inquire what would have been the fate of our country without these three mighty men. It certainly may be doubted if we could have gained our independence without Washington, and it is equally open to doubt whether the Republic would have maintained its integrity without Lincoln and Grant. National unity is no longer a theory, but is a condition; and we are now united in fact as well as in name. In the words of the poet:

Those opposed eyes
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine shock,
Shall now in mutual well beseeching ranks,
March all one way.

Perhaps it is the greatest glory of these three illustrious men that they were alike spotless in all the varied relations of private life. Their countrymen will continue to cherish their memory far on in summers that we shall not see, and upon the adamant of their fame the stream of time will beat without injury. The names of Washington, Lincoln, and Grant are enrolled in the Capitol, and they belong to the endless and everlasting ages.

¹ The writer received Washington's hair from his adopted son, George Washington Parke Custis, of Arlington; Lincoln's and Grant's from the Presidents themselves; Napoleon's was bequeathed to him by Captain Frederick Lahrbush, of the Sixtieth Rifles, who, with his regiment, was stationed at St. Helena guarding the ex-Emperor; and Wellington's hair was received from his eldest son when the present writer was on his last visit to Strathfieldsaye, the year before the second Duke's death.

*HOUSEHOLD BUDGETS ABROAD.¹**IV.—ITALY.*

BY L. VILLARI.

IT is a somewhat complicated matter to compare the family budgets of two countries, especially of two countries where the conditions of life, the habits and tastes of the people, and the general wealth of the community are so different as are Italy and England. The difficulty arises from the absence of any common denominator by which to institute the comparison between the respective incomes and expenditure. Mere money value is an inaccurate standard, because an income of, say, £800 a year in England is a very different thing from what it would be in Italy. In the first place incomes of that figure are far less numerous in the latter country than in the former; for although Italy's economic position has certainly made marvellous progress during the last few years, and every branch of national wealth and finance is expanding in the most satisfactory manner, the general standard of prosperity is still very low, and what would be regarded as a modest competence in this country would pass as a large fortune in Italy. On the other hand, the general expenses of life are lower, and the necessity and even the opportunity for large outlay are smaller, especially in the middle and in the working classes. Less is expected of them, and indeed the well-known frugality and simplicity of the Italian people make them less inclined to spend money on luxurious living, and to prefer to save and invest superfluous income. It is this that reduces expenditure rather than the greater cheapness of living. Italians who go to England say that there 'everything costs less, but one spends much more.' Although paradoxical, there is much truth in the statement, many items being almost if not quite as expensive in Italy as in England; but the balance is more than redressed by the greater simplicity of life. This has its bad as well as its good side, and the love of saving, which in many cases amounts to a morbid passion, weakens the spirit of enterprise, and obliges people to bring up their children in an unsatisfactory manner, thereby unfitting them for the battle

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of life. At the same time it occasionally produces a reaction in the latter which makes them fly to extravagance as soon as they are their own masters.

Another difficulty in dealing with Italian budgets is the great difference of condition between one part of the country and another, both in the upper and the lower strata of society. In such towns as Milan or Turin there is an appearance of wealth, comfort, and culture that argue a prosperous and progressive population, and in the agricultural districts improvements are everywhere conspicuous; whereas the poverty-stricken South, without industries, its agriculture in a state of depression, and its miserable and ignorant proletariat, is among the least favoured lands in Europe. These differences are so great that it is not possible to present a typical family budget which is even approximately representative of all Italy. I can only choose out one or two types from one part of the country, which in this case shall be Central Italy, both because I know it best and also because from its position it more nearly approaches a medium than either the northern or the southern province.

My first example will be the budget of a middle-class family residing in Florence. The paterfamilias is a professional man earning 7,000 lire a year, while his private income and that of his wife's *dot*, invested in Government securities at 4 per cent. (the favourite investment, after land, of private fortunes in Italy), amounts to another 3,000 lire. Thus the family has in all 10,000 lire or £400 per annum with which to get along and bring up four children. It must be remembered that a family of the corresponding description in England would have more than double this income, but on the other hand it would have to do more in the way of entertaining and keeping up appearances. With some exceptions the Italian professional classes do not mix with the smart society, where alone entertaining on a large scale is done, and even in their own circle they hardly ever give a regular dinner party or even a large reception. They occasionally ask a friend or two in to a meal, the wife has an 'at home' day, and on certain festivals there is a large family gathering; but everything is done in the simplest manner.

Let us now see how our family spends its income. The first question is that of house rent, and in this the differences from English, and especially London, conditions are most conspicuous. In London the question of situation is more important than that of size, and a family of moderate means has to choose between a fair-

sized house in an unfashionable quarter at a great distance from the centre of things, and a very small one in a better position. But in Italy few towns are so large that distance is a serious consideration, and these have usually a good and cheap tram service. Rents vary very little according to the situation ; they may be somewhat higher in two or three fashionable streets, but even in the most aristocratic quarters cheap apartments are to be found. In many cases, in fact, the same house shelters very rich families on the first and second floor, while the garrets and basements are let in lodgings to the poorest of the poor. You cannot argue a man's income and social position, even approximately, from his address as you can in this country. If one lives outside the town gates, both rent and living expenses generally are much lower, but there are other inconveniences which more than balance the advantages. The family we are describing will in all probability inhabit a flat, not far from the centre of the town ; *villini*, as separate houses for one family are called, are a comparatively new institution ; they are far more costly in proportion than flats, and the accommodation, with some exceptions, is less good. The taxes, too, are higher, and there are many additional expenses. A flat of ten or twelve rooms, in which the hall, the kitchen, and other offices are included, will cost 1,200 lire (£48) a year on the third or fourth floor of a large house, or the ground floor, first or second of a smaller one. A ground-floor flat sometimes includes a bit of garden. The rooms are larger and airier than those of a London house costing £150 a year, and far larger than those of a flat at £200 or £250 in a moderately good situation. On the other hand such apartments are usually unprovided with modern conveniences—there is no bath-room, no hot-water taps except in the kitchen, the stairs are badly kept and ill lighted, and there is little attempt at tasteful decoration, unless the house happens to be an old one with frescoed walls. Electric light is, however, coming into use, and electric bells are almost universal. Lifts are very rare, and only found in large and expensive flats (in Florence there are hardly any except in public buildings and hotels). The rent includes water and all repairs ; the amount of the latter of course depends a good deal on the virtues of the landlord.

After the rent the next question is that of servants. This is not by any means such a serious business as it seems to be in England, and good servants are obtainable even by people of moderate means. Good Italian servants are the best in the world,

for no others show so much consideration for their masters, for whom they often entertain a genuine affection; they have no high and mighty airs, they do not 'give notice' if they are requested to do some work not quite strictly within their province, nor do they change their situation every three months. Our family will keep one resident servant who cooks and attends to most of the house work, and a *mezzo servizio* or charwoman, who comes in for a few hours every day, or two or three times a week. The 'general' receives from 15 to 25 lire (12s. to £1) a month, and the charwoman about ten (8s.). Then there is food and an allowance for wine—which in Italy is a necessity rather than a luxury, and not an expensive item. The total cost per annum for servants amounts in this case to 450 lire (£18). Cleaning entails less labour than in London owing to the absence of soot. Nor is it necessary to call in outside assistance to clean the windows, as they revolve on hinges and can be tackled from inside the room. Baths are not taken every day in middle-class households, so that there is less water to empty. The daughters help in making the beds, and the mother also does some of the housework. The meals are wholesome and appetizing, far more so in fact than the productions of many English cooks at much higher wages. On the other hand, Italian servants are less neat and tidy than English ones, and the appearance of the house is correspondingly less attractive.

As regards food, Italians of this, or indeed, of any other class, never eat more than two regular meals a day. Breakfast is reduced to vanishing point, and consists of a cup of coffee and milk with or without bread and butter. Lunch at midday includes a light dish, a meat course, and fruit and cheese. Dinner at 6 or 7 P.M. consists of soup, two courses, and cheese and fruit. Pudding is eaten at dinner once or twice a week, or when guests are invited. Wine, usually red Chianti in Tuscany, is drunk with both meals, and black coffee follows after. Afternoon tea is only taken in the highest classes or in families with English connections; but stray visitors are regaled with sweet wine and biscuits. Good wine costs from 60 cents to 1.50 lira (say, 6d. to 1s. 3d.) a flask containing 2½ litres (about 4½ pints). As sugar is very heavily taxed, jam, puddings, and cakes are luxuries. The total amount thus spent on food and drink may be set down at 2,800 lire (£112) a year.

The family washing is sent to the laundress, but the ironing is done at home by a woman who comes in once a week, receiving 2 lire a day and her food. This item will run to about 200 lire (£8) a year.

Heating does not cost very much in Tuscany among the middle classes, and fires are rarely lit except in the kitchen. If the day is very cold or some one is unwell, a fire is indulged in, but as a rule all the warmth required is supplied by *scaldini* (earthenware vessels filled with embers). Not that the climate makes artificial warmth superfluous, for it can be icy in Florence; but Italians do not mind the cold in the house, although they are sensitive to it out of doors. The fuel burnt is wood with a little coal or coke. Firing and lighting will cost another 200 lire (£8) a year.

Before we have done with housekeeping we must make some allowance for the upkeep of the apartment and its contents. We will suppose that the family possessed sufficient furniture at the time of the marriage. It is, however, on a very modest scale, and its renewal from time to time will not be a very serious expense. The decorations are of the plainest, and little attempt is made to give the home an artistic and attractive appearance, for Italians of the middle class prefer to spend their spare money in other ways. The renewal of the household linen is a more costly matter, and often even modest families are wont to keep an ample supply of it, of good quality. For these purposes we shall set aside about 350 lire (£14).

After the house we come to clothes. The wife and daughters naturally spend more on attire than the father and boys (a man can get a decent suit of clothes for 40 or 50 lire [32s. to 40s.], whereas women's dresses are a good deal more costly); in Italy, as in England and elsewhere, milliners' bills are a fertile source of domestic 'ructions.' But some of the clothes, especially for the children, are made at home. In all about 1,800 lire (£72) will be spent on attire. Taxes¹ on an income of 10,000 lire and charities will come to about 1,000 lire (£40).

After these necessary and regular expenses we come to those which are incidental and those for amusements. Conveyances which run away with such a lot of money in London, whether we indulge in the swift and expensive hansom, or limit ourselves to the jerky but economic 'bus and the stuffy subterranean railways, are in Italy almost a *quantité négligeable*. Cabs usually cost a lira for a drive of any distance within the town, and 'buses and trams from 10 to 20 cents. But as private residences are within easy reach of most places of business it is possible to walk there and back

¹ Including the tax on professional income, municipal taxes, &c. The tax on Government *rents* is deducted when the income (in our case 3,000 lire) is paid out

every day, save when the weather is exceptionally bad. Theatres, which are the Italian's favourite relaxation, are as a rule a very cheap luxury, parterre seats costing from 1.50 lira to 4 or 5 lire (1s. 2d. to 4s.). Middle-class families not infrequently have boxes lent to them, or they occasionally take one costing 10 lire to 20 lire (8s. to 16s.) as a treat. They go more often to the theatre than most English families with much larger incomes. Clubs, on the other hand, are not necessary, although many Italians belong to *circoli* of different sorts, which exist chiefly for getting up entertainments, dances, &c. Entertaining, in the English sense of the word, is rarely indulged in by people in this rank of life; they will perhaps give two or three yearly family gatherings, at Christmas, Easter, &c., but on a modest scale, even though the number of dishes is large, and the variety of good wines considerable. Then we must add stationery, newspapers, the café, &c. About 250 lire (£10) will be sufficient for these expenses.

Education in Italy is largely under State control, and in the public schools the cost of instruction is small. In the primary schools there are no fees, and in the secondary ones they range from 100 lire to 150 lire (£4 to £6). At the university they are somewhat higher, from 450 lire to 850 lire (£18 to £34) for a four or a six years' course. There are also private schools, but the majority of people prefer to send their children to the public schools, unless they are uncompromising Clericals who wish their offspring to be brought up in a thoroughly religious atmosphere. There may be some extra expense for books and the teaching of music or foreign languages, and we may calculate the total at 450 lire (£18).

The last item is the *villeggiatura* or summer holiday. Italians, even in the highest classes, are not much addicted to travelling, and do not usually leave their homes more than once or twice a year. The family we have described will be unable to afford more than one annual outing to the sea or the country, and perhaps one or two visits to relations. The former takes place during the hottest months, and lasts from four to six weeks. They hire a furnished apartment or a small villa, which can be obtained at a moderate rent, and take their own servant. Their life in the country is of the simplest; and they will not spend more than 700 lire. Italians are great lovers of land, and as soon as the paterfamilias has saved enough money he buys a small villa with a few acres of ground, which will be the usual holiday resort. Foreign travel is, of course, out of the question, but if some money is put by, or the family gets a

little windfall, they may make a trip to Paris or Switzerland, perhaps two or three times in a lifetime.

Let us now sum up the figures :

	Lira.	£
Rent	1,200	48
Servants' wages	450	18
Food and drink	2,800	112
Washing	200	8
Firing and lights	200	8
Other household expenses	350	14
Clothing	1,700	68
Taxes and charities	1,000	40
Amusements, &c.	250	10
Education	450	18
Summer holiday	700	28
Total	9,300	372

This leaves 700 lire (£28) for eventualities ; in these we must include the doctor's and chemist's bills (the former charges from 3 lire to 5 lire a visit). Thus we may calculate that 450 lire (£18) will be saved at the end of the year, and invested.

These calculations are, of course, only approximate, and no two families will expend the same income in the same way. Some Italian housewives are marvels of domestic skill, and make the very best use of every penny, while others are wasteful and extravagant. I think that on the whole the former are more numerous than the latter, at all events in the middle classes.

Working Class Budgets.

In dealing with the income and expenditure of the Italian working classes the differences between one part of the country and another are even more striking than in the case of the *bourgeoisie*. At the same time, in one district there will be several very different classes of working men in totally different conditions. On the other hand, the distinction between the artisan and the labourer is less clearly defined in Italy than it is in many other lands, and whereas the peasants carry on many small cottage industries, numbers of trades in the large towns and mining centres are worked by men living in the country and engaged for a part of the year on purely agricultural occupations. In spite of the great progress achieved by Italian manufactures during the last few years, and the increasing numbers of factories, especially in Northern

Italy, agriculture is still by far the most important industry in the country and employs the greatest number of hands. I shall therefore take the labourer rather than the artisan as typical of this part of the Italian population.

The agricultural labourers are divided into several classes, as I have said, varying in prosperity both according to the different parts of Italy and their social position. There is, indeed, hardly a system of land tenure from Ireland to Kamtchatka, which is not represented in some region of Italy, and in hardly any single district is there one uniform system. There are, however, four principal groups of labourers: the small peasant proprietors, the *métayers* or *mezzadri*, the farm labourers or *braccianti*, and the farmers paying rent. The *métairie* system is prevalent in Central Italy, large estates worked by hired labourers in the North and in the South, rented farms in the North, especially in Piedmont, while small properties (in many cases too small to be anything more than a supplement to the owner's earnings in some other occupation) are scattered about all over the country. But each of these systems overlaps, and they are all to be found in almost any part of Italy. Having to choose amid so great a variety, I shall take the *métayer* system as being, if not the commonest, at all events the most typically Italian, and from peasants thus employed I shall choose my budgets.

The farm which I shall consider forms part of a moderate-sized estate, situated in central Italy. A detailed description of the *mezzadria* system would be out of place in this article, but I must say a few words on the subject to explain the farmer's economic condition. The landlord pays the taxes and provides half the live stock, while the peasant supplies the labour and pays for any extra hands which may be required at harvest time, and provides the other half of the live stock and all the farm implements. The occasional expenses of cultivation are shared by landlord and peasant, but special expenses for extraordinary cultivation are paid for by the landlord alone. The produce of the farm is divided in equal proportions between landlord and tenant. The system, which is peculiarly suited to the soil of Central Italy, where two or three different crops can be grown on the same piece of ground at the same time, has many advantages, of which the chief are that it combines the good points of large and of small cultivation; it also makes for the friendliness between landlord and tenant. The family established on this farm consists of the *capoccia* or

head of the little community, the *massaia* or housekeeper, who is either his wife or, if he be unmarried, some other female relative, and manages the domestic economy of the farm, the children, of whom the older ones help in the farm work, and, if the farm be large, two or three other helpers of both sexes, usually relations. I shall, however, take as an example a medium-sized *podere* farmed by the family only, i.e. father, mother, two children old enough to be of use, and two younger ones. They occupy a house, for which they pay no rent (the usual practice with this kind of tenure), consisting of a large kitchen, another living room, two or three bedrooms, and some store rooms. The house is situated in the midst of cultivated fields on some pleasant hillside bathed in sunlight. It is, perhaps, less clean and neat than the cottage of an average English labourer or artisan, but it is by no means dirty, and the simple furniture is kept well polished and dustless; above all, the beds are clean. Outside the cottage is a stable for the farm cattle, one or two sheds, and a vat-house for wine-pressing. Close by is a small orchard, where the farmer grows some fruit and vegetables, either for home consumption or for sale. We shall set down the family's total income, including the produce of the *podere* (farm), the extra wages which the peasant may earn by special work, and the earnings of his wife from plaiting straw, and similar odd jobs at 1,200 lire (£48) per annum. Both income and expenditure are largely in kind, but I shall calculate both at money value.

As there is no rent to pay, and the landlord is charged with all necessary repairs, the first and most important matter is food.

The food eaten by a peasant family of this description consists chiefly of wheaten bread and *polenta* (bread made from Indian corn); the *companatico* or relish for the bread, i.e. sardines, anchovies, or herrings, or some meat gravy; soup made from vegetables and sometimes flavoured with a little meat; meat, which is chiefly bacon or some other form of pork, about once a week; cheese, eggs, &c.; for drink the usual potion is *vinello*, or thin weak wine, but a small amount of wine of a better quality is kept for Sundays and other feast days. On those occasions the men of the family will visit the *osteria* or tavern and drink a few glasses of wine with their friends, but real drunkenness is very rare save in three or four provinces. The peasant's day being a long one, he has more meals than the average *bourgeois*, albeit small ones. He starts with a

light breakfast of bread and cheese, with perhaps some vegetables; eats his dinner at midday, consisting of either *polenta* or *minestra* (a sort of 'omnium gatherum' soup with a flavour of bacon and vegetables, such as lentils, pulse, &c.), and bread and cheese. The afternoon *merenda* is more or less like breakfast, and supper is similar to dinner, but rather less substantial. On special occasions—high feast-days, marriages, and christenings—more ample and varied repasts are eaten, and the landlord sometimes sends gifts of good wine, fowls, or other food.

Wheaten flour costs from 20 to 30 lire per *quintale* (100 kilograms), whereas maize flour costs about half, and *polenta* is more-over more filling, though less nourishing and wholesome. In good times the farmer will require about 11 *quintali* a year of wheat and four or five of Indian corn; but if the harvest has been bad the proportions will be changed, and there will be more *polenta* and less bread. We may say that on an average 265 lire (£10 12s.) will cover the cost of breadstuffs which form the staple food of the Italian peasant.

Meat, which, as I have said, consists largely of pork, is eaten once a week. In addition there will be a little beef, a few fowls, and some lamb or mutton. The total amount spent will run to about 135 lire (£5 8s.). Cheese also is largely consumed, and oil is employed for cooking and for condiments, while butter is a much rarer luxury, at all events in Central and Southern Italy (in the North the co-operative dairies have made it a more popular as well as a better and cheaper article of diet); 75 lire (£3) should be sufficient to cover these items. Vegetables are cheap and good, and no one knows how to cook them so well as the Italian housekeeper; on them 50 lire (£2) will be spent. The thin wine which forms their ordinary drink costs 4 or 5 lire per hectolitre, while the better kind for special occasions costs 24 to 30 lire; in all 160 lire (£6 8s.) will be spent on wine. This completes the food budget, amounting to 685 lire (£27 8s.), or slightly more than half the family's income. It will be noticed that a *bourgeois* family according to our calculations spends less than one-third of its income on food, but it should be remembered that in the latter case rent has to be considered, whereas the *métayer* pays no rent, and this alters the proportions.

Now we come to other household expenses apart from food. Firing varies as regards the amount consumed very considerably, according to the different provinces. In Central Italy, as I have said, even the *bourgeois* rarely lights fires except in the kitchen, and this is

still more true of the poorer classes. Some of the wood for the kitchen fire is picked up, and a little is bought; it costs about 40 lire (£1 12s.) a year. In the uplands of Tuscany and on the north side of the Apennines, where the winter is very severe, the evenings are usually spent in the stables for the sake of warmth without the expense of lighting a fire. The more prosperous farmers and the peasants of Northern Italy (Piedmont, Lombardy, and Venetia) are obliged to spend more money on heating, the climate there being quite as cold as in countries beyond the Alps, although the winter is shorter. Other household expenses, such as the upkeep of the bed and table linen, lights, the wear and tear of the furniture, &c., will account for 60 lire (£2 8s.). The washing is done at home, but even so it entails some outlay for soap, starch, &c., and a part of it is perhaps sent out; we must allow 30 lire (£1 4s.) for this purpose.

After the housekeeping there is the question of clothes. This item varies almost more than any other, according to a number of circumstances, such as the skill of the housewife and her daughters with their needles, the particular work in which the men are employed, the generosity and the means of the landlord, and the love of finery of all the members of the family. The various articles of attire are usually made at home, either by the peasant's womenfolk, or by a journeyman tailor hired at so much a day *plus* his food; the material is spun at home or bought at the nearest town. If the couple are newly married the wife's trousseau will last for some time, but even this comes to an end like all things human, and has to be renewed. Relatives and the landlord may generally be counted on for occasional presents to supplement the stock. I shall set down 80 lire (£3 4s.) as a fair average amount for this purpose. Boots are bought from the village cobbler, as few peasants have either the skill or the time to make their own; the custom of going barefoot, however, which is very common among the lower classes in all parts of Italy, reduces the wear and tear of the foot gear very sensibly, while a few presents of old boots may be expected from time to time. We will thus add 30 lire to the 80 lire for clothes, making 110 lire (£4 8s.) in all for attire.

A few more miscellaneous items must be considered, such as church fees and the doctor's and chemist's bills; supposing the family to be in good health the latter will not be very formidable, and we need not set down more than 25 lire for these sundry outgoings.

Let us now sum up the financial situation.

	Lire	£	s	d.
Income	1,200	48	0	0
Expenditure:				
Wheat	220	8	16	0
Maise	45	1	16	0
Butter, cheese, and oil	75	3	0	0
Vegetables	50	2	0	0
Meat	135	5	8	0
Wine	160	6	8	0
Firing	40	1	12	0
Linen and other expenses	60	2	8	0
Washing	30	1	4	0
Clothes	80	3	4	0
Boots	30	1	4	0
Doctor, &c.	25	1	0	0
Total	950	38	0	0

This 950 lire therefore covers the total of the necessary expenses, or let us say 1,000 lire, to be on the safe side. There remains a sum of 200 lire (£8) for luxuries, amusements, and savings. The former will consist chiefly of tobacco for the men, some extra viands for Christmas dinner and one or two other festivities, something for weddings, christenings, and other family celebrations, and we must not omit charity, for the Italian peasant, however poor, rarely refuses to give at least a trifle to those poorer than himself. Then there is the Sunday visit to the tavern, perhaps a little money lost at cards or at the lottery, and a rare outing to the neighbouring town. Elementary education is, as I have said, free, so that the *contadino* need not trouble himself in a general way about spending money on schooling. In a few cases, however, he saves so as to give his children a higher education. Books and newspapers are seldom read by the lower classes, especially by the peasants, whose expenditure on them is reduced to the smallest proportions. A peasant living near a town or large village will probably belong to a *circolo*, which is either political or social. The subscription is, say, about 50 cents a month, or 6 lire a year. If we calculate the total of these expenses at 100 to 125 lire (£4 to £5) this leaves another 75 to 100 lire (£3 to £4) for savings. The love of saving is as strong in the Italian working classes as it is in the *bourgeoisie*, and if something can be put by for a rainy day the opportunity will not usually be neglected. The money is invested in the Savings Bank for emergencies, or with a view to buying a little plot of land, or to provide dowries for the daughters.

In this instance I have dealt with a family of a class which may be described as the aristocracy of the proletariat, and it cannot be regarded as representative of the whole of the Italian peasantry, nor are the conditions even of this class at all times as satisfactory. I have supposed the harvest to have been a fairly good one, the peasant himself honest and laborious, his wife thrifty and a good housekeeper, no member of the family a gambler or a drunkard, and no one affected by severe illness. Even so the life is hard, though not an unhappy one; there is enough wholesome food to keep everyone in good health, and clothes to keep out the cold, but very little else. The margin is narrow, and a bad harvest or a long illness throws the whole household economy out of gear. Then even necessities must be cut down, the few luxuries suppressed, the savings go, and debts are contracted. A large proportion of the Italian peasantry are in a state of almost chronic indebtedness either towards the landlord or, worse still, towards professional money-lenders, although much improvement has been achieved by the excellent People's Banks and *Casse Rurali*. There is, moreover, an immense number of labourers and artisans who fare much worse. The *braccianti* or day labourers, who are very numerous even in districts where the *mezzadria* system is prevalent, have much more meagre earnings, and in addition they have to pay rent. Here, for instance, is the budget of a labourer's family in the province of Ravenna, consisting of father, mother, and three children, all in good health, the paterfamilias having regular and continuous employment; ¹

Income . Lire 586 (£23 8s. 9d.) (of which Lire 66 [£2 8s. 9d.] is derived from presents).

	Lire.	£	s.	d.
Expenditure: Wheat	147.30	5	17	11
Maise	80	3	4	0
Sack of corn	33	1	6	4
Beans	18	14	4	$\frac{1}{2}$
Milk, cheese, &c.	55	2	4	0
Eggs (4 a week)	6.72	5	4	$\frac{1}{2}$
Meat (once a fortnight)	11.70	9	9	
Vegetables	3.70	2	11	
Salt	19.25	15	5	
Extra food consumed while doing special work with the threshing machine, given as a perquisite .	42	1	13	7
Total for food	416.67	16	13	8

¹ This is an actual budget from an article by Countess Pasolini, in the *Giornale degli Economisti*, 1892.

	Lira.	£	s.	d.
<i>Brought forward</i>	416.67	16	13	8
Nothing is set down for wine as the family cannot afford it.				
Rent of two rooms	40	1	12	0
Firing	38	1	10	4
Clothing and boots	48.45	1	18	8
Bed (a present)	20		16	0
Lights	11		8	9
Mutual aid society	6.60		5	3
Grand total	580.72	23	4	8

This leaves only 5.18 (4s. 1d.) for luxuries and savings. Many other labourers, especially the occasional labourers, are in a much worse condition, and the mass of those in Southern Italy are infinitely more wretched, for they have the curse of insanitary dwellings and malaria as well as lower wages and still less food.

The artisan class in the cities is coming to be more important every year, but I have no space to discuss its conditions here.¹ The above should, however, give a fair idea of the state of the large mass of the Italian working classes at the present day. Wages are increasing, and there is an undoubted improvement all round, so that perhaps in a few years this picture will be no longer true, or at all events the condition of what I have described as the most prosperous portion of the working classes will be applicable to those who are now the less flourishing class. ¶

¹ Further budgets will be found in Prof. Rabbeno's article in the *Economic Journal*, vol. iv., in another by F. Mantovani in the *Riforma Sociale*, 1898, and in one by G. Lumbroso in the same publication for 1896.

THE FIGHT OF THE 'VARYAG' AND THE 'KORIETZ.'

LAST April the writer was a passenger to Constantinople on board the Messageries steamer *La Crimée*. On reaching Patras, in the Gulf of Corinth, she received instructions to go to Suda Bay, in Crete, to take on board a portion of the crews of the *Varyag* and the *Korietz*, four hundred in all, from the *Medoc*, another Messageries boat, by which they had been brought from China. With them were Captain Roudneff and two other officers of the *Varyag*, and Lieutenant Stepanoff of the *Korietz*, and to their kindness the writer is indebted for the following account of what took place at Chemulpo. Many months have elapsed since the fight occurred and various descriptions of it have appeared, yet the present account, derived as it is from those who were the principal actors, may still be of interest; the more so that there are several points in dispute which, when the history of the war comes to be written, must receive the most careful consideration.

On February 8, 1904, the *Varyag*, a fast, partially protected cruiser, and the *Korietz*, a small and slow gunboat, were lying in the outer harbour at Chemulpo. Anchored beside them were the British man-of-war *Talbot*, the French *Pascal*, the Italian *Elba*, and the United States *Vicksburg*. The Japanese cruiser *Chyoda* had left on the evening of the 7th, a fact which, it has been urged, should in itself have been sufficient to have put the Russians on their guard. Very probably it did, for on the afternoon of the 8th, about four o'clock, the *Korietz* started under orders to proceed to Port Arthur. When some three miles out, near Round Island, she encountered a powerful Japanese fleet consisting of six cruisers and eight torpedo-boats, which were escorting four Japanese transports. There are conflicting statements as to what then took place. The one which has generally been accepted in this country is that the Japanese ships took no hostile action, but that the *Korietz* fired two shots before retiring to Chemulpo.

In an interesting article by Mr. David Hannay, which appeared in the April number of the *CORNHILL*, the comment is very rightly made that this disposes of all talk of surprise by the Japanese;

that the commander of the *Korietz* presumably knew that he was at war before he committed an act of hostility. It is the view taken by most people, and justified if the facts are as stated. The Russian version is, however, altogether different. According to it, the *Korietz*, when she sighted the Japanese fleet, had so little idea that a state of war existed that she saluted ; the salute was not returned, and the *Asama* placed herself so as to bar any further advance. The *Korietz* then cleared for battle. The Japanese, they say, sent four torpedo-boats against her, which actually fired three torpedoes. The first two went wide, but the third came straight at her, diving, when a very short distance away, and passing directly beneath her. It was not until the second torpedo had been fired that one of the men, misunderstanding an order, fired two shots, neither of which took effect, from one of the small quick-firing guns with which the *Korietz* was mounted. He was instantly stopped by Lieutenant Stepanoff, the gunnery lieutenant, and the *Korietz* then turned and retreated into the Chemulpo anchorage, closely followed by the Japanese torpedo-boats, and by four of the Japanese cruisers.

The Russian story certainly bears the impress of truth upon it, for it is hardly likely that a small gunboat such as the *Korietz* would have been foolhardy enough to provoke a conflict with an enemy of such overwhelming strength. Such conduct seemed so difficult to believe, that it gave rise to considerable comment in England at the time, and in itself it is inherently improbable. Captain Beliaeff, the commander of the *Korietz*, reported what had taken place to Captain Roudneff, who thereupon went on board the *Talbot* and made the matter known to Captain Bayly. He explained to him at the same time that the Japanese torpedo-boats had placed themselves in such a position that they could attack the Russian ships without damaging any of the other shipping ; whereas the Russians could not fire without the greatest danger of hitting the neutral vessels. Captain Bayly thereupon called on the captain of one of the Japanese cruisers, and informed him that Chemulpo being a neutral port, no hostile action must be taken within the harbour, and that if any fighting occurred, he would open fire upon the first ship to begin it, he cared not of which nation. In consequence of this determined attitude, no attack took place during the night, as the Russian officers are convinced would otherwise have been the case. Had it done so, an immense amount of damage must have been inflicted upon many non-com-

batants—from which they were only saved by Captain Bayly's promptitude of decision.

During the night the Japanese disembarked their men from the transports without hindrance, though in the Russian ships all were on the alert, the men sleeping at their posts. Early on the morning of the 9th, Captain Roudneff received a letter from Admiral Uriu, who was in command of the Japanese squadron, informing him that a state of war existed (the first formal intimation of it which the Russians had), and that he would attack him in the harbour at 4 P.M., unless he had left it before midday. Captain Bayly, Captain Sénes of the *Pascal*, and Captain Borea of the *Elba*, each at the same time received a letter from Admiral Uriu, couched in similar terms, asking that their ships and the merchant vessels in port should leave the harbour, as he could not be responsible for any damage that might happen to them; and asking them also to warn the inhabitants of Chemulpo to move away from the town while the fighting was going on.

About eight o'clock Captain Roudneff, accompanied by Captain Sénes and Captain Borea, went on board the *Talbot*, where a conference was held, at which Captain Bayly was unanimously asked to act as President. The following protest was drawn up and despatched to Admiral Uriu:

We consider that, in accordance with the recognised rules of international law, the Port of Chemulpo, being a neutral port, no country has the right to attack the vessels of another Power lying in that Port, and that the Power which contravenes those laws is solely responsible for any loss of life or damage to property in such a port. We accordingly protest energetically against such a violation of neutrality, and we shall be happy to learn your decision on the subject.

LEWIS BAYLY, Captain, *Talbot*.

BOREA, Captain, *Elba*.

SÉNES, Captain, *Pascal*.

As this protest did not reach the Japanese admiral until a few minutes before the action began, and after the Russians had left the harbour, it is futile to speculate on what course he would have adopted with regard to it. But, it will be asked, why did Captain Roudneff, so strong a protest having been made, adopt the course he did of going out to give battle instead of remaining quietly in the harbour to await events.

Until explained it seems a strange thing to have done. The reason for it was this: after the first conference had been held on the *Talbot*, there was a second, at which he was not present, and an

intimation was subsequently given to him that it had been decided that the other warships should leave the harbour in order to avoid being drawn into the quarrel; the position being an exceedingly awkward one, England being the ally of Japan, France that of Russia. This Captain Roudneff would not hear of their doing; moreover, he thought that he stood a better chance if he fought in the open. He therefore told the other captains that, having sent the protest they had, they would be in a very awkward predicament if they did not back it up by force; though he quite saw that if they did, it might lead to serious international complications which he was desirous to avert, and that he would therefore accept Admiral Uriu's challenge, and go out to meet him. It was represented to him that it was perfectly useless to engage a fleet of such overwhelming preponderance; but he replied that surrender was out of the question, that it could not even be discussed, that it was against the tradition of the Russian Navy, and that the only alternative he had to consider was where the fight should be. His decision having been made, he lost no time in acting upon it, and at 11.30 both the Russian boats steamed out of Chemulpo with their bands playing the national anthem.

So hopeless was the task before them, that the surrounding ships saluted them as they went as men going to an almost certain doom. At a quarter to twelve the first shot was fired by the *Asama*, the *Korietz* sending one or two shots in reply, but the range being too great (at that time 9,000 metres, or about four and a half miles), she reserved her fire until she could use it with effect. The *Varyag* did not open fire for some minutes, Captain Roudneff wishing first to bring her into such a position that there could be no risk of her hitting any of the non-combatants. The Japanese were drawn up in line of battle, the cruisers in front, the torpedo-boats behind. In half an hour the *Varyag* had thirty men killed (amongst them being Ensign Count Nijrod) and eighty-five wounded. One shot which fell close to the conning-tower wounded Captain Roudneff on the cheek, and killed both the drummer and the trumpeter, who were standing one on each side of him. The casualties were exceptionally heavy, the Japanese using shrapnel, and the Russian gun crews, having no gun shields, being practically unprotected. The fire was continuous; the Japanese, it is computed, firing no fewer than 4,000 shots during the short time the battle lasted.

¶ The terrible inequality of the combatants may be gauged from

an enumeration of the ships engaged. The Russians had only the *Varyag*, a fast, partially protected cruiser, her only protected part being her conning-tower, and the *Korietz*, a slow gunboat of old type. The *Varyag* had a crew of 535 men, and the guns she was able to bring to bear, on one side only, were six quick-firers of 150 millimetres (which fired in all 425 shots), six of seventy-five millimetres (which fired 425 shots), and six of 47 millimetres (which fired 210 shots). The *Korietz* had a crew of 160 men, and the guns she was able to bring into action were two 8-in. old pattern guns (which fired twenty-three shots) and one modern 6-in. quick-firer (which fired thirty-seven shots), making a total Russian strength of fifteen guns and 695 men. Against these they had opposed to them six protected cruisers, all armed with guns of the newest pattern. *Asama* (four 8-in., seven 6-in.), *Naniwa* (two 10-in., three 6-in.), *Takatchio* (two 10-in., three 6-in.), *Chyoda* (seven of 120 millimetres), *Akashi* (two 6-in., five of 75 millimetres), *Neetaka* (four 6-in., five of 85 millimetres), making a total of forty-two guns on one side able to be brought into action. In addition to these were the Japanese torpedo-boats.

The *Korietz*, strange to say, although the shots fell thickly round her, was hit only once, and had no casualties. She was small and painted grey, and made a difficult mark, and the Japanese directed most of their fire upon the *Varyag* which, painted black and with four large funnels, formed an excellent target. At the end of an hour of incessant fighting the *Varyag* was lying over on one side very badly damaged, and with her stern on fire. Worse still, her steering gear was injured, and she would no longer answer her helm, her steering connections being cut through. Her captain therefore deemed it best to try and regain the harbour, in order to repair her helm to enable him to renew the fight under somewhat more favourable conditions. Both she and the *Korietz* managed to effect a safe retreat to the port, closely followed in by the Japanese torpedo-boats, and by several of the cruisers, which did not, however, continue the attack in the harbour, presumably in compliance with the protest which had been addressed to Admiral Uriu. After Captain Roudneff had made a careful survey of his ship, he saw that it would be useless to attempt to prolong the fight, and he determined to blow her up rather than allow her either to fall into the hands of the enemy or be sunk by them, and he would besides, by so doing, be able to save a certain number of his men.

He asked the other captains if they would take them on board

their ships, and they agreed to do so ; but they suggested that he should sink the *Varyag* rather than blow her up, as the explosion might endanger the other shipping. This he consented to do—an unfortunate decision as it turned out, as the Japanese hope to be able to raise her, or at any rate to recover her guns, which are of considerable value. Boats were sent from the *Pascal*, the *Elba*, and the *Talbot* to take the men off, the *Varyag's* own boats being smashed to pieces. It was an awkward piece of work, the gangway being also smashed, which made it difficult to lower the wounded into the boats. When they had all been got in, and the captain had made a careful inspection of the whole of the ship to see that no one had been left behind, the pipes were opened to let the water in, and a few minutes after she tilted slowly over and sank. The *Korietz* at the same time landed her crew at Chemulpo close to the *Sungari*, a Russian merchantman, and her commander then blew her up, the *Sungari* being set on fire to prevent her falling into the enemy's hands.

The accounts are conflicting as to the Japanese loss, but the Russians averred positively that two of their vessels, a cruiser and a torpedo-boat, were so badly damaged that they sank almost immediately after the fight. The Russians complain strongly that the Japanese attacked before war was declared, and also that the telegraph wires had been deliberately cut several days before, and all information purposely intercepted, so that the first intimation they had of war was the encounter of the *Korietz* with the Japanese fleet, followed by Admiral Uriu's letter. But modern wars seldom begin with a formal declaration, and it lay with the Russian Government to keep vigilant watch directly the situation became strained. The Japanese cannot be blamed for doing what is apparently recognised by international law as legitimate—striking hard and at once, directly war is seen to have become inevitable, without waiting for any formal declaration to be made. The fact is that the Russian Government does not seem to have understood that the Japanese were really in earnest ; and so at Chemulpo, just as at Port Arthur, they neglected to take the precautions the circumstances would seem to have suggested.

A more valid ground of complaint is that the *Varyag* and the *Korietz* were practically compelled to abandon the protection of a neutral port. Had the protest which was made been intended to be backed up by force, they need not have fought at the time they did, and they would have had a better chance of escape by

night than they had by day. It is, of course, impossible to say what Admiral Uriu's action would have been in face of the protest sent to him had his opponents waited quietly where they were; whether, in compliance with it, he would have refrained from attacking the Russian ships in Chemulpo harbour at the time he had mentioned. Whether, too, the Japanese were entitled to have acted as they did, and whether the protest ought not to have been a more effectual one are weighty questions of international law, or rather, of the customs of war, about which, in its present vague and unsettled condition, there must necessarily be widely divergent views.

But whatever opinion may be held about these matters, one opinion only is possible with regard to the heroic nature of the fight, and of the calm grandeur with which it was undertaken and conducted. None have recognised this more frankly and generously than the Japanese themselves. There was about it none of the reckless bravado which some of the published accounts would lead one to believe. Captain Roudneff is too good a sailor for that. Surrender being out of the question, he had to do all in his power not merely to damage the enemy as much as possible, but also, if possible, to save his ship; to break through and effect his escape to Port Arthur; and he gave definite instructions to his navigating lieutenant that he was to do his best to effect this. At the same time he warned him that he was afraid it was an impossible task, and he told his men that they must have no other thought but to do their duty to the end.

What their fellow-countrymen think of their conduct is shown by the fact that upon their return to Russia the Czar conferred upon the whole of the crews both of the *Varyag* and of the *Koriets*, officers and men alike, the Order of St. George, the first time in Russian history that such a thing has ever been done—upon Captain Roudneff being conferred the additional honour of being made an Honorary Aide-de-camp to the Czar. Never were distinctions more gloriously earned; never was battle worthier to take honourable rank in the annals of naval war.

H. C. THOMSON.

AUTUMN ON DARTMOOR.

AMONG the charms of the Moor is the variety brought about by varying seasons, dry, hot, or rainy, as the case may be. One year a certain colour predominates, the next another. This wet summer suited the foxgloves, which shot up in their thousands along the bordering walls, and the scabious tribe have made an unaccustomed impression, first in many lilac shades, and later, in more delicate patches of blue. The heather is seldom affected by weather peculiarities, but something in the rainy season has drawn forth such a glory of creeping gorse that it has turned the slopes into a veritable field of cloth of gold. What country in the world, in its most gorgeous colouring, can surpass the purple and gold of our moors? Low and even, broken only by the tender green of fine turf, the rich red-brown of the dying bracken, and the grey of granite, it sweeps to the very summit of the tors, taking swift shadows from the clouds, and a regal splendour from the sun, carrying on the eye, fold after fold, until on one side the tors are veiled in mist, while on the other the slopes sink into massed woods, into blue distances, sometimes into a whiteness which is not mist but sea.

Nor in any recalling of the Moor should its skies be forgotten. No breadth here of overhanging unbroken blue; no calm untroubled expanse, speaking peace, rather an eternal procession of clouds, infinitely varied in form, lowering in depths of gloom, lighting the heavens with white radiance, hastily parting here and there to let through a vision of blue, only to close as hastily again; rent, tattered, filmy, piled in mountainous curves; gathering, menacing, dispersing, creeping round to swathe you in an unexpected mist of rain, or perhaps falling in one of those silvery showers lit with sunshine from behind, which our country-folk call frisky-trades.

Of heavier rain there is no lack. The Moor saying, cast in our teeth by enemies, has, it must be owned, rather more than a foundation of fact:

The South wind always brings us rain,
The North wind blows it back again;
The West wind surely means wet weather,
The East wind wet and cold together.

Well, well, well, let querulous tongues have their say. The fine days, when they come, make amends for all, and—in summer and autumn at any rate—what kindly rain it is! The south-west winds race joyfully up from the sea, full of salt and vigorous merriment. Never had wind a finer playground, for such trees as there are huddle together in the valleys, and there is nothing to break the wild sport of the gales except an occasional dwarfed thorn. These thorns must be of an extreme age, and their naked roots, uncouth and knotted, grip the tops of the walls, holding on desperately there for dear life, while over their flattened heads sweep the winds, rushing up to the grey stones which cap the hills, the tors round which discussion has raged as stormily as the wind. Indeed it has not yet been absolutely determined whether they have a volcanic, glacial, or sacrificial origin, though science inclines to the glacial theory. Merely looking at them, it is difficult to admit that human labour can have had nothing to do with the poising of the great stones, or, if this be conceded, that they were not at some remote time claimed for sacrificial purposes. The name of Beltor has a suggestive ring, while from Castor an old road runs directly down to Holy Street.

Nevertheless, in spite of many ingenious theories, there is no proof whatever of the existence of Druidical worship on Dartmoor. Such remains as are found are now believed to belong to a yet earlier race. The men of the Stone period who—driven by causes of which we know nothing—came from the mainland, probably set up stones and circles, but doubtless found much ready to their hand, for ice and water will break strong granite into blocks, and leave them piled where before stood a single mighty mass. Wind will also help the work by whirling round and round those smaller stones which collect in a hollowed basin, wearing it away through the long procession of centuries, by little and little thinning, and at last piercing, the granite. With such materials scattered about, Neolithic man was able to set up his stone circles in ever-varying size and number; his stone rows, single, double, treble; his pillared menhirs, his logans, his cromlechs with their cover-stones, his kistvaens, holed tolmens, rock basins, cairns. Some may have served for purposes of worship, others, there is little doubt, for burial, but generally it is easier to say what they were not than what they were. In certain cases the height of the pillars may have increased from the earth which once banked them having been washed away.

Digging has brought to light a few—only a few—bronze implements. Stone and flint arrow-heads are abundant, but of bones there are none. Their absence, however, is easily accounted for, peat having no lime and greedily devouring any that comes in its way.

Of hut circles there are many remains. The huts appear to have been built of stone, each close to the other, with a common roof of reed or wattle, which also covered the central space. The pounds were safety shelters for man and beast, the walls forming rough but strong fortifications. Grimspound gave a remarkably strong retreat for hard-pressed Neolithic man. It had double walls of a tremendous thickness round its hut circles and its perennial spring. How did these prehistoric moormen set up stones six feet broad and five thick? Or how, to take a Dartmoor feature more unique than its menhirs and tolmen, how did they build their Cyclopean bridges, where you find stones laid which measure fifteen feet by six? The mighty slabs rest on great blocks of granite, and to this day, if even a tiny stream has to be crossed you will see its bridge made in the same manner.

Granite is everywhere. There are some hundred varieties on the Moor. Its grey boulders rear themselves out of the cloud of dying bracken in delightful contrast; gate-posts, window-lintels, the boundary-posts stuck at long intervals, the excellent quickly drying roads—are of granite. Most beautiful of all are the old walls, marching unevenly across the moor. The making of these walls is a rapidly vanishing art, like that of the Devon thatcher, whose smooth and velvety work could never be equalled by other counties. The wall builder was primitive and unsparing in his methods; he used neither cement nor mortar. All the strength and the fitness and the durability—and how great they were!—lay in the skill with which he placed stone upon stone, you may say boulder upon boulder, since many of the stones are so huge that we wonder at the labour which dragged and set them sideways in their place. The maker probably drew his lesson from the tors about him, for he has piled so loosely that the attacking winds blow through the interstices, and work no harm. The stones are of every size and shape, and no wall can be more beautiful. Not only are the weather-beaten grey blocks patched with lichen of pearlier greys and cushioned with moss, but the finest turf in the land sweeps up from the ground to cover many of them, so that you have half wall, half bank. Polypody and

foxgloves spring out of the crevices, brambles clamber here and there, rose campion waves vigorously, the delicate blue of the sheep's-bit scabious brightens the turf, the pink rattle lies close and low, sometimes a flaunting blotch of almost menacing scarlet marks the spot where a group of fungus asserts itself.

These walls are low, with very uneven edges. They shut out no beauty, but give a sense of human companionship, not unwelcome, for you may walk for an hour and meet no fellow-wayfarer. There, however, on a far slope, is pitched a gipsy encampment, tents and caravans with blue smoke curling against the hill-side. For them it is a breezy wholesome place. Horses and ponies can feed daintily on the sweet short turf, the men can snare rabbits, and if gipsies still eat hedgehogs, here is an excellent chance of finding a fat fuzz-pig. For their fires they send out the children to gather kindling from the burnt furze-bushes. Why, by the way, are these black and charred sticks known to the country people by the name of chronicles? They cannot be said to add to the beauty of our Moor, for they give an air of desolation and of waste places, but they are a characteristic feature. So are the vags, or vellies, the peat which may be seen in large heaps, cut, and ready for stacking.

Without heeding numberless rocks and downs and clitters and hills, Dartmoor can count no fewer than a hundred and fifty-five distinct tors, with some highly suggestive names—Hell-tor, Wind-tor, Winter-tor, Ravens'-tor, Laughter-tor. Hey-tor, with his curved hood, reigns at this end. He is a monarch, but a social and easy-going monarch, suffering many things from the many people who scale his sides, and picnic on his heights. Far off, as the train brings its summer loads, he is the first to be recognised and joyfully greeted. Round him lie his great brethren, more aloof, more difficult of reach, more impressive, Saddle-tor, Rippon, the jagged heights of Hound-tor, and little Honey-bag, while all the west is filled with the vast sweep of Hameldon, shouldering the clouds, and catching their every shadow; and more northwards swells the great curve of Cawsand Beacon, one of the highest points, from top of which a man can look on either side at a sea.

Dartmoor has the richest tin lodes in the world, worked in early days by the Phœnicians, who, in return for their spoils, are popularly supposed to have taught West-countrymen the art of making Devonshire cream. Possibly the tinnerns burnt up the

trees, if trees there were, but a forest did not always imply a wood, and the broad heaving moors were the hunting grounds of kings. Now, unlike Exmoor, only an occasional stray red deer makes his way to these softer southern heights. Foxes hold their own, and have developed breeds with names which tell a vigorous tale; such names as the Dartmoor Greyhound and the Broadbury Tiger. There are badgers and otters on the borders, and the great bat and shrew still survive. Sometimes, in crossing the Moor, you will run up against an apparently purposeless wall, butting out into two or three sharp angles and ending in space. This is for winter weather, for the desolate days when snow lies thick, fogs roll down, bitter winds sweep over the treeless spaces, and there is no other protection for the cattle than the lee of these kindly walls. Here they huddle, perhaps passing days without food, the hardy rough-coated ponies, which roam at pleasure about the Moor, peering at you from under shaggy forelocks as you pass.

The Devonshire talk—dying out, alas, elsewhere—lingers, rich and expressive, on the Moor. Occasionally, but rarely, you strike what may be a trace left behind by the French prisoners who were drearily confined here during the great war. A left-handed person, for instance, has to bear the weight of the strange adjective *coochy-pawed*, and it does not seem unlikely that *gauche à pied* may be responsible for the term of reproach. There is an unexpected flippancy about their name for the devil, *Tantarabobs*, and one wonders who gave uncle the meaning to cheat and deceive. But the old words are being pushed out by the inexorable march of education—so inexorable even here, that you will daily meet small children walking their six miles to school and back—it is to the old Moor dwellers you must turn if you wish to hear them in their wealth. Their ignorance and their knowledge remain as firmly fixed as their granite posts. What they have they hold, what they have not they do not desire. ‘Where does that road go?’ ‘Doan’t know. He’ve bin theer so long as I can mind.’ They do not travel, they do not read; in their hearts still lingers a lurking belief in pixies, a lurking hope that should fog or snow bewilder them, the little grey man will come—no one knows from whence—to their help. But the poor pixies or picksies—whose worst sins seem to have been mere Puck-like mischief—are being scared away by the sound of the church bell. The Cobbledick still haunts his hill, and more menacing and terrible are the Yeth-hounds, Wish-hounds, or

Hell-hounds, as they are called, whose baying is sure to bring misfortune to those who hear. As in Brittany, the great stones dance, and the fear of witches may yet afflict some wild spots. In one or two places on the Moor you will find stuck on an old iron stand a picturesque looking cresset, no doubt once used as a beacon, and still called a witch's beacon. Such beliefs die hard, and are not dead here, but they are slowly retiring, and hiding themselves in shamefacedness. The moormen will not talk of them, and are aware that the parson would disapprove. The parson himself shares the universal change. No longer is there the chance of a non-resident and seldom-visiting minister being warned from entering his pulpit, because 'th' awld hen hev' bin a settin' theer on a brude all the week,' or of another parson describing his curate's ministrations in the words, 'I keeps a boy to du the work. I sits in the vestry and hears un tell.'

Out of the shadowy past, however, there are yet a few survivals, and the packhorse is one of them. With his long crooks sticking out on either side, supporting a big load of furze or withered fern, you are likely to meet him as you walk across the Moor, and the Moor track-lines were probably first made for his journeyings. Granite roads, granite dykes run in all directions, though often buried by the growth of ages. There are also traces of covered ways by which the primitive moormen safely reached their springs or encampments, much as now in the Khyber Pass you may see dug-out trenches along which the Afridi slips from the security of the British protected road to his own unprotected dwelling.

This year the small mountain streams have been fuller than usual. Narrow and swift they rush down, cutting a gravelly path through ferns and heather. So playful are they, in so many quirks and frisks and pretences of falls and rapids do they indulge, that it is difficult not to believe that they are things of life. Though their peaty sides are often downtrodden by the cattle which come to drink, they remain as clear as glass without a tinge of muddy discoloration, and the tinkling laughter of their music is among the delights of the Moor. Were it not for them and the brisk chirp of the chats, our autumn silences might become oppressive. For the larks sing no more, and the wild curlew cry has ceased. Plovers there are, and a few starlings, while here and there you may be lucky enough to catch a glimpse of a golden-crested wren, or of a tiny rollicking blue tit, swinging head downwards from a twig. Tits, indeed, are so common on the Moor,

that the country folk are disposed to call all birds irrespectively by their special nickname. Enquire as to some bird, and ten to one you will be told 'I sim 'tes a heckymal.' The little wren, however, is a nickytope, thrushes are fuzz-brakes, and there are all the chats—fuzz-chat, whin-chat, stone-chat—their favourite perching place the highest point of the plant they select. Robins will have nothing to do with the solitude of the Moor. Where a house or farm is tucked away under sheltering trees, there they will be found, alert and friendly, and there, too, are the owls, crying and hooting through the night. The great sparrow-hawk, on the contrary, chooses the broad empty spaces, poised above which he can look down, mark his prey, and swoop upon it with swift and deadly certainty. There is a hope that buzzards are becoming less rare. The nightjars' rattle breaks the stillness of the dusk, though not so persistently as in Hampshire fir-woods. Kingfishers are fairly common, in wild parts of the Moor ravens still breed, the ring ouzel is a constant, the bunting an occasional visitor. The song of the hedgesparrow disputes that of the robin in the autumn; snipe and woodcock breed sparsely and woodpeckers frequent the moor. Now and again a long-legged heron sails into our solitudes, and, dropping by some tiny stream, watches there for an hour, like the patient fisher that he is.

This has not been a butterfly year, and there has been no such sight as we saw last summer, eight gorgeous peacock butterflies disporting themselves at once on a border of china asters in front of the house.

The sogs, or bogs, are happy hunting places for the botanist, for there in great contentment wave the marsh violet, ragged robin, bog-pimpernel, bog-rushes, bog-stitchwort. Beware, however, of a rash step, or in a moment you may find yourself 'stogged,' drawn downwards by an almost irresistible suction. It is difficult to hold back when a fine specimen of buck-bean, the marsh bog-orchis, or some of the innumerable mosses of the Moor with their picturesque names, lie within what seems easy reach. Dartmoor peat is very rich, in spots measuring a depth of from twenty to thirty feet, and the Cornish tanners fell back upon it when they had burnt up their timber. It is still used for fuel, and you often see it lying in heaps ready for carting; it makes a splendid soil for the moor flowers, sundews, wild thyme, stitch-worts, tormentils, and the graceful little ivy campanula. And it is yet more attractive to the whole of the fern tribe. If you are

fortunate you may find many varieties, perhaps among them *Osmunda regalis*, moonworts, *ophioglossum*, or filmy and prickly toothed ferns, while mosses and lichens are there in their troops. There, too, you may happen on the cowberry and the crowberry, and you cannot miss the whortleberries, familiarly known as 'hurts. 'Hurt gathering begins with a charm, without which it will not prosper :

The first I pick, I eat ;
 The second I pick, I throws away ;
 The third I pick, I puts in my can ;

This said, the picking goes merrily on. More rarely, on the slopes of one or two tors, you may find an occasional patch of the beautiful little Mount Ida whortleberry, with its white arbutus-like flowers and scarlet berries.

A big thunderstorm on the Moor is a grand experience. The clouds hurry up, charge into each other, and in a moment all delicate beauties are lost in an inexpressibly wild desolation, a turmoil of passion. Always, too, at the back of your mind, lurks a consciousness that, bad as the storm is, it may possibly become worse, for that nearly three-century-old recorded storm which broke upon Widecombe Church, killed four people and injured sixty, has to this day left a fear behind it. Widecombe keeps its memory in a quaint tablet of rhyme recounting the incidents of

so strange a storm,
 Which who had seen would say 'twas hard to have preserved a worm.

Widecombe and Ashburton are among the finest of Dartmoor churches, and in Ashburton—surely with her tongue yet in her cheek—lies that Elizabeth Ireland whose cynical epitaph once told the reader :

Here I lie at the chancel door ;
 Here I lie because I'm poor ;
 The farther in the more you pay,
 Here lie I as warm as they.

F. M. PEARD.

HISTORICAL MYSTERIES.

BY ANDREW LANG.

X. THE CASE OF CAPTAIN GREEN.

'PLAY on Captain Green's wuddie,'¹ said the caddy on Leith Links; and his employer struck his ball in the direction of the captain's gibbet on the sands. Mr. Duncan Forbes of Culloden sighed, and, taking off his hat, bowed in the direction of the unhappy mariner's monument.

One can imagine this little scene repeating itself many a time, long after Captain Thomas Green, his mate, John Madder or Mather, and another of his crew were taken to the sands at Leith on the second Wednesday in April 1705, being April 11, and there hanged within the flood-mark upon a gibbet till they were dead. Mr. Forbes of Culloden, later President of the Court of Session, and, far more than the butcher Cumberland, the victor over the rising of 1745, believed in the innocence of Captain Green, wore mourning for him, attended the funeral at the risk of his own life, and, when the Porteous Riot was discussed in Parliament, rose in his place and attested his conviction that the captain was wrongfully done to death.

Green, like his namesake in the Popish Plot, was condemned for a crime of which he was probably innocent. Nay more, he died for a crime which was not proved to have been committed, though it really may have been committed by persons with whom Green had no connection, while Green may have been guilty of other misdeeds as bad as that for which he was hanged. Like the other Green, executed for the murder of Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey during the Popish Plot, the captain was the victim of a fit of madness in a nation, that nation being the Scottish. The cause of their fury was not religion—the fever of the Covenant had passed away—but commerce.

'Twere long to tell and sad to trace the origin of the Caledonian frenzy. In 1695 the Scottish Parliament had passed, with the royal assent, an Act granting a patent to a Scottish company dealing with Africa, the Indies, and, incidentally, with the globe at

¹ Gibbet.

large. The Act committed the occupant of the Scottish throne, William of Orange, to backing the company if attacked by alien powers. But it was unlucky that England was then an alien power, and that the Scots Act infringed the patent of the much older English East India Company. Englishmen dared not take shares, finally, in the venture of the Scots; and when the English Board of Trade found out, in 1697, the real purpose of the Scottish company—namely, to set up a factory in Darien and anticipate the advantages dreamed of by France in the case of M. de Lesseps's Panama Canal—'a strange thing happened.' The celebrated philosopher, Mr. John Locke ('perhaps a little not so much read as he used to be'), and the other members of a committee of the English Board of Trade, advised the English Government to nip in, plagiarise the Scottish project, and seize the section of the Isthmus of Panama on which the Scots meant to settle. This was not done; but the Dutch Usurper, far from backing the Scots company, bade his colonies hold no sort of intercourse with them. The Scots were starved out of their settlement. The few who remained fled to New York and Jamaica, and there, perishing of hunger, were refused supplies by the English colonial governors. A second Scottish colony succumbed to a Spanish fleet and army, and—'bang went saxpence!' The company, with a nominal capital of £400,000 and with £220,000 paid up, was bankrupt. Macaulay calculates the loss at about the same as a loss of forty millions would have been to the Scotland of his own day; let us say twenty-two millions.

We remember the excitement in France over the Panama failure. Scotland, in 1700, was even more furious, and that led to the hanging of Captain Green and his men. There were riots; the rioters were imprisoned in the Heart of Midlothian—the Tolbooth—the crowd released them; some of the crowd were feebly sentenced to the pillory, the public pelted them—with white roses; there was every chance of a revolution, and had the Chevalier de St. George not been a child of twelve he would have had a fair chance of recovering his throne. The trouble was tided over; William III. died in 1702. Queen Anne came to the Crown. But the bankrupt company was not dead. Its charter was still legal, and, with borrowed money, it sent out vessels to trade with the Indies. The company had a vessel, the *Annandale*, which was seized in the Thames, at the instance of the East India Company, and condemned for a breach of that company's privileges.

This capture awakened the sleeping fury among my fiery countrymen (1704). An English ship, connected with either the English East India Company or the rival Million Company, put into Leith Road to repair. Here was a chance ; for the charter of the Scots company authorised them 'to make reprisals and to seek and take reparation of damage done by sea and land.' On the strength of this clause, which was never meant to apply to Englishmen on Scottish waters, but to foreigners of all kinds on the Spanish Main, the Scottish Admiralty took no steps. But the company had a Celtic secretary, Mr. Roderick Mackenzie, and the English Parliament, in 1695, had summoned Mr. Mackenzie before them, and asked him many questions of an impertinent and disagreeable nature. This outrageous proceeding he resented, for he was no more an English than he was a Japanese subject. The situation of the *Worcester* in Scottish waters gave Roderick his chance. His chief difficulty, as he informed his directors, was 'to get together a sufficient number of such genteel, pretty fellows as would, of their own free accord, on a sudden advertisement, be willing to accompany me on this adventure' (namely, the capture of the *Worcester*), 'and whose dress and behaviour would not render them suspected of any uncommon design in going aboard.' A scheme more sudden and daring than the seizure, by a few gentlemen, of a well-armed English vessel had not been executed since the bold Buccleuch forced Carlisle Castle and carried away Kimmont Willie. The day was Saturday, and Mr. Mackenzie sauntered to the Cross in the High Street, and invited genteel and pretty fellows to dine with him in the country. They were given an inkling of what was going forward, and some dropped off, like the less resolute guests in Mr. Stevenson's adventure of the hansom cabs. When they reached Leith, Roderick found himself at the head of eleven persons, of whom 'most be as good gentlemen, and (I must own) much prettier fellows than I pretend to be.' They were of the same sort as Roy, Middleton, Haliburton, and Dunbar, who, twelve years earlier, being prisoners on the Bass Rock, seized the castle, and, through three long years, held it for King James against the English navy.

The eleven chose Mr. Mackenzie as chief, and, having swords, pistols, 'and some with bayonets, too,' set out. Mackenzie, his servant, and three pretty fellows took a boat at Leith, with provision of wine, brandy, sugar, and lime juice ; four more came, as a separate party, from Newhaven ; the rest first visited an English

man-of-war in the Firth, and then, in a convivial manner, boarded the *Worcester*. The punch bowls were produced, liquor was given to the sailors, while the officers of the *Worcester* drank with the visitors in the cabin. Mackenzie was supposed to be a lord. All was festivity, 'a most compleat scene of a comedy, acted to the life,' when, as a Scottish song was being sung, each officer of the *Worcester* found a pistol at his ear. The carpenter and some of the crew rushed at the loaded blunderbusses that hung in the cabin; but there were shining swords between them and the blunderbusses. By nine at night, on August 12, Mackenzie's followers were masters of the English ship, and the hatches, gunroom, chests, and cabinets were sealed with the official seal of the Scottish African and East India Company. In a day or two the vessel lay, without rudder or sails, in Bruntisland Harbour, 'as secure as a thief in a mill.' Mackenzie landed eight of the ship's guns and placed them in an old fort commanding the harbour entry, manned them with gunners, and all this while an English man-of-war lay in the Firth!

For a peaceful secretary of a commercial company, with a scratch eleven picked up in the street on a Saturday afternoon, to capture a vessel with a crew of twenty-four, well accustomed to desperate deeds, was 'a sufficient camisado or onfall.' For three or four days and nights Mr. Mackenzie had scarcely an hour's sleep. By the end of August he had commenced an action in the High Court of Admiralty for condemning the *Worcester* and her cargo, to compensate for the damages sustained by his company through the English seizure of their ship, the *Annandale*. When Mackenzie sent in his report on September 4, he added that, from 'very odd expressions dropt now and then from some of the ship's crew,' he suspected that Captain Green, of the *Worcester*, was 'guilty of some very unwarrantable practices.'

The Scottish Privy Council were now formally apprised of the affair, which they cautiously handed over to the Admiralty. The Scottish company had for about three years bewailed the absence of a ship of their own, the *Speedy Return*, which had never returned at all. Her skipper was a Captain Drummond, who had been very active in the Darien expedition; her surgeon was Mr. Andrew Wilkie, brother of James Wilkie, tailor and burgess of Edinburgh. The pair were most probably descendants of the Wilkie, tailor in the Canongate, who was mixed up in the odd business of Mr. Robert Oliphant, in the Gowrie conspiracy of 1600. Friends of Captain Drummond, Surgeon Wilkie, and others who had dis-

appeared in the *Speedy Return*, began to wonder whether the crew of the *Worcester*, in their wanderings, had ever come across news of the missing vessel. One George Haines, of the *Worcester*, hearing of a Captain Gordon, who was the terror of French privateers, said : ' Our sloop was more terrible upon the coast of Malabar than ever Captain Gordon will be to the French.' Mackenzie asking Haines if he had ever heard of the *Speedy Return*, the missing ship, Haines replied : ' You need not trouble your head about her, for I believe you won't see her in haste.' He thought that Captain Drummond had turned pirate.

Haines now fell in love with a girl at Bruntisland, aged nineteen, named Anne Seaton, and told her a number of things, which she promised to repeat to Mackenzie, but disappointed him, though she had blabbed to others. It came to be reported that Captain Wilson had pirated the *Speedy Return*, and murdered Captain Drummond and his crew. The Privy Council, in January 1705, took the matter up. A seal, or forged copy of the seal, of the Scottish African and East India Company was found on board the *Worcester*, and her captain and crew were judicially interrogated, after the manner of the French *Juge d'Instruction*.

On March 5, 1705, the Scottish Court of Admiralty began the trial of Green and his men. Charles May, surgeon of the *Worcester*, two negroes, Antonio Ferdinando, cook's mate, and Antonio Francisco, captain's man, were ready to give evidence against their comrades. They were accused of attacking, between February and May 1703, off the coast of Malabar, a vessel bearing a red flag, and having English or Scots aboard. They pursued her in their sloop, seized and killed the crew, and stole the goods.

Everyone in Scotland, except resolute Whigs, believed the vessel attacked to have been Captain Drummond's *Speedy Return*. But there was nothing definite to prove the fact ; there was no *corpus delicti*. In fact the case was parallel to that of the Campden mystery, in which three people were hanged for killing old Mr. Harrison, who later turned up in perfect health. In Green's, as in the Campden case, some of the accused confessed their guilt, and yet evidence later obtained tends to prove that Captain Drummond and his ship and crew were all quite safe at the date of the alleged piracy by Captain Green. None the less, it does appear that Captain Green had been pirating somebody, and perhaps he was ' none the waur o' a hanging,' though, as he had an English commission to act against pirates, it was argued that, if he had been

fighting at all, it was against pirates that he had been making war. Now Haines's remark that Captain Drummond, as he heard, had turned pirate, looks very like a 'hedge' to be used in case the *Worcester* was proved to have attacked the *Speedy Return*.

There was a great deal of preliminary sparring between the advocates as to the propriety of the indictment. The jury of fifteen contained five local skippers. Most of the others were traders. One of them, William Blackwood, was of a family that had been very active in the Darien affair. Captain Green had no better chance with these men than James Stewart of the Glens in face of a jury of Campbells. The first witness, Ferdinando, the black sea cook, deponed that he saw Green's sloop take a ship under English colours, and that Green, his mate, Madder, and others, killed the crew of the captured vessel with hatchets. Ferdinando's coat was part of the spoil, and was said to be of Scottish cloth. Charles May, surgeon of the *Worcester*, being on shore, heard firing at sea, and, later, dressed a wound, a gunshot he believed, on the arm of the black cook; dressed wounds, also, of two sailors, Mackay and Cuming—Scots obviously, by their names. He found the deck of the *Worcester*, when he came on board, lumbered with goods and chests. He remarked on this, and Madder, the mate, cursed him and bade him 'mind his plaister box.' He added that the *Worcester*, before his eyes, was towing another vessel, which, he heard, was sold to a native dealer—Coke Commodo—who told the witness that the *Worcester* 'had been fighting.' The *Worcester* sprang a leak, and sailed for five weeks to a place where she was repaired, as if she were anxious to avoid inquiries.

Antonio Francisco, Captain Green's black servant, swore that, being chained and nailed to her forecastle, he heard her fire six shots. Two days later a quantity of goods was brought on board (captured, it would seem, by the terrible sloop of the *Worcester*), and Ferdinando then told this witness about the killing of the captured crew, and showed his own wounded arm. Francisco himself lay in chains for two months, and, of course, had a grudge against Captain Green. It was proved that the *Worcester* had a cipher wherein to communicate with her owners, who used great secrecy; that her cargo consisted of arms, and was of such slight value as not to justify her voyage, unless her real business was piracy. The ship was of 200 tons, twenty guns, thirty-six men,

and the value of the cargo was but £1,000. Really, things do not look very well for the enterprise of Captain Green! There was also found a suspicious letter to one Reynolds, from his sister-in-law, advising him to confess, and referring to a letter of his own in which he said that some of the crew 'had basely confessed.' The lady's letter and a copy of Reynolds's, admitted by him to be correct, were before the Court.

Again, James Wilkie, tailor, had tried at Bruntisland to 'pump' Haines about Captain Drummond; Haines swore profane, but later said that he heard Drummond had turned pirate, and that off the coast of Malabar they had manned their sloop, lest Drummond, whom they believed to be on that coast, should attack them. Other witnesses corroborated Wilkie, and had heard Haines say that it was a wonder the ground did not open and swallow them for the wickedness 'that has been committed during the last voyage on board of that old [I omit a nautical term of endearment] *Bess*.' Someone telling Haines that the mate's uncle had been 'burned in oil' for trying to burn Dutch ships at Amsterdam, 'the said George Haines did tell the deponent that if what Captain Madder [the mate] had done during his last voyage were known, he deserved as much as his uncle had met with.' Anne Seaton, the girl of Haines's heart, admitted that Haines had told her 'that he knew more of Captain Drummond than he would express at that time,' and she had heard his expressions of remorse. He had blabbed to many witnesses of a precious something hidden aboard the *Worcester*; to Anne he said that he had now thrown it overboard. We shall see later what this object was. Anne was a reluctant witness. Glen, a goldsmith, had seen a seal of the Scots East India Company in the hands of Madder, the inference being that it was taken from the *Speedy Return*.

Sir David Dalrymple, for the prosecution, made the most he could of the evidence. The black cook's coat, taken from the captured vessel, 'in my judgment appears to be Scots rugg.' He also thought it a point in favour of the cook's veracity that he was very ill, and forced to lie down in court; in fact, the cook died suddenly on the day when Captain Green was condemned, and the Scots had a high opinion of dying confessions. The white cook, who joined the *Worcester* after the sea-fight, said that the black cook told him the whole story at that time. Why did the *Worcester* sail for thirty-five days to repair her leak, which she might have done at Goa or Surat, instead of sailing some 700 leagues for the

purpose? The jury found that there was 'one clear witness to robbery, piracy, and murder,' and accumulative corroboration.

The judges ordered fourteen hangings, to begin with those of Green, Madder, and three others on April 4. On March 16, at Edinburgh, Thomas Linstead made an affidavit that the *Worcester* left him on shore, on business, about January 1703; that fishing crews reported the fight of the sloop against a vessel unknown; they left before the fight ended; that the Dutch and Portuguese told him how the *Worcester's* men had sold a prize, and thought but little of it, 'because it is what is ordinary on that coast,' and that the *Worcester's* people told him to ask them no questions. On March 27 George Haines made a full confession of the murder of a captured crew, he being accessory thereto, at Sacrifice Rock, between Tellicherry and Calicut; and that he himself, after being seized by Mackenzie, threw his journal of the exciting events overboard. Now, in his previous blabbings before the trial, as we have seen, Haines had spoken several times about something on board the *Worcester* which the Scots would be very glad to lay hands on, thereby indicating this journal of his; and he told Anne Seaton, as she deponed at the trial, that he had thrown the precious something overboard. In his confession of March 27 he explained what the mysterious something was. He also declared (March 28) that the victims of the piracy 'spoke the Scots language.' A sailor named Bruckley also made full confession. These men were reprieved, and doubtless expected to be; but Haines, I think, all the while remorseful, told the truth. The *Worcester* had been guilty of piracy.

But had she pirated the Scottish ship, the *Speedy Return*, Captain Drummond? As to that point, on April 5, in England, two of the crew of the *Worcester*, who must somehow have escaped from Mackenzie's raid, made affidavit that the *Worcester* fought no ship during her whole voyage. This would be more satisfactory if we knew more of the witnesses. On March 21, at Portsmouth, two other English mariners made affidavit that they had been of the crew of the *Speedy Return*; that she was captured by pirates, while Captain Drummond and Surgeon Wilkie were on shore, at Maritan in Madagascar; and that these two witnesses 'went on board a Moca ship called the *Defiance*,' escaped from her at the Mauritius, and returned to England in the *Raper* galley. Of the fate of Drummond and Wilkie, left ashore in Madagascar, they naturally knew nothing. If they spoke truth, Captain Green

certainly did not seize the *Speedy Return*, whatever dark and bloody deeds he may have done off the coast of Malabar.

In England, as Secretary Johnstone, son of the caitiff Covenanter, Waristoun, wrote to Baillie of Jerviswoode, the Whigs made party capital out of the proceedings against Green: they said it was a Jacobite plot. I conceive that few Scottish Whigs, to be sure, marched under Roderick Mackenzie.

In Scotland the Privy Council refused Queen Anne's demand that the execution of Green should be suspended till her pleasure was known, but they did grant a week's respite. On April 10 a mob, partly from the country, gathered in Edinburgh; the Privy Council, between the mob and the queen, let matters take their course. On April 11 the mob raged round the meeting-place of the Privy Council, rooms under the Parliament House, and cheived the Chancellor into a narrow close, whence he was hardly rescued. However, learning that Green was to swing after all, the mob withdrew to Leith sands, where they enjoyed the execution of an Englishman. The whole affair hastened the Union of 1707, for it was a clear case of union or war between the two nations.

As for Drummond, many years later, after the Porteous riot, Forbes of Culloden declared in the House of Commons that a few months after Green was hanged letters came from Captain Drummond, of the *Speedy Return*, 'and from the very ship for whose capture the unfortunate person suffered, informing their friends that they were all safe.' But the *Speedy Return* was taken by pirates, two of her crew say, off Madagascar, and burned. What was the date of the letters from the *Speedy Return* to which, long afterwards, Forbes, and he alone, referred? What was the date of the capture of the *Speedy Return*, at Maritan, in Madagascar? Without the dates we are no wiser.

Now comes an incidental and subsidiary mystery. In 1729 was published 'Madagascar, or Robert Drury's Journal during Fifteen Years' Captivity on that Island, written by Himself, digested into order, and now published at the Request of his Friends.' Drury says, as we shall see, that he, a lad of fifteen, was prisoner in Madagascar from *about* 1703 to 1718, and that there he met Captain Drummond, late of the *Speedy Return*. If so, Green certainly did not kill Captain Drummond. But Drury's narrative seems to be about as authentic and historical as the so-called 'Souvenirs of Madame de Créquy.' In the edition of 1890¹ of

¹ Fisher Unwin.

Drury's book, edited by Captain Pasfield Oliver, R.A., author of 'Madagascar,' the captain throws a lurid light on Drury and his volume. Captain Pasfield Oliver first produces what he thinks the best evidence for the genuineness of Drury, namely a letter of the Rev. Mr. Hirst, on board H.M.S. *Lenox*, off Madagascar, 1759. This gentleman praises Drury's book as the best and most authentic, for Drury says that he was wrecked in the *Degrave*, East Indiaman, and his story 'exactly agrees, as far as it goes, with the journal kept by Mr. John Benbow,' second mate of the *Degrave*. That journal of Benbow's was burned, in London, in 1714, but several of his friends remembered that it tallied with Drury's narrative. But as Drury's narrative was certainly 'edited,' very much edited, probably by Defoe, that master of fiction may easily have known the contents of Benbow's journal. Now, if Benbow's journal contained the same references to Captain Drummond in Madagascar as Drury gives, then the question is settled: Drummond died in Madagascar after a stormy existence of some eleven years on that island. As to Drury, Captain Pasfield Oliver thinks that his editor, probably Defoe, or an imitator of Defoe, 'faked' the book, partly out of De Flacourt's 'Histoire de Madagascar' (1661), and a French authority adds another old French source, Dapper's 'Description de l'Afrique.' Drury was himself a pirate, his editor thinks: Defoe picked his brains, or an imitator of Defoe did so, and Defoe, or whoever was the editor, would know the story that Drummond really lost the *Speedy Return* in Madagascar, and could introduce the Scottish adventurer into Drury's romance.

We can never be absolutely certain that Captain Drummond lost his ship, but lived on as a kind of *condottiere* to a native prince in Madagascar. Between us and complete satisfactory proof a great gulf has been made by fire and water, 'foes of old' as the Greek poet says, which conspired to destroy the journal kept by Haines and the journal kept by Benbow. The former would have told us what piratical adventures Captain Green achieved in the *Worcester*; the latter, if it spoke of Captain Drummond in Madagascar, would have proved that the captain and the *Speedy Return* were not among the *Worcester's* victims. If we could be sure that Benbow's journal corroborated Drury's romance, we could not be sure that the editor of the romance did not borrow the facts from the journal of Benbow, and we do not know that it made mention of Captain Drummond, for the only valid testimony as to the cap-

tain's appearance in Madagascar is the affidavit of Israel Phippany and Peter Freeland, at Portsmouth, March 31, 1705, and these mariners may have perjured themselves to save the lives of English seamen condemned by the Scots.

Yet, as a patriotic Scot, I have reason for believing in the English affidavit at Portsmouth. The reason is simple, but sufficient. Captain Drummond, if attacked by Captain Green, was the man to defeat that officer, make prize of his ship, and hang at the yardarm the crew which was so easily mastered by Mr. Roderick Mackenzie and eleven pretty fellows. Hence I conclude that the *Worcester* really had been pirating off the coast of Malabar, but that the ship taken by Captain Green in these waters was not the *Speedy Return*, but another, unknown. If so, there was no great miscarriage of justice, for the indictment against Captain Green did not accuse him of seizing the *Speedy Return*, but of piracy, robbery, and murder, though the affair of the *Speedy Return* was brought in to give local colour. This fact and the national excitement in Scotland probably turned the scale with the jury, who otherwise would have returned a verdict of 'Not Proven.' That verdict, in fact, would have been fitted to the merits of the case; but 'there was mair tint at Shirramuir' than when Captain Green was hanged. The whole affair was regarded at the time as an argument against Home Rule for Scotland, perhaps not unjustly.¹

¹ The trial is in Howell's *State Trials*, vol. xiv. 1812. Roderick Mackenzie's account of his seizure of the *Worcester* was discovered by the late Mr. Hill Burton, in an oak chest in the Advocates' Library, and is published in his *Scottish Criminal Trials*, vol. i., 1852.

A RAGAMUFFIN OF THE FOOTHILLS.¹

BY HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL.

JEFF looked ruefully at the hot dusty road which curled upward and in front of him like a great white snake. At the top of the grade, where some pines stood out against the blue sky, hung a small reek of dust concealing the figure of his late companion. As Jeff gazed, the reek melted away. The young man told himself that he was alone in the brush foothills with a lame horse and a body (his own) so bruised and battered that it seemed to belong to somebody else.

‘Hello!’ said a voice.

Jeff stared into the chaparral. Wild lilac and big sage bushes, flowering lupins and gillias, bordered the road, for spring was abroad in Southern California. A boy slipped through the lilacs.

‘Jee—whiz!’ said the boy. ‘You’ve hurt yourself.’

‘That’s right,’ Jeff replied.

‘How did it happen?’

‘The plug crossed his feet in the dip yonder and rolled plum over me. Say—do you want to earn an honest dollar?’

The adjective was emphasised, for none knew better than Jeff that the foothills of San Luis Obispo County harboured queer folk. The boy nodded.

‘You must get a buggy, sonny.’

‘A buggy? Anything else? As if buggies grew in the brush hills!’

Just then Jeff’s sanguine complexion turned grey, and his eyes seemed to slip back into his head. The boy perceived a bulging pocket, out of which he whipped a flask. Jeff took a long drink; then he gasped out: ‘Thunder! you was smart to find that flask. Ah-h-h!’

‘You’re in a real bad fix,’ said the boy.

‘I *am* in bad shape,’ Jeff admitted. ‘If I’d known I was going to lose the use o’ myself like this, I wouldn’t ha’ been so doggoned keen about my friend leavin’ me.’

‘Your friend must be in a partic’lar hurry.’

‘He was that,’ Jeff murmured. A queer buzzing in his ears

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and an overpowering feeling of giddiness made him close his eyes. When he opened them, the boy had disappeared. Jeff saw that his horse had been tied up in the shade of a scrub-oak.

'That boy seems to have some sense,' he reflected. 'This is a knock-out, sure.'

Again he closed his eyes. A blue jay began to chatter; and when he had finished his screed, a cock quail challenged the silence. Very soon the wilderness was uttering all its familiar sounds. Jeff, lying flat on his back, could hear the rabbits scurrying through the chaparral. After an interminable delay his ears caught the crackle of dry twigs snapped beneath a human foot.

'Feelin' lonesome?'

'I'm mighty glad to see you again,' Jeff admitted. 'Ah, water! That's a sight better'n whisky.'

He drank thirstily, for the sun was high in the heavens and the road as hot as an oven.

'I reckoned you'd come back,' Jeff continued.

'Why?'

'To earn that dollar.' He eyed the lad's somewhat ragged overalls. 'Say—what do they call ye to home?'

'Bud.'

'Bud, eh? Short for brother. Folks got a fam'ly.' He reflected that Bud's sister, if he had one, might be nice-looking. 'Well, Bud, I'm under obligations to ye, for hitchin' up the plug in the shade. 'Twas thoughtful. Where ha' ye been?'

'I've been hunting Dad. But he's off in the hills. If I could get ye to our camp——'

'The plug 'll have to do it. Unhitch him.'

Bud untied the animal, who limped even more acutely than his master. Perhaps he lacked that master's grit. Jeff was the colour of parchment when he found himself in the saddle, whereon he sat huddled up, gripping the horn.

'Freeze on,' said the boy.

'You bet,' Jeff replied laconically.

Bud led the horse a few yards down the road, passing from it into the chaparral. Thence, through a tangled wilderness of scrub-oak and manzanita, down a steep slope, into a pretty cañon.

'Here we are.'

A sudden turn of the trail revealed a squatter's hut built of rough lumber and standing beneath a live-oak. A small creek was babbling its way to the Salinas River. The clearing in front of the hut was strewn with empty tins. A tumbledown

shed encircled by a corral was on the other side of the creek. Jeff knew at once that he was looking at one of the innumerable mountain claims taken up by Eastern settlers in the days of the great land boom, and forsaken by them a couple of years afterwards.

Jeff slid from the saddle on to his sound leg; then, counting rapidly the shining tins, he said reflectively:

‘Bin here about a month, I reckon.’

‘Yes—Mister—Sherlock—Holmes.’

Jeff stared. The ragamuffins of the foothills are not in the habit of reading fiction, although lying comes easy to them.

‘Kin you read?’ said Jeff.

‘I—*kin*,’ replied Bud, grinning (he had nice teeth). ‘Kin you?’

‘I can cuff a cheeky kid,’ said Jeff, scowling.

‘But you’ve got to catch him first.’

The boy laughed gaily, and ran into the house, as Jeff sat down propping his broad back against a tree.

‘Things here are not what they seem,’ Jeff murmured to his horse, who twitched an intelligent ear, as if he too was well aware that this was no home of squatter or miner. And who else of honest men would choose to live in such a desolate spot?

Presently the boy came back, carrying a feed of crushed barley. Then he unsaddled the horse, watered him, and fed him. Jeff grunted approval.

‘You’re earnin’ that dollar—every cent of it.’

A delightful fragrance of bacon floated to Jeff’s nostrils. Evidently provision had been made for man as well as beast.

‘That smells mighty good,’ said Jeff.

Bud helped him to rise, but after one effort Jeff sank back groaning.

‘It’s my boot,’ he explained. ‘See—I’m wearing a number eight on a number fifteen hoof. W-w-what? Pull it off? Not for ten thousand dollars. We’ll cut it off.’

Jeff produced a knife and felt its edge.

‘It’s sharp,’ he said, ‘sharp as you, Bud; but—doggone it! I can’t use it.’

Bud saw the sweat start on his skin as he tried to pull the injured foot towards him.

‘S’pose I do it?’ the boy suggested.

‘You’ve not got the nerve, Bud. Why, you’re yaller as cheese you poor little cuss.’

‘I’m not,’ said the boy, flushing suddenly.

He took the knife and began to cut the tough leather: a delicate operation, for Jeff's leg from knee to ankle was terribly swollen. Slowly and delicately the knife did its work. Finally, a horribly contused limb was revealed.

'Cold water—and plenty of it,' murmured Jeff.

'Or hot?'

'Mebbee hot 'd be better.'

Bud disappeared, whistling.

'That boy's earning a five-dollar bill,' said Jeff. 'I'm a liar if he ain't as bright as they make 'em.'

The hot water was brought, and some linen.

'I feel a heap better,' Jeff declared presently.

'How about dinner?'

'Bud, if ever I hev a son I hope he'll be jest like you. Say—you're earning big money—d'ye know it?—and my everlastin' gratitude.'

'That's all right. Hadn't I better bring the grub out here? It's nice and cool under this tree.'

Jeff nodded. The bacon and beans were brought out and consumed. Bud, however, refused to eat. He preferred to wait for his father. Jeff asked some questions, as he stowed away the bacon and beans.

'Your dad must be an awful nice man,' said he.

'He's the best and smartest man in the State,' said Bud proudly.

'Is he! And you two are campin' out for yer health—eh? Ye can't fool me, Bud.'

'Oh!'

'I sized you up at once as a city boy.'

'You're more than half right.'

'I'm all right, Bud. In my business I have to be all right. Bless you, it don't do to make mistakes in my business.'

'And what is your business?'

Jeff beamed. He was certainly a good-looking fellow, and warmed by food and, comparatively speaking, free from pain he was worthy of more than a passing glance.

'I'm deputy sheriff of San Luis Obispo County,' he declared, 'and mighty proud of it.'

'Proud of this yere county?' said the boy, 'or proud of being dep'ty sheriff?'

'By Jing! I'm proud o' both. The county's comin' along fine, and so'm I, Bud. It's a fact, sonny, that I'm held in

high esteem as an officer. Why, my boss said to me this very day: "Jeff," says he, "yer makin' a record."

'What sort o' record?'

Jeff flushed slightly. He was not in the habit of 'tooting his own horn,' as he would have put it, but the boy's face invited confidence.

'A record for dooin' my duty,' he answered slowly. "'Tain't as easy as you might think for.'

'No?'

'Not by no means. Ye see, Bud, in a new country 'tisn't only the real bad eggs that worries us. The community can deal with them. No, no, it's the good fellers gone wrong, the straight 'uns grown crooked, who keep us stirrin'. And sometimes, when a friend, a neighbour, flies the track, an officer is kind o' tempted to look the other way. See?'

'And you don't look the other way?'

Jeff's strong chin stuck out, and his eyes sparkled.

'You bet I don't.'

The boy eyed him attentively. The qualities conspicuous in the pioneer—energy, fortitude, grit, patience—shone finely out of Jeff's eyes.

'I like you—Jeff,' said the boy, almost shyly.

'Shake,' said Jeff. 'I like you, Bud.'

The two shook hands solemnly.

'Although I am a city boy,' said Bud.

'But it beats me what yer doing—here?'

'Just camping. Dad's a botanist and an entomologist.'

'Is that so?' Jeff's face shone. The presence of these strangers in the wild foothills was adequately explained. Then he laughed, showing strong even teeth. 'I'd like to meet your dad first rate, and, Bud, I'd like even better to meet your sister.'

He punched the boy in the ribs, chuckling to himself. The boy laughed too, freshly and frankly.

'Something like you, I reckon,' said Jeff, 'only cleaner and——'

'I'm as clean as they make 'em,' Bud declared angrily.

'Keep yer hair on, sonny. I'll allow yer as clean as they make boys, mebbe cleaner, but we're speaking o' girls. Have ye got her picture?'

'Whose picture?'

'Your sister's.'

'Well, I declare! How do you know I've got a sister?'

'I know it,' said Jeff. 'Call it instinct. Didn't I tell ye that in my business I've got to jest naturally know things? I jump, Bud, where the ordinary citizen might, so ter speak, crawl.'

The boy laughed gaily. Then he ran off, returning in a minute with a small leather case. Out of this he took a cabinet photograph, which he handed to Jeff. That gentleman became excited at once.

'I knew it—I knew it!' he exclaimed. 'She's a—*peach*! Bud, I'm mighty glad ye showed me this. Jee—whiz! Yes, and like you, only ten thousand times better-lookin'. What's her name, Bud?'

'You don't want to know her name.'

'I want to—the worst kind. My! Look at that cunning little curl! And her shape! You know nothing o' that yet, Bud, but I tell ye, sir, yer sister is put up just right according to my notions. Not too tall. Them strung-out, trained-to-a-hair, high-falutin girls never did fetch me. I like 'em round, and soft, and innocent. What's her name, sonny?'

'Sarah.'

'Sairy! Bud, I don't believe that. Sairy! I never did cotton to Sairy. Yer pullin' my leg, ye young scallywag. The nerve! No—ye don't.'

Jeff had stretched out a long, lean arm, and seized the boy by the shoulder in a grasp which tightened cruelly.

'Oh—oh!'

'Tell me her right name, ye little cuss, or I'll squeeze ye into pulp.'

'Lemme go! Dad calls her Sadie.'

Jeff released the shoulder, grinning.

'Sadie—that's a heap better. I—I could love to—to distraction a girl o' the name o' Sadie.'

'If Sadie were here——' Bud had removed himself to a respectful distance, and was now glaring at Jeff, and rubbing his bruised shoulder.

'I wish she was, I wish she was. You were saying, Bud——'

'I was saying that if Sadie were here, she'd fix you mighty quick.'

'Would she? God bless her!' He stared sentimentally at the photograph.

'Yes, she would. She'd let you know that a girl may be round—an' soft—an' innocent—and a holy terror too when a big, blundering galoot of a dep'ty sheriff talks o' loving somebody to

whom he's never been introduced, and never likely to be, neither.'

Jeff looked up in amazement.

'Why, Bud; why, sonny—ye're real mad! Why, you silly little whipper-snapper, ye don't think I'd talk that way if the young lady was around. Great Scott! Look ye here! Now—now I ain't goin' to hurt ye any. Come nearer. Ye won't? Well, then, don't! But, strictly between ourselves, I'll tell ye something, although it's agen myself. If your sister was here, right now, I—I'm so doggoned bashful—I wouldn't have a word to say—that's a fact.'

'I wish she were here,' said Bud, savagely.

'Now, Bud; that's a real nasty one. Ye don't mean that. Did I hurt yer shoulder, sonny?'

'Hurt it? I'll bet it's black and blue most already.'

'I'll bet it ain't. Pull down your shirt, an' let's see. Black and blue? You air a little liar.'

Bud slowly pulled up the sleeve of his faded blue jumper. Hand and wrist were burnt brown by the sun, but above, the flesh was white and soft. Just below the elbow flamed the red and purple marks left by Jeff's fingers.

'The shoulder's a sight worse than that,' said Bud, sulkily. Jeff displayed honest concern.

'Pore little Bud,' said he, patting the boy's hand which lay in his own. 'It is lucky fer me Miss Sadie ain't around. I reckon she *would* fix me for this. And I shouldn't have a word for her, as I was tellin' ye. She'd think me the biggest kind of a mug.'

So speaking, he picked up the photograph and half slipped it into the case.

'Twon't do fer me to look at her,' he murmured; 'but if ever there was a case——'

'Eh?'

'Never mind.'

'What were you going to say?'

'Somethin' very fullish.'

'Say it, Jeff. I'll not give ye away to Sadie. Honest, I won't.'

'I believe,' said Jeff solemnly, 'that I've got it where the bottle got the cork. It's a curious sort o' feeling, not unpleasant, but kind o' squirmy.'

'What in thunder are you at?'

'It's love, Bud—love at first sight. Now, mind—yer not to give me away. I'm in love end over end with your sister. Don't git mad! She'll never know it.'

'Are you often taken this way?'

'Never before, by Jing! That's what's so queer. Mebbe I pitched on my head. Mebbe I'm delirious.'

'Mebbee you always were—half-baked. Looks like it, I must say. Give me the case.'

'Any more sisters, Bud? I reckon not. The mould must ha' been broke when Miss Sadie was born. One 'll make trouble enough for we men. Is there another, Bud?'

'No.'

'There's another picture in there.'

'Yes—Dad's.'

Now it chanced that as Jeff drew the portrait of Bud's father from the case the boy had turned, and so missed the amazing expression of surprise, dismay, horror, that flitted into Jeff's honest face, and for the moment distorted it. But when he spoke his voice was the same, and his features were composed.

'This is your—dad?'

'Yes. I call him a peach.'

'It's a fine head—sure,' murmured Jeff.

Bud bent over him, eager to sing the praises of his sire. But, for the first time since man and boy had met, Jeff's face assumed a hard professional look. Bud eyed him interrogatively.

'Does your leg hurt any?'

'N-n-no.'

'I'll fetch some more hot water, if you say so.'

'I'm feelin' a heap easier—in my leg.'

He put the two photographs into the case, closed it, and handed it to Bud with a sigh.

'Maybe you will meet Sadie some day,' said Bud, taking the case.

'Maybe,' Jeff replied, with an indifference which made the boy stare. Jeff was gazing across the foothills with a queer steely glint in his blue eyes. Bud ran into the house.

Instantly, Jeff was alert. He pulled a tattered handbill from his pocket, smoothed it out, and read it with darkening brows. The bill offered a handsome reward for any information which would lead to the arrest of one Quincey, a defaulting assistant-cashier of a Santa Barbara bank. Quincey and his *daughter* had

disappeared in a springboard, drawn by a buckskin horse, and were supposed to have travelled south, in the hope of crossing the border into Mexico. At the head of the bill was a rough wood-cut of Quincey. Jeff crumpled up the sheet of paper, and stuffed it into his pocket.

'It's him—sure 'nough,' he growled. Then he gasped suddenly, 'Jee-roosalem! Bud is a rosebud!'

He smiled, frowned, and tugged at his moustache as Bud appeared with some more hot water. Jeff blushed.

'You're real kind, but I hate to give ye all this trouble.'

Bud, after bathing the swollen leg, glanced up sharply.

'You're as red as the king of hearts. You ain't going to have a fever?'

'I do feel kind o' feverish,' Jeff admitted.

Bud lightly touched his forehead.

'Why, it's burning hot, I do declare.'

Jeff closed his eyes, murmuring confusedly, 'I b'lieve it'd help me some if you was to stroke my derned head.'

Bud obediently smoothed his crisp curls. Jeff's forehead was certainly hot, and it grew no cooler beneath the touch of Bud's fingers.

'Hello!' exclaimed Bud, a few minutes later. 'Here's Dad coming across the creek.'

Quincey, for it was he, advanced leisurely, not seeing the figures under the live-oak. He carried a tin box and a butterfly-net. He was dressed in the brown overalls of Southern California, stained and discoloured by sun and tar-weed. His face, brown as the overalls, had, however, a pinched look, and in his eyes lay a curious tenseness familiar enough to deputy sheriffs. For the rest, he had a mild forehead, which he was wiping as he crossed the creek, a pleasant mouth, and a chin a thought too delicately modelled for a man. He walked soberly, with the dragging stride of a tired pedestrian. He was tall, thin, and angular.

Bud ran to meet him.

'We've comp'ny,' he cried, indicating Jeff. Quincey quickened his step.

'Company?'

Quincey met Jeff's glance with a simple bow, and the inevitable remark, 'Hurt yourself?'

Jeff explained. While describing his misadventure he decided

that Bud could not be a party to the father's crime. Quincey asked for permission to examine the wounded leg. Presently he asked Jeff to stand up.

'Oh, Dad!' protested Bud.

Jeff obeyed, glad to discover that he could stand upon the injured foot.

'Same thing happened to me once,' Quincey remarked. 'The tight boot caused more than half the trouble. Sit down, Mr. —?'

'Wells. Jefferson Wells.'

'Thank you. My name is—of no service to you. And this is my daughter—Sarah. Run away, Sadie.'

Jeff, watching the daughter, thought her confusion the prettiest thing he had ever seen.

'You are a cowboy, I presume?' said Quincey, as Bud disappeared. Not waiting for Jeff's answer, he went on fluently: 'I'm sure I can trust you; you have an honest face, sir. I'm collecting certain plants and butterflies, but—I have other reasons for camping out. My daughter has played the boy, because a boy is safe in these wild hills; an unprotected girl might be molested. We will do what we can for you. You, I am sure, will respect this confidence.'

Quincey played his trumps boldly, not knowing that he was speaking to a deputy sheriff. Jeff said nothing. Quincey, after asking if the horse had been fed and watered, followed his daughter into the hut. Jeff groaned to himself, 'Mighty soon I'll be wishing I'd never been born!'

However, assured that he was alone, he carefully examined his six-shooter, and began to reckon what chances there were for and against arresting Quincey single-handed. Ordinarily, he was quick enough at such calculations, but Bud introduced confusion into every sum. 'I'm in an awful hole,' reflected the unhappy Jeff.

The hole became a bottomless pit when Bud appeared in a pretty linen frock and asked him demurely how he fared.

'You're looking worse,' she said.

Changing her dress, she had cast off with the rough overalls such rugosities of manner, speech, and intonation as belonged to the ragamuffin of the foothills. Poor Jeff assumed his 'society' manner and accent.

'If I'd only known,' he began lamely.

'You never suspected?'

A note of anxiety escaped Jeff's ears.

'N-n-no. Of course not. Why, think how I handled you.'

Sadie blushed.

'I'll forget everything,' she whispered, showing a couple of dimples, 'and we'll begin all over again, Mr.—Wells.'

His confusion, which she attributed to bashfulness, encouraged the shameless coquette to add: 'Maybe you liked me better as Bud?' Jeff was scarlet as he replied: 'I liked Bud first rate, but Bud'll remember what I said about his sister.' Then he quite spoiled the effect of this happy phrase by adding hurriedly: 'Say, I'd just as lief you didn't tell your father that I am a deputy sheriff.'

Sadie raised her dark brows.

'I thought you were so proud of that.'

'I tooted my own horn, like a tenderfoot.'

'But I liked what you said, Mr. Wells. That's the part I sha'n't forget. About doing your duty, you know. Dad would like that too. He's done his duty, has Dad—always.'

'I'll allow he's done his duty by you.'

She laughed gaily; then, seeing with a woman's quick eyes that the man was in pain, she said for the second time, 'I know you're feeling worse, Mr. Wells.'

A wiser than Jeff would have assented to this. Jeff rose hastily and walked a few paces.

'I'm most well,' he declared, irritably.

'Then what ails you?'

Jeff sat down again, smiling nervously.

'Well, Miss Sadie, I was thinking of the cruellest thing in this cruel world.'

'My! What's that?'

'Why do the innocent suffer for the sins o' the guilty?'

'You do fly the track.' She paused, gazing first at Jeff's troubled face, and then at the scene about them. The enchantress, Spring, had touched all things with her magical fingers. The time had come when.

Half of the world a bridegroom is;
And half of the world a bride.

Very soon—within a month at most—the creek which ran so joyfully to the great ocean yonder would have run altogether out of sight, leaving a parched and desolate watercourse in its place. The grass, now a vivid green, bespangled with brilliant poppies, would fade into premature age and ugliness. The trees would have assumed the dust-covered livery of summer. The birds would be mute.

Sadie shrugged, protestingly, her slender shoulders.

'Suppose we talk of something else this lovely day?'

But Jeff paid no attention. In a crude, boyish fashion he had come to a decision.

'Shall I tell you a story?'

'Oh, please!'

'It happened to a friend of mine, a man I knew real well.'

'A love story, Mr. Wells?'

'There's love in it, Miss Sadie.'

'I'm glad of that.'

'This man, my friend, he was a brother deputy o' mine, came to be twenty-six without ever falling in love.'

'My! He must have been hard-hearted—your friend.'

'Mebbee. Well, one fine day he met his mate——'

'What was she like?'

'Like? Why, she was the sweetest thing on earth. I'd as lief try to describe a day such as this——'

'Oh! I know what's coming. You fell in love with your friend's sweetheart. Poor Mr. Wells!'

Jeff ignored this interruption.

'I was saying that my friend met *his* mate, nobody else's, and though he'd never met her before, by Jing! he knew right off she was his mate.'

'Love at first sight.'

'That's right. Love at first sight.'

Sadie's face and figure perceptibly relaxed. Her eyes softened delightfully. With parted lips she seemed to hang upon Jeff's next words.

'Unfortunately, she was the daughter of a thief.'

'A thief!'

'That ain't the right word. Embezzler, I reckon, would fit better. Leastwise, he'd made away with other folks' money, meanin' to put it back, no doubt, if he happened to strike the right lead. Luck was dead against him. Mind ye, he was a good citizen enough, as Westerners go. I don't deny that he'd average up as well as most. I remember the case well, because I read about it in the papers. The dry years had bu'st him, and the most of his friends too. Some o' these friends he'd helped. He was on their notes of hand, ye understand?'

He glanced at her sharply. Would she understand? Would she guess? No. In the pure, clear eyes upturned to his he read pity, sympathy, interest—nothing more. She nodded.

'When times mended in Southern California he thought he saw his chance to get back all he'd lost: just one o' those dead-sure shots which will miss fire. He'd not a cent of his own, so he borrowed, without askin' leave, a few hundreds, that was all, jest a few hundreds from somebody else.'

'He was a—thief,' said Sadie calmly.

'It's too hard a word, that. Now then, I'm getting to the point. My friend, deputy sheriff like me, found himself in this hell of—I mean in this terrible tight place. He was sent to arrest the father of the girl he loved.'

'Oh-h-h!'

This prolonged exclamation sadly puzzled Jeff, whose claim to consideration at the hands of many friends was a guileless transparency of purpose, a candour and simplicity unhappily too rare. Now, his climax, so artfully introduced, provoked nothing more satisfactory than this 'Oh-h-h!'

'Well,' continued Jeff, gazing almost fiercely into Sadie's eyes, 'my friend found the father, and he knew that he could arrest him, or he could earn the everlastin' gratitude of the girl by letting him escape—and *helping* him to escape.'

'And what did your friend do?' Sadie asked quietly.

'What do you think he did, Miss Sadie?'

'Did the girl know that her father was a thief?'

'She was as innocent as Mary's little lamb.'

'I don't know what your friend did,' said Sadie, in a clear, emphatic voice, 'but I do know what he ought to have done. His first duty was to his State.'

Jeff stared, and then laughed.

'To his State. That's so. Yes, yes; and that's how my friend acted. He did arrest the father, and the daughter—why, o' course, she never spoke to him again.'

'It's a sad story,' said Sadie, after a pause. 'I'm sorry you told it to me to-day, because——' her voice faltered.

'Yes,' said Jeff 'because——'

'Because it has been so pleasant to-day—for me, I mean.'

She looked down, blushing. Jeff seized her hand. Sadie tried, not very hard, to pull it away. Jeff felt the muscles relaxing, the slight form swayed towards him. Suddenly he released her.

'O my God,' he exclaimed. 'You are right, I feel in all my bones you're dead right. I ought to do my duty. I'm feeling and behaving like a madman.'

Sadie stared at him in troubled silence. She believed that in

losing his heart the poor fellow had lost his wits also. Yet she was sensible that love for her lay at the root of his distress. And his pain, for his suffering was pitiful to behold, puckered her brows, twisted her lips. With a soft cry she touched timidly his shoulder.

'If you think,' she smiled faintly, 'that because we've only known each other a few hours, I——'

Jeff laughed. The laugh hurt the girl, so that she shrank from him. So engrossed were the pair that neither marked Quincey as he opened the door of the hut. He advanced a couple of steps, smoking a pipe, and then paused astonished, as Jeff's next words reached him.

'Look at here,' he burst out. 'That story—— It's my own story. I left San Luis yesterday afternoon to arrest your father. The sheriff an' me knew he was somewhere in these foothills.'

'You have come to arrest—Dad?'

'That's it.'

She stared at him confusedly, trying to recall his story. Jeff waited.

'You called him a thief. Dad—a thief! How dare you? How dare you? It's a lie, or—or,' she faltered 'or a mistake.'

'No mistake,' said Jeff, wretchedly.

He had risen. Man and maid stared fiercely into each other's faces. Behind them, Quincey stood quietly observant, but his right hand stole down to his pocket.

'Hold up your hands!' he said sharply.

Jeff and the girl sprang apart. Quincey had levelled a pistol at the deputy sheriff, repeating his words with one addition: '*Quick!*' Jeff raised his hands.

'He carries a "gun,"' said Quincey to his daughter. 'Take it from him.'

She obeyed. Her face was white as milk, but not with fear. The man who held the pistol had ceased for the moment to bear any resemblance to her father, but assuredly he was the defaulter whom Jeff Wells and the sheriff sought. The expression upon his face revealed that, if nothing else. Sadie removed the pistol and brought it to Quincey.

'In the hut, on a nail behind the door, is a piece of cord. Fetch it!'

She fetched it.

'Tie his hands behind his back. Tie 'em good and firm. Take your time. Make a job of it. That's it. Now, then, hitch the loose ends round that scrub-oak. That's right. Now

go into the house, and slip into your overalls. We'll be shifting camp in less than half an hour.'

'Dad!'

'Well?'

'It's true, then?'

He smiled grimly.

'Yes—it's true. Get a move on you. Mr. Wells and I are going to have a little talk.'

She walked slowly towards the hut; then suddenly she turned, flying back on nimble feet.

'Dad,' she said quickly. 'Mr. Wells will help us, if you ask him, if—if I ask him.' She approached Jeff. 'I told you that your duty was to the State,' she continued, 'but I take that back. Do you hear? Save Dad! I don't care what he has done to others, he's always been so good to me. And if you will help us, I—I—'

'Sadie!'

Quincey's voice was very harsh.

'Yes, Dad.'

'Leave us. Not a word, child. Go!'

She moved away, the tears trickling from her eyes. Nothing was said till the door had closed behind her; then Jeff broke the silence, in a voice with a strange rasp to it.

'I *will* help you, Mr. Quincey.'

Quincey thrust his weapon into his pocket, and came close to the speaker, eyeing him attentively. An impartial observer might have pronounced the younger man to be the defaulter.

'You'll help me—eh? How?'

'I can get you safe into Mexico.'

'Can you?'

'At a word from me the sheriff 'll be huntin' somewheres else. See?'

'I see.'

'Don't think you'll squeeze through without me. I reckon you've a springboard and a buckskin in the barn over there?'

'Maybe.'

'The officers are looking for that buckskin in every little burg between Santa Cruz and San Diego. You can't pack your grub and blankets a-foot. I can supply everything. Nobody'll suspect *me*.'

'Why not?'

'Because—because o' my record.'

'Oh. It's a clean one, is it?'

'It is that.'

'Sadie cottoned to you right away. Because she sized you up as straight, I surmise.'

The speaker smoked silently for a moment; Jeff held his tongue, but his cheeks were red and hot.

'Sadie may sour on me now,' said the father heavily.

'Sour on you, Mr. Quincey! Not she.'

Quincey frowned. Then he opened a knife and slashed the cord which bound Jeff. The fingers which held his pipe were trembling.

'You'll let me fix things?' said Jeff, in a low voice.

'And then—suppose—suppose Sadie soured on you?'

'I'll risk that,' Jeff answered slowly. 'She's more'n likely to.'

'Um.'

'You're going to give me a free hand?'

'No.'

The monosyllable burst from his lips with a violence that indicated the rending asunder of strong barriers.

'No,' he repeated. 'One of us, Jefferson Wells, must be an honest man. I ain't going to whine about the luck, but I stole—I stole—for her. I wanted to give her what she'd always had from me: a pretty home, nice clothes, a good time. And what's the result?' He laughed hoarsely. 'This—this hut, those overalls, beans and bacon to eat, and now—now—the knowledge that her dad is a thief. Well, she's cottoned to you. I read it in her face. Quick work, they'd say back east, but in this new country folks have to think quick and act quick. I can think quick and act quick. You want her?'

'Worse than I ever wanted anything in my life.'

'You can take care of her?'

'I am well fixed. A nest-egg in the bank, a good salary, and a pair of arms that can carry a heavier load than she'll ever be.'

Quincey nodded; then he spoke very deliberately: 'I'm going back to Santa Barbara to face the music. I shall give myself up. Hold on—let me finish! I know something of women, and Sadie is the daughter of a New England mother. It's lucky she's dead, poor soul! Don't you ever dare to tell Sadie *that you weakened*. When she lies awake nights—and she will—it may comfort her some to think that her husband is an honest man. I'm going to take the trail now. When Sadie comes out o' there, tell her, with my love, that I've left her in your charge.'

THE NEW CHEMISTRY.

II.—THE MECHANICS OF CHEMICAL CHANGE.

IN science, as in every other field of human endeavour, the centre of interest is for ever shifting. Yesterday the chemico-biological discoveries of Pasteur and his colleagues held us all enchained. The day before, Faraday's researches in electricity riveted attention. To-day we all watch the borderlands where chemists and physicists are busy unravelling the mystery of radium and radio-activity. But at all times side by side, or perhaps I should say underneath, these waves of thought, if I may call them so, great currents flow quietly, steadily, and, by most of us, unseen, which are not less important than the more visible disturbances, however great these may be.

One of these great currents forms the subject of this article.

I wonder if my readers have ever pondered on the subject of the great force which presides over those changes, called chemical changes, which play so tremendous a part in the world we live in? Most of them, no doubt, have often heard the term 'chemical affinity.' A few, perhaps, have a tolerably definite idea that by chemical affinity we mean the cause of chemical combining; the property of the chemical atoms which causes them, as we say, to unite and form all the thousands and thousands of combinations which we meet in nature and which chemists produce in their laboratories. Probably very few are aware of the fascinating researches and speculations on this subject which have occupied the minds of chemists more or less continuously for many centuries. And yet the results of these researches and speculations are hardly less interesting, and hardly less mysterious, than that exciting substance radium and the other radio-active substances, though, as I have said, they are by no means equally familiar to most of us.

It would be absurd, here, to attempt to trace back the history of this subject to the thirteenth century, when Albertus Magnus, Bishop of Regensburg—who was said to be *magnus in magia naturali, major in philosophia, maximus in theologia*—an upholder of the birds-of-a-feather-flock-together theory of chemical action, employed

the word 'affinitas' to express the idea that substances which combine must have some kinship, something in common. Partly because this idea ignored the very obvious fact that the substances which combine most vigorously are just those which are most unlike one another, but still more because until Robert Boyle—the father of chemistry and the uncle of the Earl of Cork—had taught us in his famous book 'The Sceptical Chymist' (1661) to discard the elements of Empedocles, earth, air, fire, water,¹ and enunciated the modern axiom that we must regard as the true 'elements' those substances which have never yet been decomposed, no real investigation of the subject from the modern point of view was possible. Even after the publication of 'The Sceptical Chymist' the rate of progress was slow, so that late in the seventeenth century we find Lemery, the author of one of the most successful books on chemistry at this period, committing himself to the fanciful idea that combination between two particles, *e.g.* between metallic particles and particles of sulphur, depends on the particles of one element being provided with spines or sharp points, and on the particles of the other being porous, the act of combining itself consisting in the fitting of the spines of the one more or less perfectly into the pores of the other. Nevertheless some progress of a useful kind was soon made. After Boyle, chemists began to explain the simpler phenomena of combination and decomposition in terms which show that the idea of the selective character of chemical attraction, to which we shall recur, was beginning to be grasped by the leaders in the science. And at this time also we find them drawing up tables of affinity for the various acids and alkalis which, though they have not survived, did good work by directing attention to the important point that the strength of chemical attraction in any given case is not a fixed quantity, but varies with temperature: a fact which was brought out by the circumstance that it was necessary to construct different tables of affinity for low temperatures, moderate temperatures, and high temperatures. At one time there was a disposition to confuse chemical attraction with the attraction of gravitation. But Newton and Bergmann, the great Swedish master, saw clearly that, as the former acts only at very minute distances while the latter acts at immense distances, there must be some difference between them.

When Liebig began to send his famous 'Familiar Letters on Chemistry' to the 'Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung' more than

¹ Usually attributed to Aristotle.

half a century ago, he was able to dispose of the subject of 'Chemical Affinity' in a very few pages in one of the earlier letters. 'In order,' he says, 'to obtain a clear and vivid comprehension of the almost miraculous order and regularity in which bodies enter into combination with each other, we must bear in mind the meaning the chemist attaches to the terms combination and decomposition,' since all or nearly all the more familiar chemical phenomena depend upon these. And he went on to tell his generation that the ultimate causes of these chemical phenomena are 'chemical forces' which 'differ from all other forces, inasmuch as we perceive their existence only by their manifestations when bodies come into immediate contact with each other.' Also that this chemical force or 'chemical affinity' is strongest between elements which differ most in their general properties, and weakest in the case of elements which are members of the same or allied families. And, again, that the action of 'chemical affinity' may be modified by means of heat and by the presence of water or other solvents to such an extent that the chemist can use the different behaviour of substances in solution in different liquids, and their deportment at high temperatures, as a powerful means of analysis in the laboratory.

To-day this matter seems by no means so simple. On the contrary, it positively bristles with unsolved questions which are at once, if I may be excused the paradox, sources of obscurity and of enlightenment.

But the truth is that even in Liebig's time the question of the nature of chemical affinity and its mode of action was not so simple and well understood as we might suppose from some of the writings of that period. Chemists were too busily occupied just then in laying the foundations of organic chemistry and physiological chemistry, and, generally, in extending the boundaries of their science and occupying new and recently acquired fields of research, to have much time to study affinity.

The fact is that nothing is more difficult than to state clearly the relative affinities of half a dozen common elements. We can measure the masses of the atoms of these elements, though millions of millions of millions of them can go into a lady's thimble. We can compare their powers of conducting heat and electricity, find their melting-points, and learn a dozen other things about them with considerable certainty. But when we attempt to decide whether an atom of an element A or an atom of an element B has the greater attraction for an atom of a third element C, we find

the problem almost as perplexing as to tell beforehand which of two maids a man will fall in love with. It has been done, it is true, within certain limits, but it is most difficult, the complications are so many. Let me give a few illustrations :

Suppose we mix oxygen from the air with the gas hydrogen in a glass tube and leave them together for a few hours, days, or weeks. Nothing will happen; they will remain a mixture of oxygen and hydrogen. Oxygen and hydrogen, therefore, we might conclude, are without chemical attraction. Suppose we heat this mixture, however, at any point by means of an electric spark, or a very hot wire. When we do this we find that the gases combine, if they are in suitable proportions, and that water is formed. Oxygen and hydrogen, then, acquire the power of attracting one another when heated. It is all a question of temperature. They attract each other when hot, not when cold. High temperature, in other words, promotes the action of chemical affinity. But suppose we go a little further. Suppose we take the water formed at the second stage of our experiment, convert it into steam, pass a torrent of electric discharges from an induction coil through it, and examine what remains. If we do this we shall find, in the expressive language of a youthful pupil of mine, that we have 'electrocuted' some of the water, that we have partly reconverted it into oxygen and hydrogen. What can we say now about the mutual affinity of oxygen and hydrogen? See how entirely their power to attract one another seems to depend upon temperature, how they rival 'Mr. Facing Bothways' in their disposition to accommodate themselves to circumstances.

Again, there is a very simple method of making iron, the metal, from iron rust, which is a compound of iron and oxygen. All we have to do is to pass a current of hydrogen over the iron rust heated to redness in a tube. Then water is formed from the hydrogen and oxygen, and metallic iron remains as a black powder which has the peculiarity of catching fire and burning up like so much charcoal if it is exposed to the air when fresh. May we not safely conclude from this that, since hydrogen can withdraw oxygen from iron rust, the affinity between hydrogen and oxygen must be greater than that between iron and oxygen? Certainly, we should be tempted to think so if it were not quite easy to get evidence in support of exactly the opposite conclusion: if it were not for the fact that if one passes steam, oxide of hydrogen, over red-hot metallic iron, instead of the element hydrogen over oxide of iron,

then the oxygen leaves the hydrogen and unites with the iron, forming an oxide, which I may mention is magnetic like the load-stone, while the hydrogen goes free. Now, would not this, taken by itself, indicate quite definitely that iron, and not hydrogen, has the greater attraction or affinity for oxygen ?

What are we to think on this subject ? What is the explanation of these and similar contradictory phenomena ?

Chemists have long been busy with this question. It was brought to the front by Berthollet in an historic discussion with Proust, his fellow-countryman, on the subject of the law of definite proportions, which expresses what we regard as the established truth, since no well-established fact to the contrary can be produced, that every given chemical compound, for example water, always contains the same elements, in this case hydrogen and oxygen, and always in the same proportions.

According to Berthollet, all the elements may be considered to possess affinity for one another, and this affinity is one of the determining causes in any given case of chemical change. But it is not the only determining cause ; its action is subject to the influence, also, of various physical forces, and to the influence of the masses of the acting substances. Berthollet's famous memoir was produced under most interesting circumstances. When Napoleon the Great undertook his celebrated expeditions to Italy and Egypt he did not go only with armies of soldiers, he took with him, also, companies of the leading French *savants*. Among the foremost of these *savants* was Claude Louis Berthollet, and it was at a sitting of the 'Egyptian Institute' at Cairo in July 1799 that Berthollet read the famous memoir on the Laws of Affinity, in which he asserted that the action of affinity and the progress of chemical changes are largely dependent on the solubility, insolubility, volatility, &c., of the substances concerned. Berthollet did not convince his colleagues that only insoluble substances, volatile substances, &c., contain their constituents in fixed proportions, for the facts were against him. But he advanced in this memoir, of such romantic origin, and in his great work on chemical statics a few years later, ideas which play a great part in chemistry to this day.

I have already discussed one aspect of the new chemistry in the pages of the CORNHILL.¹ And I then showed how the results of modern research force us to admit that the chemical

¹ March 1903.

atoms in acids, bases, and salts are by no means so rigidly held together in their molecules by chemical attraction as was formerly supposed; how, on the contrary, we now believe with Faraday that chemical actions are, as Davy surmised, indistinguishable from electrical actions; and with Arrhenius and his colleagues that these apparently stable substances when in solution, and often, also, when fused by heat alone, are to a great extent in a decomposed or dissociated state; so that a solution of common table salt, for example, in water consists only partly of salt, and partly, and, if the solution be a very weak one, largely, of its *ions* (i.e. of atoms of sodium and atoms of chlorine bearing respectively charges of positive and negative electricity) wandering about among the molecules of salt. Nor does the change in our ideas of the constitution of such a substance stop here. For we conclude further, that such a solution, though it seems so quiet, is really a scene of intense activity; that, in it, salt molecules every moment are breaking up into their *ions* by thousands, and that these *ions*, the positive and negative particles, are, as the result of their frequent encounters as they wander in the liquid, constantly reuniting to form salt. We have substituted, in short, a dynamical conception of such a solution for the statical conception which held the field a century ago. We see, or believe we see, a state of change where our predecessors saw a state of rest.

But if now we pursue this new conception of the constitution of a solution of an electrolyte, as we term the class of substances we are considering, we shall perceive that the ideas of our predecessors were not so much wrong as imperfect. For is it not plain that, in a state of affairs such as I have pictured, things would quickly arrive, if not at a state of rest, at least at a state of equilibrium, which might easily be mistaken for a state of rest? For we see, on consideration, that when first the salt is dissolved, or melted, its molecules must, according to the hypothesis before us, begin to break up one by one into their *ions*, into sodium ions and chlorine ions, and that for a moment this change alone will occur. As soon, however, as there are some positive and negative *ions* wandering in the solution, these will meet from time to time, and when they do so probably will reproduce molecules of the original salt. At first the number of the free *ions* will be very small in proportion to the number of molecules of the original salt. But as the salt molecules continue to break up the number of these will diminish, while the number of free *ions* will correspondingly increase. Thus

the rate at which the salt molecules break up must constantly become slower from the first, while the rate at which the free ions recombine and reproduce salt will constantly become quicker, until at length salt will be produced by the latter change just as quickly as it is destroyed by the former change, and so a state of balance or equilibrium will be reached in which the proportions of salt and of its positive and negative ions present in a given volume of the solution will remain unchanged. Ideas of this sort play a great part in modern chemistry, and may be said to form the foundation of what we term 'Chemical Dynamics,' which is the branch of chemistry which concerns itself with chemical changes, and endeavours to trace the movements and transpositions of the atoms in those changes. In chemical dynamics we do not deal with single substances, with views on the atomic constitution of matter, nor on the arrangement of the atoms in the molecules—these belong to 'Chemical Statics'—but devote ourselves to the mutual actions of groups of substances in chemical changes, to the rates or velocities at which such changes progress, and to chemical equilibrium. Only a few years ago 'chemical dynamics' occupied a comparatively minor place in the science. But to-day the most advanced masters claim for it the first place. It will be impossible, of course, here, to do more than give in outline a few illustrations of this facet of the New Chemistry.

And now I must ask my reader to go back with me for a moment to the beginning, so to speak, of our subject. This is necessary if we are to gain a clear comprehension of the present state of knowledge on the matter before us. Chemists assume, at any rate as a working hypothesis, that in chemical changes they have to deal with very small particles of matter. We call these particles *atoms*, and hold that every element has its characteristic atom. Further, we assume that the atoms of the seventy or eighty elements known to us come together in various groupings, and so form the thousands and thousands of decomposable substances, called *chemical compounds*, met with in nature or produced in the laboratory.

Now the weights of the atoms are believed on very good grounds to be fixed and definite for each element, and, therefore, we can represent them by symbols. Thus the wonderful phosphorescent element phosphorus has atoms which weigh thirty-one times as much as an atom of hydrogen, and therefore are said to have the atomic weight 31, and this atom is represented in the algebra of the chemist by the symbol P. Similarly atoms of chlorine, the stinking

gas used for bleaching calico and other things, also have a fixed weight, 35.5, and are represented by the symbol Cl.

Suppose, now, we wish to represent the product of the combining of chlorine with phosphorus, we may write it PCl_3 or PCl_5 , for there are two such compounds and the proportions of chlorine and phosphorus in them are in the first case 106.5, i.e. 35.5 multiplied by three, and in the second 177.5, i.e. 35.5 multiplied by five, of the former to thirty-one parts of the latter, which makes it plain that one atom of phosphorus can combine with three or with five atoms of chlorine, according to the quantity presented to it, and, as we shall see shortly, to other circumstances. For the sake of subsequent clearness I must add that the above formulæ represent what chemists call *molecules* of the two chlorides of phosphorus, a molecule being the smallest particle of any given substance which we can imagine as existing alone. Now it is plain that a molecule could not be less than the quantities respectively represented by the formulæ PCl_3 and PCl_5 , for in order to get smaller molecules we should have to cut up the atoms of phosphorus into smaller pieces, and, as I have said, atoms are, *ex hypothesi*, particles which cannot be subdivided.

I have selected these examples of the symbols and formulæ of the chemist because with their aid I can give the reader a clear idea of what we mean by a *reversible chemical change*. If some of the second or pentachloride of phosphorus, PCl_5 , is heated in a closed vessel, we find that its vapour changes into a mixture of the trichloride, PCl_3 , and free chlorine gas, Cl_2 , which fact, thrown into a chemical equation, is expressed thus :



If we then cool the vessel the pentachloride will be re-formed, which, as an equation, is written :



That is to say, that while the pentachloride of phosphorus is decomposed by heat, its components reunite on cooling, provided that the products of the first change are kept together.

We call a change which can thus take place backwards and forwards a reversible change, and in books on chemistry such a change is written :



the two arrowheads being pointed in opposite directions to indicate the fact that the pentachloride, PCl_5 , splits up, or the products of its decomposition recombine, according to circumstances. It is possible, in fact certain, that these two opposite changes may proceed simultaneously.

All chemical changes are not so obviously reversible as this one, but very many are so, and those which are not often owe this to the circumstance that the conditions under which they occur are such as to prevent the second or reverse actions from coming off. For example, we all know that for thousands of years quicklime has been made by heating limestone, and that kilns for making lime in that way are common objects on the country-side. Now, if limestone be heated in a practically unlimited space, as in the open air, or in a powerful draught of air, as in a limekiln, it breaks up into quicklime and a gas called carbonic acid gas which rapidly flies out of reach of the quicklime never to return, and so presently the latter only is left. This change carried out in this way seems not to be reversible.

But if a piece of limestone is heated in a strong, exhausted, airtight vessel, so that the gas cannot get away from the lime, but must stay in contact with it, and if the vessel is provided with a pressure gauge, so that we can detect the rate at which the gas is given off by its effect on the gauge, we shall discover that the limestone is not decomposed suddenly as in an explosion, or at one particular temperature, but gradually, and at an increasing rate as we increase the temperature to which we subject it.

Now this at first sight is rather surprising. How can such a thing be? The gas begins to come off somewhat below 600°C . That is to say, some particles of limestone are decomposed at 600°C . and, on the other hand, other particles of the same substance remain unaffected although they are heated equally strongly. This seems absurd. Surely all the particles of the *same* substance, quicklime, would be decomposed at 600°C . if any are so decomposed. At any rate we think this would be so if we maintained that temperature for a sufficiently extended period.

But suppose the change is a reversible change. Suppose that as soon as some particles of limestone are split into quicklime and carbonic acid gas the latter substances begin to recombine, reproducing limestone. Then, is it not likely that these two opposite changes would tend to balance one another?

There is a simple way of testing the validity of this hypothesis, viz. to try to carry out the experiment backwards and observe

whether the results obtained in that case are consistent with it. Now suppose we heat some pure, dry limestone in our apparatus to certain fixed temperatures; for example, to 600°C ., to 650°C ., and to 700°C . We shall find that a certain pressure called the 'dissociation pressure' can be reached at each temperature, but not a greater pressure. At 700°C ., for example, this maximum pressure will be equal to that of a column of quicksilver about 15 centimetres high. We shall find, further, that this pressure does not depend on the amount of limestone taken, nor on the amount of quicklime produced by decomposing the limestone, but only on the temperature applied. So that if at 700°C ., when the pressure has reached the maximum, we pump away the gas till we have reduced the pressure to the zero point and then cease pumping, but maintain the temperature at 700°C ., the pressure will rise again gradually to the same maximum as before. And so again and again, although the amount of quicklime is increasing and the amount of limestone decreasing, until all the limestone is destroyed and nothing but quicklime remains in the tube. If next, when nothing but quicklime is left in the vessel, we allow carbonic acid gas to flow into it till we have filled it to a pressure equal to that of the barometer, say 760 millimetres, keeping it as before at 700°C ., we shall find that the gas is absorbed and the pressure falls till it reaches its former maximum, of 15 centimetres, for this temperature; and that if we afterwards lower the temperature, first to 650°C . and then to 600°C ., the pressure will fall still lower, viz. to the maxima corresponding respectively to 650°C . and to 600°C . Finally, if at 600°C . we raise the pressure by adding more carbonic acid gas it will gradually fall back to the pressure corresponding to 600°C ., and will do this again and again until the quicklime is all reconverted into limestone once more.

There is, therefore, no doubt that, as the facts quoted above made us suspect, the two changes, viz. that by which limestone is destroyed and that by which it is reproduced, can both of them go on at the same time, in the same tube, at the same temperature; and that the state of equilibrium, which seemed so puzzling to us at first, was due to the fact that these two opposite processes were going on simultaneously at equal rates, and thus exactly balanced one another.

Increase of temperature, as we have seen, obviously causes a rise in the 'dissociation pressure' of quicklime, because more limestone is decomposed, and more carbonic acid gas given off. Now, why has increase of temperature this effect? Do not the

facts seem to imply that there are differences in the rates, or velocities, at which limestone splits up at different temperatures, or differences perhaps in the rates at which quicklime and carbonic acid gas recombine? And is it not possible that these facts might give us a means of comparing or measuring these velocities?

We can now understand why limestone behaves so differently when heated to about 600° C. or 700° C. in a limekiln through which a current of air is passing, and in a tightly closed vessel. In the former case the affinities of the quicklime and carbonic acid gas have but little opportunity of coming into play. When limestone is heated in a limekiln to a red heat decomposition ensues, as in our closed vessel; this may proceed until the dissociation pressure corresponding to the temperature of the furnace is reached, and if the top of the kiln were closed the action would then stop, as it does in a closed vessel, owing to the recombining of the products of the decomposition being in equilibrium with the opposite process. But the current of gases which passes through the kiln from the bottom to the top sweeps away the carbonic acid gas almost as fast as it is liberated. Thus it has very little opportunity of reuniting with the quicklime, and the reverse action does not take place, but only that in which the limestone is destroyed, and so the latter is quickly and completely 'burnt' into lime. There is a very elegant experiment illustrating this point. It consists in heating two crystals of limestone in the form of Iceland spar, equally, side by side in two tubes, and passing air through one tube and carbonic acid gas through the other. When this is done at a suitable temperature the crystal heated in air quickly loses its lustre and becomes opaque as it gives up carbonic acid gas and is converted into quicklime, while the other crystal, owing to the presence of carbonic acid gas, is scarcely affected.

If, now, we apply what we have learnt from the behaviour of limestone to the contradictory behaviour of steam and iron, and of iron oxide and hydrogen, quoted on an earlier page, we see a possible explanation of the mystery. The fact is this. When the chemist passes steam over iron filings in order to make hydrogen he uses practically unlimited quantities of steam, and so sweeps away the hydrogen as quickly as it is formed. Hence the hydrogen has little opportunity of reacting with the oxide of iron produced in the direct change:



and so in time all the iron is converted into oxide of iron.

On the other hand, when the chemist reverses the change and passes hydrogen over iron oxide he uses unlimited, or, at any rate, very large quantities of hydrogen, and arranges his apparatus so that the steam produced in the change :



is swept very rapidly away from the iron, and given little or no opportunity of reversing the change by reacting again with the latter. In other words, in each of these experiments he prevents the establishment of a condition of equilibrium among the substances concerned by sweeping one of the products of the change out of the field of action. Thus these experiments throw no light on the relative affinities of iron and hydrogen for oxygen ; though they illustrate admirably the fact that the progress of a chemical change does not depend only on the affinities of the substances concerned in the change.

It would be easy to multiply examples of this kind, and to show how similar effects can be brought about in the case of substances which by their action upon each other in solutions produce solid precipitates, or gases which escape as they are formed, and so determine the final result. But to go into greater detail probably would only confuse, and enough has now been said, perhaps, to show how essentially dynamical are the conceptions of modern chemistry. Though, for convenience, we still combine our symbols in equations which suggest that the molecules after a reaction are in a state of statical equilibrium, their atoms at rest, held together by the attraction called 'chemical affinity' ; yet, when we contemplate the behaviour of these molecules in relation to one another, we frequently find it necessary to admit that such a state of rest is quite inconsistent with the facts of the case, and are driven to conclude that the atoms which compose the molecules are really in a state of continual motion, that no single molecule lasts very long, that all from time to time break up into their constituents, or enter into reactions with other molecules which may approach them ; and that the products of these changes, equally unstable, reverse these effects at an equal rate, a slower rate, or a faster rate, according to the conditions which may prevail for the moment.

There is one other remarkable department of our subject which we must not pass by. If you prepare a strong hot solution of the salt known to photographers as 'Hypo' in water, and set it aside

in a flask well protected from air, and from the dust which air always carries, your solution as it cools will remain clear and transparent almost indefinitely, and at any rate for a very long time. But if you expose it to the air, and especially if you touch it with a fragment of the original salt, even though the fragment be microscopically minute, a change will instantly set in. Crystals will start from the nucleus and spread rapidly, so that in a few seconds the whole contents of the flask, however large it may be, will be transformed into a solid mass of crystals. Such a solution, before it comes into contact with the solid salt, is known as a supersaturated solution. Its parts are evidently in a state of equilibrium. Yet so unstable is this equilibrium, as you can easily prove, for the experiment is one which anyone can perform, that mere contact with an almost unweighable portion of the solid salt determines changes of a relatively tremendous character. Now the action of the crystal in this experiment may perhaps be regarded as physical. But there are plenty of analogous examples of 'contact actions' to be met with in chemistry in which it is found that the presence of a definite substance accelerates and sometimes starts a given change without the stimulating substance itself being sensibly altered in the process. Finely divided platinum, for example, promotes, by its mere presence, the breaking up of hydrogen iodide into its constituents, hydrogen and iodine; and also, it is found, promotes the reverse process, the combining of hydrogen with iodine to form hydrogen iodide. A number of interesting changes of this class were discussed a few months ago in an article on 'Ferments.' But one other case, the influence of traces of water, is so remarkable that it deserves mention here.

In quite an astonishing number of cases chemical change has been found to take place only in the presence of a trace of water vapour. Thus, highly combustible substances such as charcoal, sulphur, and even phosphorus may be heated quite strongly in air or oxygen and yet not burn, if both have been thoroughly dried beforehand. And again, while ammonia, the gas given off by smelling salts, will readily combine with hydrochloric acid, the spirit of salts of the Middle Ages, when they are cold, and while the product of their combination, ammonium chloride, is readily broken up by heat, neither of these changes will take place if the substances experimented on are thoroughly dried before the experiment is made. So many cases of this kind have been discovered that at one time it was beginning to be suspected that chemical change might be

impossible *in the absence of water*.¹ The facts as a whole do not, however, at present support this idea, nor does it recommend itself to most of us as inherently probable. Nevertheless, the phenomena of contact actions are of the greatest possible interest and importance. Various explanations have been put forward, but it cannot be said that we have a satisfactory theory of the subject. But the fact remains, and it is one of the most interesting in all chemistry, that certain substances, and among them water and the ferments, can by their mere presence, as it were, increase the velocity of chemical change in certain cases to such an extent that processes which usually proceed so slowly that they seem to us not to occur at all may, in the presence of a mere trace of a catalyst, proceed with explosive rapidity. The mystery of radium is hardly more mysterious than these contact actions. Unfortunately the subject is, experimentally, a very difficult one, months or even years being consumed sometimes in the necessary preparations for a single simple experiment, and the issues have been confused too often by impatient investigators working upon impure materials in a field where purity is everything.

¹ Or at any rate in the absence of a catalyst.

W. A. SHENSTONE.

'WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS.'

SOME years ago an American writer, Mr. 'George Washington Æsop,' published a selection of topsy-turvy fables. One of these seems so *à propos* of my subject that I will venture to reproduce it. I am obliged to trust to my memory, and hope I shall be pardoned for both my audacity and inefficiency.

A worthy missionary, journeying in the southern seas, suffered shipwreck, and was cast ashore upon a certain island inhabited by savage tribes. He was led before the king, with whom he was fain to reason on the impropriety of cannibalism and idolatry. 'You might,' said he, 'hew down this tree under which we are sitting, and proceed, with one portion of the trunk, to fashion a club wherewith to slay me; with another you might manufacture a spit on which to roast me; with a third you might kindle the necessary fire; and of the remaining section you might carve an idol, to which you would render thanks for your meal. But would that divinity——?' 'All that you say,' interrupted the king of the savages, 'is most instructive. I never thought of it before.' And seizing a hatchet, he proceeded to carry out the programme.

Moral.—Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to make wise.

I am for the moment in the position of the guileless missionary, and the little boys and girls of England occupy—quite temporarily and purely metaphorically—the place of the king of the savages. For I have on my table a charming book, '*Le petit Manuel de politesse et de savoir-vivre à l'usage de la jeunesse*,' to which I should like to introduce my small compatriots. But I fear that, while giving them much valuable instruction on deportment and genteel behaviour, I might at the same time suggest to them naughtinesses and incivilities which I am quite sure they would otherwise have never thought of, and as the mournful result the missionary might be eaten! It is therefore to papa and mamma rather than to Miss Mary and Master Tom that I dedicate these few pages. And if papa and mamma choose to read them out to the children, on their heads be all the evil consequences!

I do not think that '*Le petit Manuel*' of Monsieur Quérrolle is quite original. I fancy that it is a selection from some more ancient work that was written in the dim dawn of gentility, when the fork was beginning to exercise its benign and humanising influence. For I indistinctly recollect having read in the days of

my childhood an old 'Manual of Politeness' which may have been an ancestor of Monsieur Quérolle's little work; and I remember that the reader was instructed 'not to gnaw his bones too clean.' 'Le petit Manuel' is on a somewhat higher plane, but there is a distinct family resemblance between it and the more ancient one.

I must say, in the interests of my little French friends, that 'Le petit Manuel' seems unnecessary. Miss Lulu and Master Guguste are certainly spoiled—I have the printed authority of a French writer for making this assertion, besides the testimony of my own English eyes. French children are abominably grown-up; they are born grown-up. There is no nursery life, no reservation of the bonbons of existence. But the little French people are at least as courteous as their cousins across the Channel, and, generally speaking, much more tidy and neat. Guguste, the son of Monsieur the Baron, in his smart 'Lycée' uniform; and Guguste, the 'gosse' of the coachman of Monsieur the Baron, in his serviceable black blouse and his artistically tumbled tam-o'-shanter, are both spick-and-span, genial, and deferential personages. And their sisters—one in a pig-tail and a black frock, the other in a pig-tail and a blue or red check print pinafore—are as charming to gossip with as they are pleasant to behold. I believe that 'Le petit Manuel' might be lost or buried, and no one would be the worse for it, except those unpleasant persons like myself who laugh when they ought to be impressed, and grin when they should be solemn.

'Le petit Manuel' commences naturally with a definition and a classification, of which the latter runs:

We distinguish two sorts of politeness: that of the soul, which has its source in the Christian and moral virtues; and false politeness, based on self-esteem, vanity, and interested motives.

I presume to suggest a third kind: that, namely, which good little boys and girls acquire from observing the correct deportment of papa and the elegant manners of mamma. The best combination is that of numbers one and three, which happens to be my own; but number two is better than nothing. There are indeed people who hold that there is no difference between the real article and the imitation, between the butter and the margarine of civility. This assertion is at once so palpably absurd and so difficult to disprove that I must abandon the field to Monsieur Quérolle.

Let us see how the exemplary child is to apply his politeness to his morning toilet.

When you rise, be careful to wash your face, your eyes, your mouth, and your hands. Comb your hair, cut your nails, and rub your ears.

Having thus made clean portions of the outside of the cup and platter—it will be seen that no provision is made for the nose and the neck, and that the ears are treated rather shabbily—the child is prettily told to

Wish papa and mamma good-morning, and inquire after their health.

These preliminaries happily accomplished, the genteel infant plunges into a day of almost reckless politeness. The course is carefully staked out by good Monsieur Quérolle with such a generous profusion of pegs that if the small searcher after correct behaviour goes astray it must be from the drawings of original sin. In fact, that is just where the danger alluded to above comes in: the temptation to jump the ropes and join the ungenteel crowd may prove too strong for the juvenile runner. The victim of a lamentable throw-back, he may revert to the *inconvenances* of his forebears, who had no manual, 'petit' or 'grand,' to guide them.

Monsieur Quérolle gives twenty-seven rules for the behaviour of children at meals, under the heading, 'Comment il faut se conduire à table, pendant les repas.' As most of these precepts have subdivisions, I calculate at a round hundred the regulations which concern decent feeding. By accident or design, the author makes no reference to the *petit déjeuner*: I presume therefore that, where mere coffee and rolls are, there is no law. I do not propose to transcribe these rules for eating *comme il faut* in their entirety, though they are indeed all worth it. We commence with the unobtrusive grace.

Before beginning to eat repeat the 'Bénédictité,' and when you have finished your meal say the 'Graces'; but fulfil this duty in a low voice, so as not to disturb the rest of the company or draw their attention to you.

This is quite right; for if papa, in the middle of a good story, should be interrupted by a loud thanksgiving, he would probably say the reverse of a *bénédictité*.

The genteel position is now indicated, with a mysterious supplementary instruction:

Do not sit too near to or too far from the table. Sit straight on your chair, with your wrists—not your elbows—on the board. *Do not gesticulate as you eat.*

The following is a kind of Blind Girl's Guide :

The knife, the fork, and the spoon are found on the right hand, at the side of the plate; the bread on the left; the glass in front, and *almost* opposite the right hand.

Follows a string of instructions which may be given without much comment :

It is not necessary to hold your knife in your hand through the whole meal. Salt is taken with the point of the knife, which you should be careful to clean by passing it through your bread.

When you are offered meat, vegetables, cream, *or any other liquid*, present your plate with your left hand, take what you want with your right, and bow your thanks.

Arrange, on the *edge* of your plate, bones, the scales of fish, and anything else that you do not generally eat or for which you have a distaste.

But fruit-parings, fruit-stones, and the shells of nuts and eggs, if not eaten, are to be placed in the *centre* of the plate. Monsieur Quérolle has an eye for artistic effect.

Do not lap your soup or drink it out of the plate; use your spoon. If your soup is too hot, do not dream of blowing on it to cool it; stir it sweetly. And it is as ungentle to blow upon other dishes as upon soup.

Never pour soup or gravy from soup-plates or meat-plates respectively into your spoon, so as to get the last drop. It is equally inconsistent with elegant behaviour to mop your plate with bread. Abandon all that the spoon cannot get at.

Do not bite your bread or cut it on the cloth; break off a morsel at a time, nicely proportioned to your needs.

Do not eat too fast or too slowly. Do not let the company hear the movements of your lips and jaws. Do not take with your spoon or fork more than you can eat at one effort.

It is very unseemly to examine with close attention the contents of your neighbour's plate; to demand one portion rather than another, unless indeed you are invited to state your preference; and to smell what is offered you.

Nothing is more ungentle than to make bullets of bread and hurl them at your little friends or others of the company; and to lick your knife, your spoon, or your fingers.

It seems to be inferred that forks and tumblers may be licked, perhaps lips also.

If you find, among what you have on your plate, a hair, an insect, or some other repugnant object, spare others the nausea that you may feel. Withdraw the object cautiously, and arrange it on the edge of your plate.

A better arrangement would be to hand it to the footman. But perhaps the artistic effect comes in again.

If it happens that you have put into your mouth something that makes you feel unwell, cover your face with your table-napkin, and get rid of the offending morsel with great precaution.

If the child can avoid it, he will do well not to dine at a house where he finds so many curious things in his food. Or he might prefer a request for fewer luxuries.

I think it best to leave a portion of the next regulation in the original French. It is an ostrich-like proceeding, adopted on both sides of the Channel, that of veiling slightly repugnant ideas under the cloak of a language that is 'not easily understood' by those who would rather not understand.

N'écourez pas vos dents avec votre couteau ou votre fourchette. Do not give too generous a view of the interior of your mouth; and be especially attentive not to speak with your mouth full. Do not crack bones and knock them on your plate to extract the marrow.

It is highly ungentleel to give your advice upon the dishes which are put upon the table. If you are asked to do so, let your answers always be as complimentary as possible.

Do not always give the company to know what food pleases you most and what you particularly dislike. For example, do not say: 'I never eat beef'; 'I loathe the smell of ham'; 'Haricot beans make me feel unwell': and so on.

Before drinking, wipe your lips and your fingers with your table-napkin. Do not study too closely what you are going to drink; take it all off at one victorious effort, not in little gulps.

A politely dissimulated but fairly close inspection of the contents of the tumbler is, all the same, to be recommended. If you discover no particularly repugnant objects in your wine, down with it!

When you drink, do not roll your eyes from side to side; when you have finished, refrain from heaving an enormous sigh of satisfaction.

If anyone drinks your health, bow your acknowledgments modestly.

By no means imitate those ungentleel gourmands who pocket fruits, bonbons, and other little delicacies, and carry them from the table.

Let us leave the table at which these ungentlemanly gourmands are behaving so atrociously. Surely the rule of the Six-penny Strawberry Gardens ought to be the rule at all meals *à l'aimable*? You eat as much as you can hold, but you take nothing away with you.

I pass over the hints that Monsieur Quérolle gives to the *jeunesse* of France for their demeanour in school and in the playground, merely observing that if the masters are all that they are stated to be, and the children all that they are recommended to be, I shall not be at all surprised to find that Monsieur the *Instituteur* conceals a halo under his dilapidated straw hat, and that wings are sprouting on the shoulders of his exemplary scholars. Let us go on and study

What it is necessary to do or to avoid doing when one is in company, either at home or abroad.

There are thirty-one rules under this head, equivalent, with bye-laws and minor regulations, to about one hundred and fifty. Here are some of the most important.

When you are seated, do not stretch yourself or cross your legs, or swing your body to and fro; but sit upright with your feet on the ground. A girl holds on her knees any parcel she is carrying, or places one hand on the other. A boy, during visits, should keep his hat on his knees, carefully concealing the interior.

The interior of his hat, that is, not of his knees. The next regulation might be headed 'Concerning Ceremonies, why some be abolished and some retained.'

Wherever you chance to be, and whatever the occasion, avoid most scrupulously rendering yourself ridiculous by a needless multiplication of ceremonials.

Do not make yourself a nuisance to the ladies and gentlemen present by running or otherwise circulating about them, going very near them, staring at them, leaning on their chairs, breathing on them, or passing lighted candles in front of them.

Be prompt to remove out of smelling range of those in whose company you find yourself anything that has a disagreeable odour, and never volunteer to smell such an object yourself.

It is highly ungenteel to withdraw the chair of a person who is about to seat himself, or to snatch away his pocket-handkerchief while he is blowing his nose.

It is against the rules of gentility to touch one's hair in company and to curl it or otherwise arrange it, and it is rude to scratch oneself.

Of Sniffing, Sneezing, and Ornamental Nose-blowing.

Blow your nose as often as necessary, but do it with infinite precaution and regard for the feelings of your neighbours, for it is ridiculous to imitate the trumpet in performing this operation. It is not genteel to sniff. You should avoid sneezing with violence, which is a common fault of the absolutely uneducated. If anyone sneezes in your presence, do not say 'God bless you,' or anything similar. It is sufficient to make a slight reverence, regarding the sneezer modestly.

I am extremely glad to be able to adduce a passage in support of this last important regulation, and to indicate to my elegant English friends how to conduct themselves genteelly in France in the presence of a sneeze. This is a passage from Monsieur Charles Rozan's '*Petites Ignorances de la Conversation*':

Those who give the tone to our elegant society appear to have resolved to proscribe these expressions, which have been appropriated by the vulgar, as '*Dieu vous bénisse !*' '*A vos souhaits !*' '*Tout ce que votre cœur désire !*' and so on. But, not to introduce confusion into popular ideas by suppressing too brusquely an ancient custom, they have decided, as a transitional measure, to return to the reverence of antiquity. It is then not an expression of interest that is demanded of us, but a mark of respect. We no longer take off our hats, as the soldiers of Cyrus doffed their helmets, but we bow deferentially after the fashion set by the Emperor Tiberius.

It is in much the same way that the simple and heartfelt 'Granted, I am sure,' following an apology, has been abandoned to the use of the ungentee! English. The polished Briton of the upper classes acknowledges the attention with a stony stare or an agonised grin, according to circumstances. It is not graceful, but it is effective. And if anyone sneezes we make no 'reverence,' but inquire if the sufferer wears flannel next to his skin.

What an example Guguste and Lulu set us! If I sneeze, they look modestly at me and bow; and if I sneeze sixteen times—I am quite ungentee! both in the quantity and quality of my sneezing—they look at me modestly sixteen times and make sixteen pretty reverences!

But this is a long digression. Let us return to our 'Petit Manuel.'

Be very careful not to yawn, to whistle, or to hum an air through your teeth.

Never laugh in violent explosions, battering the ground with your feet, and twisting your body.

Do not wrinkle up your forehead or stare at an object with a distracted air. In a word, do not give to your face an expression that is ridiculous or opposed to that which animates you at the moment.

There is a decidedly 'Alice-in-Wonderland' flavour about the last clause.

Do not imitate the lack of gentility of certain gentlemen, who stand with their backs to the fire with their coat-tails tucked up. Not only do they fail in the respect which they owe to the company, but they deprive others of the warmth of the fire, which is kindled for the benefit of all.

Politeness does not allow you to take off your shoes in order to warm your feet, especially if there are in the company persons to whom respect is due.

Of the hints on the proprieties of conversation I need only quote one:

Be careful not to join any one of the titles Monsieur, Madame, &c., to a word which has an uncomplimentary signification. It would be very rude to say, for example: 'I have been eating cheese and calf's head, Monsieur.' 'My father had a fine mule, Madam.' 'He was riding on a donkey, my lord.' You should say rather, 'I have been eating cheese, Monsieur, and calf's head.' 'My father, Madame, had a fine mule.' 'My lord, he was riding on a donkey.' The change of the order of words will eliminate the innuendo.

Did I not say that Monsieur Quérolle had pegged out the course very carefully? He is somewhat of an ass, gentle reader—I beg a thousand pardons—Gentle reader, he is somewhat of an ass. That is better.

And so I leave the matter, as I said to begin with, in the

hands of papa and mamma, begging them once more to remember the fate of the too-communicative missionary. If papa decides to instruct Tom and Mary on Monsieur Quérolle's lines, I will tell him the correct appearance and position to adopt, as I have gathered them from the illustration which graces the outside of the book.

He should be tall—about seven feet—with thick white hair, neat white mutton-chop whiskers, a weak mouth, no chin, but blue spectacles. He should wear a long frock-coat, a light waist-coat (extremely *décolleté*), a nice little white bow, and grey trousers, falling plenteously over boots such as the Noah's Ark gentleman sports. He should stand with his head slightly inclined forward, as if he felt a ladybird on his neck; his right leg should be bent somewhere about the knee. His hands should be behind his back, and in them he should hold, for moral support and purposes of reference, 'Le petit Manuel de politesse et de savoir-vivre à l'usage de la jeunesse.'

CHARLES OLIVER.

THE AMERICAN CHLOE.¹

‘ Cette femme peut ne pas être aimée. Elle n’a pas besoin d’être aimée.’

MR. HENRY JAMES’S Daisy Miller took the world in her own way—quite in her own way—first at Vevey and then in Rome, with the civilisation of the Old World for a contrasting background. Daisy Miller as I knew her had for her setting one of those summer hotels which, in their distinctive features, seem to be limited to the other side of the Atlantic.

The young lady is queen of the place. Mademoiselle, and the wants of Mademoiselle, and the likes and dislikes of Mademoiselle, stand first.

It was the Empire of Youth at the ‘ Haymakers’ House.’ Of unadulterated pleasure and irresponsibility. The young lady was bent on having a good time ; but it was all to be play. There was no *arrière-pensée* in her gaiety ; that underlying thought of an establishment which is the foundation of so much pleasing and being pleased in older civilisations was conspicuous by its absence.

They mostly do marry ultimately. How they look when that is to be the end I often wondered, but had no opportunity of judging.

Matrimony is not the first aim of the American girl. Spinsterhood has so many compensations that, looked at as a matter of expediency, a husband is not a necessity. The ‘ plain gold ring ’ brings her no more freedom than she has hitherto enjoyed ; it sometimes ties her with responsibilities, while it, in a way, puts her aside, since the pursuit of the young married woman has not become the fashion in trans-Atlantic circles of which I am writing.

If matrimony has not too many material advantages for the ladies of the ‘ land of emancipation,’ neither does anything within their own natures drive them towards it. The American girl does not regard it, like the *jeune fille* in France, as the hall-mark of her success as a woman. She does not admit that all else is but second best, as the majority of English do ; she does not go placidly but persistently towards it as her one hope of importance as *Fräulein* does. She certainly does not sentimentalise about it. It was not of her that Byron wrote ‘ love is woman’s whole existence.’ She looks on that as a thing which may come or may not, which perhaps, on

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the whole, she would rather be without, since it might impair that quality on which she prides herself greatly—her clearness and independence of judgment. You hear no whisper of that complaint which goes up more often than one perhaps realises on this side of the Atlantic, and which maintains that feminine nature has not fulfilled itself unless it experiences wifehood and motherhood. It even happens from time to time that a woman is at no pains to hide the conviction that she, as a woman, has condescended when she conveys on a man the favour of marrying him. The habit one frequently hears of a woman's addressing her husband to his face as Mr. So-and-So seems to epitomise this. Should he speak of the contract of matrimony as though it were the latest deal in rails or timber, Madame does not reprove him, which she certainly would do had the expression displeased her.

The American can love sometimes. But a glowing passion as distinguished from a calm preference is not recognised as the necessary basis—in theory, *bien entendu*—of the matrimonial union, as it is with us.

I recollect one instance, when a woman had regarded riches and place well lost for love, that her friend, in telling me of it, concluded: 'But then Caroline always was so unpractical.'

The 'summer girl'—for there is a term ready coined by which to describe her—oftentimes so beautiful, nearly always dainty in her muslin gowns and her sun-bonnets, frequently fades fast. Her empire commences when her European sister has still many years of the schoolroom before her. She is sometimes *dans le train* at fourteen. The heyday of her attractiveness is from sixteen to twenty. To our eyes, especially when she comes from the South, she is old before she is young. Her toilet assists that impression. The girlish in dress, the girlish in manner, appears to be unknown, save in the few cases where she has been brought up with what are termed 'European ideas'; and then, like all converts, her guardians are apt to overdo it. The girl is so shielded, so sheltered, so chaperoned and surrounded with 'refinement,' that she is driven in upon herself, and, since her race individuality must work on something, she becomes self-analytical to an extent which is unparalleled.

But not the most seriously minded of these girls likes to be unattended. She is by no means the *farouche* maiden who scorns men. Tennyson's Princess would find no disciples in her ranks. If she is a 'bright girl,' is there not a 'bright boy' to match her?—

and the two gravitate together. To do the 'bright boy' justice, he does not distrust brains in a woman; indeed, is rather proud of being associated with them. But then attention is not called to feminine ability by untidy heads, unbecoming gowns, and ill-shaped shoes, as it is supposed to be with us.

Ticket the summer girl with what label you will, a young man is a necessary part of her programme. She would 'feel badly'—or rather her pride would—had she no special friend. Someone who will walk with her, golf with her, dance with her, bring her 'candy,' refresh her with ice-cream sodas at that drug store which seems to sell most things in preference to medicines.

The liberty Mademoiselle enjoys with her 'boy,' who treats her entirely *en bon camarade*, is astonishing.

Perhaps they begin the day by breakfasting together after their elders leave the table. He plays tennis with her in the morning, bathes with her in the noonday heat, in the afternoon drives her in a buggy, waltzes almost exclusively with her in the evening, takes her to sit out among the trees—and there they remain. Long after the band has ceased to play it is possible that still she will be rocking amid the whispering leaves, with the rush of the river coming up from the ravine below, with the stars sparkling in the purple darkness above her head.

And he will be by her side. By her side, mind, merely that. To neither of them will it be anything but an episode of those July days. They will part when the time comes with no more regret than he will feel at saying adieu to the 'boys' with whom he will play poker when finally she has gone to bed. To her the evening, and he himself, will be but one among many similar experiences. In current English slang, 'There is nothing at all in it.'

I recollect one of those glorious evenings, when the cool stillness was particularly grateful after a day during which the thermometer had indulged in aspirations towards three figures, that I was sitting on the verandah opening out of my room in company with an American friend.

We had just decided that it was 'too lovely' to retire, though most of the windows were darkened and not a soul was in sight, when two women and a man, middle-aged all, came out of the hotel to return to their little wooden summer cottage in a species of hooded wagonette which was awaiting them.

The mother of the party hesitated.

'Say,' she demanded, 'where is Sadie?'

No one seemed to know where Sadie was, and no one seemed at all disconcerted by her absence. As the young lady was evidently not there, they sat down to await her.

The clocks in the village tolled the hour with twelve long strokes. Paterfamilias pulled his waistcoat lower over his ample person, lighted a cigar, and expectorated with philosophy. Momma and Auntie filled up the time with an animated discussion on the merits of various brands of 'canned peaches.'

At length two figures emerged from the shadow of the trees, sauntered up the side walk, and Sadie and her boy presented themselves.

'Well,' she began, by way of greeting; and then, when she had leisure to think of the possibility, 'Say! Have we kept you waiting?'

Auntie ceased to advocate 'Lemon Clings,' and began to make shrill inquiries of the young man relative to the progress of Christian Science in his 'city.'

She fell upon him with such swiftness that she must have been awaiting her opportunity for days.

Presently Momma scrambled into the wagonette, and somewhat tartly intimated to her middle-aged sister that she was ready. Auntie 'hustled up'; Poppa deposited his large bulk slowly on to a seat which creaked beneath the process—but Sadie? Sadie, after all that waiting for her, elected that she would walk home, and that her boy should escort her.

Off they started, up those plank side walks, with the scent of a hundred roses, and countless starry jasmine flowers rising to greet them with each step of their way, they perhaps the only wayfarers through that silent, peerless night.

I have since been told that the only surprising thing about the episode was the presence of the elders, and that it would have been quite *comme il faut* had Sadie sauntered down with a girl companion.

I turned in surprise.

'Is that usual?' I asked of my friend.

'I don't know,' she confessed; 'I never did it myself. You see Mamma had European ideas about my bringing-up. That girl is from Cleveland, and he is just out of college, but his home is in Vermont, and I don't know either of their cities. Besides, they are quite common people, I should think.'

The next morning I was sufficiently curious to watch the parting, for I knew that he was leaving. Sadie hardly hurried up from the

bathing stage, whither she had been accompanied by a new candidate for the position of 'her boy.' There was a handshake as the former one stood by his 'valise' on the side walk; there was no word of future meetings; they both of them remarked, for the benefit of the world at large, that they had had a good time. That was all they asked. The light words concealed nothing deeper. There had been no tender *adieu à deux* under the stars the previous evening.

Sadie nodded cheerfully as he entered the hotel omnibus; he waved quite as much to the group of boys as to her. The horses had hardly started on their leisurely trot before she turned and took her towels from the friend of the morning. She sat down on the wooden steps of the verandah, intimated that her new boy might hold her hairpins while she rolled the long fair locks, that had hitherto flowed over her shoulders to dry, into a knot. Then she expressed her willingness to seal the new conditions by responding to his suggestion that she should lunch with him in the hotel.

'Suppose you ask Doris (pronounced as though the *o* were doubled), and if Billy (pronounced *Burly*) comes too that will fix it,' she added.

Sometimes Mademoiselle plays tennis, and then she makes a business of it, travelling hither and thither, from Cincinnati to Toronto, from New York to Chicago, appearing at tournament fixtures with a persistency which would receive the ugly name of 'pot-hunting' with us. But no one holds it up against her. 'Whatever your hand findeth to do, do that with all your might and on every occasion,' is a version of the Biblical precept universally in favour.

How hard she works, with what an expenditure of energy does she gain these trophies! Shields, or cups, or sugar basins, hardly ever feminine gew-gaws.

'Would not a watch or bracelet be more suitable?' I asked the secretary, as he showed me a display of prizes, among which I could distinguish those for the ladies only by their tickets.

'The girls like cups best,' came the answer; 'they keep them in their rooms and show them to other girls,' and I saw that I ought to have understood that these were certificates of proficiency, not adornments.

It is part of the same earnestness which makes her practise over the net so many hours a day as regularly as a virtuoso runs

scales up and down his pianoforte. She plays in the heat, with that scorching sun upon her. Her endurance is marvellous. Talk about the English girl's staying power, it cannot outrival the American tennis girl's. She plays a game which is harder than the average man's. There is not a technicality she does not understand. She smashes her service in a way that makes one smile when one recollects the gentle, slow balls it used to be considered chivalrous for Adonis to drop before the weaker sex. She bewails her lack of judgment as though it were a serious moral dereliction if she takes a ball that her critics decide would otherwise have gone out. She plays in a costume appropriate to her view of the game. She is either hatless—under that sun—or if her own is not handy she borrows any hat gear from an acquaintance, masculine or feminine, which will crush down over her brow. Should her blouse be decorated with a collar, she takes it off on the court before she commences to play; if the said garment has not short sleeves to begin with, she rolls them up to make them so. She wears laced, spiked shoes, and she lifts her foot to have the mud scraped from the spaces left on the sole as much as a matter of course as she drinks iced water between the games. Her petticoats, too, are somewhat shorter than a kilt, and as she plays with much energy and a nonchalance with regard to appearances, one wonders if she would not have been rather better for a divided skirt.

But through everything, whether it be victory or defeat, at the beginning of the day or at the end, she is smiling, good-tempered, remarkably fair. She can even see good points in the girls from other clubs; the gibe about the feminine inclination to cheapen will not hold good with her. She has a sportsman's admiration for stamina, coupled with some of his optimism with regard to luck.

'Well, maybe it will be my turn when I meet you next week at the Springs,' was the answer of the vanquished after a hard-fought set of singles, as the two shook hands in the proper masculine fashion.

Mademoiselle golfs just as energetically. All day long, if the whim takes her that way, she toils round the links, driving almost as hard as her 'boy,' principally anxious to get round more holes than yesterday, jubilant if she beats her record on the eighteen.

If the heat inconveniences her, again it is the collar that is sacrificed, and, if she is careful about appearances, this time she may go so far as to turn in the attachment band of her 'shirt-waist' until it forms a 'V' at her throat.

But always she rolls up her sleeves, regardless of the fact that the sun is blistering her arms or turning them chestnut brown. To play games with one's cuffs about one's wrists appears to be about as much out of place in her eyes as to go for a walk unaccompanied by his terrier did to that collier, who intimated to his 'pal,' the day after the demise of his tyke, that on that afternoon he must stay in the house, because 'a man looked such a bonny fool walking on a Sunday without a dog.'

Sometimes the lady rows, sometimes the lady fishes, and then she will go out in the early hours of the morning, while the rest of the hotel sleeps, and her boy will be awaiting her at the landing stage. Together they will betake themselves to the fishing-grounds, where the lake begins to widen out into its mighty sheet of water, and there they will remain until one or the other is minded to return.

The summer hotel is the Paradise of the unconventional. 'In summer we only think of amusing ourselves,' you are told. Each one does as he pleases. And so they do, even to the iron-bound matter of costume. It may occur to mademoiselle to show her shoulders and to deck her hair with a ribbon or a rose; but she will not think anything of dancing one waltz with a partner in tennis flannels, the next two-step with another in evening dress, while the third may have retained the red jacket which distinguishes the golfer. The whole community goes gloveless. 'We wear them in the winter or when the garrison is at the Fort,' they explain carefully, that you should not think them behindhand with their civilisation.

To dance unusually well is a great feat in a land where all dance, and where the youth who is superior to the amusement is practically unknown. They dance at all seasons, on the smallest provocation. Bald-headed men, stout men, the mother of many children, the children themselves.

But oh! the ubiquity of the American child. From dawn until long past eve you hear its shrill clamour. When we landed, the announcement in the first hotel I stopped in, 'Children are forbidden to make playrooms of the corridors,' afforded me much amusement; but I soon thought gratefully of that management. There was no notion of rendering children unobtrusive. I never heard one bidden to make less noise for fear of disturbing its elders. Instead, you heard them everywhere, you saw them everywhere.

The literature in the hands of the average girl is another amazing thing. A friend once assured me that Mademoiselle would read

one of two things—either historical novels dealing with her own country, or a book which cantered through the Decalogue.

Though that may be an extreme way of stating the case, you certainly do see them turning over the leaves of books which a Frenchwoman would call *très avancées* and which would cause the hair of Madame to turn grey if she saw them in the hands of her unmarried daughters. If the bookstall man at the 'Hay-makers' House' had been possessed of the curiosity to keep an account, I believe the result would show that the book most frequently sold to feminine readers this particular summer was Tolstoi's 'Resurrection.'

The girls discuss these books quite openly. But they do it with a curious detachment. Each incident seems to be regarded as a moral, physical, or psychological question. Now, there is nothing so dear to the heart of the American ladies as a 'question.' They worry it as a terrier worries a rat. There is no one who has not thought thereon, and if the fair philosopher does not exactly seek to parade the result of her reflection, she has no intention of allowing anyone to think her destitute of ideas, and, of course, if she has them she talks about them. Silent assimilation appears to be unknown.

'I thought you got nothing out of it. You had nothing to say about that lecture when we came out,' was an American comment to an Englishwoman, whose training had taught her to allow newly acquired knowledge to simmer silently.

Again, with regard to these books, is the American girl's absence of sentimentality visible. The suggestions of an overpowering passion cause her no heart flutterings. She reads such descriptions quite carefully, not because she likes them, but that she may estimate the weight of their evidence. They leave her quite cold. She proceeds to analyse their symptoms as a doctor diagnoses an obscure case of typhoid.

But if she does not shrink from discussing such matters with anyone who may wish to talk about them, there is all the difference in the world between her and the lady who boasts that all secrets are revealed to her. I never heard of an American who thought to shock into admiration; they have no desire to skate on thin ice, that a man may follow them over it. The *double entente* is unknown in their conversation. Vice interests this girl greatly, because she can propound such a variety of theories about it; but I never met one whom it fascinated.

The fast woman is conspicuous by her absence. There was only one that I can recollect who could possibly be included in that catalogue, and then she seemed to be less a spider to unwary flies than a fly herself in the hands of three or four overfed men, bloated of body, mixed of nationality, brutal of type, who represented the coarse, sensual, lucre-worshipping—as distinct from the legitimate money-making element—which undoubtedly exists in the American cities.

The young men and boys, the foolish flies one might have looked to buzz around, passed her by. Summer girls, summer play, nothing so serious as that woman's painted face and large staring eyes for them.

The intellectuality, too, of the American girl, while it is tempered by numberless shades, retains its national characteristics. It is, above all things, a part of her, not an assumed garment. Culture, since she has more time to devote to it, is the idol of the American girl even more than of the American man. He seems to regard the fruits of it as his, the actual possession of it as hers. She certainly acts up to this idea. She is for ever trying to cram more and more assimilation into her twenty-four hours. The philosopher's declaration that a day in which he had acquired no new notion was a day lost is entirely her view.

'When I get through with a holiday I feel real used up,' such a woman once explained to me. 'If I came home and heard of a place of interest that I had neglected to visit, I should feel so badly that I always go round until I'm just sick.'

The intellectual girl may be divided into two branches. The first makes culture an absolutely concrete matter. She glories in figures, thrives on statistics, a technical handbook is her delight. She sifts every scrap of evidence offered to her, and when she quotes an authority she mentions not only the chapter but the page. She inclines rather to problems than to questions. She belongs to a Browning Society, to a Profitable Reading Society, to a debating club. A dogmatic difficulty, if only one presented itself to her, would be but the excuse for calling on the 'prominent light' of the creed; but she has, as she herself terms it, 'gotten through with that.' She talks confidently of the categorical imperative, and maintains that conduct is the test of religion. One would imagine the last thing she would tolerate would be a superstitious tendency, and yet she has been seen at spiritualistic 'séances.'

The other intellectual girl is the most illusive, almost the only

illusive type, in America. She has been educated to the utmost, but with object lessons rather than by direct precept. She must of necessity come of rich parents, since the surrounding of her with nothing but what is beautiful and refined, from which she is perpetually encouraged to read their lessons for herself, is the first principle of her up-bringing.

In pursuance of this idea, her taste has been cultivated among the Old Masters in Italy, her wit in the 'salons' of Paris, her breeding in the 'best houses' in England. I once met her 'feeding her mind' on the beauties of Switzerland, in company with a Dresden china teacup, 'because the thick hotel ware hurt her, it was so inappropriate.'

It has been so impressed upon her that she must not fall below her surroundings that she cannot enjoy anything with pure enjoyment. *Laissez faire* is a verb that has been banished from her dictionary. She might have been brought up exclusively on the Parable of the Talents, so anxious does she appear to avoid the condemnation of him that had but one. *Elle s'écoute trop*. Not as we usually employ the term, making it synonymous with selfishness, but in an examining way. She is undoubtedly more than a little morbid. She asks herself too many times a day if this or that is good for her character. She wonders whether she is making the most of her time; she is for ever uncertain whether she rises proportionately to her opportunities; she reproaches herself that her performance falls so far below her intentions. She has the uplifting of her standard so much in view that she robs herself of spontaneity.

She regards society as distinctly hollow, and mixes little with it. She ponders much over the world and the trouble therein. She has been through numberless dogmatic difficulties, she has studied most problems, has turned to several philosophies, has given a trial to most of those creeds which an irreverent Tommy Atkins once lumped together as 'fancy religions,' and now, before her twenties are out, she most likely sleeps with 'Omar Khayyam' under her pillow.

In appearance she is everything that the accepted idea of an American is not. Her voice is low, gentle; her words, which do not come too readily, are admirably chosen, and convey to a shade the thing which she wishes to say. The national positiveness is tempered by a gesture of appeal, by the preface, 'As far as I have been able to learn.' She is polished to a degree, courteous to a

fine shade. She has a sweet, gentle, melancholy face, a manner that is charming.

Her dress is so suggestive of herself that it is worthy of note. She affects soft drapery, clinging tissues, dainty laces, half-tones. In a land of appeal to colour she keeps to neutral tints. She is an excellent friend, a stimulating companion, and yet she leaves behind her—and I have known her three or four times over—a feeling of sadness. Perhaps if one saw her Dresden cup cracked and chipped on a cottage table, one might think of it in the same way.

She is the very opposite of that embarrassing sister who asks one questions. Whether a burning curiosity or a thirst for knowledge is at the bottom of the catechism it is equally awful. You cannot escape. The invariable beginning, 'How do you like our country?' is followed by the most leading questions.

I remember sitting once under such an inquisitor and wondering if a single reticence would be allowed me. After half an hour of this the lady rose.

'I should like to have Momma come,' she said. 'Momma is of a very inquiring mind. I don't begin to collect information where Momma comes in.'

I looked ahead. I saw, bearing down on me, a middle-aged, sharp-nosed replica of my tormentor, and I rose—and fled.

MARIAN BOWER.

*ROSE OF THE WORLD.*¹

BY AGNES AND EGERTON CASTLE.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER I.

ROSAMOND GERARDINE and Aspasia Cuninghame lay back, silent, each in her corner of the railway carriage, while the English landscape flew by them, wet and green and autumn brown, gleaming in a fugitive yellow sunlight.

Aspasia still felt the pressure of Bethune's unconsciously hard hand-grip. His image, as he had stood bareheaded looking after the moving train, was still vivid before her eyes. His last words: 'It is not good-bye,' were ringing in her ears. His face had looked wistful, she thought; his cold glance had taken that warm good look she claimed as her own. She was glad it was not good-bye. And yet, as they steamed away, she, watching him as long as she could, saw, and could not hide it from herself, that it was upon Lady Gerardine his eyes were fixed at the last—fixed with an expression which had already become familiar to her. 'One would think he hated her—sometimes,' said shrewd Baby to herself, 'and yet, when she's there, he forgets me. I might as well be dead, or a fright.'

This puzzled her and troubled her, too, a little. She glanced across now at her aunt's abstracted countenance. 'I am sure,' she thought, in loyal admiration, 'if he were madly in love with her, it would be only natural. But it's not love—it's more like hate and a sort of pain.' With all her sageness, Baby was only eighteen.

How completely had Raymond Bethune passed from Lady Gerardine's mind—even before he had passed from her sight!

She had nearly reached the end of her journey. The burning land she had left behind her—once the land of her desire—seemed now but a place visited in long evil dreams, where she had under-

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gone unimaginable sufferings during the bondage of sleep. The humid air of England beat upon her face through the open window with a comforting assurance as of waking reality.

She had told herself she was travelling with her dead. Never for one hour of her long journey had she forgotten the meaning of that box under Jani's care. But, with every sunrise that marked a wider distance between her and India, she drew a freer breath. With every stage she felt herself less Lady Gerardine, wife ; and more Mrs. English, widow. There was beginning to be an extraordinary restfulness in the sensation.

They sped through the New Forest glades, sodden after the rain, now flashing gold-brown with that shaft of sun ; now black-green, cavernous, mysterious, where the pines grow close. And then came the moorland stretches, reaching up to a pale-blue cleft in the storm-weighted clouds. How cool it all was ! How soft the colours ! How benign the wet sky, how different from the metal glare of the land that had betrayed her !

And, by and by, white gleams of sunshine began to deepen into primroses and ambers ; towards the west the sky grew ever clearer, and the leaden wrack, parting, showed an horizon like to a honey sea against the rising mists of evening. How beautiful was England !

When they got out at the little country station, in the rural heart of Dorset, the day was closing in. The vault of the heavens brooded over the earth with a cup-like closeness. November though it was, the air struck upon their cheeks as gently as a caress, all impregnated with the fragrance of wet green indefinitely touched with the tart accent of decay.

Rosamond drew a long deep breath ; it had a poignant pleasure in it ; tears sprang to her eyes, but, for the first time in God knew how many years, there was a sweetness in them. Jani at her elbow shivered with an aguish chatter of teeth. With one hand she clutched her shawls across her little lean figure ; with the other she held on fiercely to a battered tin box.

'Oh, Aunt Rosamond,' cried Aspasia ecstatically, as they got into the vehicle awaiting them, 'it's a fly, it's a fly ! Aren't you glad ? Do you smell the musty straw ? Oh ! doesn't it bring back good old times ? Don't you wish you may never sit in a state carriage again ?'

It was a long drive, through winding lanes. Sometimes they strained uphill, sometimes they skirted the flat down ; sometimes

the branches of the overhanging trees beat against the roof of the carriage or in at the open window. At first the whole land was wonderfully still. They could hear the moisture drip from the leaves when the horses were at the walk. And, by and by, there grew out of the distance the faint yet mighty rumour of the sea. Within such short measure, then, this small, great England was meeting her salt limits! Across the upland down, presently, even on this silent evening, there rose a wind to sing of the surf. The trees by the roadside, in the copses amid fields, on the crest, etched against the glimmer of the sky, had all that regular inland bent that tells of salt winds.

At last the rickety fly began to jingle and jolt along a road that was hardly more than a track. The way dipped down an abrupt slope and then branched off unexpectedly into a side lane. Rosamond leaned out of the window; she felt they were drawing near her unknown home.

'Are we there?' cried Aspasia, entering into a violent state of excitement as they came to a halt before a swing gate.

Rosamond did not answer. She was looking with all her eyes, with all her heart. Sudden memories awoke within her—words, never even noted to be forgotten, began to whisper in her ears: 'You never saw such a place, love. It isn't a place, it's a queer old house dumped down in a hollow of the downs. And the avenue—there isn't an avenue, it's a road through the orchard, and the orchard comes right up to the house—and you never saw such a bunch of chimney-stacks in your life. But such as it is, I love it. And some day we'll go and live there, you and I. . . .' Here, then, were the orchard trees, twisted shapes, stretching out unpruned branches to them as they passed!

'I almost plucked an apple,' cried Aspasia, from her side, with a childish scream.

The sky was rift just about the horizon—the afterglow primrose against the sullen gloom of the cloud banks. Cut into sharp silhouette against this pallid translucence, rose the black outline of the house and right across it the fantastic old-time chimney stack, at sight of which Rosamond laughed low to herself as one who recognises the face of a friend. 'You never saw such a bunch of chimney-stacks in your life! . . .'

A faint column of smoke ascended pale against the gloom where the chimneys lost themselves in the skies. As Rosamond noted it, her heart stirred; all was not dead then—the old house, his house, was alive and waiting for her!

They drew up close to the stone porch, open to the night, flush with the level of the out-jutting gables, and the driver, plunging into the black recess, sent the jangle of a bell ringing through inner spaces. In the waiting pause all was very silent, save the stealthy patter from the overgrown ivy clumps that hung across the entrance. There was a rustle, the hop of an awakened bird, quite close to Rosamond's ear, as she leaned out with the eagerness that had been growing upon her ever since her landing.

Then came steps within : the door was opened first but a little space, with the habitual precaution of the lowly caretaker, then suddenly drawn wide. A square of light that seemed golden was cut out of the darkness, and :

' You're welcome, ma'am,' cried old Mary, tremulously smoothing her apron.

Lady Gerardine passed with fixed eyes and straight steps into the hall, but she turned quickly as the words struck her ear. Aspasia, following, saw her face illumined by a smile that was almost joy. And the girl became secretly a little alarmed ; her aunt's ways had been all inexplicable to her of late.

Rosamond's heart was crying out within her, and it was with actual joy. ' Welcome, ma'am,' had said his servant—to old Mary the mistress of Saltwoods was Captain English's widow—even to herself might she not now cease to be Lady Gerardine for a brief respite ? Oh, then would the manor-house be home indeed !

A great sense of peace, accompanied by a sudden lassitude, fell upon her ; she sank into an armchair, flinging her arms wide with a gesture of relief. Opposite to her was a sturdy oaken table, upon which the housekeeper had just placed a hand-lamp. The light fell full upon a rack displaying a hunting-crop, a couple of rough walking-sticks ; above, there was the sketch of a boy's face. Her gaze wandered, without at first taking in the meaning of what it saw.

Noise resounded from the porch ; it was Jani, struggling with the coachman for the possession of the old regimental case.

Rosamond looked quickly up again at the bright living presentment on the wall ; then she rose to her feet and staggered blindly through the nearest door. There, in sheltering darkness, Aspasia promptly overtook her, and was terrified, as she clasped her warm young arms round her aunt's figure, to find it torn by sobs.

' Let me be, let me be ! ' exclaimed Lady Gerardine, pushing the girl from her, ' it is good to give way at last.'

And Aspasia, pressing her face in wordless attempt at consolation against her aunt's cheek, found it streaming with a very torrent of tears.

'Ah,' said old Mary, shaking her head, as Miss Cuninghame presently besought her for the feminine panacea of tea, 'poor lady, it's no wonder: he was a grand young gentleman!'

It was, indeed, evident that here Lady Gerardine could never be anything but Captain English's widow.

CHAPTER II.

THE manor-house was very old and very solid. It held nothing of any high value, perhaps, but it held nothing cheap or weak. It was complete before the days of machine-made furniture and of so-called æsthetic art, and those that had ruled over it since had been withheld by innate taste or a happy lack of means from adding to it either within or without. Thus it had remained at a standstill through an extraordinary lapse of years, and all was now beautifully, frankly old; it stood in its simplicity, perfect in antique shabbiness. Only without, the creepers flung ever new shoots about the sturdy strength of the stones. Only within, it was haunted by a memory, by a presence; and this presence was young even to boyhood. And the young ghost harmonised with the aged house, seemed to belong to it as surely as—year by year—the spirit of spring to the ancient garden.

Rosamond, whose life purpose had so long been to avoid the haunting of the past, awoke in the dawn of her first day at Saltwoods to find herself in a very habitation of memories; nay, more, to feel, in some inexplicable manner, that the dead were more alive in this house than the quick, and yet—strange mystery of the heart—that she was glad of it. She watched the dawn wax as on one memorable morning in her far-off Indian palace; not here on beetle's-wing green and eastern glow of carmine and purple, but upon brown of wainscot oak and dim rosebud of faded chintz. And, as the lights spread between the gaps of the shutters, there grew upon her from the panelled wall a strong young face with bold wide-open eyes—eyes very young, set under brows already thoughtful. A very English face, despite the olive of the cheek, the dark-

ness of the hair, close-cut, that still had a crisp wave under the cock of the Sandhurst cap.

'I felt I was not alone,' said Rosamond, half in dream, supporting herself on her elbow to look more nearly, 'and so it was you!'

But the eyes were gazing past her, out on life, full of eagerness. And the close lips were set with a noble determination. What great things this boy soldier was going to make of his future!

Rosamond let herself fall back upon her pillows, something like a sob in her throat. Then, opposite to her, between the windows, she met full the glance of the same eyes that had but now avoided hers. They were child's eyes this time, gazing, full of soft wonder, out of a serious child's face, framed by an aureole of copper curls—the wonderful tint that is destined to turn to densest black.

Rosamond stretched at ease, resting her eyes on those of the lovely child's—childless woman, who had never desired children, began to picture to herself how proud a mother would be of such a little son as this. And then her mind wandered to the mother, who, lying where she now lay, had feasted her waking heart and gratified her maternal pride, so many mornings with this vision.

Then something began to stir in her that had not yet stirred before; an inchoate desire, an ache, a jealousy; yes, a jealousy of the dead woman who had borne such a child! She turned restlessly from the sight of the two pictures, flung herself to the far side of the bed, and sent her glance and thought determinedly wandering into the recess of an alcove where night still kept the growing light at bay.

A drowsiness fell over her mind again; with vague interest she found herself speculating what might the different objects be that the darkness still enwrapped partly from her sight.

Here was a high chair of unusual shape—a *Prie-Dieu*? Here was a gothic bracket, jutting from the wall above; thereon something glimmered palely forth; a statuette perchance, or alabaster vase of special slender art? Nay, not so, for now she could distinguish the wide-stretched arms, the pendant form; it was the carven ivory of a crucifix. The late Mrs. English's shrine, her altar? Rosamond's interest quickened—she had heard of this unknown relative's goodness from the son's lips, but had never heard this goodness specified as regarded religion. His mother, then, had been High Church . . . Roman Catholic perhaps?

Rosamond was almost amused, with the detached amusement of one to whom religion means little personal.

Under this impulse of curiosity she rose from her bed, pulled the window shutters aside to let in the day, and then went back to examine the alcove.

It held a shrine indeed, an altar to inevitable sacrifice, to the most sacred relics. Beneath the pallid symbol, figure of the Great Renunciation, was placed a closed frame. And all around and about, in ordered array, the records of a boy's life: medals for prowess in different sports; a cup or two; a framed certificate of merit; in front of the frame, a case bulging with letters. Upon each side of the altar hung shelves filled with books, some in the handsome livery of school prizes, some in the battered covers of the much-perused playground favourite.

Rosamond stood and looked. A moment or two she hesitated, then she began to tremble. There was within her the old desire of flight, the old sick longing to hide away, to bury, to ignore. But something stronger than herself held her. The day was past when she could deny herself to sorrow. The cup was at her lips and she knew that she must drink.

She would open that letter-case, she would gaze at the face in the closed frame; her coward heart was to be spared no longer.

She took up a volume. As it fell apart she saw the full-page book-plate engraved with the arms of Winchester School and the fine copperplate inscription:

Anno Sæculari 1884.
Præmium in re Mathematica
Meritis et consecutus est Henricus English.
(Hæc olim meminisse juvabit).

The life of Christopher Columbus. . . . It was bound in crimson calf, and the gilt edges of its unopened pages clung crisply together.

She replaced it on the shelf and, with the same dreary mechanical determination, drew forth another. The 'Boy's own Book'; a veteran, this; from too much loving usage, dogs'-eared, scored with small grimy finger-prints; its quaint woodcuts highly coloured here and there by a very juvenile artist.

'To Henry English, on his ninth birthday, from his affectionate mother,' ran the dedication, in a flowing Italian hand. A gift that had made a little lad very happy, some twenty-five years ago.

And now Rosamond's fingers hovered over the case of letters. Well did her heart forebode whose missives lay treasured there.

Nevertheless, the sight of the handwriting struck her like a stab. Not yet could she summon strength to read those close-marked pages. Nay—were they even hers to read?

‘Darling old Mammy—’ this was not for her.

Yet she turned the sheets over and over, lingering upon them. Here was an envelope, endorsed in the same fair running hand as the book: ‘My beloved son’s last letter.’ And here, on a card, was gummed a piece of white heather—memorial of God knows what pretty coquetry between the stalwart soldier and his ‘darling old Mammy.’

What things must people live through—people who dare to love!

Rosamond had never loved. Had she not done well? When love offered itself to her she had been too young to know its face. And now. . . . She dropped the case from her hands as if it burnt her, and stood, poised for flight; then, as if driven by an invincible force, seized upon the closed frame, almost with anger. Fate held her, she could not escape.

Harry English, looking at her! Not the child, not the adolescent, but Harry the man as she, his wife, had known him. Even through the incomplete medium of a photograph, the strong black and white of his colouring, the bold line of his features, the concentrated purposeful expression, was reproduced with an effect of extraordinary vitality.

It seemed almost impossible to think of him as dead who could look at her so livingly from this little portrait.

Old Mary came in hurriedly.

‘Here I am, ma’am, here I am! I heard you call.’

Rosamond lifted dazed eyes. It took a perceptible space of time for the meaning of the words to filter to her brain. Then she said with vague impatience:

‘I did not call.’

‘But you wanted me, surely,’ said the woman. Her glance wandered from the portrait in her new mistress’s hand to the disorder on her old mistress’s altar. ‘Surely you wanted me, ma’am.’

She took a warm wrapper from the bed and folded it round Lady Gerardine. She supported her to an armchair and placed a cushion to her feet. The ministering hands were warm and strong; and Rosamond felt suddenly that in truth she was cold and weak, and that these attentions were grateful to her. She

looked up again at the withered face, ethereally aged, at the blue eyes that seemed illumined from some source not of this world.

‘Perhaps I did want you,’ she said.

A thin, self-absorbed, silent woman was old Mary. She regarded the world as with the gaze of the seer and moved within the small circlet of her duty wrapped in a mystic dignity of her own. Some held her in contempt, as madwoman; others in awe, as having ‘seen things.’

If the manor-house had the reputation of being haunted, it was doubtless due to Mary’s ways. No one from the neighbourhood would have consented to inhabit the ancient place with her. But fortunately Mary had a stout niece of her own, who averred that ghosts were indigestion, and who slept the sleep of the scrubber and the just, no matter what else might walk.

The housekeeper’s strange eyes softened as she looked down into the fair pale face of her young master’s widow.

‘My dear lady that’s gone,’ she said, ‘must be glad to know that there is another heart keeping watch here.’

Her voice was soft and had a muffled sound as of one used to long silence. The tone seemed to harmonise with the singularity of the words. A small cold shiver ran over Rosamond; she stared without replying.

‘The day the news came,’ proceeded the housekeeper, dreamily, ‘she set up that altar to him. And there she found peace.’

As old Mary spoke, the habit of the trained servant was still strong upon her. She stooped to tuck in the fold of Rosamond’s dressing gown closer round her feet.

‘There she prayed,’ she went on, as she straightened herself again, ‘and then, he came back to her in peace.’

Rosamond closed the frame in her hands with a snap. She felt every impulse within her strike out against the mystic atmosphere that seemed to be closing round her.

‘What are you saying?’ she cried sharply. ‘In Heaven’s name what do you mean? Who came back—the dead?’

Old Mary smiled again. She bent over the chair.

‘Why, ma’am,’ she said, as if speaking to a frightened child, ‘you don’t need to be told, a good lady like you: to those that have faith, there is no death.’

‘No death!’ echoed Rosamond. ‘All life is death. Everything is full of death.’

There was a strangling bitterness in her throat that broke forth

in a harsh laugh. The placid room seemed to swim round with her; when she came to herself the servant was holding her hands once more. Her voice was falling into her ears with a measured soothing cadence:

'Not here. There is no death in this house. Don't you feel it, ma'am? It's not death that is here. Why, her that is gone, she passed from me there, in that bed, as the night passes into day. That is not death. Not an hour before the summons came for her she was wandering—as the doctor called it. I knew better. She saw him and was speaking to him. "Ah, Harry," she says, joyful, "I knew you were not dead." And then she turns to me. "He is not dead, Mary," she says, "it was all a mistake."' "

Rosamond listened, her pale lips apart, her gaze dark and wondering.

'Why, ma'am,' went on old Mary. 'Haven't you felt it yourself, this night; didn't you feel his sweet company the minute you set foot in the house? I think it was my lady's great love that brought him back here. And now that she is gone, he's still here. And it's strange, he's here more than she is. She does not come as he does.'

Her eyes became fixed on far-off things. Still clasping Rosamond's hand she seemed to transmit a glow, a warmth that reached to the heart. Rosamond's sick and cowering soul felt at rest as upon a strength greater than her own.

His company! Was that not what she had felt? Was it not that to which she had awakened? Ay, the old woman was right: it was sweet!

'There is no death,' asserted old Mary, once again, 'no death unless we make it. It's our fault if our dead do not live for us; it's our earthly bodies that won't acknowledge the spirit. It's we who make our dead dead, who bury them, who make corpses of them and coffins for them, to hide them away in the cold earth.'

Rosamond wrenched her hands from the wrinkled grasp. She sprang to her feet, seized by a sudden anguish that was actual physical pain.

'Go, go!' she cried wildly. She was caught up as in a whirlwind of unimaginable terror. What had she done? Had she laid Harry English in the grave? Was he dead to her through her own deed, he that had lived on for his mother? Had she in her cowardice hammered him into his coffin, and would he always be a corpse to her because she had made him dead?

Through the inarticulate voices of her torment, she heard the door close and felt she was alone. And then she found herself upon her knees before the little shrine, the photograph case still clenched between her fingers, praying blindly, madly, inarticulately—to what? she knew not. To the white Christ on the cross, who had risen from the dead? Or to the strong soldier whose image she held, and for whom there could be no rising again?

When the storm passed at length she was broken, chilled and unconsolated. Old Mary's words came back to her: 'She prayed there and she got peace.' Well, the mother may have found peace in prayer. But for the wife, there was none! 'He came back in peace'; he had not come back to her—to Rosamond, his wife!

A wave of revolt broke over her; against the God who had invented death for his creatures, or against stupid blind fate disposing of those human lives that have no God.

She rose slowly to her feet; her glance swept the homely room—the bed where the mother had died—to end once again upon the altar. What right had she, the old woman, to lay claim to Rosamond English's husband? The babe, the boy, may have been hers, let her have him! But the man—the man belonged to the wife. 'And ye shall leave father and mother and cleave to one.' 'There is authority for it in your very scriptures,' cried Rosamond, aloud. And, with fingers trembling with passionate eagerness she set to work to rob the frame of its treasure, the shrine of its chief relic.

Soon it lay in her hand, the little clipped photograph. She carried it away, from the altar to the window, and stood a long, long while, devouring it with her gaze. So had he looked. No man had ever bolder, truer eyes. Ah, and no woman but Rosamond had seen them flame into passion—passion that yet then had had no meaning for her who saw! And those lips, folded into sternness, had anyone known them to break into lines of tenderness as they were used for her? None at least, not even his mother, had heard them whisper what they had whispered to the wife—to the wife whose ears had been deaf, then, as a child's, because of her uncomprehending heart!

What was it old Mary had said? 'It is we who make our dead dead.' And had he lived on in this house because of the love of a withered heart, and should he not live again for her, his wife who was young and strong—and still virgin to love?

What she had buried she would dig out of the earth again, were

it with bleeding fingers. That voice should speak once more, were each accent to stab her with its poignancy of loss. He should live, were it to be her death.

With dilated nostrils, panting for breath, her hair floating behind her, beautiful in her thrall of passion like some Valkyrie rising over blood and death, she rushed to the door and summoned Jani with ringing call. There is an exaltation of spirit to which pain is highest joy, and Rosamond ran now to her sorrow as the mystic to his cross.

‘Jani!’ she called. ‘Bring me Captain English’s box.’

CHAPTER III.

THE days dropped into the cup of time; measures of light and shade, of waxing and waning, ushered in with pale winter dawns, huddled away in rapid gloomy twilights, according to the precise yearly formula.

But to Rosamond these hours in the forgotten old manor-house on the moorlands, where the winds were the only visitors, brought so great a change that it was as if a gate had been shut upon her former road.

A common prate is that Time works the changes in us. And when we look from the child to the man, it would seem absurd even to raise the question. Yet it is not time that works the mightiest changes. Nay, in the world of the soul time but emphasises. The great upheavals that obliterate in our lives all familiar landmarks—that do alter everything down to our most intimate capacity of feeling, are sometimes but the work of one instant. It is not time that ravages, it is not time that draws the wrinkle seared into the heart; not to time do we owe the spread of the grey, instead of the gold that used to colour the web of existence. A man may carry the singing soul of his April to the death-bed of his old body. Yet again the heart may wither in a span so short as scarce to be measured.

And sometimes a change, so complete that even within our own soul we find ourselves suddenly on foreign ground, will come without any striking external event, without any apparent outside reason. In the life of the soul a crisis has occurred—and lo! the very world of God is different. Nay, God himself is another to us.

During these short wind-swept November days in the green and brown manor-house, there, amid the solitary downs, did such a change come to Rosamond. Had she tried, she could scarce have found her old self again. But she did not try; for this new self was at peace, was wrapt in dreams of great sweetness, and yet awake to a life hitherto not even guessed at.

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In the attic room that had been Harry's own, she sat alone. A furious shower was pattering on the tiles close over her head, a drenched ivy spray was beating against the gable window like a frantic thing that wanted shelter, a pair of sparrows were answering each other with defiant chirrup. Far below in the house, Aspasia was lustily calling upon a recreant kitten. In the moorland silence these few trivial sounds became insistent, and yet seemed but to assert the silence itself.

She was seated at the wide battered old writing-table which schoolboy Harry English had scored with penknife and chisel, burned and inkstained. Before her a small writing-desk was spread open, and two or three letters lay loosely under her clasped hands. Her eyes were musingly fixed upon the rain-beaten pane with the knocking ivy branch; her lips were parted by a vaguely recurrent smile. And, as the smile came and went, a transient red glowed faintly upon her cheeks. . . . The world for her now was not upon the edge of winter: it was spring. She was not Rosamond Gerardine, out of touch with life, she was not Rosamond English, widow—she was Rosamond Tempest, maid once more, on the threshold of her life, at the April of the year. And Harry English was her lover. And yet she was a Rosamond Tempest such as he had never known—such a Rosamond Tempest as had never yet existed.

She took the letter that lay uppermost to her hand. It was dated Saltwoods. Written here—at this very desk, no doubt. Perhaps with this very ivory penholder, fluted, yellow, stained, while he sat in this same Windsor chair. . . . Unconsciously she caressed the worn wooden arms whereon his arms must have rested. Then again she set herself to read:—

‘Saltwoods, 19th April.’

On that April 19, all those years ago, he was thinking of her, writing to her! And she—so many miles away, shut in by the dreariest prison walls fate had ever built round a young impatient soul—had then not the faintest hint of her deliverer's approach.

DEAR MISS TEMPEST,—I daresay you have quite forgotten me. I was the youngest griffin, just before the old Colonel's death. I hope you will not think it a great impertinence in me to write like this to you; but my leave is up in a week or so, and I don't like to leave England without having seen your father's daughter again. I can never forget how kind he was to me—and your mother too. It made all the difference to me; such a young fool as I was, and so new to India and everything. I find I know some of the fellows at Fort Monkton, and I'm going to stop there a few days. May I call—and if so, when?

Yours sincerely,

HARRY ENGLISH.

P.S.—I've only just found out where you are.

To Rosamond—most unwilling inmate in a household where, if she was not actually a burden, the smallness of her pittance rendered her certainly no material gain—this letter had brought a sort of vision of the past, a gleam of bygone light which made the present even more intolerable by contrast. It had been something to her to think that she should meet someone at last belonging to her old life, someone who had known her in those glamorous years of her happiness, someone straight from the magic shores that had held her in her happy years.

From eight to sixteen had Rosamond Tempest spent her life between the little hill station, the refuge of their hot season, and the historic old northern town where her father's duty lay—a sort of little Princess Royal, with a hundred devoted slaves and a score of gallant young courtiers, the imperious favourite of the whole station, native and white alike. . . . Oh the rides in the dawn! oh the picnics by moonlight! the many-coloured, vivid days that went with such swing, where every man almost was a hero, where the very air seemed full of the romance of frontier fights, of raids, and big game hunts, of 'Tiger, tiger, burning bright' in jungle haunts! . . . It had been surely the cruellest stroke of fate that had thrust the little spoilt girl, the beloved only child, from this pinnacle of bliss and importance!

Between one day and another Rosamond had become the penniless orphan, whom nobody wanted . . . whom it was so kind of Major and Mrs. Carter to escort back to England, whom it was almost superhumanly good of Uncle and Aunt Baynes to admit into their family.

'A self-centered child,' said Mrs. 'General Baynes.' 'A cold-blooded little wretch,' opined her cousins. Well, it was a fact that, during the four years that elapsed between her departure from India and the receipt of Captain English's letter, Rosamond had not given a human being one word, one look in confidence. . . .

Late April on the Hampshire coast, with the gorse breaking into gorgeous yellow flame, honey-sweet in the sunshine; with the white clouds scurrying across a blue sky, chased by the merriest madcap wind that ever scampered; with the waves breaking from afar off, dashing up a thousand diamonds falling over and over each other in their race for the beach, roaring on the shingle in clamorous good-fellowship, the foam creaming in ever wider circles. And, across the leaping belt of waters, green and amber and white, the island, flashing too: the windows and roofs of the happy-looking town throwing back the sun glances, set in smooth slopes, mildly radiating green, like chrysoprase and peridot. . . .

Rosamond had dropped the letter from her hand; again she was dreaming. Not the plaint of the November wind round the gable roof of Saltwoods in her ears, but the chant of this April chorus on Alverstoke beach. Not the monotonous ting of *Aspasia's* finger exercise from the room below, but the irregular boom and thud of gun practice far out at sea, brought in by the gust. And the voice that fell into silence so far away between the wild Indian hills was speaking to her again. And she heard, heard for the first time. . . .

Rosamond Gerardine, virgin of heart through her two marriages, was being wooed! And the virgin in her was trembling and troubled, as womanhood awoke. . . . He held her hands and looked into her eyes. His cheeks were pale under their bronze, his lips trembled—'Could you trust me? Do you think me mad? I've only known you four days, but I've dreamt of you, all my life . . . Rosamond!'

The sea wind was eddying round them, the grasses at Rosamond's feet were nodding like mad things in the gusts. Her hair was whipped against her face. So, on this English shore, with the taste of the salt in their mouths, with the wild salt moist winds all about them—this Englishman wooed this English girl, to come away and be his love in the burning East. Yes, she could trust him. Who could look into his true eyes and not trust him? But then it was the thought of the East, the East of her lost childhood's joy, that won her. Now, back in England's heart, from an East abhorred, to the loathing as of blood and cruelty, it was the lover, it was the love!

Again she felt the touch of his first kiss. He had sought her

lips, but she had turned her cheek. Now—the blood rushed up into her face ; her heart beat faster, almost a faintness crept over her. She dropped her head upon her out-stretched arms, her burning cheek upon his letter . . . again his strong arms held her.

Once more they parted at the gate of the house that was her prison. He was going back to India in ten days, and she would go with him, confidently, gladly !

She walked up the path between the straggling wallflowers, the pungent marigolds, into the mean narrow hall. Then her only thought had been of sailing away from that sordid genteel abode, back to fair India, the land of her dreams. Now—now, as across these years she re-lived that great day of her youth, her heart was swooning over the memory of his kiss ; her brain was filled with a vision of his tender trembling lips ; of the light in his eyes as he looked back at her, of the swing of his broad shoulders as he rounded the crescent towards the fort.

Miss Aspasia Cuninghame was in a decidedly bad temper. To be home again, in England, to have unlimited opportunity of working out the Leschetizky method on a superfine Steinway piano, the most complete immunity from interfering uncles, from social duties, philistine secretaries and attachés, appeared a most delightful existence—in theory. But, in practice it was dull. Yes, dull was the word.

With four fingers pressing four consecutive notes while the remaining digit hammered away, vindictively, at the fifth ; with pouting lip out-thrust, she had reached the point of telling herself that even India was better than this.

‘Horrid place,’ ran Baby’s angry cogitation, while the finger conscientiously drummed, ‘nothing but those stupid trees and that deadly moor, and the birds’ chirp, chirp, and not a neighbour within miles ; or if there were, with Aunt Rosamond not wanting to see a soul ; not even the curate—and he’s got eyes like marbles !’

Aspasia gave a little titter and changed the drumming finger from the third to the fourth. This was a less elastic member ; and she grew pink with unconscious energy, while pursuing the inner monologue.

‘I do think that disgusting Major Bethune might have given us some sign of life. People have no business to look into people’s

eyes like that, and press people's hands, and then go off and mean nothing at all. Not,' said Baby, blowing out her nostrils with a fine breath of scorn, 'that one ever thought of him in that way. But he—oh, he's just a horrid wretch like the rest! All the nice ones die, I think. At least, I've never met any.'

She brought down the left hand in its turn, with a crash, on the five notes; and the fine discord seemed to have relieving effect. The reflections proceeded in a softer vein.

'Harry English—he must have been a dear.' She turned her head to look for the inevitable portrait. There was scarce a room in Saltwoods that did not hold two or three presentments of him; sketches, most of them, by the faithful, forcible hand of the artist mother; photographs, too, in well-nigh every stage of the boy's development. Even Aspasia, positive, practical, unimaginative, could not but have fallen under the influence of the haunting presence. And in her actual mood of disillusion with Raymond Bethune, the ante-room of her girl's heart, that airy space open to all the winds, where so many come, pause, and go, was now, half in idleness, half in contradiction, consecrate to the image of gallant Harry English.

'How Aunt Rosamond could!' she thought, as she dreamily fixed her eyes upon that charcoal sketch which held one panel of the drawing-room, and which had been Mrs. English's last work. It was a much enlarged copy of the photograph on the shrine, and, whether by some unconscious transcription of her own sorrow, or whether her mother eyes had discovered in the little picture some stern premonition of his own approaching fate, the artist had given the strong bold face an expression that was almost bitter in its melancholy.

'How Aunt Rosamond could——' thought the girl, 'when she had been loved by such a man, ever, ever have looked at anyone else? Fancy—the Runkle!' Ah, if Aspasia had been loved by English, how nobly she would have borne her widowhood! Her heart, of course, would have been absolutely, completely broken; she would have gone about in deep, deep widow's weeds. And strangers, looking after her, noticing the sweet pale face amid the crape, would ask who she was and would be told in whispers: the widow of the hero of the Baroghil expedition. 'Ah, it would have been sweet to have been loved by you, Harry English!'

Her hands fell from the piano; her soul was away upon a dream as vague and innocent as it was absorbing. Too often did the

Leschetizky method end in this manner. The while Rosamond, high in her attic, dreamed that she was a girl once more, and that she had just been told that Harry English loved her.

CHAPTER IV.

THERE was sunshine enough without to have tempted the most obstinate recluse into the fields. But as little as she had heeded November rain did Rosamond now heed the brightness of this opening December. While the old attic room held her bodily presence, her soul was once again back in the past. The past . . . where, after all, she had not lived, and which (strange poignant lesson of fate!) was now to become to her more living than the present.

Those letters, those early memorials, the very thought of which had once inspired dread, now drew her like a magnet. Scarcely could she give herself to the necessary facts of life, so impatiently did she long for those solitary hours in his room, with him!

Every trifling note of his was pored over, dreamt upon in its turn. She had it in her to have lingered days upon a single line. Yet there was the sweetness of a tender surprise in every fresh sheet she took into her hands. And now it was her first 'love letter' that she held.

It had come to her in the morning after their meeting in the salt wind, amid the gorse; had been brought to her—in the ugly top bedroom—on a basket brimming over with flowers. She could see them again, breathe them again: hot-house roses, languid-white and heavy-headed yellow, a huge clump of heliotrope, lily of the valley bound by its pale green sheaths, sharp-scented, waxen . . . then the narcissus, the jonquil, the darling commoner herd of spring things that had pushed their way in the open gardens! All this to Rosamond, starved of beauty, Rosamond who was wont to fill her vases with the budding boughs that the hedges give the gardenless! She had buried her face in the velvet coolness, drawn in the perfume as if she was drawing in the loveliness to her soul. Through the waste of those ten years she could again feel the touch of the petals on her cheek—she was back again, back again in her maidenhood and held her first love letter between her hands. Was it possible that the faded nondescript leaf that fell from between its pages

had once been part of that exquisite basketful that could still bloom for her ?

Darling (wrote Harry English) these are all I can send you. I wanted to send you roses, love, worthy of my Rose, the only Rose, of Rosamond, Rose of the World ! I half dreamed of them last night, red, red, glowing, deep-scented like my love for you. I can find nothing but these pale mawkish things, far though I have hunted this morning ! . . .

This morning—and it was now but nine o'clock. How early he must have risen ! It was not the Rosamond, the hard young untouched Rosamond of those old days, who thought thus with a mist before the eyes ; it was the new Rosamond whose heart was beginning to teach her so many things.

Early had the lover risen indeed !

I could not sleep (went on the letter) for sheer tumult of happiness. I saw the dawn break over the water out on the sea bastion of this old fort. The sea was quite wrapt in mist, and I and my heart seemed first alone high up in the air, with the wash of the invisible waters below and the restless tapping of the flag line on the staff over my head. And then the dawn came. It seemed to me the first dawn I had ever beheld, I, who have marched through many an Indian night and seen such fires as England never dreams of. But I look upon the world with new eyes. The meaning of things has become clear to me. I never saw beauty before I saw you ; and through you, all other beauty is fulfilled to me. Grey and dove-coloured and pearl, faint roses and yellows and opals—the mists first became impregnated with all lovely tints and then rolled away. Then there was a straight ray of sun across the sea at my feet, and the water was gold and green. Glorious ! Why do I write all this to you ? I have never even thought of such things before. Will you laugh at me ? I, who have known you for such a little while ! But I have waited for you all the years of my manhood—this much I know at least. And you, who are the meaning of everything to me now, you will know the meaning of my heart.

All the meaning of her lover to Rosamond Tempest, in the top room over the straggling back garden, had been that he was her deliverer from an existence of utter negation. She had read his words with the same pleasure with which she had gazed upon his flowers, inhaled their fragrance : it had represented a new atmosphere of colour and beauty !

But now, as she bent over that faded leaf and read those vivid words from a hand long dust, her whole being gave itself responsive to the love that still spoke.

In the garden below, under the nipped frost-bitten leaves, Aspasia poked about for hidden violets. From its bare brown stalks she had already culled the last dwindled chrysanthemum. When Rosamond and she, in the marshalled palace of Sir Arthur, had

planned this homely occupation, it had seemed an almost deliriously joyful prospect of freedom. Now, such is the futility of the granted wish, Aspasia, as she flicked with impatient fingers among the wet foliage, was a prey to that abandonment of melancholy which is rarely known in its perfection after twenty. Indeed, poor Baby's outlook upon the world that December noon was a pitiable one. The only man she could have loved was dead before she had even known him! Another man, whom she was certain she could never have cared for, displayed the most reprehensible indifference as to whether he were as much as remembered. And those wonderful piano recitals of the gifted young genius, Miss Aspasia Cuninghame, seemed hopelessly remote.

She could not even muster a smile for the kitten as it suddenly cantered across the path, every individual hair bristling, body contorted, and legs stiffened, to box a hanging leaf and fall prone on its back with four paws wildly beating the air. The very kitten was part of the general unsatisfactoriness of things. When she did have the heart to play with it, it was never to be found: but it had a Puck-like knowledge of the ripe moment when to mock her misery.

Indeed, the claims of the eager young life were somewhat neglected in this old home of dreams.

Aspasia walked, in royal dignity of dolour, back to the house, set the violets in two shallow vases, and the chrysanthemum in a high narrow one. She placed the portable easel upon the open leaf of the grand piano; she detached from its panel the portrait of Captain English with the sad stern face, propped it on the easel, arranged her flowers round it, all with the solemn air of one going through a religious rite. Then she sat down, heaved a noisy sigh from the depth of her little round chest, and began to play those throbbing strains of passion, yearning disappointment, and sorrow that, the legend says, came to Chopin one day, through the beat of raindrops against his window panes, as he waited for her who failed him.

Baby had begun to find out that even in so serious an art as music those paltry things, the emotions, will insist on finding expression. She was in a very pretty state of artistic woe when, with a sudden discord, the love notes fell mute. From the shadowy window-seat a tall figure had risen and come forward: eyes, ablaze with anger, were fixed upon her from a white and threatening face.

'Aunt Rosamond! . . .' stammered the girl, too much startled to do anything but sit and stare.

'How dare you?' said Lady Gerardine, in a low voice, hardly above a whisper indeed, but charged with intense anger. She walked up to the piano and stood looking a second at the altar-like arrangement; then her eyes returned to Aspasia, who now blushed violently, guiltily, in spite of an irrepressible childish desire to giggle.

'You shameless girl!' said Rosamond. 'How dare you! What have you to do with him?' She took up the picture. 'He is mine,' she said, 'mine only!' Then, holding it clasped to her breast, she swept from the room.

'Upon my word!' said Miss Aspasia. 'Good gracious goodness me!' Resentment got the better of amusement; her cheeks were flaming scarlet, she struck a series of defiant chords, as a sort of war cry in pursuit of the retreating figure. 'Shameless girl, indeed; I've as much right to him, by this time, as anybody else, I should think. In heaven there's no marriage or giving in marriage . . . and, if it comes to that, what about Runkle then?'

She plunged into the noisiest, most dishevelled Wagner-Liszt piece of her repertory; crashed, banged, and pounded till the staid old manor-house seemed to ring with amazement, and the exasperated player, with flying hands, loosened hair, empurpled countenance and panting breath, could hardly keep her seat in the midst of her own gymnastics.

Henceforth there was one room in the manor-house without its presiding picture. And, opposite Rosamond's bed, where the tender child's face had once watched the mother's slumbers, the soldier now looked down sternly and sadly upon the wife.

(To be continued.)

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*THE TRUANTS.*¹

BY A. E. W. MASON.

CHAPTER XXXI.

AT THE RÉSERVE.

TONY STRETTON walked quickly down from the Villa Pontignard to the station. There he learned that an hour must elapse before a train to Eze was due. Inaction was at this moment intolerable to him. Even though he should get to Eze not a minute the sooner, he must hurry upon his way. He could not wait upon this platform for an hour, suspense so tortured him. He went out upon the road and began to run. He ran very quickly. The road turned sharply round the shoulder of a hill, and Stretton saw in front of him the lights of Monte Carlo. They were bunched in great white clusters, they were strung in festoons in the square and the streets. They made a golden crescent about the dark quiet waters of the bay. Looking down from this shoulder of the hill upon the town at such an hour one seems to be looking upon a town of fairy-land; one expects a sweet and delicate music to float upwards from its houses and charm the ears. Tony's one thought was that beyond that place of lights lay Eze. He came to an electric tram which was on the point of starting. He entered it and it rattled him quickly down the hill.

At Monte Carlo he sprang into the first carriage which he saw waiting for a fare, and bade the coachman drive him quickly out to Eze. The night had come; above his head the stars shone very brightly from a dark sky of velvet. The carriage passed out of the

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town; the villas grew more scarce; the open road glimmered ahead of him a riband of white; the sea murmured languorously upon the shore.

At this moment, in the lonely restaurant towards which Tony was driving in such haste, Lionel Callon and Millie Stretton were sitting down to dinner. The table was laid in the small daintily furnished room which opened on to the terrace. The windows stood wide, and the lazy murmur of the waves entered in. The white cloth shone with silver, a great bowl of roses stood in the centre and delicately perfumed the air. Thither Millie had come in fulfilment of that promise made on a midnight of early spring in Regent's Park. The colour burned prettily on her cheeks, she had dressed herself in a pink gown of lace, jewels shone on her arms and at her neck. She was, perhaps, a little feverish in her gaiety, her laughter was perhaps a little over loud. Indeed, every now and then her heart sank in fear within her, and she wished herself far away. But here Lionel Callon was at his ease. He knew the methods by which victory was to be won. There was no suggestion of triumph in his manner. He was considerate, and most deferential, and with no more than a hint of passion in the deference.

'You have come,' he said. His eyes rested upon hers, and he left them to express his gratitude. He raised her hand to his lips and gently took the cloak from her shoulders. 'You have had a long journey. But you are not tired.' He placed her chair for her at the table and sat opposite. He saw that she was uneasy. He spoke no word which might alarm her.

Meanwhile Tony was drawing nearer. He reached the hotel at Eze, and drove through its garden to the door.

'Is Lady Stretton in the hotel?' he asked.

'No, sir. Her ladyship went out to dinner nearly an hour ago.'

'Thank you,' said Tony. 'She arrived this afternoon, I think?'

'Yes, sir. What name shall I give when she returns?'

'No name,' said Tony. And he ordered his coachman to drive back to the road.

When he had reached it he directed the man again.

'Towards Beaulieu,' he said; and in a little while, on his left hand, below the level of the road, he saw the lights of the *Réserve*. He stopped at the gate, dismissed his carriage, and walked down

the winding drive to the door. He walked into the restaurant. It was empty. A waiter came forward to him.

'I wish you to take me at once to Mr. Callon,' he said. He spoke in a calm, matter-of-fact voice. But the waiter nevertheless hesitated. Tony wore the clothes in which he had travelled to Roquebrune. He was covered with dust, his face was haggard and stern. He had nothing in common with the dainty little room of lights and flowers and shining silver, and the smartly dressed couple who were dining there. The waiter guessed that his interruption would be altogether inconvenient.

'Mr. Callon!' he stammered. 'He has gone out.'

Tony heard the rattle of a metal cover upon a dish. He looked in the direction whence the sound came—he looked to the right-hand side of the restaurant. A door stood open there, and in the passage beyond the door he saw a waiter pass carrying the dish. Moreover, the man who had spoken to him made yet another mistake. He noticed the direction of Tony's glance, and he made a quick movement as though to bar that passage.

'He is here,' said Tony; and he thrust the waiter aside. He crossed the restaurant quickly and entered the passage. The passage ran parallel to the restaurant; and, at the end towards the terrace, there was another door upon the opposite side. The waiter with the dish had his hand upon the door-handle, but he turned at the sound of Stretton's step. He, too, noticed the disorder of Tony's dress. At the same moment the man in the restaurant shouted in a warning voice:

'Jules!'

Jules stood in front of the door.

'Monsieur, this room is private,' said he.

'Yet I will take the liberty to intrude,' said Tony quietly.

From behind the door there came the sound of a man's voice which Tony did not know. He had, indeed, never heard it before. Then a woman's laugh rang out; and the sound of it angered Tony beyond endurance. He recognised it beyond the possibility of mistake. It was his wife who was laughing so gaily there behind the closed door. He thought of the years he had spent in the determination to regain his wife's esteem, to free himself from her contempt. For the moment he could have laughed bitterly at his persistence as at some egregious folly. It seemed all waste—waste of time, waste of endeavour, waste of suffering. She was laughing! And with Lionel Callon for her companion! The cold,

black nights of the North Sea and its gales; the arid sands of the Sahara; all his long service for her ending in that crowning act of desertion—the story was clear in his mind from beginning to end, detailed and complete. And she was laughing in there with Lionel Callon! Her laughter was to him as some biting epigram which epitomised the way in which she had spent the years of his absence. His anger got the better of his self-control.

‘Stand away,’ he cried, in a low savage voice, to the waiter. And since the man did not instantly move, he seized him by the shoulders and dragged him from the door.

‘Monsieur!’ the man cried aloud, in a frightened voice, and the dish which he was carrying fell with a clatter on to the floor. Inside the room the laughter suddenly ceased. Tony listened for a second. He could not hear even a whisper. There was complete silence. He smiled rather grimly to himself; he was thinking that this was not, at all events, the silence of contempt.

Could he have seen through the door into the room he would have been yet more convinced. All the gaiety vanished in an instant from Millie’s face. She was sitting opposite the door; she sat and stared at it in terror. The blood ebbed from her cheeks, leaving them as white as paper.

‘Monsieur!’ she repeated, in so low a whisper that even Callon on the other side of the small table hardly heard the word. Her lips were dry and she moistened them. ‘Monsieur!’ she whispered again, and the whisper was a question. She had no definite suspicion who ‘Monsieur’ was; she did not define him as her husband. She only understood that somehow she was trapped. The sudden clatter of the dish upon the floor, the loudness of the waiter’s cry, which was not a mere protest, but also a cry of fear, terrified her; they implied violence. She was trapped. She sat paralysed upon her chair, staring across the table over Callon’s shoulder at the door. Callon meanwhile said not a word. He had been sitting with his back to the door, and he twisted round in his chair. To both of them it seemed ages before the handle was turned. Yet so short was the interval of time that they could hardly have reached the terrace through the open window had they sprung up at the first sound of disturbance.

Thus they were sitting, silent and motionless, when the door was pushed open, and Tony stood in the doorway. At the sight of him Millie uttered one loud scream, and clapped her hands over her face. Callon, on the other hand, started up on to his feet. As

he did so he upset his wine-glass over the table-cloth ; it fell and splintered on the polished floor. He turned towards the intruder who so roughly forced his way into the room. The eyes of that intruder took no account of him ; they were fixed upon Millie Stretton, as she sat cowering at the table with her hands before her face.

‘What do you want?’ cried Callon. ‘You have no right here!’

‘I have every right here,’ said Tony. ‘That is my wife!’

It was still his wife at whom he looked, not at all towards Callon. Callon was startled out of his wits. Detection he had always feared ; he had sought to guard against it by the use of every precaution known to his devious strategy. But it was detection by Pamela Mardale and her friends, who had once already laid him by the heels ; the husband had never entered into his calculations. He had accepted without question Millie’s version of the husband—he was the man who did not care. In some part of the world he wandered, but where no one knew ; cut off from all his friends—indifferent, neglectful, and a fool. Even now he could not believe. This might be some new trick of Pamela Mardale’s.

‘Your wife!’ he exclaimed. ‘That is not true.’

‘Not true?’ cried Tony, in a terrible voice. He stretched out his arm and pointed towards Millie. ‘Look!’

Millie flinched as though she feared a blow. She dropped her head yet lower. She held her fingers over her eyelids, closing them tightly. She had looked once at Tony’s face, she dared not look again. She sat in darkness, trembling. One question was in her mind. ‘Would he kill her?’ Callon looked at her as he was bidden. Millie was wont to speak of her husband with indifference, and a suggestion of scorn. Yet it was her manifest terror which now convinced Callon that the husband was indeed before him. Here the man was, sprung suddenly out of the dark upon him, not neglectful, for he had the look of one who has travelled from afar very quickly, and slept but little on the way ; not indifferent, for he was white with anger and his eyes were aflame. Callon cursed the luck which had for a second time brought him into such ill straits. He measured himself with Tony, and knew in the instant that he was no match for him. There was a man, tired, no doubt, and worn, but hard as iron, supple of muscle and limb, and finely trained to the last superfluous ounce of flesh ; while

he himself was soft with luxury and good living. He sought to temporise.

‘That is no proof,’ said he. ‘Any woman might be startled ——’ And Tony broke fiercely in upon his stammered argument :

‘Go out,’ he cried, ‘and wait for me !’

The door was still open. Outside it in the passage the waiters were clustered, listening. Inside the room Millie was listening. The order, roughly given, was just one which Callon for very shame could not obey. He would have liked to obey it, for confronting husbands was never to his liking ; all his art lay in eluding them.

‘Go out !’ Tony repeated, and took a step forward. Callon could not cut so poor a figure as to slink from the room like a whipped schoolboy. Yet it would have gone better with him had he eaten his leek and gone.

‘It would not be safe to leave you,’ he babbled. And suddenly Tony caught him by the throat, struck him upon the face, and then flung him violently away.

Callon reeled back through the open windows, slipped and fell at his full length upon the terrace. His head struck the stone flags with a horrible sound. He lay quite still in the strong light which poured from the room ; his eyes were closed, his face quite bloodless. It was his business, as Mudge had said, to fight amongst the tea-cups.

Tony made no further movement towards him. The waiters went out on to the terrace and lifted him up and carried him away. Then Tony turned towards his wife. She had risen up from her chair and overturned it when Tony had flung the interloper from the room. She now crouched shuddering against the wall, with her eyes fixed in terror upon her husband. As he turned towards her she uttered a sob and dropped upon her knees before him. That was the end of all her scorn. She kneeled in deadly fear, admiring him in the very frenzy of her fear. She had no memory for the contemptuous letters which she had written and Tony had carried under his pillow on the North Sea. Her little deceits and plots and trickeries to hoodwink her friends, her little pretence of passion for Lionel Callon—she knew at this moment that it never had been more than a pretence—these were the matters which now she remembered, and for which she dreaded punishment. She was wearing jewels that night—jewels which Tony had given her in the good past days when they lived together in the house in Deanery Street. They shook and glittered upon her hair, about her neck,

upon her bosom and her arms. She kneeled in her delicate finery of lace and satin in this room of luxury and bright flowers. There was no need for Tony now to work to re-establish himself in her thoughts. She reached out her hands to him in supplication.

‘I am not guilty,’ she moaned. ‘Tony! Tony!’

CHAPTER XXXII.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

THE man who was no good had his triumph then. Only triumph was not at all in his thoughts.

‘Oh, please!’ he said very quietly, ‘Get up from your knees. I don’t like to see you there. It hurts me.’

Millie raised her eyes to him in wonder. He did not mean to kill her, then. All his violence, it seemed, was reserved for that poor warrior of the drawing-rooms who had just been carried away stunned and bleeding from the terrace. When Tony spoke to her his voice was rather that of a man very dispirited and sad. He had indeed travelled through the mountains of Morocco hot with anger against Callon the interloper, but now that he had come face to face again with Millie, now that he had heard her voice with its remembered accents, the interloper seemed of little account, a creature to punish and be done with. The sadness of his voice penetrated to Millie’s heart. She rose and stood submissively before him.

In the passage outside the door the waiters were clustered whispering together. Tony closed the door and shut the whispers out. Upon the terrace, outside the window, a man was hesitating whether to enter or no. Tony went to the window.

‘Who are you?’ he asked. ‘What do you want?’

‘I am Giraud, the schoolmaster of Roquebrune,’ said the man, timidly. ‘I bring a letter from Mademoiselle Mardale.’

‘Let me see it!’ said Tony; and he held out his hand for the letter. He glanced at the superscription and gave it back. ‘It is not for me,’ he said, and M. Giraud went away from the terrace. Tony turned back to his wife. His mind was full of a comparison between the ways in which he and she had each spent the years of absence. For him they had been years of endeavour, persisted in through failure and perplexity until success, but for her, was reached.

And how had Millie spent them ? He looked at her sternly, and she said again in a faltering voice :

‘ I am innocent, Tony.’

And he replied :

‘ Could you have said as much to-morrow had I not come back to-night ? ’

Millie had no answer to that question—she attempted none ; and it was even at that moment counted to her credit by her husband. She stood silent for a while, and only the murmur of the sea breaking upon the beach filled the room. A light wind breathed through the open window, cool and fragrant, and made the shaded candles flicker upon the table. Millie had her one poor excuse to offer, and she pleaded it humbly.

‘ I thought that you had ceased to care what became of me,’ she said.

Tony looked sharply at her. She was sincere—surely she was sincere.

‘ You thought that ? ’ he exclaimed ; and he replaced her chair at the table. ‘ Sit down here ! Let me understand ! You thought that I had ceased to care for you ? When I ceased to write, I suppose ? ’

Millie shook her head.

‘ Before that ? ’

Tony dropped into the chair on which Callon had been sitting.

‘ Before that ? ’ he exclaimed in perplexity. ‘ When ? Tell me ! ’

Millie sat over against him at the table.

‘ Do you remember the evening when you first told me that you had made up your mind to go away and make a home for both of us ? It was on that evening. You gave your reason for going away. We had begun to quarrel—we were drifting apart.’

‘ I remember,’ said Tony ; ‘ but we had not ceased to care then, neither you nor I. It was just because I feared that at some time we might cease to care that I was resolved to go away.’

‘ Ah,’ said Millie ; ‘ but already the change had begun. Yes, yes ! Things which you thought you never could remember without a thrill you remembered already with indifference—you remembered them without being any longer moved or touched by the associations which they once had had. I recollect the very words you used. I sat as still as could be while you spoke them ; but I never forgot them, Tony. There was a particular instance

which you mentioned—a song——’ And suddenly Tony laughed ; but he laughed harshly, and there was no look of amusement on his face. Millie stared at him in surprise, but he did not explain, and she went on with her argument.

‘ So, when you ceased to write I was still more convinced that you had ceased to care. When you remained away after your father had died I was yet more sure.’

Tony leaned across the white table-cloth with its glittering silver, and fixed his eyes on her.

‘ I will tell you why I ceased to write. Every letter which you wrote to me when I was in New York was more contemptuous than the letter which had preceded it. I had failed, and you despised me for my failure. I had allowed myself to be tricked out of your money——’ And upon that Millie interrupted him :

‘ Oh, no ! ’ she cried ; ‘ you must not say that I despised you for that. No ! That is not fair. I never thought of the money. I offered you what was left.’

Tony had put himself in the wrong here. He recognised his mistake, he accepted Millie’s correction.

‘ Yes, that is true,’ he said ; ‘ you offered me all that was left—but you offered it contemptuously ; you had no shadow of belief that I would use it to advantage—you had no faith in me at all. In your eyes I was no good. Mind, I don’t blame you. You were justified, no doubt. I had set out to make a home for you, as many a man has done for his wife. Only where they had succeeded I had failed. If I thought anything at all——’ he said, with an air of hesitation.

‘ Well ? ’ asked Millie.

‘ I thought you might have expressed your contempt with a little less of unkindness, or perhaps have hidden it altogether. You see, I was not having an easy time in New York, and your letters made it very much harder.’

‘ Oh, Tony,’ she said, in a low voice of self-reproach. She was sitting with her hands clenched in front of her upon the table-cloth, her forehead puckered, and in her eyes a look of great pain.

‘ Never mind that,’ he replied ; and he resumed his story. ‘ I saw then quite clearly that with each letter which you received from me, each new instalment of my record of failure—for each letter was just that, wasn’t it ?—your contempt grew. I was determined that if I could help it your contempt should not embitter all our two lives. So I ceased to write. For the same reason I stayed away,

even after my father had died. Had I come back then I should have come back a failure, proved and self-confessed. And your scorn would have stayed with you. My business henceforth was to destroy it, to prove to you that after all I was some good—if not at money-making, at something else. I resolved that we should not live together again until I could come to you and say: "You have no right to despise me. Here's the proof."

Millie was learning now, even as Tony had learnt a minute ago. All that he said to her was utterly surprising and strange. He had been thinking of her, then, all the time while he was away! Indifference was in no way the reason of his absence.

'Oh, why did you not write this to me?' she cried. 'It need not have been a long letter, since you were unwilling to write. But just this you might have written. It would have been better, kinder'—and she paused upon the word, uttering it with hesitation and a shy deprecating smile, as though aware that she had no claim upon his kindness. 'It would have been kinder than just to leave me here, not knowing where you were, and thinking what I did.'

'It is true,' said Tony, 'I might have written. But would you have believed me if I had? No.'

'Then you might have come to me,' she urged. 'Once—just for five minutes—to tell me what you meant to do.'

'I might,' Tony agreed; 'in fact, I very nearly did. I was under the windows of the house in Berkeley Square one night.' And Millie started.

'Yes, you were,' she said slowly.

'You knew that?'

'Yes; I knew it the next day.' And she added: 'I wish now, I think, that you had come in that night.'

'Suppose that I had,' said Tony; 'suppose that I had told you of my fine plan, you would have had no faith in it. You would merely have thought: "Here's another folly to be added to the rest." Your contempt would have been increased, that's all.'

It was quite strange to Millie Stretton that there ever could have been a time when she had despised him. She saw him sitting now in front of her, quiet and stern; she remembered her own terror when he burst into the room, when he flung Callon headlong through the windows, when he turned at last towards her.

'We have been strangers to one another.'

'Yes,' he replied; 'I did not know you. I should never have

left you—now I understand that. I trusted you very blindly, but I did not know you.'

Millie lowered her eyes from his face.

'Nor I you,' she answered. 'What did you do when you went away that night from Berkeley Square?'

'I enlisted in the Foreign Legion in Algeria.'

Millie raised her head again with a start of surprise.

'Soldiering was my trade, you see. It was the one profession where I had just a little of that expert knowledge which is necessary nowadays if you are to make your living.'

Something of his life in the Foreign Legion Tony now told her. He spoke deliberately, since a light was beginning dimly to shine through the darkness of his perplexities. Of a set purpose he described to her the arduous perils of active service and the monotony of the cantonments. He was resolved that she should understand in the spirit and in the letter the life which for her sake he had led. He related his expedition to the Figuig oasis, his march into the Sahara under Tavernay. He took from his pocket the medals which he had won, and laid them upon the table-cloth before her.

'Look at them,' he said; 'I earned them. These are mine. I earned them for you; and while I was earning them what were you doing?'

Millie listened and looked. Wonder grew upon her. It was for her that he had laboured and endured and succeeded! His story was a revelation to her. Never had she dreamed that a man would so strive for any woman. She had lived so long among the little things of the world—the little emotions, the little passions, the little jealousies and rivalries, the little aims, the little methods of attaining them, that only with great difficulty could she realise a simpler and a wider life. She was overwhelmed now. Pride and humiliation fought within her—pride that Tony had so striven for her in silence and obscurity, humiliation because she had fallen so short of his example. It was her way to feel in superlatives at any crisis of her destiny, but surely she had a justification now.

'I never knew—I never thought! Oh, Tony!' she exclaimed, twisting her hands together as she sat before him.

'I became a sergeant,' he said. 'Then I brought back the remnants of the geographical expedition to Ouargla.' He taxed his memory for the vivid details of that terrible retreat. He compelled her to realise something of the dumb, implacable hostility of the

Sahara, to see, in the evening against the setting sun, the mounted figures of the Touaregs, and to understand that the day's march had not shaken them off. She seemed to be on the march herself, wondering whether she would live out the day, or, if she survived that, whether she would live out the night.

'But you succeeded!' she cried, clinging to the fact that they were both here in France, with the murmur of the Mediterranean in their ears. 'You came back.'

'Yes, I came back. One morning I marched my men through the gate of Ouargla—and what were you doing upon that day?'

Talking, perhaps, with Lionel Callon, in one of those unfrequented public places with which London abounds! Millie could not tell. She sat there and compared Lionel Callon with the man who was before her. Memories of the kind of talk she was wont to hold with Lionel Callon recurred to her, filling her with shame. She was glad to think that when Tony led his broken weary force through the gate of Ouargla Lionel Callon had not been with her—had indeed been far away in Chili. She suddenly placed her hands before her face and burst into tears.

'Oh, Tony,' she whispered, in an abasement of humiliation. 'Oh, Tony.'

'By that homeward march,' he went on, 'I gained my commission. That was what I aimed at all the while, and I had earned it at the last. Look!'

He took from his pocket the letter which his colonel had handed to him at Ain-Sefra. He had carefully treasured it all this while. He held it out to her and made her read.

'You see?' he said. 'A commission won from the ranks in the hardest service known to soldiers, won without advantage of name, or friends, or money. Won just by myself. That is what I strove for. If I could win that I could come back to you with a great pride. I should be no longer the man who was no good. You yourself might even be proud of me. I used to dream of that—to dream of something else.'

His voice softened a little, and a smile for a moment relaxed the severity of his face.

'Of what?' she asked.

'Out there among the sand hills, under the stars at night, I used to dream that we might perhaps get hold again of the little house in Deanery Street, where we were so happy together once. We might pretend almost that we had lived there all the time.'

He spoke in a voice of great longing, and Millie was touched to the heart. She looked at Tony through her tears. There was a great longing astir within her at this moment. Was that little house in Deanery Street still a possibility? She did not presume to hope so much; but she wished that she could have hoped. She pressed the letter which she held against her breast; she would have loved to have held it to her lips, but that again she did not dare to do.

'At all events you did succeed,' she said; 'I shall be glad to know that. I shall always be glad—whatever happens now.'

'But I did not succeed,' Tony replied. 'I earned the commission, yes!—I never held it. That letter was given to me one Monday by my colonel at Ain-Sefra. You mentioned a song a minute ago, do you remember? . . . I had lost the associations of that song. I laughed when you mentioned it, and you were surprised. I laughed because when I received that letter I took it away with me, and that song, with all that it had ever meant, came back to my mind. I lay beneath the palm trees, and I looked across the water past the islands and I saw the lights of the yachts in Oban Bay. I was on the dark lawn again, high above the sea, the lighted windows of the house were behind me. I heard your voice. Oh, I had got you altogether back that day,' he exclaimed with a cry. 'It was as though I held your hands and looked into your eyes. I went back towards the barracks to write to you, and as I went someone tapped me on the shoulder and brought me news of you to wake me out of my dreams.'

Just for a moment Millie wondered who it was who had brought the news; but the next words which Tony spoke drove the question from her mind.

'A few more weeks and I should have held that commission. I might have left the Legion, leaving behind me many friends and an honoured name. As it was I had to desert—I deserted that night.'

He spoke quite simply; but, nevertheless, the words fell with a shock upon Millie. She uttered a low cry: 'Oh, Tony!' she said.

'Yes,' he said, with a nod of the head, 'I incurred that disgrace. I shall be ashamed of it all my life. Had I been caught it might have meant an ignoble death; in any case it would have meant years of prison—and I should have deserved those years of prison.'

Millie shut her eyes in horror. Everything else that he had

told her, every other incident—his sufferings, his perils—all seemed of little account beside this crowning risk, this crowning act of sacrifice. It was not merely that he had risked a shameful death or a shameful imprisonment. Millie was well aware that his whole nature and character must be in revolt against the act itself. Desertion! It implied disloyalty, untruth, deceit, cowardice—just those qualities, indeed, which she knew Tony most to hate, which perhaps she had rather despised him for hating. No man would have been more severe in the punishment of a deserter than Tony himself. Yet he had deserted, and upon her account. And he sat there telling her of it quietly, as though it were the most insignificant action in the world. He might have escaped the consequences—he would certainly not have escaped the shame.

But Millie's cup of remorse was not yet full.

'Yet I cannot see that I could do anything else. To-night proves to me that I was right, I think. I have come very quickly, yet I am only just in time.' There was a long stain of wine upon the table-cloth beneath his eyes. There Callon had upset his glass upon Tony's entrance.

'Yes, it was time that I returned,' he continued. 'One way or another a burden of disgrace had to be borne—if I stayed, just as certainly as if I came away; I saw that quite clearly. So I came away.' He forbore to say that now the disgrace fell only upon his shoulders, that she was saved from it. But Millie understood, and in her heart she thanked him for his forbearance. 'But it was hard on me, I think,' he said. 'You see, even now I am on French soil, and subject to French laws.'

And Millie, upon that, started up in alarm.

'What do you mean?' she asked breathlessly.

'There has been a disturbance here to-night, has there not? Suppose that the manager of this restaurant has sent for a *gendarme*!'

With a swift movement Millie gathered up the medals and held them close in her clenched hands.

'Oh, it does not need those to convict me; my name would be enough. Let my name appear and there's a deserter from the Foreign Legion laid by the heels in France. All the time we have been talking here I have sat expecting that door to open behind me.'

Millie caught up a lace wrap which lay upon a sofa. She had the look of a hunted creature. She spoke quickly and feverishly, in a whisper.

'Oh, why did not you say this at once? Let us go!'

Tony sat stubbornly in his chair.

'No,' said he, with his eyes fixed upon her. 'I have given you an account of how I have spent the years during which we have been apart. Can you do the same?'

He waited for her answer in suspense. To this question all his words had been steadily leading; for this reason he had dwelt upon his own career. Would she, stung by her remorse, lay before him truthfully and without reserve the story of her years? If she did, why, that dim light which shone amidst the darkness of his perplexities might perhaps shine a little brighter. He uttered his question. Millie bowed her head, and answered:

'I will.'

'Sit down, then, and tell me now.'

'Oh, no,' she exclaimed; 'not here! It is not safe. As we go back to Eze I will tell you everything.'

A look of relief came upon Tony's face. He rose and touched the bell.

A waiter appeared.

'I will pay the bill,' he said.

The waiter brought the bill and Tony discharged it.

'The gentleman—M. Callon,' the waiter said. 'A doctor has been. He has a concussion. It will be a little time before he is able to be moved.'

'Indeed?' said Tony with indifference. He walked with his wife out of the little gaily lighted room into the big, silent restaurant. A single light faintly illuminated it. They crossed it to the door and went up the winding drive on to the road. The night was dry and clear and warm. There was no moon. They walked in the pure twilight of the stars round the gorge towards Eze.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MILLIE'S STORY.

THEY walked for a while in silence, side by side, yet not so close but that there was an interval between them. Millie every now and then glanced at Tony's face, but she saw only his profile, and with only the glimmer of the starlight to serve her for a reading-lamp she could guess nothing of his expression. But he walked like a man utterly dispirited and tired. The hopes, so stoutly cherished during the last few years, had all crumbled away to-night. Perpetually his thoughts recurred to that question, which now never could be answered—if he had gone into the house in Berkeley Square on that distant evening when he had been contented to pace for a little while beneath the windows, would he have averted the trouble which had reached its crisis to-night at the *Réserve*? He thought not—he was not sure; only he was certain that he should have gone in. He stopped and turned back, looking towards the *Réserve*. A semi-circle of lights over the doorway was visible, and as he looked those lights were suddenly extinguished. He heard Millie's voice at his side.

'I will tell you now how the time has passed with me.' And he saw that she was looking steadfastly into his eyes. 'The story will sound very trivial, very contemptible, after what you have told me. It fills me utterly with shame. But I should have told you it none the less had you not asked for it—I rather wish that you had not asked for it; for I think I must have told you of my own accord.'

She spoke in a quick, troubled voice, but it did not waver; nor did her eyes once fall from his. The change in her was swift no doubt. But down there in the *Réserve*, where the lights were out, and the sea echoed through empty rooms, she had had stern and savage teachers. Terror, humiliation, and the spectacle of violence had torn away a veil from before her eyes. She saw her own life in its true perspective. And, that she might see it the more clearly and understand, she had the story of another life wherewith to compare it. It is a quality of big performances, whether in art or life, that while they surprise when first apprehended, they appear upon thought to be so simple that it is astonishing surprise was ever felt. Something of that quality Tony's career possessed. It had come upon Millie as a revelation, yet, now she was thinking:

'Yes, that is what Tony would do. How is it I never guessed?' She put him side by side with that other man, the warrior of the drawing-rooms, and she was filled with shame that ever she could have preferred the latter even for a moment of madness.

They walked slowly on again. Millie drew her lace wrap more closely about her throat.

'Are you cold?' asked Tony. 'You are lightly clothed to be talking here. We had better perhaps walk on, and keep what you have to tell me until to-morrow.'

'No,' she answered quickly, 'I am not cold. And I must tell you what I have to tell you to-night. I want all this bad, foolish part of my life to end to-night, to be extinguished just as those lights were extinguished a minute since. Only there is something I should like to say to you first.' Millie's voice wavered now and broke. 'If we do not walk along the road together any more,' she went on timidly, 'I shall still be glad that you came back to-night. I do not know that you will believe that—I do not, indeed, see why you should; but I should very much like you to believe it; for it is the truth. I have learned a good deal, I think, during the last three hours. I would rather go on alone—if it is to be so—in this dim clean starlight, than ever be back again in the little room with its lights and flowers. Do you understand me?'

'I think so,' said Tony.

'At all events, the road is visible ahead,' she went on. 'One sees it glimmering, one can keep between the banks; while, in the little lighted room it is easy to get lost.'

And thus to Millie now, as to Pamela when she rode back from her last interview with Warrisden at the village of the three poplars, the riband of white road stretching away in the dusk became a parable.

'Yes,' said Tony, 'perhaps my path was really the easier one to follow. It was direct and plain.'

'Ah,' said Millie, 'it only seems so because you have traversed it, and are looking back. I do not think it was so simple and direct while you walked upon it.' And Tony, remembering the doubts and perplexities which had besieged him, could not but assent.

'I do not think, too, that it was so easy to discover at the beginning.'

There rose before Tony's eyes the picture of a ketch-rigged boat sailing at night over a calm sea. A man leaned over the bulwarks,

and the bright glare from a lightship ran across the waves and flashed upon his face. Tony remembered the moment very clearly when he had first hit upon his plan; he remembered the weeks of anxiety of which it was the outcome. No, the road had not been easy to find at the beginning. He was silent for a minute, and then he said gently:

‘I am sorry that I asked you to tell your story—I am sorry that I did not leave the decision to you. But it shall be as though you told it of your own accord.’

The sentence was a concession, no less in the manner of its utterance than in the words themselves. Millie took heart, and told him the whole story of her dealings with Lionel Callon, without excuses and without concealments.

‘I seemed to mean so much to him, so little to you,’ she said. ‘You see, I did not understand you at all. You were away, too, and he was near. I do not defend myself.’

She did not spare herself, she taxed her memory for the details of her days; and as she spoke the story seemed more utterly contemptible and small than even she in her abasement had imagined it would be. But she struggled through with it to the end.

‘That night when you stood beneath the windows in Berkeley Square,’ she said, ‘he was with me. He ran in from Lady Millingham’s party and talked with me for half an hour. Yes, at the very time when you were standing on the pavement he was within the house. I know, for you were seen, and on the next day I was told of your presence. I was afraid then. The news was a shock to me. I thought “Suppose you had come in!”’

‘But, back there, in the room,’ Tony interrupted, ‘you told me that you wished I had come in.’

‘Yes,’ she answered. ‘And it is quite true; I wish now that you had come in.’

She told him of the drive round Regent’s Park, and of the consent she gave that night to Lionel Callon.

‘I think you know everything now,’ she said. ‘I have tried to forget nothing. I want you, whatever you decide to do, to decide knowing everything.’

‘Thank you,’ said Tony simply. And she added:

‘I am not the first woman I know who has thrown away the substance for the shadow.’

Upon the rest of that walk little was said. They went forward beneath the stars. A great peace lay upon sea and land. The

hills rose dark and high upon their left hand, the sea murmured and whispered to them upon the right. Millie walked even more slowly as they neared the hotel at Eze, and Tony turned to her with a question :

‘ You are tired ? ’

‘ No,’ she answered.

She was thinking that very likely she would never walk again on any road with Tony at her side, and she was minded to prolong this last walk to the last possible moment. For in this one night Tony had reconquered her. It was not merely that his story had filled her with amazement and pride ; but she had seen him that night strong and dominant, as she had never dreamed of seeing him. She loved his very sternness towards herself. Not once had he spoken her name and called her ‘ Millie.’ She had watched for that and longed for it, and yet because he had not used it she was the nearer to worship. Once she said to him with a start of anxiety :

‘ You are not staying here under your own name ? ’

‘ No,’ he replied. ‘ A friend has taken rooms in Monte Carlo for both of us. Only his name has been given.’

‘ And you will leave France to-morrow ? ’

‘ Yes.’

‘ Promise ! ’ she cried.

Tony promised, with a look of curiosity at his wife. Why should she be so eager for his safety ? He did not understand. He was wondering what he must do in this crisis of their lives. Was he to come, in spite of all his efforts, to that ordinary compromise which it had been his object to avoid ?

They reached the door of the hotel and there Tony halted.

‘ Good-night ! ’ he said ; he did not hold out his hand. He stood confronting Millie with the light from the hall lamp falling full upon his face. Millie hoped that he would say something more—just a little word of kindness or forgiveness—if only she waited long enough without answering him ; and she was willing to wait until the morning came. He did indeed speak again, and then Millie was sorry that she had waited. For he said the one really cruel thing amongst all the words he had said that night. He was not aware of its cruelty, he was only conscious of its truth.

‘ Do you know,’ he said—and upon his tired face there came a momentary smile—‘ to-night I miss the Legion very much.’ Again he said ‘ Good-night.’

This time Millie answered him ; and in an instant he was gone.

She could have cried out ; she could hardly restrain her voice from calling him back to her. ' Was this the end ? ' she asked of herself. ' That one cruel sentence and then the commonplace Good-night, without so much as a touch of the hands. Was this the very end ? ' A sharp fear stabbed her. For a few moments she heard Tony's footsteps upon the flags in front of the hotel, and then for a few moments upon the gravel of the garden path ; and after that she heard only the murmur of the sea. And all at once for her the world was empty. ' Was this the end ? ' she asked herself again most piteously ; ' this, which might have been the beginning.' Slowly she went up to her rooms. Sleep did not visit her that night.

(To be concluded.)

VISITS TO PARIS AFTER THE GREAT WAR.

THE dilettante has no longer a niche left him in our civilisation of to-day. A generation, however, which worships Dumas, and has been brought up on Stevenson, may fondly imagine that one art yet remains open to the merest amateur; but it is not so. *L'art de conspirer* is still a fine art, needing special aptitudes and talents, exacting a long apprenticeship before the smallest success can be won, as I shall hope to make good in the following story.

After the war of 1870-71 English men and women had been reluctantly obliged to give up visits to France. The outbreak of the Commune, the political unrest, and the angry feeling that ensued had frightened the timid, and had made travellers generally consider whether France was a happy place in which to make holiday. From Paris in particular visitors had kept away. In 187—, however, we accepted a pressing invitation from English friends who had their home in France, and were at that time living in Paris. We crossed the Channel on a wild, stormy day in September, and I remember well that the service was late, and that as we clattered up the paved street in the old *quartier* where our friends lived we were thoroughly weary, and had no wish but to go to bed. Our hostess lit a candle and prepared to show us our rooms; but the host, after looking into the passage and carefully shutting the door, said that he had something to say first. 'I want you to promise,' he said to me, 'not to pull out, or attempt to open, a wooden case which is under your bed. The servants and the *concierge* have no notion what is inside, but believe it to be something from our English home which we have not found a place for.'

'But tell me, I beg of you,' I began.

'This is the story,' said he. 'You know that the Vendôme Column was pulled down in the recent disturbances. The shattered pieces lay along and across the roadway on mattresses which had been spread to receive them. The little figure that had stood in the outstretched hand of Napoleon lay amongst the *débris* uninjured. It disappeared. Now you must know that that little figure is a fetich to the French people—"Mademoiselle Victoire" they call her—and when the regular Government got possession of Paris and

began to collect the scattered pieces of the column in order to re-erect it, a great clamour was made and an elaborate search instituted for Mademoiselle Victoire ; but she has never been found. Mademoiselle Victoire is under your bed ; and I must impress upon you that if it were to be known that she were here, it would certainly cost the life of someone ; indeed, we might all be shot. This is how I came to have possession of her. A young workman whom I know well, and for whom I have the greatest respect, was present among the crowd when the column was pulled down. The Victory rolled on the ground at his feet. He swore to himself that that symbol of war and of the aggression of the Napoleonic *régime* should never be raised on high again as an image to be worshipped ; so, with a sort of superstitious feeling that he was helping to *scotch* an evil thing that might yet work mischief to France, he carried home the figure and hid it. It is about two feet six inches in height. When, however, the search for "Mademoiselle Victoire" began, it became a matter of life and death for him to conceal it any longer in his poor lodging, and he brought it to me one night and begged me to keep it and promise never to give it back. I hate the Second Empire and all that it represents as much as my friend the workman,' said our host, 'and so I have kept the Victory ; but 'tis a guest that might bring us death, so swear never, &c., &c.' And we swore.

That night I dreamed an endless dream, as it seemed, of a long series of dangers and disasters, and when in the early morning the market carts came rattling in over the stones of the old street, I woke to fancy that I heard the tramp of soldiers on the stairs and the grounding of arms outside my door. I jumped up and listened, and my first act in the peaceful daylight was to take a good look at the sarcophagus in which 'Mademoiselle Victoire' reposed. It was a wooden packing-case, nailed down, with an English address on a card fastened to it.

It may be well here to tell the end of the story. Our host was most anxious to be rid of his dangerous visitor. Paris was still full of strange rumours, and the demon of suspicion walked abroad. There was talk of getting the Victory to England, but it was felt that the Victory belonged to French history, and could not be moved from French soil. I remember the late Lord Houghton's delight when we told him the story. What a triumph it would be to put the Victory up in his hall, said he. For many years I heard no trustworthy account of her ultimate fate. I had been told

that on a dark night a *fiacre* was called, the case put inside, and driven to the river, where two men hired a boat, and, rowing downstream, lowered it into the Seine. But the true story is thus. Our English friends left Paris, and before leaving were greatly troubled as to how to dispose of the Victory. An old lady, a staunch Republican, offered to take it. She felt that she would be doing her country a service to keep it out of the way. But her sweet and beneficent life had not prepared her for such a troublesome guest. It got upon her nerves; she found herself always thinking of it; and at last she persuaded a friend to relieve her of the responsibility. He, in a flippant spirit, painted the poor Victory white. He described to me how odd she looked, and shorn of her glory, and how like a malefactor he felt when he had reduced her to the level of a plaster cast. He tried many plans of concealment, and at last wedged her tight into a disused chimney. But after a while he, too, found the part too onerous to sustain. He would wake in the night at some chance noise to fancy that she had fallen down the chimney and was being picked up by the *concierger*. 'Elle m'obsédait,' said he, 'à un tel point' that one day he determined to have done with her for ever; so, years after the day on which we found her in our friend's house, he carried her to a deserted open space outside Paris and laid her carefully down upon a heap of rubbish. I have always felt that the Victory imposed her personality very strongly upon those who had charge of her.

The authorities, I need not say, very soon discovered her, divested her of her coating of white paint, and replaced her on the Colonne Vendôme, where once more she presides over the destinies of France.

'Je n'étais pas fait pour être conspirateur,' said my friend.

Readers of French novels may have read a book lately published in which the adventures of 'Mademoiselle Victoire' are set forth; but the adventures are fictitious. The story I have told is history, and I think it proves my point that conspiracy is a fine art.

We left our friend's house at the end of a week to go to an hotel, and then, for the first time, I made some acquaintance with old Paris—the Paris which to-day has been improved away. It was our great privilege to have as cicerone M. Pierre Laffitte. It would be impossible to convey to those who never knew him his charm of conversation, the wit, humour, learning, and sympathy which made his society so delightful and informing. I may say

here that he was an intimate of M. Anatole France, who in one of the sages of 'l'Orme du Mail' has drawn a delicate picture of our friend. M. Laffitte, then, was our guide.

'La journée sera dure, mais elle finira,' said he, laughingly, as we started out. He took us up narrow paved streets where no carriage could pass, and where the people sat in the streets at their trades. At a certain place he would always pause, and, taking off his hat, murmur, 'C'est la terre sacrée de la Révolution,' and then he would show the Rue Servandoni, where the great Condorcet lay hid, and where he wrote his famous treatise, 'On the Progress of the Human Mind,' whilst the Mountain was hunting him to death.

We saw the Rue de Fouarre, where rumour has it that Dante lived when, as a student, he came to work in Paris. He bade us observe how the great rose window of Notre Dame, which was in Dante's time the marvel of architecture, showed clear above the low houses, and how one might be permitted to imagine that it was here that the poet was inspired with the idea of the mystic rose of the Trinity in the 'Paradiso.' We wandered round the Sorbonne in the haunts of the students, and saw the little old gabled house in which Marat was killed by Charlotte Corday.

I cannot rehearse all that we saw on that memorable day. I only know that we were quite wearied out as we turned our steps to his flat in the Rue d'Assas, he entertaining us all the way with a dissertation on the philosophy of courage in the abstract, and courage *en face de l'obus*. As we neared home he suddenly stopped. 'Ah! here lay poor Jules in his blood for a day and a night, and none dared approach him. He was the baker's lad, and brought me my rolls every morning; but he fought on a barricade, or was supposed to have fought, so they put him up against the wall, and shot him then and there. He was a good lad, the only support of his mother. Those are memories that sink deep. He had a generous heart, poor Jules!'

Perhaps I may be allowed here to tell a tale which Mr. Charles Austin told me of a scene he witnessed when the Versailles entered Paris. The tale has been told in a poem by Victor Hugo. This is Mr. Charles Austin's prose version. He saw, one day roaming about Paris—a not uncommon sight—a group of men and women put against a wall to be shot. Their hands were supposed to be blackened with powder. Amongst them was a lad of twelve or fourteen who, before the order to shoot could be given, stepped forward and begged to be allowed to take back the watch his

mother had lent him. He produced a huge turnip of a watch and promised faithfully to return. Mr. Austin said it was a moment of anguish. None could be sure that the child was telling the truth ; but the officer commanding, giving him a kick, said : ' Va-t'en au diable ! ' The child ran off, the order to shoot rang out, but the horrid business was hardly over before the clatter of feet was heard, the boy reappeared round a corner, and, putting himself against the wall, prepared for death. It was impossible to kill that heroic little soul. ' It renews one's faith in human nature,' said Mr. Austin.

But there were other things in Paris besides these dregs of revolution. M. Turgenev was there, and it was to be our privilege to make his acquaintance. In those days Turgenev was not the accepted classic that he has since become. I had learnt to know and appreciate him from G. H. Lewes and G. Eliot, who had a veritable culte for the great Russian, and our old friend, M. Kovalevski, had promised to procure for me the pleasure of a visit from him. So we waited in our modest apartment, very high up, I am afraid, in a Paris hotel, for the arrival of the great man. Punctual to a moment almost he came, and, sitting down, he said, in his perfect eighteenth-century French : ' Well, *mes amis*, Kovalevski tells me that you read my books, and would like to see me. Here I am ; now what shall we talk about ? '

I have seen many distinguished men, politicians, warriors, writers, poets, artists, but I never saw any man who was so completely the hero. Well over six feet in height, with long limbs and spare frame, clad in a loose coat, he carried himself with an ease and dignity that impressed you as of one of the natural lords of creation. His head was that of the Olympian Jove, crowned with thick locks as white as snow. Very dark eyes under thick, overhanging brows flashed a thousand meanings at you as he spoke. His voice was full and musical, his manner simple without pose, though at that time he was the darling of the French *salons*. A fine, noble nature one felt, with a passionate sympathy for the people, and along with the artist's perception of the beautiful, the look of one who had seen and suffered much.

He said that we had a long afternoon before us, and could have a real ' conversation.' Were we interested in the social question in Russia ? Wouldn't we like to ask questions ? And he himself began the questions by inquiring which of his books we had read, and which we liked best. I said, ' *Récits d'un Chasseur*

Russe' and 'Elena,' in the English translation 'On the Eve.' He then told us the whole story of how the 'Récits' had come to be written, and of the consequences the book had entailed upon him. He gave us a wonderful account, too, of his reception by the students, men and women, at the University of Moscow, and of the touching welcome they had given him. He said that I was right, a thousand times right, to put 'Elena' first. He considered it to be the best and truest of his novels. And so we talked and talked of the state of Russia, of the barbarous treatment of the Communards in Paris, and many other things, till the evening drew on and he had to rush away to dinner. He promised to come to stay with us in England, but added, somewhat sorrowfully: 'When a man makes his home in another man's nest he is not always able to do as he would like. But my parcel,' said he; 'I have dropped it; it is the *souliers de satin de ces demoiselles*.' So we parted, already old friends, never, alas! to meet again.

The next summer found us established at Fontainebleau. It was a time of grave political unrest. The fate of the Republic seemed to hang in the balance, and men spoke of nothing but the various pretenders, of revolution, and of civil war. Gambetta had just made his great speech, of which one sentence had rung through the country. He summoned the discredited Government *ou se soumettre ou se démettre*. A general election was imminent, and the air was charged with a dangerous electricity. Our first instinct on arrival was to provide ourselves with newspapers, but we found that the newsvendor in the town would not, dared not in fact, supply any Republican paper. The 'Débats,' the 'République Française'—Gambetta's organ—the 'Temps,' and many other respectable journals could not be bought anywhere, but the friends in whose house we were to live had arranged that a supply should be sent us daily from Paris in a paper parcel. There were six copies of, I think, the 'République Française,' which we were to give away quietly to people who otherwise would not have seen a Republican paper. One was for the gardener, a fine old peasant and most worthy citizen; another for a *garde champêtre*, a third for the laundress. All six papers had to be secretly given away. It was a strange state of things that under a republican government people in the country were afraid to sell republican prints of the greatest respectability.

We have all heard the story of how there were people living in England who had never heard the name of Queen Victoria, but

I had never before realised how difficult it is to make every voter in a country acquainted with the mere names of different political leaders. For whom and for what were these poor country folk going to vote at the coming election? Here the importance of Gambetta's military campaign became evident. That campaign had saved the self-respect of France, and Gambetta's name was, at all events, known in every cottage. 'Eh, que voulez-vous? Nous avons toujours Gambetta,' said our *cocher* one day when we were trying to talk politics. But what could the uneducated voter make of the names of the different candidates for power—the Empress Eugénie, the Prince Imperial, the Duc d'Aumale, the Comte de Paris, Thiers, MacMahon, Gambetta?

But one day a bombshell fell in our midst. Even Marshal MacMahon's newspapers had to announce the death of M. Thiers, 'le Libérateur du Territoire'—yes, and the man who was credited with the suppression of the rebellion of the Commune with needless brutality. The death came at last unexpectedly, and the event was felt by everyone to be a serious catastrophe. None could say what would happen. Would there be a public funeral? Could there be a private funeral? What would the Marshal do? What did the family wish? Was it possible that a procession could pass through the streets of Paris without disturbance? And, in the agitated condition of public feeling, where would that end? To what might it not lead?

Everyone in Fontainebleau was disturbed, and in letters that came to us from Paris grave anxiety was expressed. The English newspapers also predicted an outbreak. Happily we had been going to Paris, and the news reached us at the railway station. We determined to see the funeral, cost what it might, and to take counsel with our Parisian friends. It is the custom of French Positivists to meet together on September 5 at the house where Auguste Comte lived and died, 10 Monsieur le Prince, and, after a commemorative discourse, to dine together at the Café Voltaire or some other restaurant in old Paris. These 'banquets' are necessarily large, and the price of the dinner is a low one that working men and their wives may attend. The 'banquet' promised that night to be more than usually interesting. We sat down nearly one hundred persons. I found myself next to a very pleasant young man, who might have been the *attaché* to an embassy. On the other side of him was a lady, a stranger to me, as was the young man. By-and-by the two began talking of the real art of making

coffee, and I found that they differed quite seriously. 'Well, but,' said I, 'madame must surely know more than you about the making of coffee, because she constantly has to make it, whereas you, I suppose, seldom do.' 'Pardon, madame,' he answered with a bow, 'je suis cuisinier de mon état,' and he went on to explain that he had just been admitted to the Circle of the Cooks of Paris, a very select body, famous, as I afterwards learnt, not only for their standard of cooking, but also for their political sagacity.

I may mention here that, though my husband has been made honorary member of learned foreign societies, there is no diploma which he values more than that which makes him member of the Cuisiniers de Paris. I found my young cook most pleasant, well informed, and unassuming. We talked of the situation during dinner, as may be supposed. After the speeches were over, and we had drunk in silence, all standing, the toast of 'Les Morts,' the company broke up, and now was our opportunity to get information on the subject of the funeral. Happily our old friend, M. Magnin, was present. An aged workman who had seen many political crises, engineer, mathematician, and man of science, he had been the trusted personal friend of Auguste Comte.

He said: 'There will be no disturbance. The people of Paris are too sagacious to play into the hands of MacMahon and his pretender. We respect M. Thiers because he freed France of the foreigner. That was a great and distinguished service, and Frenchmen do not forget it; but,' he continued, 'there will be no enthusiasm. We shall all be there; all Paris will be in the streets as a mark of respect; but we do not forget the brutalities of the Versaillais. He was responsible. Trust me, there will be no enthusiasm.'

'Well, but,' said we, 'that is a *nuance*, a delicate *nuance*. How can you be sure that your people will appreciate it, or will be able to act on it as a great public demonstration? See what the newspapers say!'

'The newspapers know nothing,' he replied; 'but I tell you, with absolute confidence, that thus it will be. Word has gone round the workshops of Paris, and you will see.' We did see.

The day of the funeral was beautifully bright and sunny; the whole of Paris was in the streets. Some friends had given us a window looking on to the procession, and early in the morning we took our places. It soon became difficult to move about. The street below us became a swaying mass. All the working men of

Paris seemed to be out in blouses—some blue, some white. A very foolish conversation went on just behind me as to which were the more dangerous, the men in the blue or the white blouses. It was decided that the blue blouse was the sign of disorder, and whenever several blue blouses were to be seen together in the street below us ‘that means mischief,’ said my neighbours. In truth, it was a most impressive sight: the vast crowds, the uncovered heads, the absolute silence as the bier went by, bore testimony to the respect of the people. When at last the burly form of Gambetta, the President of the Chamber, was seen walking in front of the deputies, a faint cry of ‘Vive Gambetta!’ was raised, but was not taken up, for, with both arms extended, he waved the people, as though saying, ‘Hush, enough! We bury our liberator.’ And so, with the whole of Paris to mourn him, their great citizen was carried to the grave, in all respect, as M. Magnin had said, but without enthusiasm. The elections that followed gave France a republic.

It is impossible to avoid contrasting in one’s thoughts the uneventful, peaceful, and easy-going life of Englishmen in their island home with the fierce storm of emotions which swept over France after the war. Every thinking man and woman was then torn with rage, despair, and humiliation. Many of them had suffered the loss of their entire fortune, all had had losses, and mothers and wives had given the lives of those dearest to them—for what? A very charming young Frenchwoman, whose husband was in the Garde Nationale, and was in all the sorties from Paris during the siege, said to me that, bitter as had been their punishment, the cup was not yet full.

Perhaps enough has not been made in Europe of the extraordinary recovery of France after all her disasters. Who can doubt that she is now richer, stronger, happier, better educated, with a more stable Government, and a more general feeling of content than at any time in the last hundred years? I have just returned from Paris, and am immensely struck by the appearance of *bien-être* and happiness which pervades all classes. France has recovered her self-respect; she possesses herself again, and the old gaiety and elasticity of spirits have come back. The traveller is once again *le bien venu*. The terrible *affaire* has quieted down, and, as a clever Frenchwoman said to me, if we have had our Calas and our Dreyfus, at all events we have had veritable martyrs for the right. We have done what we could to make reparation.

In all that *affaire* poor Dreyfus probably is still the most to be pitied. 'I am not a man strong enough to stand as the symbol of truth and justice,' he is reported to have said. But in spite of recent alleged discoveries the *affaire* is over, and has left the country stronger and wiser than before. Was it not Voltaire who spoke of France as the 'whipped cream' of Europe? The grace, ease, and charm which were always hers she wears to-day with the consciousness that behind them are the solid qualities of hard work, a splendid fortitude, and a grand intellectual equipment.

ETHEL B. HARRISON.

IN THE THROES OF COMPOSITION.

THAT the work of composing is not affected by time, or place, or circumstance was one of Dr. Johnson's dogmatic assertions. He snorted scornfully at Boswell's contention that the weather has an irresistible influence upon the mind, especially in the case of writers of weak frames and fine sensibilities. 'A man,' said he, 'can write just as well at one time as at another, if he will only set his mind to it.' 'To temperance every day is bright, and every hour is propitious to diligence,' he writes in one of his *Idler* papers. 'He that shall resolutely excite his faculties, or exert his virtues, will soon make himself superior to the seasons, and may set at defiance the morning mist and the evening damp, the blasts of the east and the clouds of the south.'

Johnson had a robust common sense and a penetrating understanding which enabled him usually to get at the right in an argument. But the spirit of contradiction or sophistry occasionally took possession of him, and when in the mood of contrariness he would bring all the powers of his mind to the support of a contention which he knew in his heart to be wrong; so that, as Boswell says, it is not easy to arrive at his real opinion on subjects unconnected with the great truths of religion and morality, on which alone he was always serious and consistent. His contention that the mind of a writer is ever in working order, that composition is merely a matter of sitting down at a table, pen in hand, with paper and ink, and writing one's thoughts, is sadly contradicted by the history of literary achievement. Is it not the common experience of all who write, to find themselves at times in so barren a condition of mind that it is with pain they can think of something to say on the subject with which they propose to deal, and that when the laggard thought is at last forthcoming, to give form and harmony to the sentence in which they endeavour to body it forth on paper is a work of irritating labour? The powers of speculation and invention lie dormant. The lamp of imagination has burned out. The brain is dull and heavy, and seems absolutely incapable of originating a thought. Language is halting and commonplace. There is no 'go' in the sentences; they positively refuse to march. The

very pen, whose touch in the moment of inspiration is thrilling seems weighted with lead.

Owen Meredith sings :

Talk not of genius baffled ; genius is master of man ;
Genius does what it must, and talent does what it can.

The genius who is a writer will, it is true, eventually deliver himself somehow of his message to mankind, no matter what difficulties may be in the way ; but it is an exaggeration to say that even he is master of time and place and circumstance. Take Carlyle, who as a writer was a genius if ever there was one. In time he succeeded in sending his message forth in thirty-four volumes. What a prodigious amount of work ! Yet composition seems to have been a torture to him. In 1824, in the very glamour of the beginning of his literary career, he said : ' Certainly no one wrote with such tremendous difficulty as I do,' and he added wistfully, ' shall I ever write with ease ? ' The effort of writing was always laborious to him. He wrote, as his brother John so well expresses it, ' with his heart's blood ' ; and as Froude adds, ' in a state of fevered tension.' In his ' Journal ' he thus soliloquises after he had completed ' The French Revolution ' in 1837 :

I have felt in a general way as if I should like never to write any line more in the world. Literature ! Oh, Literature ! Oh, that Literature had never been devised ! Then, perhaps, were I a living man, and not a half-dead, enchanted, spectre-haunted nondescript. On the whole, however, resting and ' lazily simmering ' will no longer do. This day I must begin writing again—article, bad luck to it ! on Sir Walter Scott for ' Mill's Review.' I return, not like a warrior to his battle-field, but like a galley slave scourged back by the whip of necessity. Surely, in a few years I shall either get out of this dreadful state by some alleviation, or else die and sink under it. I feel, in a general way, that my only hope is to die. Take up the oar, however, and tug, since it must be so.

On the other hand, when Anthony Trollope decided to write a novel he first fixed its length—so many thousand words ; and allowed himself a certain time—so many months, in which to complete it. His average output was forty pages a week, with 240 words to a page. ' I have prided myself in completing my work exactly within the proposed dimensions,' he says ; ' but I have prided myself especially in completing it within the proposed time.' It was his practice, when at home, to be at his writing-table every morning (Sunday excepted) at half-past five o'clock. He paid his groom 5*l.* a year extra to call him about

five o'clock and bring him a cup of coffee. He turned out his allotted amount of composition with amazing ease and regularity before he ate his breakfast. For him there were no such torturing questions as 'How shall I begin?'—'What on earth shall I say?' For him there was no nibbling at his penholder, no vacant gazing out of the window. He had always something to say and words to express it with clearness. He acquired such a facility as a writer—or rather he was endowed with so rare an intellectual and physical equipment—that he dashed off the chapters of his novels with astonishing rapidity. He timed himself in composition as with a stop-watch—so many minutes, so many lines. His rate of writing was 250 words for every quarter of an hour. He composed with his watch on the table before him, and found invariably that the 250 words were forthcoming regularly as the minute hand reached the quarter.

As a surveyor of the Post Office he had to travel in the provinces a good deal. The hours he passed in a railway carriage were equally fruitful in literary work. 'I made for myself,' he says, 'a little tablet, and found after a few days' exercise that I could write as quickly in a railway carriage as I could at my desk. I worked with a pencil, and what I wrote my wife copied afterwards.' If he slept a night in London, he would be found in the early morning in the long drawing-room of the Athenæum turning out his inevitable 250 words every quarter of an hour. Even during a terribly rough voyage between Marseilles and Alexandria—when he had to visit Egypt on the business of the Post Office—he wrote the allotted number of pages every day. 'On this occasion,' he says, 'more than once I left my paper on the cabin table, rushing away to be sick in the privacy of my state-room.' What a triumph of the mind over physical disability! The average man oppressed by sea-sickness could not write a sentence if it were to calm the raging storm.

Trollope derided the idea that a writer should wait until inspiration moved him. 'When I have heard such doctrines preached I have hardly been able to repress my scorn,' he said. 'To me it would not be more absurd if the shoemaker were to wait for inspiration, or the tallow-chandler for the divine moment of melting.' 'I was once told,' he also said, 'that the surest aid to the writing of a book was a piece of cobbler's wax on my chair. I certainly believe in cobbler's wax much more than in inspiration.' 'It can be done anywhere,' he declared, referring

to composition; 'in any clothes, which is a great thing; at any hours—to which happy accident in literature I owe my success.'

We have in Trollope, then, a man who, in Johnson's words, could write just as well at one time as at another; but the truth is that Trollope was, in that respect, a phenomenon in literature. Johnson himself was so constitutionally indolent, and found the labour of composition so hard, that when placed by his State pension in 1762 above the necessity of writing for a livelihood, his literary output shrank considerably, and, in fact, 'A Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland' and 'Lives of the Poets' were the only works of any importance from his pen during the twenty-two years of life that remained to him after he came into the possession of 200*l.* per annum. But Trollope had an amazingly healthy mental and physical equipment, a cheerful temperament, grit and determination, a keen delight in literary labour; and his mind, being a perfect piece of mechanism, worked with the ease of a machine. These gifts, mental and physical, he probably inherited from his mother, who, in her way, was a very remarkable woman. Her husband failed in everything to which he put his hand, and she was over fifty years old when compelled to take to literature to support her family. She continued writing until she was seventy-six, and in those twenty-five years she produced as many as 114 volumes. At Bruges, whither the family accompanied the father, who had to fly from England to escape arrest for debt, Mrs. Trollope nursed her dying husband and son, and wrote her novels at the same time. 'The doctor's vials and the ink-bottle held equal places in my mother's rooms,' says Trollope. 'I have written many novels under many circumstances; but I doubt much whether I could write one when my whole heart was by the bedside of a dying son.' 'She was at her table at four in the morning, and had finished her work before the world had begun to be aroused.' 'Of all people I have known,' Trollope also says, 'she was the most joyous, or at any rate the most capable of joy.' That, in truth, was the secret of the industry and the ability to write under any circumstances of both mother and son—high spirits and good health. For them, happily, composition had no throes. They wrote serenely, without any worry or fretfulness.

Sir Walter Scott said he had never known a man of genius who could be perfectly regular in his habits; whilst he had known many blockheads who were models of order and method.

If Anthony Trollope was not a genius he was by no means a blockhead. As to the quality of the fiction which he turned out so mechanically, there is the enthusiastic testimony of Nathaniel Hawthorne, who, in his novels and in his method of composition, was the very antithesis of Trollope. 'Have you ever read the novels of Anthony Trollope?' he writes. 'They precisely suit my taste—solid and substantial, written on the strength of beef and through the inspiration of ale, and just as real as if some giant had hewn a great lump out of the earth and put it under a glass case, with all its inhabitants going about their daily business and not suspecting that they were being made a show of. And these books are just as English as a beef-steak.'

It was in his 'Autobiography,' which was published after his death, that Trollope made this frank and perhaps cynical but certainly most interesting disclosure of the manner in which he wrote his novels. Among the comments by literary men which it evoked was one by Freeman. 'I myself know what fixed hours of work are and their value,' said the historian, 'but I could not undertake to write about William Rufus or Appius Claudius up to a certain moment on the clock and to stop at that moment. I suppose it was from his habits of official business that Mr. Trollope learned to do it, and every man undoubtedly knows best how to do his own work. Still, it is strange that works of imagination did not suffer by such a way of doing.' But, surely, Freeman forgot the difference in literary workmanship between historical writing and fiction. Freeman could not have evolved from his inner consciousness William Rufus or Appius Claudius, as Trollope brought forth the famous Archdeacon Grantly in 'The Warden' without ever having met an archdeacon or ever having lived in a cathedral city except London. The historian deals with real persons and events; the novelist is concerned with fictitious characters and experiences which he can mould as he pleases. Imaginative writing is perhaps the highest form of literary effort; but it is also the easiest—easiest, that is, to a mind equipped for such work with the qualities of observation, insight, and imagination. To a man like Trollope, with exuberant productive powers, the writing of a novel was easy and swift of accomplishment. To write history as Freeman wrote it—scientifically, with profound accuracy, involving as it does study, research, and investigation—must necessarily be slow and toilsome work. The oblivion which has, to some extent, fallen upon

Trollope's works has been ascribed to this confession of his mechanical method of composition. The suggestion appears to me to be far-fetched. Surely the interest of the reader in a book would be whetted rather than dulled if he knew that the author spent a month over each sentence, or wrote a chapter in the twinkling of an eye. If Trollope's novels are now neglected it is not because he turned them out with clock-like regularity, but simply and solely because, in the ever varying taste of readers of popular fiction, they have ceased to be interesting. For my part, I never think of the fertile and industrious Trollope without mourning over his lost opportunities. Such was his marvellous fecundity of mind, that if he had called in the aid of a shorthand clerk he might have dictated one novel to his secretary while he himself simultaneously wrote another, or he might have cultivated the trick of writing fiction with his left and right hands together. Certainly, had he lived in this day of the typewriter he could have doubled his literary output at least.

Southey was another methodical and rapid literary craftsman. 'I am a quiet, patient, easy-going hack of the mule breed; regular as clockwork in my pace, sure-footed, bearing the burden which is laid on me, and only obstinate in choosing my own path,' he wrote to a friend. But his method was by no means simple. He was a poet, an historian, a critic, and a miscellaneous writer; he turned out an enormous quantity of matter, and succeeded in doing so by working fourteen hours a day and diversifying his labours within his daily round. He had six tables in his library. He wrote poetry at one, history at another, criticism at a third, and so on with the other subjects upon which he was engaged, and when he was tired of spinning his brains into verse he turned to history and criticism. There is a story that he once described to Madame de Staël the division of his time—two hours before breakfast for history, two hours for reading after, two hours for the composition of poetry, two hours for criticism, and so on through all his working day. 'And pray, Mr. Southey,' queried the Frenchwoman, somewhat unkindly, 'when do you think?' But surely he did well to follow the bent of his mental idiosyncrasy? 'Don't swear and bid me do one thing at a time,' he wrote to a friend. 'I tell you I can't afford to do one thing at a time—no, nor two neither. It is only by doing many things that I continue to do so much, for I cannot work long together at anything without hurting myself; and so I do everything by

heats; then, by the time I am tired of one my inclination for another is coming round.'

Is there a remedy for the barren or inactive state of mind which comes to all writers who are not Trollopes or Southey's? Can the reluctant and sluggish brain be whipped into activity? Some writers found in alcohol the quickening spirit which kindled their torpid imaginations, and aroused to full activity their drowsy powers of mind. Moore, who was fond of wine, sings :

If with water you fill up your glasses
You'll never write anything wise;
For wine is the horse of Parnassus
Which hurries a bard to the skies.

Sheridan needed the cerebral excitement caused by wine when engaged in composition. 'If an idea be reluctant a glass of port ripens it and it bursts forth,' he said; 'if it comes freely a glass of port is a glorious reward for it.' With Sheridan, indeed, it was easy to provide 'an excuse for the glass.' Hollands was Byron's favourite drink when he desired to set his mind on fire. 'He assured me,' writes Medwin, 'that gin and water was the true hippocrene, and the source of all his inspiration.' Fielding 'got up steam' by a glass of brandy and water. Wilkie Collins put himself in the mood for writing 'The Moonstone' or 'The Woman in White' by doses of champagne and brandy.

'Claret is a liquor for boys and port for men; but he who aspires to be a hero must drink brandy,' said Johnson. Yet he compiled his Dictionary on tea. 'A hardened and shameless tea drinker,' he called himself, 'who with tea amuses the evening, with tea solaces the midnight, and with tea welcomes the morning.' He did not believe in exciting the imagination by intoxicants. He held that wine gave a man nothing, but only put in motion what had been locked up in frost. 'A man,' said he, 'should so cultivate his mind as to have that confidence and readiness without wine which wine gives.' A good deal depends upon the individual temperament. In the case of Charles Lamb indulgence in beer or wine thawed his frost-bound mind. 'It lighted up his fading fancy,' says one of his biographers, 'enriched his humour, and impelled the struggling thought or beautiful image into day.' To Lamb and Burns, as well as to most writers noted for their fondness for alcohol, drinking was more an intellectual than a sensual pleasure. The literary

temperament, nervous and highly strung as it usually is, and a prey to black despair, often finds in alcohol the fairy which lifts it on its airy wings out of the depths of mental depression and barrenness to the heights of intellectual exaltation and literary activity. Thomson frequently composed with a bowl of punch before him, for he found the spirit quickened the action of his intellect and made his thoughts run brisker. There is a story related of Addison that he often composed walking up and down the long drawing-room of Holland House, with a bottle of sherry and a glass at each end, and when his creative faculty fagged he sought for 'thoughts that breathe and words that burn' in the wine. In Scotland, we are told, literature is cultivated on a little oatmeal. Yet James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, went so far as to declare that a man who did not drink could not be a poet, or in other words that a sober poet was an impossibility. While Hogg was at Keswick, Southey, at his invitation, called to see him at his inn. 'I was a grieved as well as an astonished man,' says Hogg, 'when I found that he refused all participation in my beverage of rum punch. For a poet to refuse his glass was to me a phenomenon, and I confess I doubted in my own mind, and doubt to this day, if perfect sobriety and transcendent poetic genius can exist together. In Scotland I am sure they cannot.' The first time that Hogg dined with Walter Scott he advanced in familiarity, as the wine passed, from 'Mr. Scott' to 'Shirra' (Sheriff), 'Scott,' 'Walter,' and finally 'Waltie,' till at supper he convulsed everyone by addressing Mrs. Scott familiarly as 'Charlotte.' Scott himself drank whisky rather than wine. 'He sincerely preferred,' says Lockhart, 'a tumbler of whisky-toddy to the most precious liquid-ruby that ever flowed in the cup of a prince.' But perhaps the only great poet who was intemperate was Burns. Wordsworth—to quote but one of many examples of great poets who were abstemious—pleads guilty to having got drunk only once. In 'The Prelude,' describing a visit to Milton's room at Cambridge, he says :

O temperate Bard,
Be it confest that for the first time seated
Within thy innocent lodge and oratory,
One of a festive circle, I poured out
Libations to thy memory, drank till pride
And gratitude grew dizzy in a brain
Never excited by the fumes of wine
Before that hour or since.

Milton himself said : ' He who would write an epic for the nation must subsist on vegetables and water.' Shelley and Chatterton were also water-drinkers as well as vegetarians, not, however, because they agreed with Milton, but because they had no taste for strong drink or flesh meats. They could not enjoy the delicacies of the table. Good things, in the way of eating and drinking, would have been wasted upon them.

Various, indeed, are the means to which writers have recourse in order to ease the throes of composition. Coffee is commonly indulged in as a stimulant for a tired brain, especially by literary night-workers. Some writers take a brisk walk or a ride or some other form of outdoor exercise before sitting down to work. Others during urgent and continuous labour wrap wet towels around their heads. I know one writer who has a profound belief in the efficacy of a cold bath as an aid to composition. I know another who keeps his feet in mustard and water at his writing desk. Darwin found a literary stimulant in snuff.

Probably most of the literary work by men is turned out in clouds of smoke. ' In common with nine-tenths of my literary brethren I am a constant smoker,' said James Payn. ' I smoke the whole time I am engaged in composition (three hours *per diem*) and often after meals, but very light tobacco—*latakia*. That it stimulates the imagination I have little doubt, and as I have worked longer and more continuously for thirty years than any other author (save one), I cannot believe that tobacco has done me any harm.' Milton, though a water-drinker and a vegetarian, smoked. Tobacco undoubtedly conduces to thinking. It is also a sedative. Charles Kingsley often worked himself into a white heat of composition over the book upon which he was engaged, until, too excited to write any more, he would calm himself down with a pipe and a walk in his garden. ' There are two things for which I never grudge money—books and cigars,' said Buckle, the historian. But tobacco is perhaps best suited for the poet. Carlyle said that smoking brought to him ' ideal cloudy dreams,' and partaken in repose and inaction—when it is most thoroughly enjoyed—tobacco is, indeed, conducive to ' sweet thoughts and quiet breathings.' Tennyson was an inveterate smoker. Byron, however, preferred to chew tobacco rather than to smoke it.

Hawthorne, it will be remembered, said of Trollope's novels that they seemed to have been ' written on the strength of beef,'

and that they are 'as English as a beef-steak.' Is the stomach, then, the seat of literary power? Does thought vary with the kind of food that is eaten? If this were true, it might be possible so to cultivate the mind by a system of dieting as to make it bring forth its best powers in literary composition. Skill in the treatment of land has been brought almost to perfection. The agriculturist knows well how to make poor soil and rich soil alike yield their best by manuring, and the rotation of crops. May not a system of farming be applied also to the brain? May not the faculties of reflection, and reasoning, and imagination be developed by a steady course of certain dishes? This much, at least, is generally believed, that some foods are more conducive than others to mental activity. It is said that phosphorus is the light of the intellect, and that a liberal diet of fish, which is supposed to be richer in phosphorus than any other food, is essential for the repair of the wear and tear of the brain. An abnormal fondness for fish is a sure sign of the young literary aspirant. He stands enraptured before the marble slab of a fishmonger. It contains, in his opinion, the raw material of deathless verse and prose! That haddock, selling at a few pence per lb., might lead, if properly assimilated, to the production of another 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,' or 'The Origin of Species.' From that trout or plaice might spring another 'Deserted Village,' or 'Ode to a Skylark.' There are potentialities of a 'Hamlet,' a 'Don Juan,' or a 'Jane Eyre' in that salmon. Indeed, this belief that the eating of fish stimulates the flow of thought, and calls up appropriate words for their expression, lingers occasionally beyond the aspirant stage of literature. I know an old journalist who seeks inspiration for his nightly 'leading article' in a supper of stout and oysters, or salmon mayonnaise, or lobster salad. I cannot, however, say that there is much phosphorescence in his effusions. They are more solid than brilliant.

Still, one does not find that the authors of books which continue to arrest, through the centuries, the attention of the world, were remarkable for a fondness for fish. It is true that stewed lampreys was the only dish that would tempt Pope to get out of bed for dinner when he stayed at Lord Bolingbroke's, but that fish was regarded as an epicurean treat, rather than as the physical basis for the 'Essay on Man' or the 'Rape of the Lock.' Moore tells us that Byron informed him he preferred

fish to flesh. 'The noble poet,' as Moore was fond of describing him, had a notion that animal food debased character and intellect. 'I remember one day,' writes Moore, 'as I sat opposite to him, employed, I suppose, rather earnestly over a beefsteak, after watching me for a few seconds he said in a grave tone of inquiry, "Moore, don't you find eating beefsteak makes you ferocious?"' Byron—'to attenuate and keep up the ethereal part of me,' as he puts it—lived principally on biscuits and soda-water.

But Dryden, accepting an invitation to supper, unpoetically wrote: 'If beggars might be choosers, a chine of honest bacon would please my appetite more than all the marrow puddings, for I like them better plain, having a very vulgar stomach.' Johnson also possessed a taste for coarse dishes such as boiled pork, and veal pie stuffed with plums and sugar; and, like George III., had a voracious attachment to a boiled leg of mutton. Boiled beans and bacon was Thackeray's favourite dish. In all these cases the gratification of the appetite rather than the stimulation of the intellect was the object in view. We know that Macaulay had an abhorrence of cold boiled veal, for he wrote to his sister in reference to John Wilson Croker: 'I hate him as I hate cold boiled veal;' and Goldsmith's dislike of cold mutton is apparent from his line that Edmund Burke was doomed to 'Eat mutton cold and cut blocks with a razor.' Curiously enough, Tennyson had a liking for 'boiled salt beef and new potatoes.' When his friends joked with him on his peculiar taste, he would reply good-humouredly, 'All fine-natured men know what is good to eat.' But what he regarded as a perfect dinner, according to his son, was 'a beef-steak, a potato, a cut of cheese, a pint of port, and afterwards a pipe, never a cigar,' a meal which at least was in harmony with his powerful physical frame, if not with his poetic temperament. One evening that Tennyson and Thackeray dined together, the poet declared his love for Catullus, and quoted some of his lines. 'I do not rate him highly; I could do better myself,' said the novelist. Next morning, Tennyson received a letter from Thackeray, humbly apologising for his boasting. 'When I have dined,' he wrote, 'sometimes I believe myself to be equal to the greatest painters and poets.' He added, 'That delusion goes off, and then I know what a small fiddle mine is, and what small tunes I play upon it.'

It would seem, too, that the greengrocer runs the fishmonger

and the butcher close in providing the writer with material for the up-keep of his brain. Sir Isaac Newton wrote his 'Principia,' in which he explains the laws which govern the universe, on a scanty daily allowance of vegetables, bread and water. Was there ever a more notable example of plain living and high thinking?

Shelley was of opinion that abstinence from flesh meats clears and subtilises the intellectual faculties. He never had regular meals; he ate only when he was hungry, and often at the end of the day he would say to his wife, 'Mary, have I dined?' Bread was literally his staff of life. 'When he felt hungry,' his friend Thomas Jefferson Hogg writes, 'he would dash into the first baker's shop, buy a loaf, and rush out again bearing it under his arm; and he strode onward in his rapid course breaking off pieces of bread and greedily swallowing them.' Professor Dowden in his biography of the poet says: 'Around the seat on which he read or wrote a circle of crumbs and fragments would lie scattered on the floor. He made his meal of bread luxurious by the addition of common pudding raisins, purchased at some mean shop, where, customers being few, he might be speedily served, and these he carried loose in his waistcoat pocket.' It would seem, therefore, as if the reasoning and imaginative powers can be as active on salads or cereals as on soles or steaks.

Indeed, I have heard it asserted by a poet that the physical basis of all good poetry is starvation. It is my friend's experience that after an excellent dinner his fancy is humble and earth-crawling; but that by abstaining for a day or two from food he falls into a sort of intellectual trance, and, like the ascetic monks of old, sees visions which he is able to describe in inspired phrases. Again, some of our greatest writers were martyrs to delicate and infirm stomachs. Carlyle, we know, was a life-long victim of dyspepsia. 'A rat gnawing at the pit of my stomach' is his terrible description of his disorder. However, dyspepsia is by no means the certain sign of literary ability, nor can it be conducive to inspiration in composition. A genius of course may write and write and be dyspeptic. He can rise superior to the chronic pangs of indigestion as to every other form of intermittent physical pain and discomfort. But for the average writer successfully to grapple with the throes of composition there must be no rat gnawing at the pit of his stomach. Still, indigestion has its literary uses. I know writers who are so

incorrigibly cheerful, optimistic, and high-spirited by temperament that when they are required to look out on the comedy of life with a jaundiced eye, for literary purposes, they steep their minds in the necessary gloom and become moody and irritable by bringing on a bad attack of indigestion.

Absolute silence is essential to most writers if they are to preserve a calm and unruffled temper in the throes of composition. 'I require quiet, and myself to myself, more than any man when I write,' said Tennyson. The slightest noise stopped the flow of Carlyle's ideas. Even the crowing of a cock drove him to distraction. What an inscrutable mental and physical equipment was his! To me it seems that the crowing of a cock heard in London would light the lamp of imagination in the most prosaic of men—such are the associations of home and the atmosphere of the country which cluster round the shrill chanticleer—and transform him for a few glorious moments into an inspired poet. Carlyle, in order that he might be enveloped in silence profound while he wrestled with his messages to humanity, had a sound-proof writing room—double-walled with a space between to deaden external noise—erected on the top of his residence in Cheyne Row. The workmen engaged in the construction of the chamber made chaos of the house during the operations of building, and Carlyle sought refuge in bed from the hideous clamour, with what result he thus relates: 'One Irish artist, I remember, had been ignorant that lath and plaster was not a floor; he from above, accordingly, came plunging down into my bedroom, catching himself by the armpits, fast swinging astonished in the vortex of old laths, lime, and dust.' And when the 'sound-proof room' was finished it turned out to be 'by far the noisiest in the house,' 'a kind of infernal miracle.' What untold sufferings the sage endured—if we are to believe him—in the throes of composition! Here is a characteristic heart-groan over the slow progress he was making with 'Frederick' in 1861. 'Seldom was a poor man's heart so near broken by utter weariness, disgust, and long-continued despair over an undoable job. The only point is, said heart must not break altogether, but finish, if it can.'

The slightest noise had an irritating effect also on George Eliot. In the early years of her career she and George Henry Lewes lived at Richmond, and had only one sitting-room in which they did their literary work together. The scratching of

Lewes's pen used to affect her nerves to such an extent that it nearly drove her wild; and when their circumstances were improved by the remarkable success of her novels she treated herself to a separate study in which she wrote alone with closed doors.

Goldsmith, on the other hand, was indifferent to time, place, and circumstance. He never wrote with more natural and unaffected grace and charm than in the days of hard fortune when he starved in his wretched room in Green Arbour Court. Percy visited him there in March 1759, and found him writing his 'Inquiry into the State of Polite Learning.' There was but one chair in the room, which he gave to his visitor, while he deposited himself in the window. 'As they were conversing,' we are told, 'some one gently rapped at the door, and being desired to come in, a poor ragged little girl of very decent behaviour entered, who dropping a curtsey said: "My mamma sends her compliments, and begs the favour of you to lend her a chamber-pot full of coals."' It was in this tenement lodging that Goldsmith wrote his delightful essays for 'The Bee.' Sometimes he was found wanting; his copy was not forthcoming on the day appointed, but his remissness apparently was due rather to indolence than to lack of inspiration. One day a gentleman called on the landlady of Green Arbour Court and desired to be directed to Goldsmith's room. The good woman was alarmed to hear the door of the room locked the moment the visitor entered, followed by the noise of a rather angry altercation; and her apprehensions were only increased by the perfect silence which followed for three hours. She was immensely relieved, however, when the door of Goldsmith's room was again opened, and the gentleman, in high good-humour, gave her money to fetch supper for her lodger from a neighbouring tavern. The visitor was the editor of 'The Bee,' who compelled his laggard contributor to sit down, in duress and under a threat of a thrashing, to write the essay perhaps on 'Happiness in a Great Measure Dependent on Constitution,' or 'On the Instability of Worldly Grandeur,' or 'Of the Pride and Luxury of the Middling Class of People.'

Jane Austen, a perfect literary artist, like Goldsmith, wrote her novels without strain or stress in the common sitting-room of the family with the domestic life in full swing about her. The only interruption the gentle lady dreaded was the untimely appearance of a visitor. Not that it dried up the flow of ideas,

but she was ashamed to be known as a writer, or 'a blue,' as literary women were then derisively called; and so to save her reputation she would throw her handkerchief over her manuscript till the visitor had departed. Mrs. Oliphant, the author of more than one hundred novels, also wrote in the midst of her family. Referring to her habits before her marriage she says:

I had no table even to myself, much less a room to work in, but sat at the corner of the family table with my writing-book, with everything going on as if I had been making a shirt instead of writing a book. Our rooms in those days were sadly wanting in artistic arrangement. The table was in the middle of the room, the centre round which everybody sat, with the candles or lamp upon it. My mother sat always at needle-work of some kind and talked to whoever might be present, and I took my share in the conversation, going on all the same with my story, the little groups of imaginary persons, those other talks, evolving themselves quite undisturbed.

After her marriage she wrote with her children playing about her, peeping over her shoulder and even playfully snatching the very pen out of her hand. She would pause in her composition to kiss the little ones; and then, as she expresses it, 'thus refreshed in heart and spirit' she would placidly return to her work. 'It would put me out now,' she wrote in the years of her widowhood, 'to have some one sitting at the same table talking while I worked—at least I think it would put me out, with that sort of conventionalism which grows upon one. But up to this date (1888) I have never been shut up in a separate room, or hedged off with any observances. My study, all the study I have ever attained to, is the little second drawing-room where all the (feminine) life of the house goes on, and I don't think I have ever had two hours undisturbed (except at night, when everybody is in bed) during my whole literary life.' Leitch Ritchie, the author of 'Weary Foot Common' and editor of 'Chambers's Journal,' said to James Payn: 'As a young husband I have often written for the Press for hours, while at the same time my foot has rocked the cradle of a child.' Composition—especially invention—in such circumstances seemed to Payn to be an impossibility, and he said so to Ritchie. 'And yet necessity, my young friend, is said to be the mother of invention,' was Ritchie's half gay and half grave reply. 'You do not know what it is to live by your pen *only*!' Another writer who found nothing uncongenial to literary work in the full swing of domestic surroundings was Charlotte Brontë. The female servant of the family, eighty years old, was feeble and dim of vision. She peeled potatoes for the

dinner imperfectly ; and Charlotte Brontë, engaged in the kitchen on the composition of 'Jane Eyre,' irritated by the sight of the specks on the vegetables, would lay down her pen and complete the peeling, and then, without any check to her inspiration, resume the thread of her narrative.

Sir Walter Scott, like Anthony Trollope, seems to have never known what it is to bite his nails for a thought or a phrase. The moment he sat down at the table and lifted his pen, he was possessed, as it were, with a whirlwind of inspiration. He composed with such marvellous rapidity that rarely was his pen stopped for want of a word. If the word did not come readily he left a blank, to be filled subsequently, and sped on with the work. He was also totally indifferent to his surroundings. His study was always open to his children. 'He never considered their tattle as any disturbance ; they went and came as pleased their fancy ; he was always ready to answer their questions ; and when they, unconscious how he was engaged, entreated him to lay down his pen and tell them a story, he would take them on his knee, repeat a ballad or legend, kiss them and set them down again to their marbles and ninepins, and resume his labours as if refreshed by the interruption.' What an extraordinary scene of literary work amid harassing physical discomfort is that which Fanny Kemble describes in her 'Records of my Childhood' :—

I can never forget the description Sir Adam Fergusson gave me of a morning he had passed with Scott at Abbotsford, which at that time was still unfinished, swarming with carpenters, painters, masons and bricklayers, and surrounded with all the dirt and disorderly discomfort inseparable from the process of house building. The room they sat in was in the roughest condition which admitted of their occupying it at all ; the raw, new chimney smoked intolerably. Out of doors the place was one mass of bricks, mortar, scaffolding, tiles and slates. A heavy mist shrouded the whole landscape of lovely Tweedside, and distilled in a cold, persistent and dumb drizzle. Maida, the well-beloved staghound, kept fidgiting in and out of the room, Walter Scott every five minutes exclaiming, 'Eh, Adam, the puir beast is just wearyin' to get out !' or 'Eh, Adam, the puir creature's just crying to come in !' when Sir Adam would open the door to the raw chilly air for the wet muddy hound's exit or entrance, while Scott, with his face swollen with a grievous toothache, and one hand pressed hard to his cheek, with the other was writing the inimitably humorous opening chapters of 'The Antiquary,' which he passed across the table, sheet by sheet, to his friend, saying, 'Now, Adam, d'ye think that'll do ?'

Scott was a man of robust physical constitution, with a passion for active life out of doors, and he had a brain just as clear and strong and powerful. But, nevertheless, he must have had his

hours of gloom and depression, in which composition is indeed a hard and bitter task, for in his 'Life of Dryden' he speaks of 'the apparently causeless fluctuations of spirits incident to one doomed to labour incessantly in the feverish exercise of the imagination.' The throes of composition are, indeed, better faced, as Bulwer Lytton faced them, alone in a peaceful study with nothing to distract one's attention. Lytton's richly furnished room, with its pictures and laden book-shelves—potent inspirers to the literary man as he looks about for an idea or an expression—was isolated from the rest of the house, so that the least noise, which would have irritated him in the extreme, might be intercepted. Undoubtedly the most perfect atmosphere for a literary worker is that of a quiet study, with drawn curtains, a bright lamp, and a cheerful fire, in the long winter evenings.

How Charles Lamb and Mary Lamb worked together in the writing of the 'Tales from Shakespeare' is thus described by Mary in a letter to a friend: 'You would like to see us as we often sit writing at the same table (but not on one cushion sitting), like Hermia and Helena in "A Midsummer Night's Dream"; rather like an old literary Darby and Joan, I taking snuff, and he groaning all the while and saying he can make nothing of it, which he always says till he has finished, and then he finds out that he has made something of it.' Lamb, despite the apparent spontaneity of his writings, found at times composition intolerably slow, and the labour of producing it exhausting. He complained in a letter to Bernard Barton in 1824 that he had been for weeks 'insuperably dull and lethargic'; and calls his attention to what he describes as 'a futile effort' in the 'London Magazine' 'wrung from me,' he groans, 'with slow pain.' This is the charming essay entitled 'Blakesmoor,' which to the reader has nothing forced, and possesses all the ease, grace, distinction, and inevitableness of the genial essayist.

To Lamb a walk through crowded and bustling Fleet Street proved a stimulus to his jaded faculties. Barry Cornwall also found not distraction but inspiration in the roar of London. The poet composed best when alone in a crowd, and on a line or a couplet striking him he would go into a hallway and jot it down. Dickens suffered from sluggishness of mind out of London. In a letter to John Forster from Lausanne, in 1846, while engaged on 'Dombey and Son,' he complains that he was not getting on rapidly with the novel. 'I suppose,' he adds, 'this is partly the effect of

two years' ease, and partly of the absence of streets and numbers of figures. I can't express how much I want these. It seems as if they supplied something to my brain which it cannot bear, when busy, to lose. For a week or a fortnight I can write prodigiously in a retired place (as at Broadstairs), and a day in London sets me up again and starts me. But the toil and labour of writing day after day without that magic lantern is IMMENSE!! I don't say this at all in low spirits, for we are perfectly comfortable here, and I like the place very much indeed, and the people are even more friendly and fond of me than they were at Genoa. I only mention it as a curious fact which I have never had an opportunity of finding out before, *My* figures seem disposed to stagnate without crowds about them. I wrote very little in Genoa (only the "Chimes"), and fancied myself conscious of some such influence there—but Lord! I had two miles of streets, at least, lighted at night, to walk about in; and a great theatre to repair to every night.'

If some writers can successfully wrestle with the throes of composition in any place, at any hour, or at any season, most writers undoubtedly are influenced by their surroundings, and their varying idiosyncrasies in this respect afford a curious study. To some the moments of rarest intellectual exaltation come when they are in the country, in the spring or summer months, amid brilliant sunshine, and glowing flowers, and singing birds, and leafy trees, and emerald fields. Other writers find the rigid concentration, the intense thinking essential to composition, impossible amid rural sights and sounds. The singing of a bird, the sunshine gleaming on the meadows, the tapping of a leaf on the window pane, the buzzing of a bee, the vivid colouring of a passing butterfly's wing, have a disturbing and distracting influence—the irresistible voices of nature rendering composition an intolerable labour—and it is only in London, amid the rumble and roar of the crowded traffic, the whirl and jingle of the hansom, the blatancy of the piano-organ, the ceaseless clatter of the 'buses, that they find the repose, the restfulness, and the stimulus for literary work. 'One thing about London impresses me,' says Lowell in an eloquent passage, 'beyond any other sound I have ever heard, and that is the low, unceasing roar one hears always in the air; it is not a mere accident, like a tempest or a cataract, but it is impressive, because it always indicates human will, and impulse, and conscious movement. And I confess that

when I hear it I almost feel as if I were listening to the roaring loom of time.' Standing by the Bank, Heinrich Heine declared he heard the world's pulse beat audibly. Surely most writers whose lot is cast in London must find inspiration in the audible beating of the world's pulse, or the sound in their ears of the roaring loom of time—in the metaphorical roar of London, that is, if not in its literal noise. As Cowper writes :

Tis pleasant through the loop-holes of retreat
To peep at such a world. To see the stir
Of the Great Babel and not feel the crowd.
To hear the roar she sends through all her gates
At a safe distance, where the dying sound
Falls a soft murmur on the injured ear.

It is generally agreed that the morning or the afternoon is the best time of the day for literary work. But that again depends a good deal upon mood and habit and temperament. Brinsley Sheridan's best hours of composition were at night, and he required a profusion of lights around him while he wrote. 'I work best by candlelight,' said Southey. Mrs. Oliphant stated that for many years it was customary with her to write until two o'clock in the morning. 'It is past three at this moment, May 19th, 1895,' she added in her 'Journal,' 'but this is no longer usual with me.' Thackeray said his best work was done before ten o'clock in the morning, at which hour he breakfasted. He usually devoted the rest of his day to his family and friends. But it was in the middle of the night that the title for his most famous novel 'Vanity Fair' suddenly occurred to him. 'I jumped out of bed,' said he, 'and ran three times round my room, uttering as I went, "Vanity Fair!" "Vanity Fair!" "Vanity Fair!"' The story goes that Mrs. Emerson was sometimes startled at night by her husband rising to write down a 'happy thought' which came to his mind. 'What is the matter? Are you ill?' she would inquire; and the philosopher's soft voice would answer, 'No, my dear, only an idea.'

Scott in the first years of his literary career wrote generally at night; but on the advice of his physician whom he consulted for nervous headaches, from which he was suffering, he adopted habits of early rising and early work. He was out of bed by five o'clock all the year round, at his desk by six, and by the time that his family and visitors assembled at breakfast, between nine and ten, he had 'broken the neck of the day's work.' Dickens,

on ordinary working days, would write between breakfast and luncheon and devote the afternoon to the correction of what the morning had seen developed. Bulwer Lytton also worked in the forenoon. 'Nobody considers,' he wrote, 'how much writing may be done between the hours of ten and one if the mind be steadily fixed on the work. When the mind is at ease, the subject clearly laid down, and the heart of the writer in the work, a volume a month—an amount that might frighten a beginner to think of—is mere relaxation.' With a serene mind, and high spirits, and a full knowledge of the subject, composition is, perhaps, easy at any time of the day or night. But often the mind is dullest and the spirits heaviest in the morning hours. Cobwebs of sleepiness still hang about the brain. 'The morning is my writing time, and in the morning I have no spirits,' said Cowper. 'So much the worse for my correspondents. Sleep that refreshes my body seems to cripple me in every other respect. As the evening approaches I grow more alert, and when I am retiring to bed am more fit for mental occupation than at any other time. So it fares with us whom they call nervous.'

It is curious, too, to note the little superstitions of writers as to the use of particular pens, paper, and ink being conducive to the flow of thought. One can work only on paper of a certain quality and size. Another finds his mind barren of ideas unless he has his favourite pen in his hand. Dickens wrote on blue paper with blue ink. There is the curious case of Pope, 'paper-sparing Pope,' as his friend Swift described him. He wrote best on scraps of paper. The original copy of his translation of the 'Iliad,' which may be seen at the British Museum, is a strange spectacle. It is written almost entirely on the covers of letters, and sometimes between the very lines of the letters themselves. Bacon while in the throes of composition had music played in the room adjoining his study. Some writers before sitting down to work light the lamp of their imagination at the torch of their favourite author. Gray, for instance, always read Spenser as a preliminary to composition. Other writers find the spark to set fire to their intellects more readily in passages from their own pens. 'I read my own books hardly at all after once giving them forth,' says George Eliot, 'dreading to find them other than I wish.' But I doubt if that is a very common experience. The average writer finds in some of his own passages the light that lifts the gloom which enshrouds his mind; and like the poet he

wonders in his uninspired and commonplace moments at the thought and music which once emanated from his brain :

And when his voice is hushed and dumb,
The flame burnt out, the glory dead,
He feels a thrill of wonder come
At that which his poor tongue has said ;
And thinks of each diviner line—
'Only the hand that wrote was mine.'

An intellect which will work independently of time and place and circumstance, and of the accidents and worries of life, is a priceless possession to professional writers, who at times must ply their pens, whether or not they feel inclined for literary composition. Unhappily it is not given to all. Force of will, the rigid concentration of the mind on the subject in hand, work wonders in the case of the practised writer to whom the spur of necessity is applied. But the most common experience is that the mind has its variable moods. Even the writer with something to say, and feeling impelled to say it, often sits down at his table and finds himself unaccountably baffled at the moment he puts pen to paper. Distinction, freshness, charm, individuality—all are wanting in the sentences which, after much labour, he succeeds in composing. Intelligence, insight, and knowledge are still his, but for the moment the free and joyous play of his well-equipped mind is wanting. The literary impulse is gone; the literary afflatus is fled. For the moment the nerve centre of the brain seems paralysed. Some force is needed to set the intellect in motion. Suddenly the imagination is set on fire by some mysterious electric spark—through the agency, it may be, of a cigarette, a cup of coffee, a glass of champagne, or a glowing passage from a favourite poet. The jar and fret of nerve is over. The cloud is lifted from the mind. The feeling of mental exhaustion gives place to a conviction of literary power. Ideas come with a rush. This indeed is the literary mood. This, indeed, is the moment of literary inspiration. And composition, losing its throes, becomes a positive rapture.

MICHAEL MACDONAGH.

EPIC OF THE EXPRESS.

I.

UP from the vale he strode ; October gloom
 Made all below a crypt where Echo went
 Soft-footed like a sacristan—a tomb
 Of grey leaves huddled as if pestilent,
 Stricken swiftly, and with haste forsaken, dead.
 Above, the vault rock-pillared hung like rock.
 He stood where southward bends the river-bed,
 Spanned by a viaduct whose arches mock
 The chasm within the mountains ; all of time
 The day has crept minutely up the crest
 To left, then plunged below, again to climb
 The bluff opposing, as the god goes west.
 But Man has built a bridge, outstripped the years,
 Laughed at the valley and the snarling stream
 Which frets about those adamantine piers.
 For Nature ever wakes, but Man may dream—
 This is his glory and strength.

Now does the cloud
 Burst ; and the watcher stoops to the hurricane ;
 Blinded, he hears the tempest shout aloud
 When in the leaping vortex of the rain
 All light is sucked. The billows of the sky
 Sweep onward ever to quell ; the pines go down,
 The river, smitten, as a feudatory
 Bears ruin now herself. Upon the crown
 Of a huge headland at length stayed the storm.

II.

Then from beneath the shelter of an oak
 The man came forth, and saw the sun inform
 The desolate valley with a wizard's stroke ;
 A purple spirit moved about the things
 Oft seen he yet knew not, and fancy's elves
 Shot through the sunbeams on their silvern wings,
 Making the scene unreal as themselves.

He sees amid the shifting smoke of light
 A mountain scarred, uprooted forest trees,
 The blazing Hinnom of the Israelite—
 Water and vale aflame; a world he sees,
 By forces of the world destroyed, and them
 Spent in destroying (as that flower once pluckt
 Of Grecian henbane). 'Tis the diadem,
 He said, of Death! when lo! the viaduct,
 Grave, simple, on its chorded structure strong,
 Rose through the exhalation's fantasy
 Like truth, established, or the steadfast song
 Of one, of peril scornful or to die,
 Undeviating.

And the watcher cried
 It is the bridge of Life; for Man has made
 Sole in this valley and yon prospect wide
 A way for brotherhood; he disobeyed
 The voices of the mountain and the flood,
 The passionate bidding of the mountain winds,
 Which work by conflict—Man of wiser mood
 Is still creating; Nature ever finds
 Her highest beauty in her own disease:
 In shattered rock and troubled watercourse,
 Lightning, and when the cheerless marshes freeze,
 The piercing icicle. Oh, say what source
 All elemental fury far beyond,
 What fount of wisdom planned this granite arch:
 This usefuller promontory, sweeter bond?

III.

And halt! ye hidden forces in your march,
 Ye winds and waters, frost and lightning, stand!
 For I will match you with another might,
 Strong as yourselves, yet pliant to command.
 For it this bridge was reared, and the height
 Of hills made low, or tunnelled craftily;
 For it men pondered till the stars would sink,
 Much giving and much hoping, silently.
 They planned the uncouth engine, and a link

Was forged between the nations. Conquering swords
Have hewn an Empire—and we weep for Rome!
Now is the railway mightier than the lords
Of slaughter, that expands the sway of home.
Almost a poet is the man who binds,
Destroying distance only, and the long ache
Of absence.

Hark! what sound is this that winds
Shrilly along the moor? The echoes wake.
It is the swift train, spearing with the shock
Of Ottoman squadrons on the broken Giaour,
Shot like a fiery torrent from the rock:
Niagaran moment, utterly with power!

A. F. WALLIS.

HOUSEHOLD BUDGETS ABROAD.

V. AUSTRALIA.

BY MRS. B. R. WISE.

a. £600 a Year.

It has been somewhere said that though 'Money does not make happiness, it is difficult, in married life, to be happy without money.' Certainly the question 'How much is necessary for comfort?' opens up a wide field for discussion. Remember poor Rosamond in Miss Edgeworth's well-known tale, and her distress when the silver paper would not go round her filagree basket. Either the basket was too large or the piece of paper too small. By which hangs Mr. Micawber's moral: 'Annual income, twenty pounds; annual expenditure, nineteen six; result, happiness. Annual income, twenty pounds; annual expenditure, twenty pounds ought and sixpence; result, misery.' In trying to estimate the average proportion of expenses to an income in Australia it is very difficult to generalise, since each profession has its own expenses and exactions.

Those who marry on a fixed income are able to arrange their expenditure more easily than persons who belong to professions, where the income varies according to fees. With the fixed income a certain sum can be set aside for savings and investments; while lawyers, doctors, and other professional men find it advisable to leave a margin of at least £100, so that there may be something to fall back on in bad years. A prolonged drought, for instance, will affect all classes of the community; but they suffer most in actual money loss who have no fixed income.

Let us imagine the case of a young couple who marry on £600 a year (a sum which, it must be borne in mind, is equivalent to rather less than £500 in England), and try to ascertain approximately how people who have a certain position to keep up can manage to live on this income in a town like Sydney or Melbourne. Where a man has led a comfortable bachelor life at his club, and a girl been brought up in a luxurious home, with an unlimited dress allowance and occasional trips to Europe, it needs both courage and self-denial to forgo so-called pleasures and settle down in a small house on a smaller income. It says much for human nature

that there are not a few who do this with success. We shall try to show how this is done.

The first consideration is always that of rent. Here let me say that in Australia we have to abandon the theory that one-tenth of the income should be devoted to house rent. Rents are high, and for a suitable house in a pleasant neighbourhood our young couple must be prepared to give at least £70 a year. Certain advantages are worth paying for, so that to take a cheap house, far away from friends and business acquaintances, is not necessarily true economy, because a greater distance from town means higher cab fares and more time spent in going to and from one's work. It should also be recognised that the smaller the society you live in, the more it is advisable to be in and of it; and your friends will not thank you for giving them a long tram ride or a tedious walk whenever they wish to see you. Not half enough care is bestowed on the choice of a house. Otherwise we should know much less of the peculiarly Australian characteristic known as 'removing.' The holy horror with which a house-moving is regarded in England is a contrast to the unpremeditated fashion in which, in Australia, people migrate from one abode to another. With their household goods exposed to the light of day in open carts a house-fitting seems a very trivial affair; for, strangely enough, though large furniture vans can be had, they are seldom used. Moving is at no time a cheap form of amusement, but the cost of carrying furniture away roped, in light carts, is much less than when skilled workmen tactfully bear it off in discreet covered vans. An old resident was heard to say, that among all his Sydney acquaintances, there was only one family occupying the same house in which they lived twenty years ago, when he began his married life. All the same, our young couple will do well to select a house they mean to live in for some time to come. Farther out in the suburbs charming cottages at lower rents are to be had. But, unless you have friends in any particular part, a young wife will find the long, hot summer days very lonely; and as it is she, and not her husband, who spends most time at home, I always maintain that the wife has the first claim for consideration in the choice of a house. There are, of course, cheaper districts in which it would be quite possible to live; but, unless a young couple intend to give up society altogether—which from professional, and perhaps other points of view, is a mistake—it is better to live among your own

¹ Rates and taxes are generally paid by the landlord. These

include all municipal rates, which amount to about 1s. 9d. in the pound. One reason for this arrangement is that houses are sublet on short leases, and it is therefore much simpler to have taxes charged in the rent. In a climate like this much depends upon the house and its aspect, because even in this sunny country it is wholesome to have plenty of sun. Accordingly, where £10 or £15 extra rent would give you larger rooms and better ventilation, it will be quite worth while to pay it, especially if this include space for poultry or a tennis-court. But here again all depends on a man's future prospects. Where there is no chance of increased income for several years the lowest possible rent should be given. On the other hand, where people are sure of better times, nothing is easier than to take a house rather above one's means and live quietly, not even furnishing all at once, since by thus looking a little ahead the worry and expense of moving are averted, while the process of expanding slowly as the income increases will be both pleasant and easy. Only the newest houses are at all labour-saving, so that one need not expect to find hot and cold water laid on everywhere. If there be a gas-heater in the bathroom, and a kitchen stove in good repair, and not too ravenous for coal, you will have much to be thankful for. One should also hope for a good copper, some fixed tubs in the laundry, and a sunny yard or garden wherein to hang out the clothes; for in most parts of Australia all the washing is done at home.

It is regrettable that courage alone is not enough to run a small *ménage* successfully. Assuming that two people are young and in love, they cannot, even so, escape the trials of inexperience. The winds may be favourable, and the Sea of Matrimony calm, but the 'Domestic Servant' rocks will inevitably ruffle its surface from time to time. 'I don't mind poverty at all,' said one weeping bride, 'but I'm just terrified of Maria. She can't cook, and I don't know *how* to give her notice!' It is pathetic to think how much unnecessary discord is caused by incompetent servants, who take advantage of a young wife's inexperience. This makes it all the more important that good wages be paid from the first in order to ensure a good class of servant. It is really the best economy in the long run. Servants command higher wages here than in England, but they work harder, and their work is more varied. Their duties, too, are apportioned in quite a different way. For instance, in ordinary households, where two servants are kept, these would consist of a cook-laundress and a house-parlourmaid.

The former has entire charge of the kitchen, besides doing all the family and household washing. This arrangement works much better than might be anticipated, and materially lessens one of the expenses of housekeeping. The highest normal wage for a cook-laundress varies from 14s. to £1 per week; while a house-parlourmaid can get from 12s. to 16s. a week. She must, however, have some knowledge of cooking and general housework, because on Mondays she will take charge of the kitchen while the cook is in the laundry. The young couple on their modest income must be content with a general servant at first, to whom they should give at least 12s. a week. Cheaper servants are to be had, but it always pays in Australia to have the better class of servant. The Australian general servant of experience is a good cook, an excellent laundress, and understands all branches of housework thoroughly; she can often get as much as 15s. a week. Indeed, some people prefer to keep one general servant instead of two others; and it is extraordinary to see how very comfortably a house can be run with only one maid to keep it in order. But this requires management on the part of the mistress, who must be prepared to give judicious help here and there, especially on Mondays. The weekly expense to a small family for washing at home comes to about 1s. a week:

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. washing soda	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	4.
$\frac{1}{2}$ bar washing soap	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	6
Starch and blue	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	5
									11½d.

There will have to be a small laundry bill as well, for a general servant cannot be expected to do up white shirts and many starched things. It is noticeable that house-linen will last much longer when washed at home, with no injurious chemicals; and after a thorough airing in the garden it is so much fresher than when it arrives from the laundry in a cart.

It is to be hoped that a knowledge of cooking be included among a bride's accomplishments. She need not necessarily practise it much, but will find such knowledge invaluable in training servants, and can herself give help when any extra 'diets daint' may be required. I have known young people who kept only one servant for years to give charming little dinners. Each dish had to be placed on the table and helped there; but one cannot expect a *dîner à la Russe* when the same little maid who cooks

must also wait at table. On such occasions the husband must be his own butler, and see to the decanters, &c. If he be wise he will be content to offer his friends whisky and soda, although some good wine should always be kept in the house for special occasions or in case of illness. The guests will do very well without champagne (which one of our ex-Governors declared to be the 'wine of the country'); although, by the way, champagne at private houses can always be relied on in Australia, because the high duty keeps out all that class of wine which the thrifty housewife in England buys by the bottle from 'the grocer round the corner.' The newest theory of taking less food, and eating it very slowly, is admirably adapted to the limitations of a small household, while a good host and hostess can more than atone for any deficiencies in the menu. Was it not said of Madame de Maintenon that her butler whispered to her one day during dinner: 'Another anecdote, Madame, if you please; there is no roast to-day'? How much more cheerful one feels after a simple meal with laughter, than after a long and dull banquet, where it is impossible to avoid eating more than one wants.

Dinners suggest the weekly bills, which we must now examine with care. With beef at 8*d.* per lb. and mutton at 5*d.* per lb. your butcher's bill for a household of three need not be more than 10*s.* In this climate people are better without meat for breakfast, and enough variety can be had by ringing the changes on fish and eggs. Five shillings a week is the least that can be spent on fish; but, made into fish cakes and kedgerree, enough for breakfast and dinner could be managed on that sum. Poultry is too expensive to buy regularly, and there is little game, except what is sent frozen from England and New Zealand. The best plan is to make some arrangement with other families by which poultry can be had from the country once a week. A pair of fowls for Sunday would help to save the butcher's bill, and could be supplemented by a small piece of pressed beef at 4*d.* a pound, which would come in for the Monday's lunch. A competent general servant will be up and at her washtubs by 7 A.M. on Monday morning, and should easily have finished the week's wash and hung out the clothes by noon. This gives her plenty of time to lay the table for lunch, and, after clearing it away, she can begin to iron out some of the smaller things before she dresses for the afternoon. Monday's dinner must be a fairly simple meal: some soup (prepared on Sunday from stock), a fricassée of the chicken, vegetables, and a pudding or

savoury. The ironing should be all done by Wednesday night, and the clothes folded and put away on Thursday morning.

At this stage it would be as well to put down the initial expense of washing at home, which means a small outlay at first, since the best and newest laundry furnishings should be bought, as being more labour-saving :

	£	s.	d.
Mangle	3	15	0
Clothes wringer		14	6
Washing-board		1	6
Skirt-board		3	6
8 flat irons		4	6
8 dozen clothes pegs			3
Clothes-line		1	6
	£5	0	9

As tortoisés, in the railway rates, come under the heading of 'insects,' so are clothes-pegs in Australia reckoned among the groceries. This is probably because they have the same disappearing qualities as pins and hairpins.

Our next item is the greengrocer's account, which ought not to be less than 6s. a week, including fruit and vegetables, of which the supply (excepting in times of severe drought) is plentiful and the price moderate. Groceries are the heaviest item of all, and the one which causes most worry to housekeepers. It is a comprehensive item, too, including as it does bacon, butter, eggs, lamp-oil, tea, and coffee ; so we cannot allow less than 30s. for this in the week. The price of bacon varies from 9d. to 1s. 3d. per lb. ; eggs are sometimes 4s. a dozen, so that naturally many people find that it pays to keep fowls. The cost of feeding these is not much. A shilling a week for grain will keep a dozen fowls, if all the house scraps are boiled down and given to them once a day. Should you secure a servant who understands bread-making you are fortunate indeed. Three shillings is enough for your bread bill at the baker's, while if you buy the flour and bake at home it will cost you nearly 4s. a week. This fact gives food for thought, and explains why bought bread is so often sour. Ice must not be forgotten, for it is a necessity, and not a luxury, during eight months of the year. In the summer an enormous amount of food would be wasted unless there were an ice-chest for meat, fish, and other remains, of which excellent breakfast dishes can be made. The most frugal manager must, therefore, not grudge at least 3s. a week for ice. We do not in Australia go in for the iced drinks so dear to Americans, but with-

out ice butter is neither wholesome nor pleasant in the hot weather. The next item of importance is tea. Servants drink tea with all their meals, including dinner, but they do not expect either beer or beer money, even where there are men-servants. The maids, too, wash their own clothes, and therefore receive no laundry allowance. Thus it will be seen that there are many things in Australia which counterbalance the higher wages.

Summarising the figures already given, the weekly bills for eatables amount to about £3 2s. 6d. :

	£	s.	d.
Butcher		10	0
Groceries	1	10	0
Milk		3	6
Baker		3	0
Fish and poultry		10	0
Greengrocer		6	0
	£3	2	6

which makes in all £162 10s. for the year.

Starting with this sum for bare subsistence, the composition of the annual budget has now to be considered. The most important items in this are those of travelling and holidays. The great heat of the summer months in many parts of Australia necessitates some change to a cooler climate : a run up to the mountains if you live by the sea ; a change to the fresh sea breezes for those who live in the dry heat of some up-country towns. Sometimes the summer holiday can be spent in Tasmania, in delightful farm-houses among fruit orchards, where living is so cheap that it helps to counterbalance the expense of two days' steamer fare. The ordinary boarding-house charge in New South Wales is £2 2s. per week for adults and half for children ; but in more remote districts the terms are lower, though the cost of getting there is higher. However, as one anxious parent was heard to remark with vigour, ' Whether people can afford it or not, they should *always* take a summer holiday.' Thirty pounds would give two persons a few weeks at Christmas, and another £15 could be spread over the rest of the year for those Saturday-to-Monday trips which are so essential to a man who works hard throughout the year. For those who are lucky enough to have invitations the expensive luxury of staying with friends can be indulged in. I say ' expensive,' because although Australian hospitality is proverbial, the enormous distances preclude much intercourse in a general way. A passing stranger of my acquaintance was once delighted by a cordial request to visit a station,

which, without thinking of the distance, he accepted ; but when he arrived at his destination after a five days' journey, he found that he had spent £10. He furthermore disappointed his host, who had expected him to stop at least a month, by announcing that his mail steamer, which would not wait for him, was leaving in a week. He departed in two days with a sounder knowledge of geography and new notions of the duration of a 'short visit.' Our busiest men take the most homœopathic holidays, on the principle that a great change for a short time does as much good as a little change for a long time. In speaking of visits it should be noted that the custom of 'tipping' is not the same tax on visitors as it is in countries where wages are lower. Indeed, in private houses an offer of money is often firmly but politely refused. In hotels, of course, tips are expected, but they are on a moderate scale.

It will be found hard to keep down expenses for amusements; for where society is small there are numerous dinners, balls, and other functions. It needs a brave woman to go always in trams to evening entertainments; but firmness must be shown on this subject, and cabs resorted to only on rainy days or wet nights. The tariff for cabs is 1s. per quarter of an hour; but in other ways there are unusual facilities for going out at night. Special trams and steamers are put on whenever there are large public or charity balls; and, indeed, we use the tramcars almost as gaily as the Americans. The seating accommodation is so good that the most fragile evening dresses do not suffer; but when there are deluges of rain it is the better economy to take a cab, and not risk ruining one's best clothes. Young people should not refuse invitations, and a newly married couple are always expected to go out a good deal. So £10 must be set aside for carriages and cabs, and not more. Out of this sum it will be quite possible to contrive some theatres and concerts. With stalls and dress-circle seats for 5s., and concerts all the year round at popular prices, a young couple can get a good deal of enjoyment for a very small sum of money. A young couple need not entertain, but a man should always feel that he can ask a friend to dine quietly at his home, just as one woman would ask another to afternoon tea. It is better to economise in some other way rather than allow no margin in the weekly bills for hospitality to friends. There is no need to order expensive luxuries or to have a lavish display of flowers. Simple, well-cooked food is good enough for anyone; and no one in Australia need be without fresh flowers. An unexpected guest

ought only to give trouble to the extent of laying an extra plate at table, with, possibly, the addition of a savoury or *entrée* to the dinner. One bride had a list of what she called 'emergency dishes,' any one of which could be prepared and sent to table at very short notice. There is a very old precedent for this, as, in his 'Paradise Lost,' Milton shows us Eve occupied in a similar way when 'Raphael, the sociable spirit,' came unexpectedly to lunch one day with Adam and his 'fair spouse' in the Garden of Eden:

. . . with dispatchful looks in haste
 She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent
 What choice to choose for delicacy best,
 What order, so contrived as not to mix
 Tastes not well join'd, inelegant; but bring
 Taste after taste upheld with kindest change:
 Bestirs her then

It is to be hoped that most people begin their married life with a good supply of house-linen. Nothing appeals to one's 'house-pride' like rows of snowy linen, fragrant with lavender, and the relations and friends of an engaged couple should remember that the larger the supply at first, the less it will cost to keep it in order. For the repairing and replenishing of an average supply £10 should be enough. The linen must, however, be regularly looked over and mended; and if neither the mistress nor her maid be expert darners, a good needlewoman should be engaged by the day, for nothing spoils linen like careless mending. The exquisite darns and patchings of our grandmothers rather enhanced than otherwise the beauty of old linen. And while speaking of repairs, I must not forget the replacing of glass and china, which, unless great discretion be exercised, will be a serious consideration in the house expenses. The stock of china should be looked over once a week, and the maid instructed to report any breakage at once. Indeed, the old-fashioned custom of washing delicate glass and china at table would probably save a good deal of damage, but in these days of telephones there is no time for this. Let us allow another £10 to cover breakages and the renewing of kitchen ware, because, although most people nowadays use enamel ware, iron-mongery and china cost more in Australia than in England. We have not yet touched on the all-important question of dress and personal expenditure. Here again so much depends on individual capabilities. A girl who is clever with her fingers can make money go twice as far as another. I allot £60 for the wife's dress allow-

ance, which includes pocket-money and postage stamps. This does not give much margin for dress; but the trousseau ought to help out a dress allowance for quite two years, especially if the bride follow the sensible innovation of not having all her dresses made up at first. Quite skilful dressmakers go out by the day, and charge from 3s. 6d. to 5s. per day. The average prices for dresses and tailor-made frocks are higher than the average prices in London, but they can be absolutely relied on, while cheaper things can always be had at the cheaper shops. A certain amount of a dress allowance goes to the cleaner, for light clothes are much worn, and cleaning is rather more expensive than in London, owing to the higher wages. The wife must also contrive her club subscription out of this allowance; but as yet club life for women does not exist in Australia, though efforts are being made to start ladies' clubs in some of the towns, and so far they promise to be a success. The husband may be allowed another £60 a year for his dress and personal expenses, and from this he must manage all his club subscriptions. It is essential that a man in Australia belong to at least one club. Clubs play a much larger part in the social life of the Colonies than they do in England. All of them are residential, and passing strangers of good repute can easily be made honorary members, so that most unmarried travellers stay at clubs in preference to hotels. A professional man, accordingly, who leads any sort of social life both receives and gives hospitality at a club much more frequently than is done in England. Clubs are also the mid-day rendezvous for lunch of all classes of professional and business men. Let us hope that the husband will also belong to one of the golf clubs. If this cannot be done out of his dress allowance, it might be saved from the wine bill.

For charities about £10 should be set aside, and it will be very hard to keep within this limit. This must include money spent at bazaars and sales of work, which are apt to make a big drain on an unprepared purse. If every young couple were to choose one hospital or institution, and subscribe steadily to that one, it would be much better than so much indiscriminate charity. In Australia a man is often called upon to 'lend' £5 or £10 to an acquaintance, or even to a perfect stranger who has known better days, a request which he cannot well refuse to a friend, but which puts a heavy tax upon a small income. So that often by the end of a year people are surprised to find what a large sum has melted away in loans of this sort.

HOUSEHOLD BUDGETS ABROAD—AUSTRALIA. 641

Insurance is much more general in Australia than in most countries, and endowment and time policies are favourite forms of investment for persons of small incomes. Indeed, it is probably true that people out here insure rather above the standard of their incomes, because, since all Australian policies are non-forfeitable, and every company freely makes loans upon them, the difficulty of paying premiums out of fluctuating incomes is not so seriously felt. On an income of £600 a man would insure for two or three times that amount.

Medical expenses next claim our attention. We have set aside £30 for doctor, &c., which, indeed, is rather a small average amount. The Australian calls in his medical man so much more freely than the Englishman that the general practitioner has a busy time, and most families will own up to a big doctor's bill. We have now arrived at a tolerably accurate estimate of the yearly expenditure, which is as follows :

	£	s.	d.
Rent (including taxes ¹)	90	0	0
Coal	7	10	0
Wages (one servant)	31	4	0
Provisions	162	10	0
Wine, spirits, and mineral waters	24	0	0
Holidays and travelling	45	0	0
Amusements (cabs, book subscriptions, &c.)	10	0	0
Husband's allowance	60	0	0
Wife's allowance	60	0	0
Gas and wood	12	0	0
Repairs	20	0	0
Doctor and dentist	30	0	0
Charities	5	0	0
Ice	4	16	0
Telephone (annual subscription)	5	0	0
Insurance (for £1,000)	30	0	0
Sundries	3	0	0
	£600	0	0

A telephone may seem unnecessary when every pound has to be considered ; but where all the tradespeople have them, and are in the habit of ringing up daily for the morning orders, it is most inconvenient not to have a telephone. Invitations to dine are often sent through them, and it is an invaluable method of asking friends to lunch or tea at short notice. All the suburban cabstands have a telephone, so that on wet nights, or after a ' Bridge ' evening, it is always easy to ring up and get a cab at any

¹ This includes income-tax, which is 6d. in the £, with certain exemptions.

time. Telephones save money in stationery and postage stamps; but if one's time be of any value, those friends who ring up for conversation and amusement should be sternly repressed from the first. The subscription, as will be seen, is very moderate. In making out the budget it was found necessary to reduce the £10 for charities to £5. This is a small sum, but it can be supplemented by judicious gifts of clothes and food. A young couple will not have much spare money for the first year; experience has to be bought, and, no matter how sound may be one's theories, they have all to be put to the test.

The above prices are all taken from the best shops, and I have given the highest average price for meat, &c. With care and pruning less could be spent, but it really does not pay for the better class of people to deal at cheap shops, and it runs away with a lot of time. I have known people get up early and go to market, returning in triumph in a cab filled with cheap provisions, quite forgetting to set down the price of the cab against these economies. The allowance for wine may seem too high, but this is to some extent unavoidable in a warm climate, where the hospitable habits of English ancestors are still observed, and it will be found difficult to spend much less.

The above table could easily be adjusted to an income of £800 or £1,000 by giving a higher house rent and by keeping two servants. The holiday allowance should also be increased. The amounts here put down are taken from several family budgets, which are curiously alike in the items of rent, provisions, and wages. Where individual tastes differ most is in holidays, doctor's bills, and insurance. It may be the effect of climate, but in Australia there is not the same tendency to 'save up for a rainy day' which is impressed on English children from their earliest copybooks. Perhaps this may be owing to the fact that out here the rainy day is our hope and our salvation; it is the rainy day that enables us to save up for those too fine days when for weeks, months, and in some places years, no rain falls.

Where there are children to be considered in the family budget it complicates matters a good deal. Most children droop in the summer heat, and to take them away for two or three months is a serious drain on an income. Many people let their houses during the summer, and go with their families to the mountains; but the husband cannot as a rule spare more than one month away, and will have to live at the club or in rooms if the home be let. As many families cannot afford to keep more than two maids, some

mothers find it the best plan to have a really good nurse for the baby, and a general servant for other work, rather than keep two maids and an inexperienced nurse-girl. But it is not possible to keep three maids on less than £800 a year, and while the children are young a good deal must be sacrificed to them. It costs very little to live in the country, where everything can be grown on the premises, and the only expenses are those of dress, doctors, and travelling. But I have only been dealing in the preceding pages with life in the capital cities.

Social life in Australia is singularly free from money snobbishness. So long as you are well dressed, no one will care whether you live on £500 or £1,500, which is a healthy and comforting state of things. If you are poor, there is no place where poverty so little cuts you off from social pleasures; while those who have to economise do not seem to find it the same dreary series of privations that it is apt to be in England. The penny tram will take you to Government House as safely as a hansom cab, and a great deal more safely than a motor-car, which latter have hard work to climb the steep hills in which Sydney abounds. The necessities of life may be dear to buy, but so much is thrown in for nothing that those who are brave enough to begin life out here on a small income are not to be pitied. But the basket must never be too large for the silver paper to cover it. It must be admitted that the Australians are not a saving people. To save only in insurance, and have a bare £3 for emergencies, would seem to the thrifty Scotch or English housewife to be a threatening of the workhouse. The Australian lives in the sunshine, puts by in insurance more than he can afford, spends his income, and gambles his savings on the racecourse or a mining venture. If he loses, he has no more to spend; but if, as often happens, he 'makes a bit,' his wife has more jewellery, or his friends get better dinners; while if the 'punch' be very good indeed, he moves into a larger house. It seems a careless, reckless life, but there is some sound philosophy beneath it all, and the men who lead it can face misfortune, when misfortune comes, as bravely as most others.

b. £150 a Year.

We can only realise that 'one half of the world does not know how the other half lives,' when we endeavour to make even a rough

estimate of the weekly and yearly expenses of a class to which we do not belong. We can frankly discuss our own home budgets with friends who share our difficulties in making both ends meet, but the moment that we seek for information from those whose incomes are either much less or much greater than our own we do not meet on common ground.

It is, moreover, impossible to generalise without being open to the charge of inaccuracy, since one case so little resembles another, that the expenses of a single family are seldom typical of any class. Thus, I have been told by several working men that '£2 10s. a week will keep a man, his wife, and three children nicely.' But in order to do this the work must be continuous, the wife a good manager, and the husband steady and sober. It is seldom, alas! that all these requisites concur. Working men of the artisan class, who have had experience of life in England as well as in Australia, say that in spite of the higher wages it really costs them more to live out here. That is to say, they do not find it any easier to save. The conditions of life are, however, much pleasanter, and there is less privation and misery for those who do work.

Most families keep no accounts. They know how much they spend in house rent, and that is about all; so that it is only by dint of many inquiries that the weekly expenses can be ascertained. The wife generally knows how much she is in the habit of spending on any item each week, but it is never put down on paper. Here is the money, and there the things required. It balances somehow.

A man who is earning regularly £150 in the year can afford to pay about 10s. a week for his house. Rents vary from 8s. to 12s. 6d., according to the distance from town and the desirability of the locality. For any of these prices a man can find nice cottages, near to tramlines, with three rooms, besides kitchen, bathroom, laundry, and a yard. Such a class of dwelling is to be found anywhere in town or suburbs. A man must live near his work, and if this take him into town he may have to pay a higher rent and have a rather less airy house. But the immediate society of one's fellow-creatures makes up for a good deal.

In a house of this size one bag of coal at 1s. 3d. and sixpenny-worth of wood will keep the kitchen fire going for a week, and leave enough over to heat the copper for the week's washing, besides an occasional fire in a sitting-room. All the washing is done at home by the wife, and the cost of laundry materials is included in the weekly grocer's bill.

The daily marketing is not a long business. The wife simply runs over to the nearest butcher in the course of a morning and buys two pounds of either beef or mutton, which are both to be had for 4*d.* a pound. She also buys enough potatoes and other vegetables for the needs of the day, and there her shopping ends; for milk is left at the door, and the baker calls daily with bread. The bread bill is usually about 3*s.* a week. In this particular case baker's bread is supplemented by scones and home-made cakes, but unfortunately many wives have neither the time nor the inclination for cooking of this sort. The milk bill is about 1*s.* 2*d.* a week; and in addition to this a tin of Swiss milk is bought every week, to be used for puddings and early-morning tea.

On Saturdays, late in the afternoon, when all the house is swept and garnished, the wife will set forth to lay in her stock of provisions for the week. The husband may or may not accompany her—probably not; and the eldest boy or girl generally helps to carry the basket. The grocer is doing a thriving trade this afternoon, and many things are to be bought here. For the week's lighting one pound of candles will be required, which cost 6*d.*, and a quart of oil for 3½*d.* Then the wife buys threepennyworth of cheese, a pennyworth of curry powder, 2 lb. of sugar for 5*d.*, 1 lb. of flour (for scones and cakes), 1 lb. of biscuits at 4*d.*; 1 lb. of tea, 1*s.*; 2 lb. of butter, 1*s.* 6*d.*; six eggs for 10*d.*, and a tin of condensed milk, 5*d.* If there is enough soap to last the week, that completes the grocery purchases for that day, unless treacle, honey, or jam for the children's tea be required. The grocer's bill for a week is always about 12*s.* 6*d.*, and this includes, as we have seen, candles, eggs, butter, and sometimes a little bacon. Bacon is not much eaten by working people. It can be had as low as 5*d.* a pound, but of a very inferior quality, and all the better kinds are much dearer. Its place is taken by tinned salmon or fresh meat. Some housewives disapprove strongly of giving children any tinned meats, and these have a higher butcher's bill and a lower grocer's bill than their neighbours. On the Saturday a leg of mutton for 2*s.* is bought; this provides the Sunday dinner and lasts till Tuesday. The butcher's account for the week is never more than 5*s.* 4*d.* A visit to the greengrocer ends the evening's shopping, and the usual purchases are 1½ dozen bananas at 4*d.* a dozen, and a dozen apples at the same price. In summer fruit can be bought very cheaply, but apples and bananas are the usual stand-by in winter. There is no need to buy any fish, for this husband spends most of Sunday

fishing, and often catches quite a good supply. It costs him nothing, for the family live within a walk of the sea; but many families who have the same advantage do not avail themselves of it. Instead of going to the seashore to fish they prefer to buy stale sardines or reduced tins of salmon.

The question of dress is always serious. Good clothes, which wear well, can only be bought at a price which few working people can afford. The cheap clothes they do afford themselves are inferior in quality and never last long. Some wives know this so well that by making great economies they manage to save up and buy good working clothes for their husbands. With the majority, however, a favourite plan is that known as the 'time-payment system.' A 'collector' goes round to all the small houses, and sells 'orders' on various large firms. His commission is really paid by all these poor people. For instance, a woman buys an order for £3. For this she pays 6s. down, 3s. of which is 'commission,' and for this she receives no return, while the other 3s. reduces her further liability to £2 17s. Of this she pays off 6s. a week till all is paid, and meantime she goes into town and can get whatever she wants in the way of clothes, each item being checked from her 'order.' Orders can be had for any sum from £1 upwards. I am told that a £3 order will clothe a mother, a full-grown boy, and two little girls for five months. 'And do you also buy boots on that system?' 'Oh, no,' was the reply. 'We find that boots bought on the time-payment system do not wear well, so I have to buy them separately.' It is curious that it does not seem to occur to people that the same theory applies to other articles of dress, and that 6s. a week could be saved up and spent on better clothes. I gather that a man who really works hard cannot be clothed on the time payment system, but requires something more substantial. For a suit made to order he pays from £3 to £4 10s., according to the quality of the material. His boots cost at least 12s. 6d. a pair. So that there is not much left for the wife to dress on. Most women own a sewing-machine and make their own clothes with it; while the younger ones can be dressed in the cast-off clothes of the elder girls. In this way the younger children are dressed at very little expense. A mother will often go shabby herself in order that her children may be neatly dressed for school. For each child who goes to school 3d. a week is paid. Payment is optional, but in most cases the parents prefer to pay if they can afford it.

Sixpence a week paid to a 'lodge' includes doctor's attendance

and medicine, but more is charged if any one of the family suffers from a chronic ailment.

Some allowance must be made for beer and spirits, and this usually comes to about 2s. a week. Women always drink tea. The amount spent on tobacco varies a good deal in each household. Where a man takes no beer he sometimes spends as much as £7 10s. in the year on tobacco, but as a rule 2s. a week will cover the extent of his smoking.

Under the heading of amusements come the dances held by the numerous clubs and lodges, to which the elder sons often go. These dances take place two or three times in the week, and the charge is 1s. for each person. Holidays and excursions for a family of five will come to about £5 in the year. Very little saving is done as a rule. It depends on the wife's management whether she can put by something in the savings bank yearly. Man is not a saving animal, and the husbands generally spend all their earnings over and above the living expenses. Roughly, then, the expenses of the family we have been taking as an instance come out as follows :

	£	s.	d.
Income	150	0	0
Rent	26	0	0
Housekeeping	68	10	0
Travelling	5	0	0
Amusements and holidays	5	0	0
Doctor and dentist	2	6	0
Tobacco	5	0	0
Beer and spirits	5	0	0
Fuel and light	7	0	0
Dress (for man and wife)	12	0	0
School bills	1	0	0
Insurance	3	0	0
Cost of children	5	0	0
Savings	5	4	0
	£150	0	0

The following budgets were obtained by drawing up some forms and having them sent to various families living in Sydney and the suburbs. No names were to be mentioned, and those who did not care to fill them up were asked to pass the paper on to neighbours. It must be admitted that they were not all well received. In some cases the papers were regarded with suspicion, as they were thought to herald some new and insidious form of taxation. Others

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wrote and said they could not answer the questions as they kept no account of what they spent. But the tables given here are filled up in nearly every detail, and are all sent in by people belonging to the artisan class.

TABLE A.

	£	s.	d.
Income	175	0	0
Rent	36	0	0
Housekeeping	56	0	0
Travelling	11	0	0
Amusements and holidays	5	0	0
Doctor	1	1	0
Dentist	3	0	0
Tobacco	2	15	0
Beer and spirits		5	0
Dress (for man and wife)	15	0	0
Lighting and fuel	5	10	0
Insurances	11	0	0
Subscriptions	1	10	0
Cost of children	5	0	0
School bills	1	10	0
	£154	11	0

The weekly expenses which go towards the housekeeping account are as follows :

	£	s.	d.
Butcher		5	0
Baker		1	9
Milk		2	0
Groceries		6	6
Fish		1	0
Greengrocer		3	9
	£1	0	0

This budget evidently comes from a well-to-do family, and the husband presumably belongs to a 'lodge,' which will account for the doctor's bill being so small. The husband's trade is not given, but he seems to be an abstemious man, and this may explain why there is so large a cash balance left over at the end of the year. Travelling expenses and amusements are a characteristic item of an Australian family budget. 'Amusements' include the whole-some open-air picnics taken by the whole family, either by train, tram, or boat, according to the season, on the numerous holidays that occur in this country. The fares alone for a man, his wife and three children, will mount up to some pounds in the course of a year, even when the outing is conducted with strict economy.

The long, hot summer days, which are so conducive to out-of-door life, are a very different matter when the family is shut up within the four walls of a tiny house, with the sun beating down, and no ice to keep the water cool, and no dainty dishes to tempt the capricious appetite of an ailing child. Should the summer be unusually trying the wife will, if she belong to the country, or to an inland town, take the children away to stop some weeks with her mother. In no other way can they afford to leave their homes. This particular family save an unusually large sum in insurances. They also have a small vegetable garden and keep fowls; otherwise their provision bills would be much higher. A thrifty wife is supposed to be an inestimable boon to a man in any walk of life, but among the poorer people thrift means more than mere comfort, for on it hinges the happiness of the home and the health of the children. It must be borne in mind that poor people pay much less for their food than do the rich. The custom of doing their own marketing and paying cash (when they are able) saves time and trouble to the shopmen, and enables them to charge much lower prices than they could to their wealthier customers, who run up long accounts. Where another would pay 8*d.* a pound for beef, the wife of a working man can get the same thing for 4*d.* And this is not for an inferior quality of goods. The Australian working man expects to be well fed, so that meat and vegetables must be of the best. The wife has, of course, some knowledge of cooking, but her range is limited, and the family generally live on roast and grilled meat. A certain philanthropic lady once tried to give lessons in cooking to some of the women, but her recipes were treated with great contempt, the wives declaring that they could never get their husbands to eat such rubbish.

TABLE B.

Income	£	s.	d.
	167	0	0
Rent	39	0	0
Housekeeping	64	16	0
Travelling	5	4	0
Amusements and holidays	5	0	0
Doctor and dentist	2	10	0
Beer and spirits	7	16	0
Dress (for man and wife)	10	15	0
Fuel and light	6	0	0
Cost of children	3	10	0
Subscriptions	5	4	0
	£149	15	0

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Weekly Bills:	£	s.	d.
Butcher	4	6	
Baker	1	9	
Milk	1	9	
Groceries	7	6	
Fish	1	0	
Eggs and butter	2	3	
Greengrocer	4	8	
	£1	3	0

We have here what seems to be a surplus of £17 5s., and no mention of what is done with it. It is most unlikely that such a sum is laid by every year. This may have been an unusually prosperous one, and the balance would in that case go into the savings bank. No money is spent in tobacco, and there is a large drink bill, but all the other items are very similar to the preceding Table. The number of children is not given, but there cannot be more than three. The 'subscriptions' are probably to some club or 'lodge.'

TABLE C.

Income	£	s.	d.
	180	0	0
Rent	41	0	0
Housekeeping	84	4	0
Travelling	6	9	0
Amusements and holidays	5	0	0
Doctor and dentist	Nil		
Tobacco	2	17	0
Beer and spirits	5	0	0
Dress (for man and wife)	15	0	0
Insurance	2	10	0
School bills	5	0	0
Savings in the year	12	0	0
	£180	0	0
Weekly Bills:	£	s.	d.
Butcher	8	0	
Baker	3	6	
Milk	3	0	
Groceries	15	0	
Fish	1	0	
Greengrocer	3	0	
	£1	13	6

There is a slight discrepancy here, as, if the weekly bills come to £1 13s. 6d., the housekeeping money for the year will amount to £87 2s., and this does not give a saving of £12 in the year.

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In this family are four children (mentioned in a footnote), but evidences of them are also to be seen in the butcher's and grocer's bills. It is a characteristic budget, however, and seems to have been filled in with some optimism. A man with a wife and four children cannot always hope to get through the year without a doctor, yet no provision seems to be made for him.

Here is our last budget, and a pathetic one :

TABLE D.

Income	£	s.	d.
	104	0	0
Rent	23	0	0
Housekeeping	55	10	0
Travelling	3	0	0
Amusements and holidays	Nil		
Doctor and dentist	Nil		
Tobacco	2	0	0
Beer and spirits	5	0	0
Fuel and light	5	0	0
Dress (for man and wife)	8	0	0
School bills	2	0	0
Insurances	Nil		
Savings	Nil		
	£103	10	0
Weekly Bills :			
Butcher	7	0	
Baker	2	0	
Milk	1	6	
Groceries	8	6	
Eggs and butter	1	6	
Greengrocer	1	6	
	£1	0	0

We cannot but wonder that 'nil' is written so despairingly opposite the entries for amusement, insurance and savings, with a balance of only 10s. when the year's expenses have been met. There are three children, and one thinks sadly of their life in a tiny house, with no amusements or holidays. It may, perhaps, occur to the reader that less could be spent on beer when so little is saved. The husband's work may not be of a permanent nature, and if he be out of employment, even for a few weeks, it can be imagined into what a condition of distress this will throw his wife and children. Almost the only way in which people circumstanced like these are can save at all is by taking a lodger or two; and here,

again, all depends on the wife's management and her capabilities for making the home comfortable.

Where the Australian working-man's wife fails most is in the rearing of her babies. And why? One glance at the above Tables will show that the milk item is very small compared with the other bills. Milk is almost the only article of food that is no cheaper for the poor, and therefore they are apt to economise in it most. By way of making up for this the babies get an ample share of whatever their elders may be having: bacon, cheese, sardines; nothing is grudged to them, and in consequence child and infant mortality is great. No doubt the mothers do not realise the importance of milk as a food; there seems so little in it, and it is some trouble to prepare; while half a banana will keep a baby quiet for a long time. A great deal of meat is eaten in Australia. It is said by medical men that children, in particular, would be better with little or no meat, but it is no doubt much easier to grill some steak or bake a joint rather than contrive a tempting and satisfying meal with plenty of vegetables and farinaceous food.

Fish is seldom bought. It should be a staple article of diet, but the price is too high for most families to afford it. A large quantity of tinned food, especially salmon, is consumed, even in the towns, while up the country families often live entirely on tinned food. This is not the most wholesome way of living, especially when the daily papers so often have to report cases of ptomaine poisoning; but in the remote back-blocks, where drays with fresh provisions come once a week, or less, there is no alternative. In the cities people have not that excuse, and an extraordinary amount of tinned goods are sold among the working classes. This explains why they have such large grocer's bills. Australia badly needs a cooking crusade. The children would be healthier, the death-rate lower, and the public-houses emptier if simple and scientific cooking were thoroughly understood all over the country. Happily, it is now being taught in the public schools, and a recent innovation has ordained that in some of the gaols all female prisoners serving sentences of more than a week are to be taught some simple cooking. The plan works well, and promises to be a great success. If the poor, overworked wives could only understand how much a knowledge of cooking would lighten their labours the task of reform would be easier.

Tough meat badly cooked has a brutalising effect on man. Even Dr. Johnson, who was by no means fastidious, complained

of food which was 'Ill-fed, ill-killed, ill-kept, and ill-dressed.' In one case a husband returned to his home very tired and asked his wife for a drink. She gave him some milk out of a hair-oil bottle. The subsequent proceedings led them before a magistrate, who decided that the husband could plead 'extenuating circumstances.'

In order to obtain a really correct estimate of what it costs a working man to live in Australia the average of not less than three years' expenses should be taken. Work varies according to the prosperity of the seasons, and a steady workman is liable to be out of work from time to time through no fault of his own because, in a new country, bad times make themselves quickly felt among the poorer classes. Unfortunately, it has only been possible to get accounts of the year's expenditure, but the above tables may give some idea of how people live in Australia.

A FALSE START.

I.

AT intervals all through his day-long journey from Arranard to Dublin Edmund Blake wondered what had possessed him to undertake such a commission, but he could not account for it more satisfactorily than by ascribing it to the way in which his presence of mind habitually deserted him on the rare occasions when he accidentally fell in with an acquaintance. Sometimes it had thus betrayed him, a solitary and unsociable bachelor, into rash acceptances of invitations, out of which he afterwards scrambled lamely and lyingly, if at all; sometimes, as now, it entangled him in engagements whence he could devise no means of escape whatever. He had suddenly met at Ogreine Post-office his aunt Emily, who lived at a safe distance away beyond Shanrone, and, because she asked him to dinner, he had hurriedly announced, what happened to be a true and sufficient excuse, his immediate departure for Dublin on business. Then she had counted her change more than once while he bought his stamps, and at the end of their transactions had made her request. It related to one Anne Millen, her former housemaid, who had been poorly left a widow with a little boy, and had now fallen into hopelessly bad health. She had written from Dublin that she had a good chance of admission into the Incurable Hospital, only how could she be leaving Charlie to run wild about the streets, or get himself shut up in the workhouse or reformatory? Whereupon Mrs. Blake had offered to board the child out with some decent family in her own neighbourhood, and Mrs. Millen had thankfully agreed to the plan, in the way of which only one obstacle stood—the difficulty of transporting Charlie to Arranard. His mother wrote that he was too little and small entirely to be travelling on the train alone, and, as no escort seemed to be forthcoming, the arrangement remained impracticable. But now, said Edmund's aunt, if Edmund would not mind finding Mrs. Millen's lodgings when he was coming home, and just putting the child into the train at the Dublin terminus, and seeing that he changed rightly at the different junctions, it would be a great charity. Mrs.

Millen's address was 4 Dobbyn Court, Lundy Alley, a low, out-of-the-way place, she feared.

Mr. Blake found, after some dismal wandering through a frosty November fog, that this description suited No. 4 Dobbyn Court exactly enough. The spacious, well-proportioned house had fallen with the fortunes of its neighbourhood, and was now let in tenements. Its broad, shallow-stepped staircase had lost its elaborate balustrade, and was rapidly becoming a dangerous and dirty ladder. Far up it, a wide door with blackened silver plates admitted him into a bleak room, where a marble chimney-piece, intricately carved and cracked, surmounted a fireless grate, and a richly garlanded ceiling looked down on a bare floor, in the middle of which the most conspicuous object was a large sooty kettle. Mrs. Finny, its proprietress, had stepped up with the loan of it to Mrs. Millen, who was short of coal, as she explained to Mr. Blake, and of almost everything else, as he inferred from the aspect of herself and her apartment. That she would not want for anything long was likewise clearly evident, and when Mr. Blake told his errand, she seemed at first to waver between a wish to keep Charlie until the last, and a wish to see him start on the way to provision and protection. Perceiving this, Mrs. Finny spoke out her opinion frankly :

'Deed then, Mrs. Millen, it's very wrong you'd be doin' to not take your chance of gettin' yourself into that hospital. Sure, now, it's delightful. I was in it meself one day, a couple of year ago, seein' me cousin's wife that went there in a deep decline, and you wouldn't believe the comfort she said she had in it. But wid me own eyes I seen her aitin' her dinner, and it brought up to her on a little round tray, wid a grand white fringed cloth, if you plase, and everything as iligant as it could stick. Oranges, she said, they'd be givin' her, or anything else she'd take and fancy. The finest in the land might be contint to be gettin' their deaths in the likes of such a place, and bedad, it's the happy woman the Lord's intendin' you to be, Mrs. Millen, if it's to the Incurables you're goin'. Very thankful you had a right to be, ma'am, instead of talkin' foolish about not partin' wid the child, that's ne'er a chance in the world here, when you're away, except goin' to loss about the streets learnin' every manner of villainy.'

'There isn't a better child in Ireland than Charlie, the crathur,' said Mrs. Millen. 'Where are you, sonny? Come and spake to the gintleman—I thought he was in it just this minyit.'

'He's apt to ha' slipt out on you unbeknownst,' said Mrs. Finny. 'Och, no—sure, there he is, warmin' himself behind th' ould kettle.' With that Mr. Blake became aware of two eyes shining over the flaky black lid, and Mrs. Finny presently pulled struggling into view the rest of their owner, a very small shock-headed urchin, whose garments hung on and off him in large rectangular tatters, like loose slates, and whose countenance, as far as grime and elf-locks permitted observation, expressed a mixture of anger and alarm. Mr. Blake, on his part, gazed aghast at this hopeful travelling companion.

Next morning, however, when they met by appointment at the railway terminus, he would hardly have recognised the child had it not been for the presence of Mrs. Finny acting as convoy, so transformed was Charlie's appearance by a process of combing and clipping, and a whole suit of the sort technically termed 'reach-me-downs,' the funds for which Mr. Blake had supplied. Charlie's mother had watched his departure with heart-broken pride, and a feeling that life contained more precious things than any Incurable Hospital, if only she could have kept a hold of them. During the long day's journey, his conduct quite corresponded with his new air of respectability. Hour after hour he sat silent and still, save for such movements as were occasioned by the consumption of a huge twopenny bun with which he was presented on the way, and at which he worked with successful perseverance. As they drew near their destination Mr. Blake began to reflect that after all he had not been much the worse for the gossoon's society. But a few stations short of Arranard, the stout priest who had hitherto shared their compartment alighted, leaving them alone, and they were no sooner moving on again than Charlie rapidly drew forth from his pocket a slender brown purse, which he handed to Mr. Blake, saying: 'I was only waitin' for that one to quit. There might be the price of me ticket in it.'

'Did your mother give it to you?' Mr. Blake asked, surprised at this development of resources.

'Sure, not at all,' said Charlie; 'I got it off an ould gintleman was readin' a picture-book on the stall at the place where you gave me the cake. It's the first one ever I took, unless an ould hankercher that wasn't any good. But it was me new coat gave me a great chance this time. They wouldn't ever let me be standin' so close alongside them before. That's the way Dick Molloy has the luck; his clothes is uncommon dacint. I wisht

he'd just seen me grabbin' this,' Charlie added, regretfully, as if missing the crown of his triumph. 'Wudn't you thry what's in it, sir? You might get a pound-note. I only squinted inside it yet. Maybe I'll have another chance, if there's a crowd on the platform and we gettin' out.'

Horror grew upon Mr. Blake along with these revelations, which were made in a tone of exulting confidence. He stared blankly at the complacent pickpocket opposite, and then searched hastily through the purse for some clue to the address of its lawful owner, but, finding only a few small coins, flung it disgustedly out of the window. Charlie uttered a howl. 'Och, there was shillins in it; I seen a couple at all events. You done right to be throwin' away the purse, for fear the peelers would be gettin' it on you; but now you're after losin' the bit of money and everythin'.' He burst into tears of bitter mortification and disappointment. To see the fruits of his sweet first success thus wantonly destroyed was indeed heart-rending, especially as he had handed them over in all their freshness, even unreckoned, being moved by a sentiment of profound gratitude towards the patron who had showered such unprecedented benefits upon him, culminating in that prodigious bun.

'You young miscreant,' said Mr. Blake, 'I've as good a mind as ever I had in my life just to give you in charge to the police the minute we get to Arranard.'

This threat froze Charlie into speechless terror. Into what fatal snare had he fallen? It had never for a moment occurred to him that this princely bestower of splendid clothing and sumptuous refreshments, who was treating him to a more wonderful excursion than ever he had imagined, could possibly have any affinity with the rest of the respectable world, whose proceedings towards him had been so completely different, and whose allies were the still more awful 'polis.' But now it appeared that, whatever he might have done, the stranger was in league with them all, and as ready as any of them to invoke those horrible powers. As the train swept past a little lamp-lit station without stopping, Charlie caught a glimpse of two helmeted figures on the platform, and shrank back into his corner, meditating the possibility of a desperate bolt for freedom when they reached Arranard.

Meanwhile, Mr. Blake, though much less overwhelmingly discomposed, felt quite seriously concerned about this thank-

offering. He was subject to severe attacks of scrupulousness, and one of these now supervened upon considering the criminal propensities manifested by the person whom he had been the means of importing into his parish. It seemed clear to him that he could not justifiably allow a trained Dublin thief to be domesticated, without a word of warning, in a family whose property and morals might alike suffer from the presence of such an inmate. Yet to speak that word, with the effect, perhaps, of further overcasting the unfortunate little wretch's sufficiently beclouded prospects in life, seemed altogether out of the question. In the few minutes which were left him for deliberation, no better expedient suggested itself to him than that he personally should retain charge of Charlie Millen, until some more suitable quarters could be found. Accordingly, upon reaching Arranard, Charlie was firmly gripped, and transferred to an outside car, from which, after a long dark drive, he descended at the door of what he ascertained to be, not the police barracks, but Mr. Blake's own house.

And here at Lissangort, as it turned out, Charlie lodged for many a night. It was one of those establishments where things take their course with unlimited leisureliness, and where all business not immediately pressing is wont to be docketed 'some time or another' for an indefinite period. There was really no urgency in the case of Charlie Millen; and when the boy had been handed over to Mrs. Judy Devine, the housekeeping cook, Mr. Blake, withdrawing to his solitary abode in a remote wing, soon ceased to think at all frequently about the matter. Mrs. Devine, an elderly and sociable person, did not despise Charlie's company, being often lonesome, when none of her special cronies happened to have looked into her kitchen, and when the two maids were what she described as 'streeled off wid themselves the deer knows where.' She found him useful, too, in various small domestic duties. The guarded warning which Mr. Blake had thought fit to give her had taken the form of an assurance that 'the young rascal was as sharp as a needle, and up to anything,' so, falling in with this view, she readily ascribed to Charlie the possession of very unusual abilities, apparent in his handiness about shelling peas or plucking chickens. His diminutive size, for, although nearly nine, he looked barely six, helped to give an impression of precocity, and he was pronounced by everybody to be 'quare and ould-fashioned.' From time to time Mrs. Devine

reported upon him to the master, always, because she perceived that this was expected, emphasising his remarkable 'cuteness and sense, and always, because she wished to retain his society and services, declaring him as good as gold and as honest as the day. These statements pleased Mr. Blake, being in conformity with his own expressed opinion, and at the same time enabling him to say to himself, 'My good woman, if you knew but all.' Upon the rare occasions when he fell in with Charlie, he easily convinced himself that the boy's conversation and manners denoted singular shrewdness and intelligence. If he stood in sheepish silence, he was assumed to harbour wiliness too intense for words; if he whispered hoarsely, 'Tis, your honour,' and 'I do not, your honour,' his replies were chuckled over as sparkingly epigrammatic. Even his habit of fishing for pinkeens with a crumb on a crooked pin argued a very peculiar ingenuity. In fact, Mr. Blake came to regard Charlie Millen, the typically quick-witted street arab, as a discovery—by no means an invention—of his own, and to make a personal matter of the knowingness, skill, and daring which he had diverted from a career of crime.

As for Charlie himself, he quickly grew contented with his new surroundings, and left off dreaming of his mother. Lissangort kitchen seemed to him a paradise of unforbidden plenty, where he had no temptation to prowl and pilfer, as he had had to do in the cold and hungry other world, with its foe-infested streets and tantalising shop-windows. Presently that part of his life began to grow almost unimaginable among these altered circumstances, a mist filmed over his memories, and his disused predaceous instincts dwindled away. But even if that had not happened, one recollection, which remained vividly in his mind, would have prevented them from ever again misleading him. The master's strong condemnation of his thieving had made upon him a profound impression, which persisted long after he had ceased to be haunted by dread of the police. For the seldom-seen and all-commanding master became Charlie's deity, whom he worshipped from afar, with a devoutness rather singularly disinterested. Indeed, it might have been called the central fact in his uneventful existence. As the years went by, nothing particularly noteworthy befell him, except his increase in size and in capacity for doing odd jobs, so that he was sometimes employed out of doors. Fishing continued to be his favourite amusement, but his ambition gradually mounted from pinkeens and crooked pins to

'troutses' and real hooks. The dream of his life was that he might some day catch a fish which Mrs. Devine would pronounce fit for the master's breakfast.

II.

The passage of the next decade left as trivial traces as might be at Lissangort House. A somewhat burlier master, a slightly stiffer-jointed cook, and a small quiet youth, lately a smaller quieter child, beheld its close. Tommy, the brown cart-horse, had died, and Bobby, his successor, differed chiefly in name. Maggie Nolan, the young housemaid, had married Pat Hedican, the gardener's son, and Lizzie Farrell, her senior in the service, had undertaken to discharge her duties for the present single-handed, with a view to securing the situation later on for a growing-up niece. But it is rather invidious to select these incidents as especially worthy of record. Beyond their gates, the most remarkable innovation was the coming of the master's bachelor cousin, Mr. Gerald Warton, to occupy Carrickman House, which had long stood empty in its adjacent demesne. Immense wealth was attributed to Mr. Warton by local opinion, based mainly upon the improvements which he had set about making. They included the repairing of a ruined lodge, in which he placed a gamekeeper, whose principal occupation at first was the rearing of pheasants. Fabulous rumours ran as to the number of eggs that were being hatched, and the ton-weights of grain consumed by the multiplying broods. Certainly the field about Carr's lodge was thickly studded with coops, and the queer, strangled crows of the cock-pheasants might frequently be heard.

It was not Mr. Warton's sportsmanlike tastes, however, that made his arrival in the neighbourhood a matter of some importance at Lissangort, but the fact that he and the master had been friends in youth, and now, in a measure, resumed their intimacy, thus breaking through the master's long-established custom of neither visiting nor receiving visitors. Once a week or so Mr. Warton would step across by the field-path, which was the shortest route to his cousin's place, and now and then would have his company on the way home. Mrs. Devine said it was 'a Christian comfort to see the poor master behavin' himself different at all from an ould blind bat mopin' up in his roost.'

And Lizzie Farrell said that if he 'had the trouble of clanin' up for company, you wouldn't wonder if he had as lief they stayed away; but when all he had to do was to say, "How's yourself?" it was quare enough he wouldn't like a bit of variety of an odd while.' The Widdy Becker, on the contrary, who had dropped into the kitchen with some indefinite object, remarked, as she cooled her second cup of tea, that she 'didn't notice much signs of mopin' on his honour, glory be to God; he was off-hand and hearty enough any time a body might happen to meet him. And, for the matter of that, she recollected an ould Colonel Trant was livin' at Newtownmahony in her time, and as often as he'd see anybody offerin' to turn in at his gate, off wid him hot-fut to the house-yard, to be lettin' loose the big baste of a bloodhound he kep' convanient, that 'ud freeze your heart stiff, when you'd hear the cruel roars of it, throttin' along the shrubberies towards you. There wasn't many went visitin' him. Sure, 'twas just a fantigue some people took agin' seein' their neighbours, the same as other people took agin' aitin' their bit of food.'

At the time when Widdy Becker was philosophising thus, the master and his cousin were smoking in the dusty book-room, where they had met after a longer interval than usual. Mr. Warton had been away for a month, and related that upon his return to Carrickman he had found Carr, the keeper, in much concern about the pheasants. They had begun to disappear mysteriously some time before, and were now doing so in serious numbers.

'Carr himself's above suspicion,' Mr. Warton said, 'but I doubt that he's any great good as a detective. I must look into the thing myself as soon as I can. I have to be off again to-morrow for a week or ten days.'

'I'll tell you what,' said Mr. Blake; 'I'll set that young ruffian of mine, Charlie Millen, to keep an eye on them while you're away. They'll be bright lads if they circumvent him. I wouldn't mind betting any money that he'll have the ins and outs of the whole affair ready for you by the time you're back. It's a case of diamond cut diamond, you know.'

'Are you sure he mightn't be a little too sharp for us?' Mr. Warton said. But his cousin replied:

'Oh, as to that, he's straight enough, no fear. We'll have him up here and tell him what we want.'

So Charlie, wondering and apprehending, obeyed a summons

to the book-room. 'The master's wantin' to spake to you,' Liam said, 'and Mr. Warton's along wid him. Are you after doin' a quare job over there?'

Charlie's conscience was quite clear on that point, yet it could not keep him from quaking, especially at the master's first remark: 'I daresay you've heard that Mr. Warton has been missing his pheasants?'

'Sorra the feather of a one of them I ever laid eyes on, your honour,' said Charlie. 'It's only fishin' up the river I do be, now and agin, for troutses, and there's nothin' in it unless a couple of water-hins.'

'Well, we'd like you to leave the trout alone for a bit, and keep a look-out to see where those pheasants are going, and then bring word to Mr. Warton or to me, but of course say nothing to anybody else.'

'I will so, your honour, and I will not, your honour,' Charlie said submissively, perplexed.

'We must be careful that it doesn't come round to Carr,' said Mr. Warton, 'for he might misunderstand, and take offence.'

After a few further suggestions and injunctions, Charlie was dismissed, and returned to the kitchen with a slight tendency to self-importance, counteracted by a strong sense that he had not the least idea how he could set about doing what the master required. As the door closed, Mr. Blake said that he saw the young villain had some dodge already in his mind.

Charlie, of course, found his friends all agog with curiosity about the interview, but he made a good start by refusing to answer any questions upon the subject, declaring, with discreet subtlety, that he had been 'bid to not let on what they were talkin' about, even to Mr. Carr himself, who was mindin' the pheasants.' Naturally, therefore, ere that September sun had set behind Slieve Corish, all whom it in any way concerned had learned how Mr. Blake and Mr. Warton were after speaking to young Millen about the Carrickman pheasants, whatever he might have to say to them.

Now the persons most responsible for the diminishing of Mr. Warton's little flock were the three Brierleys, Peter and Joe, who worked on Matt Reilly's farm, and lived in a cabin near the Arranard Road, with Charlotte, their sister, who was employed in the kitchen up at Carrickman House close by across the fields. The

Brierleys had always had the name of being very respectable people, and might never have risked losing it, only for a concatenation of tempting circumstances, which drew them aside from the paths of rectitude. One link in this chain was the accidental discovery of stray pheasants resorting to a secluded meadow-corner, muffled away between lofty hedges, whither they could be lured more numerous by a judicious system of feeding; another was the possession of a friend constantly driving to and fro a grocer's van, which he willingly turned down the Brierleys' bit of breen, to pick up any parcel they might happen to have directed to an acquaintance of his in Arranard, whose brother kept a poulterer's shop in Dublin. Charlotte's part in the proceedings was to provide an ample and attractive supply of broken meats for the enticing of their victims; to keep vigilant eyes and wits about her in case of threatening signs; and, being neat-fingered, to parcel up the game in packages that dissembled their contents. The trio had carried on these operations for a considerable time without arousing the suspicions of even their nearest neighbours and friends. Had they done so they would have incurred almost unanimous censure, for there was little difference of public opinion upon the question whether or no pheasants might be regarded as common property.

Mrs. Felix Moriarty, an authoritative personage, expressed the general view accurately enough one day during a discussion. 'If it was runnin' wild in the woods the crathurs were,' she said, 'I wouldn't have a word agin one body makin' free wid them more than another. But when a person does be rearin' them onnathural under hins, and feedin' them the same as young turkeys, it stands to reason you had a right to be lettin' them alone, unless you would be evenin' yourself to a pack of tinkers, interfarin' wid people's chuckens and ducks.'

The only dissentient voice was Bill Dowdall's, and he had no better argument than that 'if a man seen a chucken wid a tail on it half a yard long sittin' aitin' all before it in the middle of his bit of oats, 'twould be a poor case if he mightn't drive a stone at it, which his hearers regarded as merely a rather irrelevant exception to Mrs. Moriarty's rule.

Tidings of Charlie Millen's interview with Mr. Blake and Mr. Warton reached the Brierleys in due course, and the inference they drew was that he had somehow fallen under suspicion with respect to the missing pheasants. This misconception

caused them no uneasiness, but moved them to disdainful mirth.

‘Is it the chap that does be moonin’ up and down fishin’ the river, where there never was heard tell of anythin’ the len’th of me little finger since the world began? A great offer he’d make at it—cock him up!’

Carr, the gamekeeper, on the other hand, came nearer the mark, and, waxing as indignant as his employer had foreboded, vowed that he wouldn’t be very long sending to the rightabout any young jackass who had the impudence to come spying round his premises. On Charlie himself the incident had laid a heavy burden of embarrassment and perplexity, the more so because his master was just then called away to Dublin for a week on business, and left him with vague but peremptory commands to have detected something by the time they met again. With the best will in the world to execute his commission, Charlie could not see an inch of any way towards it. He thought it his duty, however, as a preliminary step, to desert his beloved river, where the spreading crystal circles perpetually wove snares to catch his hopes of a bite, while elm leaves had begun to float by in crinkled flakes of fiery gold; and he substituted for his pleasant angling hours long spells of unprofitable sauntering, harassed and aimless, as near as he ventured to the keeper’s lodge. He had all the time an exasperated sense that he was losing a grand chance of acquitting himself well in the master’s eyes. For success in this affair would have been more creditable than the capture of the largest trout that ever swam; but unluckily it seemed no less out of reach.

On the day before the master was expected home, Andy Clery, the general man, and Pat Hearn, the gardener, attended Grattans-town Races with so much assiduity that they were disposed next morning to take things very easily indeed. Thus it happened that in the afternoon, when the master had to be fetched back from Arranard on the car, no better driver was forthcoming than Charlie Millen. He had seldom been entrusted with such a task, and would have felt some dignified pride in handling the reins, only that it was crushed by his consciousness of how complete a failure he must report. ‘For,’ he said to himself, ‘the divil a fut of me knows what’s goin’ wid them ould fowls; and they say there’s a dozen more of them missin’ since Sunday.’ As he jolted along past the mouth of the Brierleys’ deep-banked boreen, who should

be standing there but Joe Brierley, with a good-sized wicker hamper set on the road beside him?

'Have you e'er a vacancy about you?' he called to Charlie.

'Sure, there's ne'er an atom on the car,' said Charlie; 'except meself and the master, when we pick him up at the station. Is it a sate you're wantin'?'

'Only just for the hamper,' said Joe. 'It's empty mineral wather bottles goin' back to Martin the grocer's in Main Street. Me sishter brought them down from the House, and Christy Gatchell was intindin' to call for it wid the van, but he's after sendin' us word by O'Connor's ploughman that he's lost a shoe below, at Clonbwee, and won't be passin' this way at all; so I was lookin' out for someone else to give it a lift.'

'Och, to be sure,' said Charlie, enjoying this exercise of patronage. 'Stick it up, and welcome.'

'Just drop it at Martin's door passin' by,' said Joe, as he hoisted up the hamper, and secured it with a cord to the front and back rails, 'and lave word it's for Christy Gatchell; he'll know all about it, and 'twill be in time for the night mail anyway—the last delivery I mane to say.'

'All right!' said Charlie, and Joe departed, pleased at having effected his purpose, which he had done in opposition to the wishes of his brother and sister. It was running too big a risk altogether, they said, to be sending them about promiscuous that way, by people who might as likely as not make some quare unhandy mistake, and land them the mischief knows where. But Joe declared that they'd been kept full long already, and he didn't see the sense of letting two or three half-crowns go to loss. So, being a headstrong man, he slipped out after dinner unawares, and did as we have seen.

Charlie drove the seven miles to Arranard without any adventures, for one can hardly so call the excessive laziness of the skewbald mare, who would respond to the utmost efforts of her unfamiliar driver by nothing better than brief and uneasy spells of lolloping, interposed between the sleepest jog-trots. Consequently, when they at length reached the town, he made straight for the station, lest he should be late for his master's train, and deferred the dropping of Joe Brierley's hamper until they were on their homeward journey. The sight of his master alighting on the platform, followed by Mr. Warton, caused him to regret more keenly than ever that he was bringing no news about the

pheasants. Mr. Warton, it appeared, had accepted a seat on the car, which made necessary a shifting of the hamper, and as Charlie unfastened Joe Brierley's knots, the dreaded questioning began. 'What,' said the master, 'has become of Andy Clery?'

This, indeed, was readily answered: 'If you please, your honour, he's that stiff to-day wid his rheumatics he couldn't stir hand or fut.'

'Then why didn't Pat Hearn drive?'

Here was no difficulty either. 'If you please, your honour, he was buryin' his mother's brother over away at Ballyakreen this mornin.'

'Well now, Charlie, how about those pheasants? Can you tell Mr. Warton where he should be looking for them?'

Just then Charlie was gathering the hamper in his arms to lift it from the car-seat, and he replied with a despondent gasp: 'I cannot, your honour. Bedad, now, I could tell you as much or as little, if it was packed up inside of that I was, along wid th'ould bottles, ever since your honours quit,' he added, setting it down heavily on the gravel.

Mr. Warton stooped over it to read the address, which was written on a page of an old account-book, and tied on with a leather bootlace. 'Bottles?' he said immediately. 'Why, what's this?' And he twitched out a little russet-barred feather, which showed its tip through the wickerwork.

He answered himself promptly by cutting the string and throwing back the lid, which disclosed to view nothing less than three brace of fine pheasants in their gay brown plumage. The hamper, in fact, was filled with them, save a few empty bottles inserted for the purpose of jingling plausibly. Scarcely could Charlie believe his eyes, and amazedly they widened in his sharp-chinned sunburnt face, beneath the shadowy shock of black hair feebly repressed by a small cloth cap. But while he stood dumfounded, he was nearly upset by a thump on the back. 'Well done, yourself,' said the master. 'You made a good haul when you were about it. From Joe Brierley, you say? They're not the people I'd have suspected; but one never knows where one is with anybody, and that's a fact. I didn't overstate his capabilities, Jerry, you see. "Packed up inside along with the bottles"—the young rascal.'

'Couldn't have made a neater job of it,' said his cousin. 'By Jove, Eddy, I'll tell you what, you ought to put him into the con-

stabulary. Evidently that's what he's cut out for, if he has another inch or so to grow. I can give you a recommendation to Colonel Perry, any day. He'd be invaluable in the detective department.'

'Exactly my idea,' said Mr. Blake. 'How'd you like the notion of being a police sergeant, Charlie?'

To these, and to other praises and prophecies, Charlie listened with bewildered dismay. He still retained enough of his original sentiments towards the police to make him feel much as a hare might have done at the proposal that it should occupy a prominent post in connection with a pack of hounds. The threat of such a reward urged him to explain how quite accidentally he had come by the hamper; yet it was difficult to disclaim all the merit so enthusiastically ascribed to him. In reply to inquiries respecting his stratagems, he could only stammer: 'I—I just walked about, sir'; whereupon he was assured that he had done it to some purpose, and might look forward to being a County Inspector one of these days. With that fearful promotion looming before him he started on his drive homeward. It contrasted and corresponded in several points with his first journey along that road nearly a dozen years ago. Then, he had sat huddled under the darkness of a winter evening, dreading, in a childish panic, that the police barracks were his destination. Now, as he jogged towards the September sunset, he was scared, hardly less childishly, by the same fate from a different aspect. Then he had just commenced as a successful pickpocket, a career nipped in the very bud. Now he was considered to have taken most brilliantly his first step in a totally distinct and yet allied calling.

As they approached the Brierleys' boreen, down which he was directed to turn, for the purpose of bringing home to the criminals their evil deeds, he said to himself, with a sinking heart: 'It's ragin' they'll all be, and thinkin' me the worst in the world. I'd no hand or part in it, anyway. I wisht to goodness I'd niver took the ould gentleman's purse. Bedad, I wisht everybody 'ud lave meddlin' wid other people's things alone.' An aspiration which, though not based upon the loftiest principles, is yet so highly moral that it suggests a fitting conclusion for this chapter from Charlie Millen's history.

JANE BARLOW.

HISTORICAL MYSTERIES.

BY ANDREW LANG.

XI. SAINT-GERMAIN THE DEATHLESS.

AMONG the best brief masterpieces of fiction are Lytton's 'The Haunters and the Haunted,' and Thackeray's 'Notch on the Axe' in 'Roundabout Papers.' Both deal with a mysterious being who passes through the ages, rich, powerful, always behind the scenes, coming no man knows whence, and dying, or pretending to die, obscurely—you never find authentic evidence of his decease. In other later times, at other courts, such an one reappears, and runs the same course of luxury, marvel, and hidden potency.

Lytton returned to and elaborated his idea in the Margrave of 'A Strange Story,' who has no 'soul,' and prolongs his physical and intellectual life by means of an elixir. Margrave is not bad, but he is inferior to the hero, less elaborately designed, of 'The Haunters and the Haunted.' Thackeray's tale is written in a tone of mock mysticism, but he owns that he likes his own story, in which the strange hero, through all his many lives or reappearances, and through all the countless loves on which he fatuously plumes himself, retains a slight German-Jewish accent.

It appears to me that the historic original of these romantic characters is no other than the mysterious Comte de Saint-Germain—not, of course, the contemporary and normal French soldier and minister of 1707–1778, who bore the same name. I have found the name, with dim allusions, in the unpublished letters and MSS. of Prince Charles Edward Stuart, and have not always been certain whether the reference was to the man of action or to the man of mystery. On the secret of the latter, the deathless one, I have no new light to throw, and only speak of him for a single reason. Aristotle assures us, in his 'Poetics,' that the best known myths dramatised on the Athenian stage were known to very few of the Athenian audience. It is not impossible that the story of Saint-Germain, though it seems as familiar as the myth of Œdipus or Thyestes, may, after all, not be vividly present to the memory of every reader. The omniscient Larousse, of the 'Dictionnaire

Universel,' certainly did not know one very accessible fact about Saint-Germain, nor have I seen it mentioned in other versions of his legend. We read, in Larousse, 'Saint-Germain is not heard of in France before 1750, when he established himself in Paris. No adventure had called attention to his existence; it was only known that he had moved about Europe, lived in Italy, Holland, and in England, and had borne the names of Marquis de Montferrat and of Comte de Bellamy, which he used at Venice.'

Lascelles Wraxall, again, in 'Remarkable Adventures' (1863), says: 'Whatever truth there may be in Saint-Germain's travels in England and the East Indies, it is indubitable that, from 1745 to 1755, he was a man of high position in Vienna,' while in Paris he does not appear, according to Wraxall, till 1757, having been brought from Germany by the Maréchal de Belle-Isle, whose 'old boots,' says Macallester the spy, Prince Charles freely damned, 'because they were always stuffed with projects.' Now we hear of Saint-Germain, by that name, as resident, not in Vienna, but in London, at the very moment when Prince Charles, evading Cumberland, who lay with his army at Stone, in Staffordshire, marched to Derby. Horace Walpole writes to Mann in Florence (December 9, 1745):

We begin to take up people . . . the other day they seized an odd man who goes by the name of Count Saint-Germain. He has been here these two years, and will not tell who he is, or whence, but professes that he does not go by his right name. He sings, plays on the violin wonderfully, composes, is mad, and not very sensible. He is called an Italian, a Spaniard, a Pole; a somebody that married a great fortune in Mexico, and ran away with her jewels to Constantinople; a priest, a fiddler, a vast nobleman. The Prince of Wales has had unsatiated curiosity about him, but in vain. However, nothing has been made out against him; he is released, and, what convinces me he is not a gentleman, stays here, and talks of his being taken up for a spy.

Here is our earliest authentic note on Saint-Germain: a note omitted by his French students. He was in London from 1743 to 1745, under a name not his own; but that which he later bore at the Court of France. From the allusion to his jewels (those of a deserted Mexican bride?), it appears that he was already as rich in these treasures as he was afterwards, when his French acquaintances marvelled at them. As to his being 'mad,' Walpole may refer to Saint-Germain's way of talking as if he had lived in remote ages, and known famous people of the past.

Having caught this daylight glimpse of Saint-Germain in Walpole, having learned that in December 1745 he was arrested and examined as a possible Jacobite agent, we naturally expect

to find contemporary official documents about his examination by the Government. Scores of such records exist, containing the questions put to, and the answers given by, suspected persons. But we vainly hunt through the Newcastle MSS. and the State Papers, Domestic, in the Record Office, for a trace of the examination of Saint-Germain. I am not aware that he has anywhere left his trail in official documents ; he lives in more or less legendary memoirs, alone.

At what precise date Saint-Germain became an intimate of Louis XV., the Duc de Ochoiseul, Madame de Pompadour, and the Maréchal de Belle-Isle, one cannot ascertain. The writers of memoirs are the vaguest of mortals about dates ; one only discerns that Saint-Germain was much about the French Court, and high in the favour of the King, having rooms at Chambord, during, and shortly after, the Seven Years' War, and at the time of the peace negotiations of 1762-1763. The art of compiling false or forged memoirs of that period was widely practised ; but the memoirs of Madame du Hausset, who speaks of Saint-Germain, are authentic. She was the widow of a poor man of noble family, and was one of two *femmes de chambre* of Madame de Pompadour. Her manuscript was written, she explains, by aid of a brief diary which she kept during her term of service. One day M. Senac de Meilhan found Madame de Pompadour's brother, M. de Marigny, about to burn a packet of papers. 'It is the journal,' he said, 'of a *femme de chambre* of my sister, a good kind of woman.' De Meilhan asked for the manuscript, which he later gave to Mr. Crawford, one of the Kilwinning family, in Ayrshire, who later helped in the escape of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette to Varennes, where they were captured. With the journal of Madame du Hausset were several letters to Marigny on points of historical anecdote.¹

Crawford published the manuscript of Madame du Hausset, which he was given by De Meilhan, and the memoirs are thus from an authentic source. The author says that Louis XV. was always

¹ One of these gives Madame de Vieux-Maison as the author of a *roman à clef*, *Secret Memoirs of the Court of Persia*, which contains an early reference to the Man in the Iron Mask (died 1703). The letter-writer avers that D'Argenson, the famous minister of Louis XV., said that the Man in the Iron Mask was really a person *fort peu de chose*, 'of very little account,' and that the Regent d'Orléans was of the same opinion. This corroborates my theory, that the Mask was merely the valet of a Huguenot conspirator, Roux de Marsilly, captured in England, and imprisoned because he was supposed to know some terrible secret—which he knew nothing about. See *The Valet's Tragedy*, Longmans, 1903.

kind to her, but spoke little to her, whereas Madame de Pompadour remarked, 'The King and I trust you so much that we treat you like a cat or a dog, and talk freely before you.'

As to Saint-Germain, Madame du Hausset writes :

A man who was as amazing as a witch came often to see Madame de Pompadour. This was the Comte de Saint-Germain, who wished to make people believe that he had lived for several centuries. One day Madame said to him, while at her toilet, 'What sort of man was Francis I., a king whom I could have loved ?' 'A good sort of fellow,' said Saint-Germain ; 'too fiery—I could have given him a useful piece of advice, but he would not have listened.' He then described, in very general terms, the beauty of Mary Stuart and La Reine Margot. 'You seem to have seen them all,' said Madame de Pompadour, laughing. 'Sometimes,' said Saint-Germain, 'I amuse myself, not by making people believe, but by letting them believe that I have lived from time immemorial.' 'But you do not tell us your age, and you give yourself out as very old. Madame de Gergy, who was wife of the French ambassador at Venice fifty years ago, I think, says that she knew you there, and that you are not changed in the least.' 'It is true, madame, that I knew Madame de Gergy long ago.' 'But according to her story you must now be over a century old.' 'It may be so, but I admit that even more possibly the respected lady is in her dotage.'

At this time Saint-Germain, says Madame du Hausset, looked about fifty, was neither thin nor stout, seemed clever, and dressed simply, as a rule, but in good taste. Say that the date was 1760, Saint-Germain looked fifty ; but he had looked the same age, according to Madame de Gergy, at Venice, fifty years earlier, in 1710. We see how pleasantly he left Madame de Pompadour in doubt on that point.

He pretended to have the secret of removing flaws from diamonds. The King showed him a stone valued at 6,000 francs—without a flaw it would have been worth 10,000. Saint-Germain said that he could remove the flaw in a month, and in a month he brought back the diamond—flawless. The King sent it, without any comment, to his jeweller, who gave 9,600 francs for the stone, but the king returned the money, and kept the gem as a curiosity. Probably it was not the original stone, but another cut in the same fashion ; Saint-Germain sacrificing 3,000 or 4,000 francs to his practical joke. He also said that he could increase the size of pearls, which he could have proved very easily—in the same manner. He would not oblige Madame de Pompadour by giving the king an elixir of life : 'I should be mad if I gave the King a drug.' There seems to be a reference to this desire of Madame de Pompadour in an unlikely place, a letter of Pickle the spy to

Mr. Vaughan (1754)! This conversation Madame du Hausset wrote down on the day of its occurrence.

Both Louis XV. and Madame de Pompadour treated Saint-Germain as a person of consequence. 'He is a quack, for he says he has an elixir,' said Dr. Quesnay, with medical scepticism. 'Moreover, our master, the King, is obstinate; he sometimes speaks of Saint-Germain as a person of illustrious birth.'

The age was sceptical, unscientific, and, by reaction, credulous. The *philosophes*, Hume, Voltaire, and others, were exposing, like an ingenious American gentleman, 'the mistakes of Moses.' The Earl Marischal told Hume that life had been chemically produced in a laboratory, so what becomes of Creation? Prince Charles, hidden in a convent, was being coached by Mlle. Luci in the sensational philosophy of Locke, 'nothing in the intellect which does not come through the senses'—a queer theme for a man of the sword to study. But, thirty years earlier, the Regent d'Orléans had made crystal-gazing fashionable, and stories of ghosts and second-sight in the highest circles were popular. Mesmer had not yet appeared, to give a fresh start to the old savage practice of hypnotism; Cagliostro was not yet on the scene with his freemasonry of the ancient Egyptian school. But people were already in extremes of doubt and of belief; there might be something in the elixir of life and in the philosopher's stone; it might be possible to make precious stones chemically, and Saint-Germain, who seemed to be over a century old at least, might have all these secrets.

Whence came his wealth in precious stones, people asked, unless from some mysterious knowledge, or some equally mysterious and illustrious birth?

He showed Madame de Pompadour a little box full of rubies, topazes, and diamonds. Madame de Pompadour called Madame du Hausset to look at them; she was dazzled, but sceptical, and made a sign to show that she thought them paste. The Count then exhibited a superb ruby, tossing aside contemptuously a cross covered with gems. 'That is not so contemptible,' said Madame du Hausset, hanging it round her neck. The Count begged her to keep the jewel; she refused. Madame de Pompadour backed her refusal. But Saint-Germain insisted, and Madame de Pompadour, thinking that the cross might be worth forty louis, made a sign to Madame du Hausset that she should accept. She did, and the jewel was valued at 1,500 francs—which hardly proves that the other large jewels were genuine, though Von Gleichen believed that

they were, and thought the Count's cabinet of Old Masters very valuable.

The fingers, the watch, the snuff-box, the shoe buckles, the garter studs, the solitaires of the Count, on high days, all burned with diamonds and rubies, which were estimated, one day, at 200,000 francs. His wealth did not come from cards or swindling—no such charges are ever hinted at; he did not sell elixirs, nor prophecies, nor initiations. His habits do not seem to have been extravagant. One might regard him as a clever eccentric person, the unacknowledged child, perhaps, of some noble, who had put his capital mainly into precious stones. But Louis XV. treated him as a serious personage, and probably knew, or thought he knew, the secret of his birth. People held that he was a bastard of a king of Portugal, says Madame du Hausset. Perhaps the most ingenious and plausible theory of the birth of Saint-Germain makes him the natural son, not of a king of Portugal, but of a queen of Spain. The evidence is not evidence, but a series of surmises. Saint-Germain, on this theory, 'wrop his buth up in a mistry' (like that of Charles James Fitzjames de la Pluche), out of regard for the character of his royal mamma. I believe this about as much as I believe that a certain Rev. Mr. Douglas, an obstreperous Covenanting minister, was born in Loch Leven Castle to the captive Mary Stuart. However, Saint-Germain is said, like Kaspar Hauser, to have murmured of dim memories of his infancy, of diversions on magnificent terraces, and of palaces glowing beneath an azure sky. This is reported by Von Gleichen, who knew him very well, but thought him rather a quack. Possibly he meant to convey the idea that he was Moses, and that he had dwelt in the palaces of the Ramessids. The grave of the prophet was never known, and Saint-Germain may have insinuated that he began a new avatar in a cleft of Mount Pisgah; he was capable of it.

However, a less wild surmise avers that in 1763 the secret of his birth and the source of his opulence were known in Holland. The authority is the 'Memoirs' of Grosley (1813). Grosley was an archæologist of Troyes; he had travelled in Italy, and written an account of his travels; he also visited Holland and England,¹ and later, from a Dutchman, he picked up his information about Saint-Germain. Grosley was a Fellow of our Royal Society, and I greatly revere the authority of a F.R.S. His later years were

¹ *Voyage en Angleterre*, 1770.

occupied in the compilation of his Memoirs, including an account of what he did and heard in Holland, and he died in 1785. According to Grosley's account of what the Dutchman knew, Saint-Germain was the son of a princess who fled (obviously from Spain) to Bayonne, and of a Portuguese Jew dwelling in Bordeaux.

What fairy and fugitive princess can this be, whom not in vain the ardent Hebrew wooed? She was, she must have been, as Grosley saw, the heroine of Victor Hugo's 'Ruy Blas.' The unhappy Charles II. of Spain, a kind of 'mammet' (as the English called the Richard II. who turned up in Scotland, having escaped from Pomfret Castle), had for his first wife a daughter of Henrietta, the favourite sister of our Charles II. This childless bride, after some ghostly years of matrimony, after being exorcised in disgusting circumstances, died in February 1689. In May 1690 a new bride, Marie de Neubourg, was brought to the grisly side of the crowned mammet of Spain. She, too, failed to prevent the wars of the Spanish Succession by giving an heir to the Crown of Spain. Scandalous chronicles aver that Marie was chosen as Queen of Spain for the levity of her character, and that the Crown was expected, as in the Pictish monarchy, to descend on the female side; the father of the prince might be anybody. What was needed was simply a son of the *Queen* of Spain. She had, while Queen, no son, as far as is ascertained, but she had a favourite, a Count Andanero, whom she made minister of finance. 'He was not a born Count,' he was a financier, this favourite of the Queen of Spain. That lady did go to live in Bayonne in 1706, six years after the death of Charles II., her husband. The hypothesis is, then, that Saint-Germain was the son of this ex-Queen of Spain, and of the financial Count, Andanero, a man 'not born in the sphere of Counts,' and easily transformed by tradition into a Jewish banker of Bordeaux. The Duc de Choiseul, who disliked the intimacy of Louis XV. and of the Court with Saint-Germain, said that the Count was 'the son of a Portuguese Jew, *who deceives the Court*. It is strange that the King is so often allowed to be almost alone with this man, though, when he goes out, he is surrounded by guards, as if he feared assassins everywhere.' This anecdote is from the 'Memoirs' of Von Gleichen, who had seen a great deal of the world. He died in 1807.

It seems a fair inference that the Duc de Choiseul knew what the Dutch bankers knew, the story of the Count's being a child of a princess retired to Bayonne—namely, the ex-Queen

of Spain—and of a Portuguese-Hebrew financier. De Choiseul was ready to accept the Jewish father, but thought that, in the matter of the royal mother, Saint-Germain ‘deceived the Court.’

A queen of Spain might have carried off any quantity of the diamonds of Brazil. Presents of diamonds from her almost idiotic lord must have been among the few comforts of her situation in a court overridden by etiquette. The reader of Madame d’Aulnoy’s contemporary account of the Court of Spain knows what a dreadful dungeon it was. Again, if born at Bayonne about 1706, the Count would naturally seem to be about fifty in 1760. The purity with which he spoke German, and his familiarity with German princely courts—where I do not remember that Barry Lyndon ever met him—are easily accounted for if he had a royal German to his mother. But, alas! if he was the son of a Hebrew financier, Portuguese or Alsatian (as some said), he was likely, whoever his mother may have been, to know German, and to be fond of precious stones. That Oriental taste notoriously abides in the hearts of the Chosen People.

‘Nay, nefer shague your gory locks at me,
 Dou canst not say I did it,’

quotes Pinto, the hero of Thackeray’s ‘Notch on the Axe.’ ‘He pronounced it, by the way, I *dît* it, by which I *know* that Pinto was a German,’ says Thackeray. I make little doubt but that Saint-Germain, too, was a German, whether by the mother’s side, and of princely blood, or quite the reverse.

Grosley mixes Saint-Germain up with a lady as mysterious as himself, who also lived in Holland, on wealth of an unknown source, and Grosley inclines to think that the Count found his way into a French prison, where he was treated with extraordinary respect.

Von Gleichen, on the other hand, shows the Count making love to a daughter of Madame Lambert, and lodging in the house of the mother. Here Von Gleichen met the man of mystery and became rather intimate with him. Von Gleichen deemed him very much older than he looked, but did not believe in his elixir.

In any case, he was not a cardsharp, a swindler, a professional medium, or a spy. He passed many evenings almost alone with Louis XV., who, where men were concerned, liked them to be of good family (about ladies he was much less exclusive). The Count had the grand manner; he treated some great personages in

a cavalier way, as if he were at least their equal. On the whole, if not really the son of a princess, he probably persuaded Louis XV. that he did come of that blue blood, and the King would have every access to authentic information. Horace Walpole's reasons for thinking Saint-Germain 'not a gentleman' scarcely seem convincing.

The Duc de Choiseul did not like the fashionable Saint-Germain. He thought him a humbug, even when the doings of the deathless one were perfectly harmless. As far as is known, his recipe for health consisted in drinking a horrible mixture called 'senna tea'—which was administered to small boys when I was a small boy—and in not drinking anything at his meals. Many people still observe this regimen, in the interest, it is said, of their figures. Saint-Germain used to come to the house of De Choiseul, but one day, when Von Gleichen was present, the minister lost his temper with his wife. He observed that she took no wine at dinner, and told her she had learned that habit of abstinence from Saint-Germain; that *he* might do as he pleased, 'but you, madame, whose health is precious to me, I forbid to imitate the regimen of such a dubious character.' Von Gleichen, who tells the anecdote, says that he was present when De Choiseul thus lost his temper with his wife. The dislike of De Choiseul had a mournful effect on the career of Saint-Germain.

In discussing the strange story of the Chevalier d'Éon, we have seen that Louis XV. amused himself by carrying on a secret scheme of fantastic diplomacy through subordinate agents, behind the backs and without the knowledge of his responsible ministers. The Duc de Choiseul, as Minister of Foreign Affairs, was excluded, it seems, from all knowledge of these double intrigues, and the Maréchal de Belle-Isle, Minister of War, was obviously kept in the dark, as was Madame de Pompadour. Now it is stated by Von Gleichen that the Maréchal de Belle-Isle, from the War Office, started a *new* secret diplomacy behind the back of De Choiseul, at the Foreign Office. The King and Madame de Pompadour (who was not initiated into the general scheme of the King's secret) were both acquainted with what De Choiseul was not to know—namely, Belle-Isle's plan for secretly making peace through the mediation, or management, at all events, of Holland. All this must have been prior to the death of the Maréchal de Belle-Isle in 1761; and probably De Broglie, who managed the regular old secret policy of Louis XV., knew nothing about this new clandestine adventure;

at all events, the late Duc de Broglie says nothing about it in his book 'The King's Secret.'¹

The story, as given by Von Gleichen, goes on to say that Saint-Germain offered to conduct the intrigue at the Hague. As Louis XV. certainly allowed that maidenly captain of dragoons, D'Éon, to manage his hidden policy in London, it is not at all improbable that he really entrusted this fresh cabal in Holland to Saint-Germain, whom he admitted to great intimacy. To the Hague went Saint-Germain, diamonds, rubies, senna tea, and all, and began to diplomatise with the Dutch. But the regular French minister at the Hague, D'Afry, found out what was going on behind his back—found it out either because he was sharper than other ambassadors, or because a personage so extraordinary as Saint-Germain was certain to be very closely watched, or because the Dutch did not take to the Undying One, and told D'Afry what he was doing. D'Afry wrote to De Choiseul. An immortal but dubious personage, he said, was treating, in the interests of France, for peace, which it was D'Afry's business to do if the thing was to be done at all. De Choiseul replied in a rage by the same courier. Saint-Germain, he said, must be extradited, bound hand and foot, and sent to the Bastille. De Choiseul thought that he might practise his regimen and drink his senna tea, to the advantage of public affairs, within those venerable walls. Then the angry minister went to the King, told him what orders he had given, and said that, of course, in a case of this kind, it was superfluous to inquire as to the royal pleasure. Louis XV. was caught; so was the Maréchal de Belle-Isle. They blushed and were silent.

It must be remembered that this report of a private incident could only come to the narrator, Von Gleichen, from De Choiseul, with whom he professes to have been intimate. The King and the Maréchal de Belle-Isle would not tell the story of their own discomfiture. It is not very likely that De Choiseul himself would blab. However, the anecdote avers that the King and the Minister for War thought it best to say nothing, and the demand for Saint-Germain's extradition was presented at the Hague. But the Dutch were not fond of giving up political offenders. They let Saint-Germain have a hint; he slipped over to London, and a London paper published a kind of veiled interview with him in June 1760.

¹ The Duc de Broglie, I am privately informed, could find no clue to the mystery of Saint-Germain.

His name, we read, when announced after his death, will astonish the world more than all the marvels of his life. He has been in England already (1743-17— ?); he is a great unknown. Nobody can accuse him of anything dishonest or dishonourable. When he was here before we were all mad about music, and so he enchanted us with his violin. But Italy knows him as an expert in the plastic arts, and Germany admires in him a master in chemical science. In France, where he was supposed to possess the secret of the transmutation of metals, the police for two years sought and failed to find any normal source of his opulence. A lady of forty-five once swallowed a whole bottle of his elixir. Nobody recognised her, for she had become a girl of sixteen without observing the transformation !

Saint-Germain is said to have remained in London but for a short period. Horace Walpole does not speak of him again, which is odd, but probably the Count did not again go into society. Our information, mainly from Von Gleichen, becomes very misty, a thing of surmises, really worthless. The Count is credited with a great part in the palace conspiracies of St. Petersburg ; he lived at Berlin, and, under the name of Tzarogy, at the Court of the Margrave of Anspach. Thence he went, they say, to Italy, and then north to the Landgrave, Charles of Hesse, who dabbled in alchemy. Here he is said to have died about 1780-85, leaving his papers to the Landgrave ; but all is very vague after he disappeared from Paris in 1760. When next I meet Saint-Germain he is again at Paris, again mysteriously rich, again he rather disappears than dies, he calls himself Major Fraser, and the date is in the last years of Louis Philippe. My authority may be cavilled at ; it is that of the late ingenious Mr. Vandam, who describes Major Fraser in a book on the characters of the Second Empire. He does not seem to have heard of Saint-Germain, whom he does not mention.

Major Fraser, 'in spite of his English (*sic*) name, was decidedly not English, though he spoke the language.' He was (like Saint-Germain) 'one of the best dressed men of the period. . . . He lived alone, and never alluded to his parentage. He was always flush of money, though the sources of his income were a mystery to everyone.' The French police vainly sought to detect the origin of Saint-Germain's supplies, opening his letters at the post-office. Major Fraser's knowledge of every civilised country at every period was marvellous, though he had very few books. 'His memory was something prodigious. . . . Strange to say, he used

often to hint that his was no mere book knowledge. "Of course, it is perfectly ridiculous," he remarked, with a strange smile, "but every now and then I feel as if this did not come to me from reading, but from personal experience. At times I become almost convinced that I lived with Nero, that I knew Dante personally, and so forth."¹ At the major's death not a letter was found giving a clue to his antecedents, and no money was discovered. *Did* he die? As in the case of Saint-Germain, no date is given. The author had an idea that the major was 'an illegitimate son of some exalted person' of the period of Charles IV. and Ferdinand VII. of Spain.

The author does not mention Saint-Germain, and may never have heard of him. If his account of Major Fraser is not mere romance, in that warrior we have the undying friend of Louis XV. and Madame de Pompadour. He had drunk at Medmenham with Jack Wilkes; as Riccio he had sung duets with the fairest of unhappy queens; he had extracted from Blanche de Béchamel the secret of Goby de Mouchy. As Pinto, he told much of his secret history to Mr. Thackeray, who says: 'I am rather sorry to lose him after three little bits of "Roundabout Papers."'

Did Saint-Germain really die in a palace of Prince Charles of Hesse about 1780-85? Did he, on the other hand, escape from the French prison where Grosley thought he saw him, during the French Revolution? Was he known to Lord Lytton about 1860? Was he then Major Fraser? Is he the mysterious Muscovite adviser of the Dalai Lama? Who knows? He is a will-o'-the-wisp of the memoir-writers of the eighteenth century. Whenever you think you have a chance of finding him in good authentic State papers, he gives you the slip; and if his existence were not vouched for by Horace Walpole, I should incline to deem of him as Betsey Prig thought of Mrs. Harris.

¹ *An Englishman in Paris*, vol. i. pp. 130-183. London, 1892.

AUTUMN IN CASSIAR.

IN September, when the Red Queen calls to her children, all Indians, and such white men as have any wild blood left in them, must needs answer to her call, not necessarily because they want to kill anything, but because their instincts drive them back to the primitive environments of their race, because they long for the stillness of the great forests, the roar of the rapids, the cleansing winds which scream about the high places where the big-horn dwell, and for all the glory of colour—ruby and living gold—in which the cotton-woods, the fire-weeds, and the sumachs give back the sunshine they have hoarded in the long days of summer.

Big-game hunters, as I have known them, are not necessarily butchers. That is not putting the case strongly enough. I have known many big-game hunters, and, but for one man, I could say that I had never known a butcher among them, and I doubt whether either of us who stood that September at the gateway to Jötunheim would ever have collected many trophies if the long-range camera had been invented twenty years ago.

But, alas! the camera had not even been brought to a reasonable state of perfection in that September, so that we were only an ordinary pair of Britons looking for something to kill, and rendered desperate by the thought that between us and the sparse pine forests and veils of shifting snow, where the great game roamed, were 150 miles of a waterway on which no steamers plied, and for which we could hire neither boat nor crew.

‘There is that little two-man canim,’ said W. P.

‘It would hardly hold us, much less our baggage.’

‘Then let the baggage rip.’ (He was going in for the whole winter.) ‘All we really want will go in our pockets—a plug of baccy, matches, and a little grub of some sort. We are sure to shoot something or catch a fish on the way up.’

‘And blankets?’

‘Oh, we can make a big fire and sleep near it. Lord! old W., it isn’t cold yet, is it? If you don’t make any mislicks with the paddle we shall have a capital trip.’

But I knew W. P. In a country where men live in canoes there are none to beat him, and it is recorded of him that upon

one occasion he lived and worked for ten days upon a borrowed moccasin string and the tenth part of an arctic mouse.

I had no intention of attempting to rival him in either of his favourite rôles, and therefore we had to look about for some more reasonable method of reaching Telegraph Creek, since a longer sojourn in Wrangel, the debateable spot between dry land and ocean, would have been unendurable.

I wonder if there is any place on earth like Wrangel. If there is, I, at least, have never seen it. Round it and among its tributary islands veer and shift mists and black rainstorms, and from the points which flank it peep through the mists huge antediluvian monsters, knee-deep in marshy growths, and overgrown with devil's club and rank grass.

They are not prehistoric beasts peeping from antediluvian forests, but only the weird emblems of the natives, set to guard the graveyards. The effect is startling at first.

In the mildewed wooden town the waves lap against the sides of the cabins, wash and moan under the wooden side-walks, and gnaw at the props on which half the town stands. Seals and halibut and other silent sea beasts look in at the windows, and the Indians pass almost as much of their time in their canoes as clams in their shells. Fishing and freighting are the only industries, and, since Wrangel is a prohibition town, the consumption of whisky is the only amusement. It was necessary to get out of Wrangel, and that quickly; and at last I hit upon a means.

M., a little scarlet-headed free trader, who was attempting to compete with the Hudson Bay Company in the interior, was, like ourselves, 'stuck.'

He had three thousand pounds of goods to take up the Stickine, and two canoes to take the freight in, but he had only a crew and a-half. He wanted two more men. We offered ourselves for these places, bargaining to work for our passage and our food—not a very liberal offer really, because even if you had been a millionaire in those days you would have found it almost impossible to procure a canoe in which you could travel to Telegraph Creek as a passenger pure and simple.

The vicissitudes of canoeing on our northern rivers are such that at times, at any rate, every man in a canoe must work.

At first the little chap did not like the look of us, and was inclined to say 'No.' I suppose that some suspicion of Government Street still clung to us, but the mention of my companion's

name sufficed to remove M.'s objections ; and I think that he made a good bargain, for W. P. was, of course, the best man in the canoes, and at the end of the trip the trader offered me ' forty dollars a month and your grub, Cap, whenever you've a mind to pull in a tow-rope again.' I was rather heavier than most of his crew, and weight, if you use it honestly, tells on a towing line.

From Wrangel to the canyon, in the Coast range, everything is of the water, fishy, and everything that lives, lives on salmon.

At the canyon all this alters as if by magic.

The mists lift ; the snow peaks take clear outlines ; the sun shines ; wood burns generously again ; the forest grows more open ; the hideous devil club, with its broad leaves and poisoned spines, disappears ; things less abhorrent to man than the grizzly and the porcupine move in the woods ; there are moose tracks in the alder bottom ; sheep and goats on the higher peaks, the feet of which dip in the river.

Instead of the ducks and gulls which have followed you from salt water, there are grouse on the lowlands, ptarmigan on the tablelands where the caribou dwell, and rabbits everywhere.

You have left the home of the Thlinkit, who is a fisherman, for that of the Tahl Tan, who is a hunter ; the land of the salmon-eater for that of the rabbit-eater ; Alaska for Cassiar.

But in the canoe the work grows harder. At the mouth of the river, steady, dogged pulling against a moderate current is all that is asked of you. After you have passed through the canyon, the real canoe work begins. The crews are up and in their canoes at dawn ; there are four meals a day, and all rendered necessary by hard work of a dozen different kinds. For awhile you may paddle, but soon the sound of rapid water comes to you, and then it is a case of poling, in which the novice makes a mess of it, and seeks himself to the waist with the trickle from a badly handled pole, even if he doesn't miss the bottom with his weapon to find it with his head ; or else the water is too strong even for poling, so that all hands, but one, land, and, putting themselves in a yoke, haul the canoe against the stream, with battered boulders under their feet, and snags on the river bank to catch the tow-rope every hundred yards.

Or it may be that the water grows stronger still, so that a loaded canoe can neither be poled nor towed against it, in which case all the freight has to be taken out and transported on men's shoulders over a portage, while other men, with wild shouts and

laughter, hold and drive the empty canoe up the riffles like a salmon going up a fish ladder ; or, as a *bonne bouche* towards evening on the only day on which you have managed to keep fairly dry, you may see a great rocky nose projecting across the towing-path, right into the boil of the white water.

This excites little M., the boss *voyageur*, whose red hair stands up at sight of it, while the flavour of his language becomes more French than Canadian.

But he knows his work. Both crews combined tow the first canoe to the very edge of the boil on the near side of the nose, one man only being left in the canoe to steer her. At this point one-half of the towing gang sits down like a team in a tug-of-war, while the other half makes a dash for the rock, and goes leaping and alithering over it, carrying the loose end of the long towing line with it. Once over the *mauvais pas*, these dash out into the stream as far as they dare, and then, having got their grip against the current, yell to the white faces down stream to let her go, and come like horses before the canoe drags them off their feet.

Whatever it is that you are asked to do in such a canoe trip, you may be quite certain that if you are an honest worker all your muscles will be strained to the utmost, you will be wet to the waist when you are not wet to the neck, and when night comes you will sleep as long as you are allowed to, although a sand bar, which is generally your camping place, makes the hardest mattress in the world.

After ten days of this, having worked like men and been lucky, we threw away our oilskins and gave away our gum boots, knowing that when we returned we should shoot down the river with the current or on snowshoes, doing with ease five days' journey in one.

At Telegraph Creek, the hamlet at the head of navigation, my friend and I parted, he to spend his winter looking for white sheep somewhere down the Liard, and I to take a last look at Level Mountain and its wild herds before the coming rush of gold-seekers developed Cassiar into a series of sordid mining camps.

There were then no horses available for packing ; but it was almost better so, since I was strong, the distance short, and I had had the luck to secure an Indian boy, Rouge, and an ancient nigger, Noir, who had drifted into Cassiar in the first mining rush from a Californian fruit farm, and had been too lazy or too impecunious to get home again.

He was a gem, my nigger. In spite of the change of climate he

was all nigger still—shiftless, lazy, light-hearted, the most inconsequent rascal that ever breathed. He never carried his full share of the load, and would shift the burden in the most shameless manner upon his smaller work-mate; but he laughed for hours when he found that in revenge we had made him pack an extra twenty-five pound boulder, of which he knew nothing. He forgot to bring a change of socks, and therefore cut the ends off his blankets and extemporised a pair, sleeping for the rest of the trip curled up like a dog to economise blanket space.

When I found him he was nailing empty sardine tins over the holes in his roof; when I left him he had gone to reside with a friend rather than make his own cabin snow-proof. Of such and some others is the population of Cassiar. I spent the first night with 'some others'—members, these, of the tribe of Tahl Tans, who live by hunting and wander the year through over the Arctic Slope.

These, too, have heard the first whisper of civilisation, and have paid so much heed to it that they have built them a village, into which Rouge and Noir and I blundered towards nightfall.

Once a year the wandering hunters return from somewhere on their estate of many million acres and camp in this village, the houses of which are always kept locked, while the spare clothes and other unneeded assets of the owners swing on poles above the closed doorways.

This, you see, saves the trouble of opening the doors and groping about inside if you, the owner, should be passing and want anything.

At the date of our visit some of the tribe were in the neighbourhood—handsome, hawk-like men, and rather pretty women, who come to dance and fish when the salmon run up to spawn—but only the medicine man was in residence. The rest were somewhere just outside, and preferred to remain there. Unfortunately, Rouge brought the doctor down upon me, and I had to spend the night with him. Once he had been a hunter; then civilisation and sciatica met him, and he became a medicine man and a miser.

I passed the night on the first rung of the ladder of civilisation, or, if you like it better, on a bedstead, the only bedstead in the Tahl Tan, the outline of which had been built in Boston, while the springs of it were made by the doctor out of untrimmed fir poles.

He showed me his wealth before he put me on my grid, so that if I could not sleep I might think. It was a curious investment that he had made, from our point of view. All round the walls of

his one room were placed chests of drawers or vast brass-bound saratoga trunks, piled upon each other.

These 'saratogas' were his favourites, for inside they were filled with men's linen shirts, bowler hats, kid shoes, American clocks, and other useful and easily negotiable assets, while in themselves they were priceless as coffins.

Every really decent Tahl Tan, having wandered at will all his life, is folded up and put away in a brass-bound saratoga at his death, the said saratoga being set up upon trestles in any prominent position outside.

The country is full of such, and at first sight all this apparently derelict luggage in such a country is puzzling. You get used to it at last, as I did to that old lady, the doctor's wife, who, either from a spirit of hospitality or because she had lost a relation some days ago, sat down solemnly in the corner of the cabin, with a black robe over her head, and keened steadily from the beginning of the doctor's display of treasure until dawn delivered me from my grid.

Do you wonder that I sympathised with those brown village builders outside, or that I was glad to feel the soft pine needles under my feet next morning, or even to lose myself in that veil of drifting snow which seemed to shroud the edge of caribou land? Even that was better than the fusty darkness of the would-be civilised, but when we reached the tops the best in the world lay before us.

From the mist we came out upon a rolling tableland of dazzling whiteness, round the edge of which were clumps of pines, dressed as Santa Claus would have them, and hung with a million sunlit jewels.

In the last of these clumps we camped; nor would any but the keenest eyes have found a human habitation in that mound of shaken snow which our tent immediately became.

Camp pitched, we went out into the Indian's pastures, untilled, unsown, unfenced, all but infinite, and at times full of his wild cattle.

This was one of those times. It was a season of plenty in Cassiar, and the snow told the story before we had left the fringe of timber. Everywhere there were rabbit tracks, and before we had gone a hundred yards, one of the twenty rabbits who had no doubt been watching us since we started moved an ear. Then, of course, we saw him, and almost at the same time we saw half-a-

dosen grouse sitting like owls on the lower limbs of a tree right above our heads. They were the last we saw, and we left them sitting on the limit of grouse-land. In the first hollow we came to, beyond a great barrier of dry 'hard-hack' scrub, the snow itself seemed to rise and sail away on pigeon's wings; and while we were debating this marvel, and, therefore, standing still, we saw that there were at least a hundred dainty, bright-eyed, white forms pecking, or tripping over the snow, or standing at gaze in the hollow.

There were nearly as many, and often more, in every hollow we passed that day; and so plentiful is the ptarmigan in some parts of Cassiar that I am almost tempted to believe that a man who could shoot as well as Lord Walsingham might kill more ptarmigan in a day in Cassiar than that great shot ever killed grouse in a day—and I have not forgotten the score made on the Blubberhouse moors in 1872.

Luckily, no one is likely to try it. Cartridges weigh so much that we who travel the country rely upon a small-bore rifle to cut the heads off such rabbits, grouse, and ptarmigan as we require for our suppers. They will let you come close enough for that.

Ah, stand still! What? You don't see him yet, though he weighs four hundred pounds and has twenty times on his antlers! When I caught a glimpse of him, he was just a grey line a few inches above the hard-hack, moving slowly across our front. He must have come out of that patch of balsams, and moved into the open with his head down. Then he had a whiff of our scent.

Ah, you see him now, do you? Well, watch him go! Crouched down gently out of his sight. That has done it! The splendid head that was at gaze, looking as if it had been carved in stone, is turned away sharply, and the hard-hack crashes loudly under the heavy trot of the caribou.

As long as he saw you, and you were motionless, he allowed you to look at him, but he would not stand another moment when the danger he suspected became one he could no longer watch.

Well, it does not matter a little bit. He carried a good head, and was no doubt the second best buck of some big band, looking for a smaller band of which he, having been driven from his own, might usurp the chieftainship, and he will by his flight disturb a good deal of game.

But to-day we are out for the best head or none, and the rolling lands are filled with caribou. Look at the beasts now below us!

That buck's flight has moved some of them out of the folds and hollows of the tableland, so that, looking down on them, even this wonderfully closely written page of snow round our feet is credible, telling as it does of the wanderings of thousands of great-footed beasts.

For a couple of hours we lie and watch the life of this teeming tableland, always with at least a couple of bands in sight.

At last we become specially interested in the family troubles of one grand old buck, and decide that, as something has to be killed, he must die; and this not only because he carries the finest head we have seen, but because we have pity on him.

He is over-much married, and his big band of frolicsome young fools is wearing him to a skeleton.

There are three young bucks hanging about the flanks of the master's band. These he has obviously thrashed time and again, but they still linger on the skyline.

During his last battle a giddy young hind has strayed away from home, and, with head down, the old fellow plods after her to bring her in again.

If we run now along the gully in which we have been lying, he must pass us on his way back to the band; and the wind is in our favour.

I take it that what he said to her was convincing, for she came back meekly enough, but unfortunately for him, just as she passed us and checked, noticing the taint in the air, his eye fell upon his rivals sneaking up towards the forbidden ground.

'Confound it, must I lick those infernal young coxcombs again?' he muttered.

Well, no, old fellow! It is their turn to worry now, for a strange metallic sound has rung out from the hard-back bushes, and without even having heard it, you sleep, lucky in that you have never known what it means to fall from mastership among the men of your race to the position of a worn-out 'has been,' who takes long dying.

It may be that I am too imaginative, but it has always seemed to me that Nature is so much in sympathy with her wild children that she resents their death.

Be that as it may, I know that when you have slain the master ram of a range, you will be lucky if you get out of the country without seeing more than a mantilla of white lace upon the peaks as you leave them.

If you hang round the mountain streams until the last of the salmon collect the wandering grizzlies in such quantities that you make a fair bag, the river begins to freeze, and you race out for your life, afraid to sleep at night lest the ice growing should pack round your canoe and hold you fast; and here in caribou land, after as fair a day as ever broke in Cassiar, the wind rose and tore down the little trees about our tent, and our journey home was across barrens and swamps, through a darkness of wet, falling snow, steering through the timber by a pale, blueish spot which pretended to be the sun.

CLIVE PHILLIPPS-WOLLEY.

SOME NATURAL HISTORY.

THE husband had only just got into work again after three months without employment, and that was why they did without a doctor, depending only upon the assistance of a woman who had had much experience in that over-populated district. That, too, was why the mother tried to get about too soon, and, thanks to a premature morning at the wash-tub, was thrown back in her recovery for weeks. But the baby thrived, and in due season Mrs. Hawkins brought herself to be churched and her child to be christened, and so, without benefit of godfathers, he received the name of Albert.

Albert's vocation for the next three and a-half years was to be in the way, and he discharged his responsibilities in this respect with a devotion which left nothing to the imagination. By this time, however, he was mature enough to sit on a doorstep, to play in the street without being run over, and to act as nurse to his little sister, whom he tried in vain to initiate into the mysteries of the changing fashions. Hoops, it is true, were a little beyond him; nor was he able to protect his property from the clutches of a monster of six from a neighbouring district, who triumphantly trundled away Albert's hoop round one corner just ten seconds before Albert's father turned the other on his way home from the gasworks, whereupon Albert was chastised, which seems unfair; but he developed a fine taste in marbles, and his grotto, made of mud, scallop-shells, bits of slate, faded flowers, and old tram-tickets, was a thing of beauty and a joy till kites came in again, and grottoes were forgotten.

Then scarlet-fever broke out, and there were two cases in the house next door. One of the children was detected by an eagle-eyed vestry official and promptly despatched to the fever hospital; but the other was secluded by his mother till peeling-time, when he resumed his play in the streets. Not unnaturally, Albert sickened shortly afterwards, and by the time that he had been fetched away in a queer four-wheeled cab with ground-glass windows, a nurse in attendance, and a driver wearing a hat embroidered with the initials M.A.B., his sister was ill too. Her illness did not last long, for a week later another queer vehicle drew up at the door, and,

amid the sympathetic comments of a crowd of neighbours, her little body was drawn away to be laid to rest in a grave where twelve others already slept. Albert's parents could not afford a private grave.

Meanwhile, Albert, unconscious of the gap in the circle at home, was having a perfectly splendid time in the hospital. He was a bright little chap by nature, and, under the fostering influences of good nursing, wholesome feeding, and plenty of happiness, thrived as much in five weeks as he had thriven in five months at home.

Albert returned, and lonely enough he found it. Loneliness resulted in bad behaviour and the frequenting of unruly company, and it became clear that something must be done. 'Why don't you send 'im to school?' asked a stout neighbour, mother of thirteen children, seven of whom were dead, as she discussed the matter with Albert's mother. 'E's too little,' replied Mrs. Hawkins; 'they won't take 'em at the Board School till they're four.' 'Oh, yus, they will,' said the neighbour. 'You go and see Mrs. Mackintosh; she'll put 'im with the bybies.' Thus it came about that Albert first went unwillingly to school.

But after two or three days the unwillingness ceased, for school among the babies turned out to be organised play, with occasional romps. The teacher in charge of the tiny tots was an elderly woman, who in a motherly way taught her little charges how to behave, and laid the foundations of sound discipline with unvarying kindness. Morning by morning Albert was impatient to be gone as soon as ever his mother would take him; afternoon by afternoon he had heaps to tell her when she came to fetch him home. Wet days and Saturdays were sad times, and holidays seemed hideously long, but the return to school was always welcomed with uproarious joy.

So the swift months passed by, and the day when Albert was five took everybody by surprise. This birthday was marked by his promotion in school from being a baby to being an infant who learned real lessons, said 'ullo!' with engaging confidence to all grown-up strangers whose business brought them within his school playground, and looked with a certain disdain upon babies who only played. Albert began to develop an ambition, which was to obtain an attendance medal. According to the custom of elementary schools every scholar who was neither late nor absent morning or afternoon for a whole school year won a bright medal, which simple trophy was much coveted. 'Please, teacher,' said Albert during

his second year with the infants, 'how many more years shall I be at school?' The teacher gave the problem the consideration which it deserved, and returned the correct answer to the inquirer. 'Then,' said Albert emphatically, 'I shall get nine medals.' But he didn't. One year it was measles, another year it was mumps, a third year it was snowy weather and an absence of boots (his father being out of work), that dashed his hopes to the ground; and once he got safely to within three weeks of the end of the year when an unlucky piece of orange-peel sent him crawling home in bitter tears—tears that were shed more for the lost medal than for the pain in his ankle. Indeed, it was not until he was eleven, and fairly high up among the big boys, that Albert was called up before the school to have the shining thing pinned over his beating heart by the School Board member for the division in which the school was situated.

Life in the boys' division was sterner but more glorious than it had been among the infants. There were no women teachers here, but men, and over all the great head-master himself—Mr. Braid. Mr. Braid had been head-teacher of the boys' department ever since the school had been built, in what was then a rough neighbourhood, three-and-twenty years before. Often enough opportunities had been his of taking charge of newer and more palatial schools, but he felt that his vocation lay in the place where he had worked so long, and remained at his post watching, with no pang of jealousy, the appointment of younger and less capable men to coveted positions. Perhaps he had his reward. Years before, shortly after he came, it had been his duty to give sharp punishment to an ill-behaved youth. Next day a half-drunken gas stoker burst into the room, strode up to the head-teacher, and felled him to the ground. It was the culprit's father, who swore that no teacher should lay finger on son of his. Happily the other masters rushed to the rescue, and Mr. Braid escaped with his life and with a scar that he will carry to the grave. It was a crisis in the history of the school and of the district, and Mr. Braid proved equal to it. Instead of calling in the police, he went, as soon as he was well enough, to the man's house, found him sober and ashamed, and spoke to him as man to man. 'I've got my duty to do,' he said, in conclusion, 'and I'll do it if I die for it; and, what is more, I look to you parents to help us teachers, not to make things harder for us.' They shook hands at parting, and from that hour Mr. Braid had no firmer supporter than the man who had half killed

him. No such incident would be possible now. Most of the younger men in the district have passed through his hands. The parents know that their lads are safe in his care. The managers of the school have implicit confidence in his judgment. The clergy consult him in their perplexities about Sunday-school and choir practice. Often you will see a tanned soldier or a nut-brown sailor making his way to the head-master's private room ; it is one of his old pupils come to shake hands with Mr. Braid, and, perhaps, to become his disciple in harder questions than can be solved by the rule of three.

It was seldom enough that Albert came into official contact with the head-teacher, for most of the instruction was given by the assistant-masters ; indeed, Albert could have wished that the occasions had been even less frequent. To tell the truth, Albert was approaching the awkward age, and the interviews took place for the most part after school hours, and were painful to both parties. 'I should be sorry to rule by means of the cane,' said Mr. Braid once, 'but I should be sorry, indeed, to have to rule without it,' and a certain set of boys, of whom Albert was an admiring follower, gave the master ample opportunities of putting his theories into practice. But, in spite of these interludes, school-time was happy enough, and our young scapegrace learned many a thing which he was destined to forget as soon as school years were ended. Of these elementary arithmetic was not one ; the lad kept his calculating powers bright by exercising them upon certain simple sums connected with the betting odds.

It was at this time of his life that Albert first made his real acquaintance with the country. Of course, he had spent various hours at the seaside and in Epping Forest on the occasion of Sunday-school treats, and he had once been by steamer to Hampton Court when the annual choir excursion took that direction, (shortly afterwards his brief career in the choir ended ingloriously owing to a rash indulgence in cigarettes in the vestry), but he had never spent a night out of London. One day in the late spring, however, Mr. Braid came into the class-room and said : 'If any of you boys want to go into the country this summer by means of the Children's Country Holiday Fund you must give in your names before the end of next week.' It suddenly occurred to Albert that he would like to go, and he easily succeeded in badgering his mother into giving the required permission and into putting by the necessary pence to pay the small sum required of him towards the expenses. . .

The eventful day of departure arrived, and Albert found himself with forty other youngsters in the school playground. After a searching examination by the district nurse, which resulted in two unfortunates being detained to work out their destiny in measles at home instead of carrying destruction to the countryside, the whole crew were packed into a borrowed coal-van under the charge of one of the local committee, to be conveyed to the railway terminus three miles away. Each child had a large pink ticket of identification pinned on the breast, a bundle of some kind containing a more or less sufficient change of clothing, and a paper bag of provisions meant for the journey, but consumed before the school was out of sight; each was pale with the summer heat of London; each was wildly excited; and the unhappy gentleman sitting in the coal dust with his legs hanging over the tailboard had a singularly interesting time. But somehow or other they were all despatched safely by train, and the conductor made his way to the nearest 'wash and brush up, 2d.,' with a sense of relief in his heart and lifelong vows trembling upon his lips.

Albert's letters home during the succeeding fortnight were scanty and formal. They made no mention of the terrible day when the good farmer's wife with whom he was lodged was within an ace of sending him straight home; nor, indeed, did they tell of that adventurous sail across the duckpond on a flimsy raft, which resulted in the complete ruin of the three pairs of trousers belonging to the three sailors; nor yet of the hasty visit of the doctor to deal with an anguish born of green apples. Something leaked out later concerning Albert's terror lest cows should bite; and the day when the pigs unlatched the gates of their styes and had to be caught and driven home by Albert (that was how he explained matters) is still remembered in the village. All that is certain, however, is that when the too brief fortnight ended, and a fat red-cheeked Albert, many times too stout for his waistcoat, had to return, his hostess was in tears at the thought of separation, and sent him home laden with good things packed in a great big basket; and that thereafter kindly letters were exchanged between town and country; and that Christmas brought the twin brother of the August hamper.

The lad had to help to swell the family income before he left school for regular work. The number of his brothers and sisters had grown steadily, with the result that whereas Sunday saw a magnificent hot dinner, which usually lasted through most of the

afternoon, and Monday and Tuesday were marked by the rapid disappearance of the remnants of Sunday's feast, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday were kept as days of abstinence. During the last half of the week the children's dinners consisted of a slice of bread and a farthing to buy sweets, the mother living on bread soaked in tea that her husband might have sustenance enough to keep him going at his heavy work. In the winter things were harder, and many a time did Albert go blue and hungry to school, till the family pride gave way and he was suffered to breakfast on the mug of cocoa and the hunk of bread which certain poor but charitable folk enabled the vicar to supply, morning by morning, to a hundred children.

Fortunately it happened that the local barber's business was growing, and, after a brief and businesslike conversation between the barber and Mr. Hawkins, Albert took up his duties out of school hours as lather-boy at the haircutting saloon. The busiest times were Saturday night and Sunday morning, when the little shop was packed with the men of the district, each of them armed with a black clay pipe, a week's growth of beard, and a newspaper. In turn they dropped into the shaving-chairs and lay back luxuriously while Albert, whom they humorously designated 'Young Sweeney Todd,' lathered them in preparation for the barber's operations. It was a perfectly scientific instance, had they but known it, of economic division of labour.

Occasionally there was a press of business on the other days of the week, and on such days Albert was absent from school, while one of his brothers carried a note with a trumped-up and very transparent excuse to the head-master; but Mr. Braid knew his district, and a glance at the broken boots of the messenger told him all that he required to know of the real necessities of the case.

One day Albert came home with a queer feeling of mingled desolation and expectation: schooldays were done. His mind was running on a few words of excellent advice from his head-master, and he carried in his pocket a few lines of recommendation from the same friend, which enabled him to get a place with the news-agent in the main thoroughfare. He had entered, at fourteen, upon man's estate. Man's estate did not prove, in practice, to be singularly eventful. Work began at half-past six with selling the morning papers to workmen as they hurried to catch the early trains; it continued with sweeping out the shop and delivering more morning papers at the houses of a few resident subscribers;

it ended whenever the last edition of the latest evening paper was got rid of. Albert was not sorry when he was old enough and big enough to get another place.

This time it was outdoor work. There were a few small factories in the neighbourhood, one of which supplied a hungry world with pickles and the surrounding population with pungent fumes. The company's goods were distributed by vans, and Albert entered the pickle business as a van-boy. His chief duties were to sit on the back of the van and perform extraordinary balancing feats in crowded traffic, to goad stout 'bus-drivers to madness with personal remarks, and, on pain of skilful lashes from his driver's whip, to unload the pickle-jars and deliver them at retail shops without undue delay or breakages.

The days were pleasant enough, for there was little actual work to be done, and Albert was perfectly happy when swaggering in his apron of sacking and learning his way about London. The evenings were the dull time. Work was generally over by six or seven, and when he had washed and had had his tea there were still three or four hours to be got through before bedtime. It was no good staying at home, for there was hardly room for a lad of sixteen in that place of washing and bed-going children. There remained only the street corners and the society of other youths of like age and in the same predicament. But street corners pall; when the betting calculations based upon the evening paper's recommendations are consummated in a slip of paper and a coin handed furtively to the bookmaker's tout as he strolls by, and when the same old conversation has been repeated for the fifteenth evening in succession, it only remains to attract the policeman's attention, with a view to hasty flight round two or three streets, and then the possibilities are exhausted.

Once or twice Albert sneaked into a cosy-looking, well-lighted publichouse, encouraging himself with the reflection that his money was as good as anybody else's, and that he had as much right there as anyone; but the first time that he tried the experiment the older men who frequented the place frowned him out—they wanted no saucy boys there, and let him know it—and the second time funds were low, and it was conveyed to him that he could not expect to have the run of the place for unlimited hours on the strength of one glass of beer.

It was this monotony that led to the great expedition. 'Look 'ere, you blokes,' said one of the bigger lads one dismal evening

'let's go to the fair.' There was a permanent fair, held on an uncovered piece of ground in a neighbouring parish a mile or two away, which was famous for the hideous noises of its roundabouts and the rowdiness of the youths who thronged it. 'Don't forget yer belts, lads, they might come in 'andy,' chimed in another boy, and the party, fifteen strong, set off. The policeman at the corner eyed them as they passed; but it was no business of his, and he could do nothing but murmur, as he saw the direction which they took, 'Gawd 'elp some one.'

The fair proved to be amusing and lively. There were cocoanuts to be shied at, girls in twos and threes to be laughed at, (Albert was too bashful to take much part in this sport), bottles to be fired at. Presently Albert found himself with only two or three of his companions in a dark corner of the ground. Near him, lurking in the shadows, was another band, and he suddenly felt afraid. Half unconsciously he began to unbuckle his leather belt, then, looking round and finding himself deserted by his friends, turned to flee. It was too late. Strangers were all round, and before he knew what was happening the mob was upon him. 'Come on, blue boys,' yelled some hero; 'there's only one of 'em; give 'im 'ell!' Albert aimed a wild blow with the buckle of his belt, and saw a line of red suddenly flare out on a white face. Next moment, with a skill born of experience, some one behind swung a more heavily loaded belt and laid Albert's face open from temple to jawbone. With a shriek, offspring of terror and livid pain, the boy sank to the ground. Happily for him help was near. 'Now then, move on there,' said a gruff voice; and a huge policeman, who knew nothing as yet of what had happened, but guessed that the riotous amusement (of which he took Albert's yell to be a sign) might easily degenerate into trouble, came slowly up. 'Edge on out of it,' he added more sharply, as the mob drew closer together and his suspicions began to be roused. 'You there, Mike, if you don't clear I'll soon put you where I can find you. . . .'

It was a bow drawn at a venture, for he could distinguish no face clearly; but there happened to be among the gang a sweet youth named Mike, whose conscience had reason enough to make a coward of him. With a cry of 'Copper!' Mike took to his heels, followed by the rest, whose flight was assisted by one or two well-directed blows of the constable's heavy folded cape. 'Nice lot,' muttered the man as he turned; and in turning tripped over the

prostrate Albert. 'Ullo!' he added, 'what's up?' 'My Gawd, my Gawd,' was the moaning reply. The constable flashed his lantern on the mangled face, then, dropping on his knee beside the lad, lifted him gently up, and made a rough-and-ready bandage of his handkerchief to staunch the bleeding.

By this time a small crowd had collected, and somebody volunteered to help to carry Albert to the nearest doctor. When the red lamp was reached the doctor proved to be out, but his assistant was there, and hastily patched up the wound. 'This is a hospital job,' he said, forcing a reviving draught down his patient's throat. 'Get him to James's as quick as ever you can. There are trains every twenty minutes, and you'll just catch the next one. The station isn't three minutes away.'

The next thing that Albert knew at all clearly was that some one was in pain—bad pain. It dawned on him that he was himself the sufferer, and he opened his eyes. He was in a narrow bed in a great strange room, his head swathed in bandages, and a nurse was standing by his side. 'Don't move, eleven; keep quite still and don't try to talk,' she said gently. Albert did not try to talk, but he tried to sit up, being in a state of bewilderment, only to sink back with a feeling as if a red-hot iron were being thrust through his face. Somebody tore the bedclothes from his chest, something like a needle stabbed his arm, and, with a blessed relief from agony, Albert sank again into unconsciousness.

The first tidings reached his anxious parents next day, when, on his looking at his evening paper, the father's eye was caught by frantic headlines, 'HOOLIGAN OUTRAGE,' followed by an animated but inaccurate account of what had happened.

Some days elapsed before Albert was sufficiently recovered to be able to take much interest in his surroundings. Then, one afternoon, the nurse approached his bed. 'Here's a visitor to see you, eleven,' she said; and added to the newcomer, 'you must not stay long enough to tire him, please.' Albert looked up inquiringly, for it was not visiting day. 'Why, it's the new curick,' he muttered half aloud. 'That's right,' said the visitor, 'I'm the new curate, and I've been meaning to come and see you ever since I heard of your mishap. May I sit down?' He drew a chair to the bedside. 'It's so hard to see some of you youngsters when you leave school,' he proceeded; 'you're at work all day, and you're out all night, and you don't come near us on Sunday, so that it's only when you're ill that we ever come across you. How

on earth did you get into this scrape, eh ? ' Albert had decided by this time that the curate was of a friendly disposition, and the two soon began to get on well together. Their first interview, however, was not of long duration, for the nurse began to hover ominously in the neighbourhood, so that the clergyman hastily took his leave, promising to come again the following week.

Next week Albert was stronger ; he was, indeed, allowed to sit up in bed, leaning against pillows, so that conversation could be carried on more comfortably. ' What do you do with your spare time ? ' asked the visitor soon ; ' and how do you amuse yourself ? ' Albert described the street-corner evenings, modestly omitting all reference to the betting-slips. ' . . . Sometimes we play mouth-organs till the copper moves us on ; sometimes we go to the Branch and make a noise in the gallery ; on Saturday afternoons we play football on the brickfields, only Jim Rivers always spoils it. ' Et a boxing man, you know, sir, an' thinks 'e can do what 'e likes, and there's none of us as can stand up to 'im except the Pigeon, and the Pigeon and 'im is pals. ' There was a pause. ' ' Tell you what, sir, ' went on Albert, with sudden enthusiasm. ' There was a war-work show off the Bridge Road a few weeks back ; my, it was clam. There was a tabloo of the 'Unting Lyme murder. Oh, you ought to go an' see it ! There was the gell with 'er throat cut from ear to ear, an' the bloke sneakin' off, and the keys what the tecs copped 'im by lyin' just as they dropped on the ground. '

The curate shuddered, not seeming to relish the picture. ' Why don't you come and join our club ? ' he said. ' The vicar has asked me to start one, you know, for you lads ; and you'll find it far better than loafing round street corners. '

' Oh, I don't want none of yer clubs, ' said Albert ; ' you get all the collar-an'-tie boys there, bible-class boys, an' all that. They don't want us, an' they'd get sniggerin' an' makin' remarks till some one got 'is 'ead broke. '

' Not a bit of it ; this new club is just for you lads—you and your friends. Tom McCarthy and Harry Franks and two or three more have promised to come. Won't you come too ? '

' Oh, well, if Tom an' 'Arry are coming . . . I'll think about it, ' replied Albert ; and the subject was dropped. Apparently he thought about it to good purpose, for the very night that he came out of the hospital, his head still in bandages, he presented himself shyly at the door, and, screwing up his courage, asked for the curate.

'Tell him to come in,' said that gentleman loudly from within ; and Albert entered.

About twenty lads, most of them smoking cheap cigarettes, were massed in a small room. It had at one time been a shop, and the old furnishings came in handy. The shelves, between which could be seen in places the vivid advertisements which ought to have saved the last proprietor from ruin, held a few books. The counter was used as a table for games and illustrated papers. From one of the hooks in the ceiling hung a heavy bag of sand, upon which Jim Rivers was giving a scientific display of punching. 'Ere, you 'ave a go,' he said, taking off the dilapidated pair of gloves, which had protected his knuckles from the rough sacking, and giving them to a boy who was looking on open-eyed and open-mouthed. The boy hit hard, but stopped short after the first blow with a smothered oath. 'Found it, did you ?' said Rivers, with a grin. 'I 'ad an idea there was a bit of brick stuck in it, and I 'it 'igh, myself.' It was no good for the youngster to protest ; but a champion appeared in the person of the redoubtable Pigeon. The Pigeon, as was known to the initiated, was so called from his uncanny luck in betting on pigeon-flying, and was, if not so clever a boxer, a far more terrible fighter than Rivers. 'Wot a blackguard you are, Jim,' he said pleasantly ; 'you might 'urt some one badly with that fool's trick, and it might 'appen to be me.'

Rivers shrugged his shoulders, and commenced to chew a fresh straw as Albert passed through the glass-windowed door at the back of the shop into the little room beyond, where the curate was playing cribbage. 'Why, Albert !' said the clergyman, looking round, 'how are you ? Out of hospital again ? That's good. I've been round to your firm, and they've got a job open for you, so you needn't worry about that.' He did not realise as yet that such a remark, made out loud in mixed company, was a breach of etiquette ; but his good intentions were evident. All settled down to their games again. Albert recognised two or three intimates, and entered into eager talk with them about his troubles at the fair, and so slipped easily into club life.

For some time to come every evening found him waiting at the door for the club to open, and among the last to leave. The nights were cold, the club was cosy, not to say stuffy, and there was always a welcome there. One night his place was empty. Time passed by, and no Albert appeared. Late in the evening there was a timid knock at the door. 'Please, sir, you're wanted,'

and the curate stepped out to find Mrs. Hawkins in tears upon the doorstep.

'Please, sir, they've locked up Elbert'—his father always called him just 'Bert,' but his mother thought it more respectable to give him his full title of 'Elbert'—'and 'e'll be charged to-morrow, and will you bail 'im out? Which 'e never done such a thing; it was all them boys as 'e gets mixed up along with; and if 'e'd only gambled inside the club like the rest of 'em, 'e'd 'ave been all right, but 'e wouldn't do that, not 'im. 'E 'as too much respects for you, sir. . . .'

It seemed, after patient investigation, that Albert had been caught red-handed playing nap under the street lamp. Consequently the club was closed early—it was not yet deemed safe to leave it alone and unattended to its own devices—and the curate hastened to the police-station, wondering uneasily as he went what might be the significance of Mrs. Hawkins's remark about 'gambling inside the club like the rest of them.'

Bailing out was simple, and Albert was presently set at liberty, with strict injunctions to report himself next day at ten o'clock. The boy was very silent as the two walked homewards, but from the little that he said it was clear that he had no intention of denying his act. 'Can I do anything for you?' said the clergyman. 'No, sir; except if you'd come and speak for me,' answered Albert as they parted.

Next morning the curate was early at the court. His principal impression was an overpowering one of carbolic acid. The court was like a small hall, with a raised platform at one end upon which the magistrate's desk and seat were placed. The floor of the court was divided into various panelled compartments for various officials. At one side, near the magistrate's seat, was the witness-box; facing it was a place for the clerk. The whole was a harmony in drab, the only relief in the colour-scheme being afforded by the royal arms. In front of the bench was the dock, a railed gangway, and behind a barrier at the back of the court was an open area for the interested public. Among these the curate took his place, but was soon spied by a policeman, who asked him, politely enough, if he had special business there. 'One of my lads is in trouble,' he replied, 'and I have come to see if I can do anything for him.' 'You'd better come and sit down here, sir, out of the crowd,' said the policeman, indicating a seat in one of the compartments, 'and I'll see if I can get his case pushed forward.'

He disappeared through one of the doors, and there was time to look round. Suddenly a door behind the magistrate's place was opened. 'Silence in court!' said a majestic voice. Everybody rose, and the magistrate, an elderly gentleman with a shrewd, kindly face, stepped in, bowed, and took his seat.

A little time was spent in his giving advice to a number of women who came one by one to the front with whispered tales of trouble, and then began a long procession of prisoners, each bearing a strong resemblance to the rest. 'Drunk and disorderly' was the charge in nearly every case. Some were men, some were women, some looked sullen, some looked bored, some argued a little, most pleaded guilty, some had many convictions against them, some only a few, some consequently got heavier sentences than others. It was all sordid and vicious, the only rays of humour coming from a witty cab-driver, who was in trouble for leaving his horse and cab unattended. At last Albert was ushered in, and took his place in the dock, looking wonderfully young and innocent after the long series of brutalised faces. His mother had evidently tidied him up, and he was wearing a decent collar and tie for the first time for years.

A policeman stepped into the box, kissed the Book with a smack, gave his name and number to the clerk, and proceeded with his evidence in a monotonous sing-song voice which betrayed an indifference oddly out of keeping with the prisoner's miserable excitement.

'Have you any questions to ask the constable?' said the magistrate to Albert, when the evidence was closed; but the boy did not seem to hear. 'Have you any questions to ask the constable?' echoed the burly warder standing at the end of the dock. 'Guilty, please my lord, sir,' said Albert, with a break in his voice.

The magistrate looked round the court with a slightly perplexed air, and the curate perceived that the moment for his intervention had come. He stepped forward with an effort, said, 'I should like to speak on the prisoner's behalf if I may,' and found himself in the witness-box without quite knowing how he got there. The magistrate's glance gave him courage, however, and he managed to put in a plea for leniency, promising that he would do his utmost to keep Albert out of mischief for the future. The magistrate leaned forward and gave the boy some good advice, blended with sharp reproof; but it was evident that he was glad of an excuse for

not convicting, and a few minutes later Albert and the curate were in the street together.

‘You have been a young fool, Albert, and you have had a lesson. Take my advice, and drop gambling.’ But it was very hard to screw up a sermon to the still trembling lad; and they parted with mutual expressions of goodwill.

It was on Sunday evening a few weeks later that the curate was walking wearily home after the end of the last service, when, as he made his way through the crowd in the great thoroughfare, he met Albert, whose arm was linked in the arm of a pleasant-faced girl. ‘Hullo!’ said the curate to himself. ‘Albert walking out with Jessie? Well, she’ll keep him straight if anybody can.’

The curate had by this time experience enough to know that an influence had come into Albert’s life, the ultimate issues of which no man could foresee.

H. G. D. LATHAM.

ROSE OF THE WORLD

BY AGNES AND EGERTON CASTLE.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER V.

'WILL you answer this for me, Baby?—Tell Major Bethune that we shall be glad to see him here this week, and for as long as he cares to stay.'

Aspasia took the letter between disdainful finger and thumb, and turned it over to peruse. Rosamond, leaning her chin on her hand, looked away from the breakfast-table through the small-paned windows into the wintry garden, and was lost in some dream again.

Miss Cuninghams' nostrils dilated with indignation as she read the brief dry lines in which Major Bethune informed Lady Gerardine that he would be glad if she could now furnish him with some of the promised material for his work, as he was at a standstill. He could run down for the day, if it suited, and with kind regards to her niece—begged to remain, and so forth.

'Kind regards to her niece,' repeated that young lady to herself with an ominous tightness of expression. 'Yes, Aunt,' she said aloud, with some alacrity. 'Leave it to me; I shall write to Major Bethune.'

She finished her tea with a gulp and hurried to the corner of the drawing-room, where she had established her Lares and Penates, to undertake the congenial task.

Her dimples pointed deep satisfaction as she wrote. 'Kind regards,' indeed! This Major of Guides should be taught his proper place in the estimation of Miss Aspasia Cuninghams.

Dear Major Bethune (she wrote), my aunt bids me to say that she will be charmed if you can arrange your promised visit for next week. You did promise to come here, did not you? I positively forget. It seems such ages since that dreadful, dreary sea journey, that it was quite a surprise to hear from you this morning. We are having such a happy time here that India and all the rest of it seem never to have existed. We do enjoy being by ourselves.

Kind regards from my Aunt,

Yours very truly,

concluded Miss Aspasia with a vindictive flourish.

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Having despatched this epistle in triumph, it was astonishing how much brighter became Miss Cuninghame's outlook upon the world at large and the manor-house in particular. She developed a renewed interest in housekeeping details ; not, as she was careful to explain, that it mattered really what they gave this gentleman to eat or to drink, only Aunt Rosamond was so fastidious.

She discovered that it was absolutely necessary for the entertainment of any visitor that a pony and cart should immediately be added to the establishment, and spent an exciting afternoon in scouring the countryside for the same.

It was, of course, the sense of duty well accomplished that gave such a sparkle to her eye and such an irrepressible tilt to the corners of her lips, as she sat waiting for the return of the above-mentioned vehicle from the station the day of Major Bethune's arrival. It had not been her intention to gratify him with a sight of her countenance so soon ; but Lady Gerardine, after faithfully promising to be in attendance at the appointed time, had wandered off, in the vague way of which *Aspasia* was becoming resignedly tolerant, for one of her long solitary rambles ; and the girl could not, for the credit of the house, but take on herself the neglected hospitable duty.

Alas for all the resolves of a noble pride ! She had hardly been ten minutes in the company of the newly arrived guest before she had fallen into the old terms of confidential intimacy.

Afterwards she could not quite tell herself how it had happened ; whether because of the good softening of his harsh face as he looked down at her, or of the warm close grasp of his hand which drove away at once the forlorn feeling which had possessed her poor little gregarious soul all these days ; or whether it were the mollifying influence of old *Mary's* scones, the cosiness of the fragrant tea and the leaping fire in contrast to the dreary dusk gathering outside. Perhaps it was merely that her healthy nature could harbour no resentment, albeit the most justifiable. However it may have been, Major Bethune found his welcome at the manor-house sweet. Even the maidenly coldness of her first greeting pleased his fastidious old-fashioned notions ; and the subsequent thawing of this delicate rime came upon him with something of the balm of sunshine on a frosty morning.

His face stiffened, however, at *Aspasia's* first confidence about her aunt, into which she plunged, after her usual manner, without the slightest preamble.

'She's awfully good to me, always; sweeter to me than ever, these last few days—when we meet! But I scarcely see her, except at meals. And then we don't seem to be living in the same world. It's like talking through the telephone,' cried the girl. 'Of course, I am quite aware,' she went on, 'that the poor darling is suffering from neu—neurasth—well, whatever they call it; that her nerves are all wrong. 'Tisn't anything so very new either,' she giggled, 'tis just too much Runkle—Runkleitis. . . . I know myself, even I, at times, have felt as if I could scream and tear out his hair by the roots. What must it have been for her! She kept up, you see; that's her way. And now that she's free of him for a bit, it's the reaction, I suppose.'

He drank his tea in sips, listening to her, his head bent. The firelight leaped and cast changing lights upon his countenance. Baby thought he looked thinner, older, sterner; yet she could never be afraid of him. There was something extraordinarily pleasant in having him there. The very loneliness of the Old Ancient House added a zest. The unsubstantial image of Harry English faded like a ghost before the dawn in the strong man's presence. She edged her chair an inch closer.

'I am sorry Lady Gerardine is no better,' said he, formally, into the little silence.

'Oh, better!' answered Aspasia. 'Will you have another cup?' ('That makes the third.' She was pleased; here was a tribute to her capacity.) 'Better?—that's what is so funny, she's as well as possible. She looks young, young, with a bloom on her cheeks, and sometimes she walks about smiling to herself. It makes me creep. I can't think what she's smiling at. She comes down, singing softly to herself. Why, there are times when she looks just like a girl. No one could ever believe she's had two husbands,' cried terrible Baby.

Major Bethune put down his cup, untouched. ('He didn't want it after all,' commented she.) 'It is rather strange,' she went on aloud; 'she's simply bloomed since she came here, and the whole house is full of Harry English. And she's shut up half the time, in his old rooms under the roof, routing among those old letters, you know—those letters there was all the fuss about. I thought we'd killed her over them between us,' said Baby, with her little nervous laugh. 'And now, I don't know, but I almost think I would rather see her cry and look pale as before. It would seem more natural. Really, I'm frightened sometimes.'

Her pretty face, with its wide open eyes, took a piteous look in the firelight.

‘You don’t think it means anything?’ she resumed. And the tears suddenly welled, the corners of her mouth drooped: she seemed no more than a child. He stretched out his arm and took her hand.

‘Mean?’ he said. ‘Why, Miss Aspasia, what should it mean? Something perhaps that your kind heart would find hard to understand. But it means after all, nothing so very unusual. Lady Gerardine, and it is all the better for her, is of those who are quickly consoled. The country air is doing her good, and the old letters—’ he dropped her hand, his tones grew incisive. ‘It is only when the past is more satisfactory than the present that memories are disagreeable.’

‘Oh,’ cried Aspasia. She started to her feet. ‘What a funny way you have of saying that!’ And as the meaning of his words forced itself upon her, ‘How unkind! I think you hate Aunt Rosamond.’

‘I?’ said he, startled. He rose in his turn. ‘What an absurd idea!’ He laughed, but his lips seemed stiff. ‘I?—I would not presume, how could I? to have any feeling for Lady Gerardine but that of distant respect.’

The door opened and in came Rosamond.

‘In the dark!’ she said, looking upon them unseeingly after the light of the hall. ‘Is that Major Bethune?’

She came forward, while Aspasia, on her knees, violently poked the fire into a blaze.

‘Rose of the World,’ thought Bethune, as the ruddy glow fell upon the figure of his friend’s widow. It was true she looked like a girl. Her cheek was rose-red from the cold wind. Her shadowed eyes brilliant. The light tendrils of her hair floated back from her white forehead.

‘You are welcome,’ she said, and mingled with her grace and sweetness there was a little timidity which was as exquisite and as indescribable an addition to her beauty as the bloom to the purple of the grape or the mist to the line of the hills at dawn. He bowed over her hand. He felt angry with himself that he had no word to say.

‘Tea?’ said Aspasia. As he took the cup from her to pass it to Lady Gerardine, he heard the spoon clink against the saucer with the trembling of his own hand.

CHAPTER VI.

'It is the post, Aunt,' said Aspasia; 'and a letter from Runkle.'

She stood at the door of the attic, looking in upon them with something unfriendly in the expression of her eyes. The tone in which she announced Lady Gerardine's correspondent was not without a shade of malicious triumph.

Rosamond and Major Bethune were sitting one at each end of the old writing-table that had been Harry English's. Between them lay a pile of papers. From the landing, Baby had heard Bethune's voice uplifted in unwonted animation, and then the ring of her aunt's laugh.

As she entered, the man rose. But Lady Gerardine merely turned her head towards the intruder with an involuntary contraction of the eyebrows.

'Dear child,' she said, and Aspasia felt the impatience of interruption under the gentleness of the tone, 'we are at work.'

'At work! It had sounded like it,' thought the girl ironically.

'Runkle writes from Brindisi,' she said, turning over in her hand the thin envelope with the foreign stamp. 'We shall have him home directly.'

If she had hoped to create a sensation with her news, here was a failure. Bethune stood impassive. Lady Gerardine had all the air of one to whom Sir Arthur's movements were the least of concerns. She turned with a little impatient gesture to Major Bethune!

'Do sit down again,' she said, 'and go on. You have not told me whether Harry won the race. Oh, he must have won. I never saw anyone ride as he did.'

Aspasia's pretty, defiant countenance changed. Of late she had occasionally known an undefined lurking anxiety about her Aunt—it now sprang out of ambush and seized her again. She put one hand over Rosamond's clasped fingers, and with the other held the letter before the abstracted eyes.

'But you must read it,' she said, half tenderly, half authoritatively.

'Presently,' said Lady Gerardine. And then, as if irritated by the disturbing document, seized it and laid it on one side. 'Here, Baby,' said she, 'come and take your favourite place on the floor, and Major Bethune will begin his story again. You will like to

hear how Harry took the conceit out of these Lancers who thought that nobody could ride a horse but themselves.'

Baby flung a swift look at Bethune, half appeal, half fright. He was gnawing the corner of his moustache and staring under his heavy brows at Rosamond's face—beautiful, unconscious, eager. He seemed perplexed.

'But, my goodness,' cried Aspasia, and for very little more she would have burst into tears, 'you know what the Runkle is, both of you. Don't you see this is perfectly idiotic? Someone will have to read his letter and see what he's got to say.'

'Read it you, then,' retorted Lady Gardine, with sudden heat. Her eyes flashed, the blood rushed into her cheeks. She was as angry as the sleeper who is shaken from some fair dream that he would fain hold fast. Thereupon Baby's temper flamed likewise. She shrugged her shoulders, snapped the letter from the table, tore it open. Lady Gardine began to sort the papers before her, once more determinedly abstracted from the situation. The girl flung herself down on the window seat below the dormer, and, with pouting lips and scornfully uplifted eyebrows, set to work to peruse the marital document.

'Poor Runkle hopes,' she cried sarcastically, 'that you have not been making yourself ill again with anxiety about him because he missed the last mail. (Fancy, if we'd only known dear Runkle missed the last mail!) You must forgive him, Aunt. Lady Aspasia insisted on being taken to Agra, to see the Taj. . . . Runkle will be in England almost as soon as this letter. (Oh, joy!) Lady Aspasia has insisted on his going to stay at Melbury Towers first. She is having all sorts of interesting people to meet him. (Aren't you jealous, Aunt?) When once she's got him, she doesn't mean to let him go—(Fancy, the Runkle!)—Oh——' She dropped her hands with the crinkling thin sheet and surveyed Lady Gardine with some gravity: 'He wants us to join him there!'

'Who—where?'

'Us—you and me, Aunt Rosamond, at Melbury. We're to meet him there, he says, immediately, and stay over Christmas. Lady Aspasia will write.'

'I cannot go,' said Rosamond quietly, as if that decided the question.

Once again Aspasia hesitated in distress between the advisability of discussion with anyone so unreasonable, and the danger of exciting a highly nervous patient. With a despairing shake of her

fluffy head, she finally returned to the letter and read on in a voice from which all the angry zest had departed.

“I shall spend a couple of days in Paris. Lady Aspasia has implored me to give her my opinion upon some old furniture. I propose, however, to send Muhammed Saif-u-din—my native secretary, you remember—straight to you at Saltwoods. He has some important work to finish for me, and Jani will know how to look after him. He will arrive about the evening of the tenth.” That’s to-morrow,’ said the girl, breaking off. ‘Lord, I’m glad you’re here, Major Bethune! Gracious! This old place is creepy enough without having a black man wandering about the passages and the orchards. . . . Fancy us, all alone in the middle of the downs! He might cut all our throats, and nobody know anything, till the baker came. I do think our Runkle might keep his own blackmoors to himself.’

Rosamond looked indifferent. She drummed the table softly with her fingers, as if in protest against the waste of time. Bethune still stood without speaking. His attitude had not changed a fraction, neither had his brooding face. Aspasia thought that she could have flung the inkpot at him with much satisfaction.

‘That’s all,’ she concluded, drily; ‘Runkle is his dear wife’s devoted husband.’ She threw a hard emphasis on the words. Rosamond suddenly paled and set her lips close.

‘Oh, yes! there’s a postscript; he wants an answer immediately to Claridge’s—and who do you think was their fellow traveller? Dr. Châtelard—he’s to be at Melbury, too. It’s all fish that comes to Lady Aspasia’s net—evidently. Well?’

Still there was silence.

It was a clear day. A shaft of wintry sunshine pierced in between the ivy sprays, and caught the girl as she sat; her crisp aureole of hair seemed palely afire; sparks of the same faint yellow flame enkindled her eyes, and even the ends of her long eyelashes. She sat stiff and stern, her face was a little pallid. Bethune glanced at her suddenly. The sky was blue through the little panes beyond: he thought she made a quaintly pretty picture.

‘Well!’ repeated Miss Cuninghame, ‘you had better wire to Runkle, I think.’

Lady Gerardine rose from her seat with so swift a movement that, startled, Baby jumped from her perch. The elder woman was passion white; her nostrils were dilated.

'Leave me, Aspasia,' she said, pointing to the door with a gesture at once dignified and incensed. 'You disturb me.'

'Well, I never!' exclaimed the ill-used girl. She checked herself suddenly and made a rush for the passage; if she spoke another word the tears would certainly come, and that (she thought) would be the last straw.

Quick as she was, Bethune was before her. He opened the door for her to pass. His air of detachment, the banality of the courtesy, seemed to her an insult; she flung a look of scathing reproach at him as she flounced by.

With Sir Arthur's letter clutched in her hand she sought refuge in her own room; and there on the small white bed shed some of the bitterest and angriest tears she had ever known. The thought of the two in the attic room galled her beyond endurance.

'Hasn't she had two husbands already?' sobbed she to herself, catching at the crudest conclusions with all the inconsequence of her years, 'and couldn't she leave just this one man alone? "You disturb me"—oh!'

Yet Bethune had remained in the attic scarcely a minute after Aspasia herself had left it. When he had returned to the table, Lady Gerardine had gazed at him a span or two with vague eyes—then she had passed her hand over her forehead, sighed wearily, and fallen into her seat.

'I can do no more to-day!' she had said. 'Take those papers. You see I have copied out all in sequence, even the most trivial detail, till the Sandhurst examination. Make what use of them you like. I—forgive me, it is very stupid—but I feel troubled. And please—do not talk to me about this any more until I ask you to.'

So she had dismissed him. And, dismissed, he returned to the study, which had been allotted for his use, and placed her voluminous notes with his own typewritten manuscript, pending the task of collation. Then he fell into a long reverie and his thoughts were neither of Harry English nor of Miss Aspasia Cuningham.

But even in anger Baby was loyal; some instinct, rather than any positive train of reasoning, told her that Sir Arthur's arrival at the present juncture would inevitably precipitate matters to a most undesirable climax. On the other hand: how keep him away if his wife persisted in her attitude of indifference and silence? . . .

‘Good gracious, we’ll have Runkle turning up in a special train before the week’s out!’ How to prevent it?

With much labour she finally concocted and despatched a telegram of Machiavellian artfulness to await arrival at Claridge’s, taking further upon herself to sign it in Lady Gerardine’s name:

Just received letter. Overjoyed return, trust you can make arrangements to join me here at once; unfortunate presence of guest prevents my leaving. Otherwise would meet you London before Melbury.

‘That will do it, I think,’ said the astute young lady. ‘If Runkle thinks that anyone is trying to dictate to him or to interfere with his own sacred arrangements—the trick is done.’

CHAPTER VII.

BEFORE the two women met again, it was evening—the debatable hour, between light and darkness, which falls so quickly upon the December day. Rosamond had come in, wet and weary, from a walk alone on the downs; caught by reverie, she sat before the fire in her dressing gown, her change of garb unfinished, her hair still loosened, gazing through those unsubstantial misty recent years to the past, which had grown so vivid.

Aspasia peeped in, half drew back, hesitated; then, as Lady Gerardine held out her left hand, without a word, the girl flew to her side and nestled down on the hearthrug at her feet, seizing the white hand with the unexpressed joy of tacit reconciliation. For a little while there was silence between them. Baby’s eyes roved about the room; within her sunny head a host of new thoughts were humming like a hive of bees. All at once something unfamiliar to her touch about the fingers she was fondling drew her gaze with surprise.

‘Why, Aunt Rosamond?’

‘Yes, Baby.’

Lady Gerardine answered from the past, her voice far away and dreamy.

‘Why.’ The girl turned the inert hand now to the faint grey light of the waning day, now to the fireglow. ‘You have changed your rings. This is a new one I never saw before,’ and her plump finger tips felt the plain circle, so much rounder and narrower than that pompous gold band with which the great Sir Arthur had

plighted his nuptial vow. The cry had almost escaped her lips: 'You've never taken off Runkle's wedding-ring!' but she checked it with that new prudence circumstances were forcing upon her. She wished now she had not spoken at all. But Lady Gerardine was smiling.

'Yes,' said she tenderly, looking down at her hand where the leaping wood flame flashed back from the narrow gold circlet and the tiny coloured gems of an antique ring that surmounted it. 'I have changed my rings—this one was given me the night before my marriage. It all went so quickly, you see, Baby, that my engagement ring came only the day before the wedding-ring. It was hers,' said Rosamond, looking over her shoulder at the bed where Mrs. English had died. ''Tis a very old trinket, you see. Red roses of rubies, green leaves of emerald, and a diamond heart. He said it was my heart—I said it was his.'

She smiled again into space. Aspasia clasped her and kissed her. It was the first time since the voyage her aunt had spoken to her openly of her hidden thoughts. And now she spoke as if confidence had always existed between them, as if she were merely continuing the thread of an interrupted discourse.

Baby's heart began to sink with an uneasy sense of awe as before something unnatural, and of her own incapacity for meeting it. She wished her kiss could stop the lovely smiling lips from further speech. But Lady Gerardine went on:

'We were married quite early, in the little Alverstoke church. I used to hate it when I went there Sunday after Sunday; but it was a new place to me that morning, holy and beautiful, all in the dewy freshness, gray amid the green, with stripes of sunlight yellow upon it, and the dancing shadows of the trees. The whole church was full of the smell of white narcissus; it was like incense. When I came up the nave, he turned where he stood at the altar rail, and looked at me. I can see him now, just as he looked; his eyes dark, dark, and his face quite pale for all it was so bronzed. Baby, I can smell the narcissus now, as I stood beside him and he put this on my finger.'

She raised her hand and kissed the ring.

'I shall never take it off,' she said, as if to herself. And unhappy, practical Baby, could have laughed and cried together with the despairing ejaculation: 'Poor Runkle!'

The night was pressing up against the windows; only the fire-light now fought the darkness in the wainscoted room. Upon the

panel opposite the bed, the life-size portrait of Captain English, in its strong relief of black and white, began to assume a ruddy tint ; in the shifting of the shadows the expression of the face seemed to change. It assumed startling airs of life. Baby caught sight of this and gave a faint scream.

‘Oh, oh,’ she said, burrowing her face against Rosamond’s neck, ‘he almost looks alive!’

Lady Gerardine had seen, too ; but there was no terror in her soul.

‘Why should he not look alive?’ said she, in a soft confidential whisper, ‘he’s not really dead, you know.’

The astounding words had scarcely fallen upon Baby’s alarmed consciousness, when there was a crunching of wheels below the window, as if the night without had suddenly engendered some ghostly visitor in state. A violent peal rang through the silent house ; a new but very tangible fear was upon Aspasia. With a shriek she sprang to her feet.

‘As sure as eggs is eggs, it’s Runkle!’

She rushed helter-skelter to the door, while Rosamond sat still, clasping her ringed finger.

A minute later Aspasia burst into the room again. She was laughing violently in reaction, and brought a breath as of wet woods and winter winds into the warm room.

‘It’s all right,’ she gasped. ‘It isn’t Runkle, aunt, it’s only——’ with a fresh irrepressible gust, ‘it’s only the “native spring,” you know, the black man—the secretary who’s writing up Runkle’s monument!’

She leaned against the bed-post, puffing and fanning herself with her handkerchief.

‘What a turn he’s given me—poor thing! I’m glad we’ve got Jani for him. He looked so forlorn, standing in the hall, staring about him with great sad eyes, like something pitchforked into a different world.’

Jani carried a lamp into the small bare chamber allotted to Muhammed Saif-u-din, and set it on the table at which he was seated.

She turned up the wick, and was straightening herself from her task when her glance fell upon the man’s hands and became riveted there. Even in their attitude of repose, folded one over the other in the oriental fashion, these dusky hands had a singular suggestion

Rosamond have lingered upon the first stage of that journey into the past she had so singularly engaged upon. But, in spite of herself, the wheels were turning, the moments dropping; from within as well as from without, she was forced on and on, and she knew that in a little while she must reach the parting of the ways.

It having been ruled for us that life is almost all change, and that change is mostly sorrow, it is a dispensation of mercy that we should be blind travellers along the road, and never know what lies beyond. But Rosamond, who had rebelled against the natural law, was now, with eyes unsealed, advancing fatally towards the way of sorrows she had already once traversed, refusing to mourn at her appointed hour.

Fain would she have walked in the sheltered valley, fain even called back the old sleep of coldness. In vain. Time was marching, and she must march. And two there were that drove her forward, besides the relentless invisible power—Bethune, with his expectant close presence, and Sir Arthur, unbearable menace from the distance.

‘And then, you know, the summons came,’ said she.

‘I know,’ he answered. Then there was silence between them.

Lady Gerardine had come to Major Bethune in the little library where he spent some hours each morning over his work. These last days she had shown an unaccountable distaste to his presence in the attic room. And he, studying her now, thought that, in this short week of his visit, she had altered and wasted; that the bloom had faded on her cheek and that cheek itself was faintly hollowed. He had been poring over some old maps of the Baroghil district, pipe in mouth, when she entered upon him. And at sight of her, he had risen to his feet, putting aside the briar with a muttered apology. But she, arrested in her advance, had stood inhaling the vapour of his tobacco, her lips parted with a quivering that was half smile, half pain.

‘I like it,’ she had said dreamily. ‘It brings me back.’

Awkward he nearly always felt himself before her, never more so than at these moments of self-betrayal on her part, when every glimpse of her innermost feeling contradicted the hard facts of her life. He stood stiffly, not taking up his pipe at her bidding. Then, pulling herself together, she had advanced again, ceremoniously requesting him to be seated. She had only come to bring him

another note, which she had omitted to join to those annals of Harry English's life up to their marriage, already in his hands.

He had just glanced at it and flicked it on one side, and then at the expectancy of his silence, she had grown pale. There could be no turning back, she did not ask it, scarcely hoped for it. But O God, if she might wait a little longer !

She sank into the worn leather armchair. It was a small room, lined with volumes, and the air was full of the smell of ancient bindings, ancient paper and print ; that good smell of books, so grateful to the nostrils of one who loves them, mingled with the pungency of Bethune's tobacco.

The wild orchard came quite close to the window and across the panes, under an impatient wind, the empty boughs went ceaselessly up and down like withered arms upon some perpetual useless signalling. To Rosamond they seemed spectres of past summers, waving her back from their own hopeless winter. The room was warm and rosy with firelight, but in her heart she felt cold. And Major Bethune sat waiting.

'I only had one or two letters from him,' she faltered at last ; 'and then came the silence.' Her lovely mouth twitched with pain ; Raymond Bethune turned his eyes away from her face.

'He joined us at Gilgit,' he said, staring out at the frantic boughs. 'I remember how he looked, as he jogged in, towards evening with his fellows—white with dust, his very hair powdered.'

She clasped her hands ; the tension slightly relaxed.

'You all loved him ?' she said softly.

'Loved him !' he gave a short laugh. 'Well, he was a sort of god to me, and to the men too. Some of the subs thought him hard on them—so he was, hard as nails.'

Astonishment filled her gaze. 'Gad,' said the man, 'I remember poor little Fane—he went during the siege, fever—I remember the little fellow saying, half crying : "I think English is made of stone." But it was before he had seen him at the fighting. That was a leader of men !'

'Hard !' said Lady Gerardine. 'Harry made of stone !' she gave a low laugh, half indignant.

'Don't you know,' said Bethune, 'that here'—he tapped the jagged lines of the mountain maps—'you can't do anything if you're not harder than the rocks ? And with those devils of ours,' his own face softened oddly as he spoke ; 'they're hard enough—

they're devils, I tell you—to lead them right, you've got to be more than devil yourself—you've got to be—an archangel.'

Some vision of a glorious fighting Michael, with a stern serene face of immutable justice, featured with the beauty of the dead, rose before Rosamond. She flushed and trembled; then she thought back again and with anger.

'Ah, but his heart,' she said; 'ah, you did not know him!'

He wheeled round upon her and gazed at her, his cold eyes singularly enkindled.

'You forget,' said he, and quoted 'that every man "boasts two soul sides, one to face the world with, one to show a woman when he loves her."'

'Ah!' said Rosamond.—It was a tender cry, as if she had taken something very lovely to her heart and was holding it close. With an abrupt movement Bethune turned back to his table; his hard face looked harsher and more unemotional than usual, and he began folding up his papers as if he thought the conversation had lasted long enough.

'Perhaps to-morrow,' he said, 'you will be able to give me the beginning of the siege papers.'

'I will try,' said Rosamond, catching her breath. And then, after a moment, she rose and left him without another word.

Rosamond felt restless; the walls of the house oppressed her; the sound of the piano in the drawing-room was maddening; she wanted to be out in the wide spaces with her overwhelming thoughts. She caught up a cape, drew the hood over her head, and went quickly forth to meet the December wind.

Down the grass-grown avenues, under the bereft and complaining orchard trees, she went, making for the downs. At the boundary gate she met the old one-armed postman toiling with his burden. He thrust a letter into her hand and passed on. She saw that it was addressed in Sir Arthur's writing, and bore the stamp of Melbury. She broke it open and read impatiently, eager to be back with her absorbing dream. Her husband was urgently summoning her to join him at once, under Lady Aspasia's roof. He expressed surprise, tinged with dissatisfaction, that Lady Aspasia's kind letter of invitation to her should have remained unanswered.

'No doubt, dear,' Sir Arthur wrote, 'you are waiting until you can ascertain the date of your visitor's departure, but this must

not be allowed to interfere.' Here was a command. Rosamond gave a vague laugh.

'Who is the guest, by the way? I am expecting a letter from you, forwarded from London. Probably you have written to Claridge's. I would gladly accede to your request and come at once to the manor-house. . . .' She stared, as the phrase caught her eyes, then laughed again: 'Poor man—what was he thinking of?'

She crumpled the sheet in her hand and walked on. The wind blew fiercely across the downs, every leaf and spray, every dry horse-bush, every blade of rank grass was writhen and bent in the same direction. She struggled to the shelter of a hazel copse and sat her down.

Before her stretched the moorland, dun-grey and yellow, slipping to the horizon; above her head the sky was leaden grey, charged with cloud wrack—a huge bowl of storm. She thought of that glowing Indian morning, when he had told her he must leave her, and of the twenty-four hours that had elapsed between that moment and their parting. What tenderness, gentler than a woman's, had he not revealed to her then—Harry English, the hard man, fierce angel-leader of devils! And the words of Browning rushed back upon her, once again as a message of balm—

. . . . two soul sides, one to face the world with,
One to show a woman when he loves her.

Ah, nothing could rob her of that! She had been the woman he had loved, and the soul side he had shown to her, most generous, most sacred, most beautiful, was what no other being in the Universe could have from him, not even his God!

They had parted in the dawn, the Indian dawn, all shot with lame. Not once had he faltered in his resolute cheerfulness. He had kissed her and blessed her as she lay in bed. But at the door he had halted to look upon her a last time; and she was weeping. Then he had flung himself back beside her . . . and now she closed her eyes and shuddered on the memory of his last kisses.

With the chill barren earth beneath her, the lowering winter sky above, the sun-warmth of his love again enfolded her. It was as if his presence brooded upon her. Oh, could she but die and be with him! 'Harry, I am yours,' she called to him in the passion of her soul, 'yours only—love, take me!'

So strong seemed the atmosphere of his spirit about her, that she looked round wildly, almost feeling as if her soul-cry must have

called back the dead. There stretched the iron earth, there hung the relentless skies—the world was empty.

The copse where she had chosen to rest was on the higher downs, and before her the land fell away gently yet so surely that the high chimney-stack of the Old Ancient House would scarcely have caught the eye against the opposite slope, save for its rising smoke columns, which the wind seized and tore to flakes.

As she gazed, unseeing, upon the desolate spectacle, a gleam of something unwonted, something like a huge crimson bird, moved vaguely tropical in all the duns and greys. She wondered awhile, and then realised : realised with a sudden sick spasm.

It was the red turban of Muhammed Saif-u-din. How sinister it looked, how unnatural a bloodstain under this pale English sky! Yonder son of the treacherous race that she could not banish from her life, even in this peaceful abode of her widowhood—Sir Arthur's secretary. . . . Sir Arthur ! Her husband ! The man to whom she had given the claim of what was left of her life ! . . . Thought followed on thought up to this culminating point. And then it was to Lady Gerardine as if some veil was rent before her mental vision, and she saw—saw at last—with that agony to the sight of sudden glare in the darkness, what she had done.

These last weeks she had lived in a dream, and every aspiration of her soul, every tendency of her life, had drifted always further away from the existence she and fate had chosen for herself. Now there was a gulf between Rosamond English and Rosamond Gerardine ; and by the hot recoil of her blood she knew that it was un-surmountable. How could she ever go back ; again be wife of the man she loved not, she who was widow of the man she loved !

She looked for the letter in her hand to cast it from her, and found that it had already escaped her careless hold. Upon the yellow grass at her feet the wind was chasing it ; turning it mockingly over and over, a contemptible foolish thing, meanly out of place among the withered leaves, the naturally dying things of the fields.

So little place had Sir Arthur Gerardine in the life of Rosamond—Rosamond, the widow of Harry English !

(To be continued.)

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*THE TRUANTS.*¹

· BY A. E. W. MASON.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

† THE NEXT MORNING.

THERE was another who kept a vigil all the night. In the Villa Pontignard Pamela Mardale saw from her window the morning break, and wondered in dread what had happened upon that broad terrace by the sea. She dressed and went down into the garden. As yet the world was grey and cool, and something of its quietude entered into her and gave her peace. A light mist hung over the sea, birds sang sweetly in the trees, and from the chimneys of Roquebrune the blue smoke began to coil. In the homely suggestions of that blue smoke Pamela found a comfort. She watched it for a while, and then there came a flush of rose upon the crests of the hills. The mist was swept away from the floor of the sea, shadows and light suddenly ran down the hillsides, and the waves danced with a sparkle of gold. The sun had risen. Pamela saw a man coming up the open slope from Roquebrune to the villa. It was M. Giraud. She ran to the gate and met him there.

‘Well?’ she asked. And he answered sadly :

‘I arrived too late.’

The colour went from Pamela’s cheeks. She set a hand upon the gate to steady herself. There was an expression of utter consternation on her face.

‘Too late, I mean,’ the schoolmaster explained hurriedly, ‘to

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help you, to be of any real service to you. But the harm done is perhaps not so great as you fear.'

He described to her what he had seen—Lionel Callon lying outstretched and insensible upon the pavement, Tony and Millie Stretton within the room.

'We removed M. Callon to his bedroom,' he said. 'Then I fetched a doctor. M. Callon will recover—it is a concussion of the brain. He will be ill for a little time, but he will get well.'

'And the man and the woman?' Pamela asked eagerly. 'The two within the room? What of them?'

'They were standing opposite to one another.' The schoolmaster had not seen Millie on her knees. 'A chair was overturned, the chair on which she had sat. She was in great distress, and, I think, afraid; but he spoke quietly.' He described how he had offered Tony the letter, and how Tony had closed the door of the room upon the waiters.

'The manager did not know what to do, whether to send for help or not. But I did not think that there was any danger to the woman in the room, and I urged him to do nothing.'

'Thank you,' said Pamela gratefully. 'Indeed, you were in time to help me.'

But even then she did not know how much she was indebted to the schoolmaster's advice. She was thinking of the scandal which must have arisen had the police been called in, of the publication of Millie's folly to the world of her acquaintances. That was prevented now. If Tony took back his wife—as with all her heart she hoped he would—he would not at all events take back one of whom gossip would be speaking with a slighting tongue. She was not aware that Tony had deserted from the Legion to keep his tryst upon the thirty-first of the month. Afterwards, when she did learn this, she was glad that she had not lacked warmth when she had expressed her gratitude to M. Giraud. A look of pleasure came into the schoolmaster's face.

'I am very glad,' he said. 'When I brought the doctor back the two within the room were talking quietly together; we could hear their voices through the door. So I came away. I walked up to the villa here. But it was already late, and the lights were out—except in one room on an upper floor looking over the sea—that room,' and he pointed to a window.

'Yes, that is my room,' said Pamela.

'I thought it was likely to be yours, and I hesitated whether

I should fling up a stone; but I was not sure that it was your room. So I determined to wait until the morning. I am sorry, for you have been very anxious and have not slept—I can see that. I could have saved you some hours of anxiety.'

Pamela laughed in friendliness, and the laugh told him surely that her distress had gone from her.

'That does not matter,' she said. 'You have brought me very good news. I could well afford to wait for it.'

The schoolmaster remained in an awkward hesitation at the gate; it was clear that he had something more to say. It was no less clear that he found the utterance of it very difficult. Pamela guessed what was in his mind, and, after her own fashion, she helped him to speak it. She opened the gate, which up till now had stood closed between them.

'Come in for a little while, won't you?' she said; and she led the way through the garden to that narrow corner on the bluff of the hill which had so many associations for them both. If M. Giraud meant to say what she thought he did, here was the one place where utterance would be easy. Here they had interchanged, in other times, their innermost thoughts, their most sacred confidences. The stone parapet, the bench, the plot of grass, the cedar in the angle of the corner—among these familiar things memories must throb for him even as they did for her. Pamela sat down upon the parapet and, leaning over, gazed into the torrent far below. She wished him to take his time. She had a thought that even if he had not in his mind that utterance which she hoped to hear, the recollection of those other days, vividly renewed, might suggest it. And in a moment or two he spoke.

'It is true, mademoiselle, that I was of service to you last night?'

'Yes,' replied Pamela gently; 'that is quite true.'

'I am glad,' he continued. 'I shall have that to remember. I do not suppose that I shall see you often any more. Very likely you will not come back to Roquebrune—very likely I shall never see you again. And if I do not, I should like you to know that last night will make a difference to me.'

He was now speaking with a simple directness. Pamela raised her face towards his. He could see that his words greatly rejoiced her; a very tender smile was upon her lips, and her eyes shone. There were tears in them.

'I am so glad,' she said.

'I resented your coming to me at first,' he went on—'I was a

fool; I am now most grateful that you did come. I learnt that you had at last found the happiness which I think you have always deserved. You know I have always thought that it is a bad thing when such a one as you is wasted upon loneliness and misery—the world is not so rich that it can afford such waste. And if only because you told me that a change had come for you I should be grateful for the visit which you paid me. But there is more. You spoke a very true word last night when you told me it was a help to be needed by those one needs.’

‘You think that too?’ said Pamela.

‘Yes, now I do,’ he answered. ‘It will always be a great pride to me that you needed me. I shall never forget that you knocked upon my door one dark night in great distress. I shall never forget your face, as I saw it framed in the light when I came out into the porch. I shall never forget that you stood within my room, and called upon me, in the name of our old comradeship, to rise up and help you. I think my room will be hallowed by that recollection.’ And he lowered his voice suddenly and said: ‘I think I shall see you as I saw you when I opened the door, between myself and the threshold of the wineshop; that is what I meant to say.’

He held out his hand, and, as Pamela took it, he raised her hand to his lips and kissed it.

‘Good-bye,’ he said; and turning away quickly he left her up in the place where she had known the best of him, and went down to his schoolroom in the square of Roquebrune. Very soon the sing-song of the children’s voices was droning from the open windows.

Pamela remained upon the terrace. The breaking of old ties is always a melancholy business, and here was one broken to-day. It was very unlikely, she thought, that she would ever see her friend the little schoolmaster again. She would be returning to England immediately, and she would not come back to the Villa Pontignard.

She was still in that corner of the garden when another visitor called upon her. She heard his footsteps on the gravel of the path, and, looking up, saw Warrisden approaching her. She rose from the parapet and went forward to meet him. She understood that he had come with his old question, and she spoke first. The question could wait just for a little while.

‘You have seen Tony?’ she asked.

‘Yes; late last night,’ he replied. ‘I waited at the hotel for him. He said nothing more than good-night, and went at once to his room.’

‘And this morning?’

‘This morning,’ said Warrisdén, ‘he has gone. I did not see him. He went away with his luggage before I was up, and he left no message.’

Pamela stood thoughtful and silent.

‘It is the best thing he could have done,’ Warrisdén continued; ‘for he is not safe in France.’

‘Not safe?’

‘No. Did he not tell you? He deserted from the French Legion. It was the only way in which he could reach Roquebrune by the date you named.’

Pamela was startled, but she was startled into activity.

‘Will you wait for me here?’ she said. ‘I will get my hat.’

She ran into the villa, and coming out again said: ‘Let us go down to the station.’

They hurried down the steep flight of steps. At the station Warrisdén asked: ‘Shall I book to Monte Carlo?’

‘No; to Eze,’ she replied.

She hardly spoke at all during the journey; and Warrisdén kept his question in reserve—this was plainly no time to utter it. Pamela walked at once to the hotel.

‘Is Lady Stretton in?’ she asked; and the porter replied:

‘No, Madame. She left for England an hour ago.’

‘Alone?’ asked Pamela.

‘No. A gentleman came and took her away.’

Pamela turned towards Warrisdén with a look of great joy upon her face.

‘They have gone together,’ she cried. ‘He has taken his risks. He has not forgotten that lesson learnt on the North Sea. I had a fear this morning that he had.’

‘And you?’ said Warrisdén, putting his question at last.

Pamela moved away from the door until they were out of ear-shot. Then she said:

‘I will take my risks too.’ Her eyes dwelt quietly upon her companion, and she added: ‘And I think the risks are very small.’

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE LITTLE HOUSE IN DEANERY STREET.

PAMELA construed the departure of Tony and his wife together according to her hopes. They were united again. She was content with that fact, and looked no further, since her own affairs had become of an engrossing interest. But the last word has not been said about the Truants. It was not, indeed, until the greater part of a year had passed that the section of their history which is related in this book reached any point of finality.

In the early days of January the Truants arrived in London at the close of a long visit to Scotland. They got out upon Euston platform, and entering their brougham, drove off. They had not driven far before Millie looked out of the window and started forward with her hand upon the check-string. It was dusk, and the evening was not clear. But she saw, nevertheless, that the coachman had turned down to the left amongst the squares of Bloomsbury, and that is not the way from Euston to Regent Park. She did not pull the check-string however. She looked curiously at Tony, who was sitting beside her, and then leaned back in the carriage. With her quick adaptability she had fallen into a habit of not questioning her husband. Since the night in the South of France she had given herself into his hands with a devotion which, to tell the truth, had something of slavishness. It was his wish, apparently, that the recollection of that night should still be a barrier between them, hindering them from anything but an exchange of courtesies. She bowed to the wish without complaint. To-night, however, as they drove through the unaccustomed streets there rose within her mind a hope. She would have stifled it, dreading disappointment; but it was stronger than her will. Moreover, it received each minute fresh encouragement. The brougham crossed Oxford Street, turned down Southampton Audley Street, and traversed thence into Park Street. Millie now sat forward in her seat. She glanced at her husband. Tony, with a face of indifference, was looking out of the window. Yet the wonderful thing, it seemed, was coming to pass, nay, had come to pass. For already the brougham had stopped, and the door at which it stopped was the door of the little house in Deanery Street.

Tony turned to his wife with a smile.

'Home!' he said.

She sat there incredulous, even though the look of the house, the windows, the very pavement were speaking to her memories. There was the blank wall on the north side which her drawing-room window overlooked, there was the sharp curve of the street into Park Lane, there was the end of Dorchester House. Here the happiest years of her life, yes, and of Tony's, too, had been passed. She had known that to be truth for a long while now. She had come of late to think that they were the only really happy years which had fallen to her lot. The memories of them throbbed about her now with a vividness which was poignant.

'Is it true?' she asked, with a catch of her breath. 'Is it really true, Tony?'

'Yes, this is our home.'

Millie descended from the carriage. Tony looked at her curiously. This sudden arrival at the new home, which was the old, had proved a greater shock to her than he had expected. For a little while after their return to England Millie had dwelt upon the words which Tony had spoken to her in the *Réservé* by the sea. He had dreamed of buying the house in Deanery Street, of resuming here the life which they had led together there, in the days when they had been good friends as well as good lovers. That dream for a time she had made her own. She had come to long for its fulfilment, as she had never longed for anything else in the world; she had believed that sooner or later Tony would relent, and that would be fulfilled. But the months had passed, and now, when he had given up hope, unexpectedly it had been fulfilled. She stood upon the pavement, almost dazed.

'You never said a word of what you meant to do,' she said with a smile, as though excusing herself for her unresponsive manner. The door was open. She went into the house and Tony followed her. They mounted the stairs into the drawing-room.

'As far as I could,' Tony said, 'I had the house furnished just as it used to be. I could not get all the pictures which we once had, but you see I have done my best.'

Millie looked round the room. There was the piano standing just as it used to do, the carpet, the wall-paper were all of the old pattern. It seemed to her that she had never left the house; that the years in Berkeley Square and Regent's Park were a mere nightmare from which she had just awaked. And then she looked at Tony. No, these latter years had been quite real—he bore the

marks of them upon his face. The boyishness had gone. No doubt, she thought, it was the same with her.

Tony stood and looked at her with an eagerness which she did not understand.

‘Are you glad?’ he asked earnestly. ‘Millie, are you pleased?’

She stood in front of him with a very serious face. Once a smile brightened it; but it was a smile of doubt, of question.

‘I am not sure,’ she said. ‘I know that you have been very kind. You have done this to please me. But——’. And her voice wavered a little.

‘Well?’ said Tony.

‘But,’ she went on with difficulty, ‘I am not sure that I can endure it, unless things are different from what they have been lately. I shall be reminded every minute of other times, and the comparison between those times and the present will be very painful. I think that I shall be very unhappy, much more unhappy than I have ever been, even lately.’

Her voice sank to a whisper at the end. The little house in Deanery Street, even in her dreams, had been no more than a symbol. She had longed for it as the outward and visible sign of the complete reconciliation on which her heart was set. But to have the sign and to know that it signified nothing—she dreaded that possibility now. Only for a very few moments she dreaded it.

‘I don’t think I can endure it, Tony,’ she said, sadly. And the next moment his arms were about her, and her head was resting against his breast.

‘Millie!’ he cried in a low voice; and again ‘Millie!’

Her face was white, her eyelids closed over her eyes. Tony thought that she had swooned. But when he moved her hands held him close to her, held him tightly, as though she dreaded to lose him.

‘Millie,’ he said, ‘do you remember the lights in Oban Bay! And the gulls calling at night above the islands?’

‘I am forgiven, then?’ she whispered; and he answered only: ‘Hush!’

But the one word was enough.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE END.

TONY wished for no mention of the word. He had not brought her to that house that he might forgive her, but because he wanted her there. If forgiveness was in question there was much to be said upon her side too. He was to blame, as Pamela had written. He had during the last few months begun to realize the justice of that sentence more clearly than he had done even when the letter was fresh within his thoughts.

‘I have learnt something,’ he said to Millie, ‘which I might have known before, but never did. It is this. Although a man may be content to know that love exists, that is not the case with women. They want the love expressed, continually expressed, not necessarily in words, but in a hundred little ways. I did not think of that. There was the mistake I made: I left you alone to think just what you chose. Well, that’s all over now. I bought this house not merely to please you, but as much to please myself; for as soon as I understood that after all the compromise which I dreaded need not be our lot—that after all the life together of which I used to dream was possible, was within arm’s reach if only one would put out an arm and grasp it, I wanted you here. As soon as I was sure, quite sure that I had recaptured you, I wanted you here.’

He spoke with passion, holding her in his arms. Millie remained quite still for a while, and then she asked:

‘Do you miss the Legion? As much as you thought you would—as much as you did that night at Eze?’

He answered ‘No’; and spoke the truth. On that night at Eze he had not foreseen the outcome of his swift return, of his irruption into the gaily lighted room murmurous with the sea. On that night he had revealed himself to Millie, and the revelation had been the beginning of love in her rather than its resumption. This he had come to understand, and, understanding, could reply with truth that he did not miss the Legion as he had thought he would. There were moments, no doubt, when the sound of a bugle on a still morning would stir him to a sense of loss, and he would fall to dreaming of Tavernay and Barbier, and his old comrades, and the

menacing silence of the Sahara. At times, too, the yapping of dogs in the street would call up vividly before his mind the picture of some tent village in Morocco where he had camped. Or the wind roaring amongst trees on a night of storm would set his mind wondering whether the ketch *Perseverance* was heading to the white-crested rollers, close-reefed between the Dogger and the Fisker Banks; and for a little while he would feel the savour of the brine sharp upon his lips, and longing would be busy at his heart—for the Ishmaelite cannot easily become a stay-at-home. These, however, were but the passing moods.

Of one other character who took an important if an unobtrusive part in shaping the fortunes of the Truants a final word may be said. A glimpse of that man, of the real man in him, was vouchsafed to Warrisden two summers later. It happened that Warrisden attended a public dinner which was held in a restaurant in Oxford Street. He left the company before the dinner was over, since he intended to fetch his wife Pamela, who was on that June evening witnessing a performance of 'Rigoletto' at the Opera House in Covent Garden. Warrisden rose from the table and slipped out, as he thought at eleven o'clock, but on descending into the hall he found that he had miscalculated the time. It was as yet only a quarter to the hour, and having fifteen minutes to spare, he determined to walk. The night was hot; he threw his overcoat across his arm, and turning southwards out of Oxford Street, passed down a narrow road in the neighbourhood of Drury Lane. In those days, which were not after all so very distant from our own, the great blocks of model dwellings had not been as yet erected; squalid courts and rookeries opened on to ill-lighted passages; the houses had a ruinous and a miserable look. There were few people abroad as Warrisden passed through the quarter, and his breast-plate of white shirt-front made him a conspicuous figure. He had come about half the way from Oxford Street when he saw two men suddenly emerge from the mouth of a narrow court a few yards in front of him. The two men were speaking, or rather shouting, at one another; and from the violence of their gestures no less than from the abusive nature of the language which they used, it was plain that they were quarrelling. Words and gestures led to blows. Warrisden saw one man strike the other and fell him to the ground.

In an instant a little group of people was gathered about the combatants, people intensely silent and interested—the sightseers of the London streets who spring from nowhere with inconceivable

rapidity, as though they had been waiting in some secret spot hard by for just this particular spectacle in this particular place. Warrisdén, indeed, was wondering carelessly at the speed with which the small crowd had gathered when he came abreast of it. He stopped and peered over the shoulders of the men and women in front of him that he might see the better. The two disputants had relapsed apparently into mere vituperation. Warrisdén pressed forward, and those in front parted and made way for him. He did not, however, take advantage of the deference shown to his attire; for at that moment a voice whispered in his ear:

‘You had better slip out. This row is got up for you.’

Warrisdén turned upon his heel. He saw a short, stout, meanly dressed man of an elderly appearance moving away from his side; no doubt it was he who had warned him. Warrisdén took the advice, all the more readily because he perceived that the group was, as it were, beginning to reform itself, with him as the new centre. He was, however, still upon the outskirts. He pushed quickly out into the open street, crossed the road, and continued on his way. In front of him he saw the stout elderly man, and, quickening his pace, he caught him up.

‘I have to thank you,’ he said, ‘for saving me from an awkward moment.’

‘Yes,’ replied the stout man; and Warrisdén, as he heard his voice, glanced at him with a sudden curiosity. But his hat was low upon his brows, and the street was dark. ‘It is an old trick, but the old tricks are the tricks which succeed. There was no real quarrel at all. Those two men were merely pretending to quarrel in order to attract your attention. You were seen approaching—that white shirt-front naturally inspired hope. In another minute you would have been hustled down the court and into one of the houses at the end. You would have been lucky if, half an hour later, you were turned out into the street stripped of everything of value you possess, half naked and half dead into the bargain. Good-night!’

The little man crossed the road abruptly. It was plain that he needed neither thanks nor any further conversation. It occurred, indeed, to Warrisdén that he was deliberately avoiding conversation. Warrisdén accordingly walked on to the Opera House, and, meeting his wife in the vestibule, told her this story while they waited for their brougham.

As they drove together homewards he added:

‘That is not all, Pamela. I can’t help thinking—it is absurd, of course—and yet, I don’t know; but the little stout man reminded me very much of someone we both know.’

Pamela turned suddenly towards her husband :

‘Mr. Mudge?’ she said.

‘Yes,’ replied Warrisen, with some astonishment at the accuracy of her guess. ‘He reminded me of Mudge.’

‘It was Mr. Mudge,’ she said. For a moment or two she was silent; then she let her hand fall upon her husband’s: ‘He was a very good friend to us,’ she said gently—‘to all of us.’

THE END.

BISHOP RIDDING AS HEAD MASTER.

BY AN OLD WYKEHAMIST.

It was as a humble 'candlestick' at election, a good many years ago, that I first found myself face to face with Dr. Ridding. The 'Hippolytus,' I well remember, was the subject of our *viva voce*. There sat the Wardens of Winchester and New College, dignified and grey haired, though both with thirty years and more of service still before them. There were the 'Posers,' younger men, grave and distinguished, one of them destined to be the elder Warden's successor. But the personality that bit deepest into my boyish recollection was this keen, alert man, with the handsome, mobile features, the curling black hair, the piercing eye, the eyeglass—now dropped, now fixed again, each time with queer but not inexpressive grimaces. His terse, searching questions shot out at us like pellets; and very marked was his eager enjoyment of the answers given by one—the most brilliant of our little group—whose name appeared a few hours later senior on the Roll.

My turn did not come until the following election. During the next year or two one became gradually more familiar with his vigorous yet whimsical individuality. In gait, in manner of speech, even in dress, scrupulously correct as it always was, he would somehow depart from the conventional pattern. The 'Ridding tie' may serve as an illustration. Starting evidently, not from the middle point, but from one end, he daily achieved an irreproachable bow; but the unconsidered extremity would often project stiffly some inches across the lappet of his black frock coat. Most men, I imagine, would have tucked it under the waistcoat, and no harm done. No such petty subterfuges for him. He wore it unconcernedly, just as it was, extending perhaps almost to his shoulder. In such small matters, at any rate, he was thick-skinned.

Once every half we all came to close quarters with him again at his 'monthly' examination. Great were then the searchings of heart, for in those days the Head Master was a very formidable person. With rapid steps he would hasten to his seat, arrange his books, briskly rub his hands, and cast along our line a keen, searching

glance that seemed to pierce us through and through. We trembled, for we had not yet found out that, until the eyeglass was fixed, he could not distinguish one of us from another. Then would follow an hour which some at least might thoroughly enjoy, an hour full of odd surprises. As the first tremors wore off, the unforeseen questions he would ask, the queer turns of his humour, the sheer bewilderment of the slower-witted, would appeal more and more to our sense of fun. Stupidity or slackness did now and then irritate Ridding beyond endurance, but of mere ignorance he could be tolerant enough. '*Omno pano colligo ; omno pano colligo*,' I once heard him read aloud, with real boyish glee, from a 'Junior Part' task. Then, turning to an angry colleague, who complained that the perpetrator was not fit for his Division : 'Capital idea of the ablative absolute. No, I couldn't think of sending down a boy with such an idea of the ablative absolute as that.' But what he always relished was a gleam of intelligence, even uninformed by knowledge. 'Yes, that's quite reasonable,' he would exclaim, rubbing his hands again, to one who had made a 'hard shot'; then add grimly, 'But it's quite wrong.'

In a literal sense George Ridding was a Wykehamist born and bred, for his father had been Second Master, and College was therefore his earliest home. In due time, like his brothers, he secured a nomination, and wore the gown. He must have been as hard as nails then to earn the nickname of 'pruff' Ridding. The other three were all famous cricketers in their day ; but bad sight rather spoilt him for games. Smiling hints reached us of desperate blind rushes at football, of strenuous if not always well-directed efforts, and little heed of bruises given or received. With the help of glasses he played a fair hand at racquets even in later years, until one day his nervous impatience brought about a nasty accident. Fortunately an ugly cut upon the cheek-bone was the only damage done ; but I do not remember his playing after that. His interest in our school games was genial and unaffected, yet with due restraint, and therefore perhaps the more welcome.

The Heathcote Prize, in those days the blue ribbon of Winchester scholarship, compensated him for missing Lord's. Then he broke with tradition, and, instead of following his brothers Charles and Arthur to New College, went up to Balliol. The breach may have been a happy one, for in a fresh atmosphere his marked and original personality found perhaps freer scope. At Oxford his Craven was the crown of a brilliant career. He became Fellow and,

I believe, Tutor of Exeter, and served in his turn as Proctor. In that capacity, he used to say, he was called upon to deal with a sparrow whose nest had stopped a spout in the Bodleian roof. In full canonicals he waited below, while his bull-dogs, with ladder and nets, arrested the offender. Then he must needs interfere; and while he was fumbling with the net the culprit flew out and escaped without any contribution to the University chest.

At thirty-five he was back again in his old home as Second Master, and four years later succeeded Dr. Moberly whose daughter for one short year had been his wife. His rule lasted over seventeen years. Of his last twenty years as bishop it is for others to speak. At Winchester he did a really great work. He found there an institution hardly awakened out of medievalism, and quickly placed it in the van of modern progress. Changes there had been already, brought about largely by outside pressure of Royal Commissions and the like. Now came an era of change from within, the product rather of his fruitful brain. Yet he was too true a child of Wykeham to lay violent hands upon the Founder's work. In 'True Sons,' a sermon printed at our request, he once gave a brilliant exposition of the conservatism of the genuine reformer, the radicalism born of a real appreciation of the past.

First and foremost, however, 'Commoners' had to go¹—the great barrack, that is, in which above half the School once herded, to the great profit of former Head Masters. With the space thus gained convenient classrooms and a handsome library could now be contrived; and room was then found in College to improve our sleeping quarters, while new houses were built in Culver's Close and elsewhere. A mill stream was straightened and embanked, and a magnificent new ground adjoining 'Meads' was made available for school games. With all its picturesque charm 'Meads' had proved insufficient for our growing numbers, and the meadow previously hired for Commoners' games was too remote and otherwise unsuitable. A fine new bathing place, a covered racquet court, and a botanical garden were afterwards added. It was reported among us (and not without truth, I imagine) that on some of these objects his money was spent as freely as his time and labour. The gift of New Field, in particular, was currently attributed to him. The abolition of Commoners was understood to

¹ The name 'Commoners' survives in two senses: (1) those members of the School who are not in College; (2) the members of four houses which are leagued together to oppose College and the other 'Houses' in certain games.

entail a considerable sacrifice of income. A troublesome public-house lying on the direct way to the new Commoner houses was first closed, then pulled down: its old frequenters loudly blessed Ridding for that.

New houses and new classrooms made it possible to increase the teaching staff. Under Mr. Richardson the study of mathematics was reorganised on a new basis altogether. The experiment, half-hearted perhaps, of a modern school met with dubious success; but French and German were now for the first time seriously taken in hand, and the pursuit of science was encouraged, in school and out. We had a flourishing and active society, vulgarly known as 'Bug and Snail,' which did some capital work and furnished in poor Forbes a martyr to the cause of knowledge. Nevertheless, the main purpose of Winchester, as a school of classical learning, was kept steadily in view. The methods of classical study were broadened and humanised. The monotonous 'Vulgus' and the wasteful labour of committing to memory enormous blocks of classical literature for 'standing up' were abandoned, and time was found for philology, for English literature, above all for history, both ancient and modern.

All the while it was no secret that New College, the sister foundation, regarded with some jealousy the appointment of another Balliol man to succeed Dr. Moberly—a jealousy that must at times have caused Ridding considerable embarrassment. But for his constant good humour and tact, coupled with his success as a teacher, there might have been serious friction. As it was, for many years a Wykehamist hardly ever competed for the Balliol scholarships. There was an understanding that New College should each year elect six scholars from Winchester, provided that so many meritorious candidates presented themselves. But whenever one of us gained a success elsewhere New College chose to consider themselves injured. One year, when the examiners placed two exceptionally brilliant younger men and two open scholars among the first six, New College refused to elect more than three, taking the two candidates highest on the list and one somewhat lower down. For once Ridding spoke out, and told them publicly that they had committed not only a crime but a blunder. His strictures were justified in the event. Four or five of the rejected did extremely well, while of their three choices two disappointed them grievously in the Schools.

When I entered College Ridding's reign had not been long, but

a great deal was already done. He had yet, however, to provide himself with a nickname. Later generations knew him as 'the Doctor,' but in our day that would still have meant Dr. Moberly. It was on a summer night that our victorious eleven brought back the Ashburton Shield from Wimbledon for the second time running. Hatless and elated, in the midst of an uproarious throng, the Head Master met them in Flint Court with an appropriate little speech. 'I am afraid,' he concluded, 'Moberly Library was locked up long ago. To-morrow the shield shall be restored to its old place; but I think, if you will allow me, I had better be Peg for to-night.' Needless to say his proposal was hailed with acclamation. 'Three cheers for the Peg!' cried a voice as he bore off the shield, and the name stuck. Only a few weeks before his death he recurred to the incident, quite in his old vein. Hearing by telegraph from his successor that the shield had been won by Winchester once more, after twenty-eight years, he sent this epigram in reply :¹

πάσσαλος omeritus.

πάσσαλος, ut quondam, parmam vult ferre receptam.

Non ita : parma eadem, πάσσαλος alter erit.

The 'Peg' episode may serve to illustrate one characteristic of Ridding's rule—his knack of turning the blind eye. Owing to the lateness of the hour he had given strict orders that none of us out of uniform was to be seen in the town that night. How the rest of the school managed it I do not know, but a College prefect, by simulating the Second Master's voice, induced 'Obadiah' (the porter) to open the wicket, and before he knew what was happening all College were out in the street. That was one element in the uproarious triumph of that cheering crowd. Ridding took our evasion with sublime unconcern. The event was exceptional. In his heart of hearts, perhaps, he sympathised with us—he would have done the same himself. The whole School was involved, the half was almost over, no harm was done, and it was not worth a conflict. At any rate, so far as I know, he never even alluded to the subject.

Another night he suddenly appeared in Chamber Court—the only visit of the kind I remember—and, opening the door of 'Second,' chanced upon a scene that might well have roused ugly suspicions. It was growing late. All of us except prefects were in bed and our 'tollies dumped.' Two of the group before him had no business

¹ *The Wykehamist*, No. 413.

there at all. Their attitude was most compromising ; their visible confusion made matters worse. It was an awkward moment. But Ridding was not deceived by appearances : *προβατογνώμων ἴδως*, he knew his sheep, knew that neither of the prefects present would for one moment countenance a bully. With a laughing apology for his untimely presence, he walked straight up to them, ignoring the intruders, and entering lightly upon some indifferent topic at once put them at their ease.

All the while he was not nearly so blind as some of us fondly imagined. C——'s chief interest was in mathematics, and by special arrangement he used to spend several mornings a week with Mr. Richardson while the rest of us were with Ridding. Presuming on this, he took to shirking school on other mornings altogether, hoping not to be missed. But one day came the sharp question : ' C——, where were you at school this morning ? ' No answer. ' And where were you last Wednesday, and last Friday, and the Wednesday and the Friday before that ? ' Only after careful inquiry, no doubt, had Ridding cared to pounce. To a colleague he once remarked, ' I know B—— sits there drawing me, but I never can be sure when he is and when he isn't,' and accordingly he never risked it.

He could be firm enough when he thought proper. The tradition of the public schools' week at Lord's had not been forgotten, and we always felt aggrieved at the loss of our match with Harrow. Once when our captain and the Harrow captain of the previous year happened to be brothers they devised a scheme for its surreptitious revival. A London ground was engaged for a two days' match between Mr. A. J. Webbe's eleven and another captained by Mr. H. R. Webbe ; and under their names the two schools were to play. None but the players themselves were supposed to know ; but, of course, the secret leaked out. Waiting until the last night of the half, when ' Domum ' was almost over, Ridding came down upon Webbe and told him that those who were leaving might, of course, play any match they pleased, but none who played next day would come back again ; and he kept his word, as the twin brethren, who disregarded his warning, found to their cost.

Again, at a general election, under colour of a paper chase, we were to have made a grand political demonstration on the day of the poll. Needless to say, the School was overwhelmingly Tory, and so much the more because Ridding himself and several other prominent ' Dons ' were known to be strong upon the other side.

that secret leaked out, too. All Ridding said was, to his own division at the end of school: 'Mind, no one is to go into the town this afternoon on any pretence,' and no one thought of going. We saw at once that he knew what was in the wind, and the tone was enough.

We had great fun, though, over that election. Even the 'boulder' was pressed into our service, and from his niche above school door held out an invitation to vote for the favoured candidate. There was a dinner at Fearon's, to which poor Webbe, grimacing over as ever with harmless mischief, came armed with a large bundle of posters, having hired a neighbouring butcher boy to meet him afterwards with ladder and paste-pot. So on the way home we paid a nocturnal visit to the Liberal committee rooms, and they were found next morning completely plastered over with bills of the wrong colour. No doubt in the excitement some of us did go too far. There were rowdy scenes, and complaint was made. Ridding dealt with it by an appeal to Philip sober. 'I am very glad to see you all take an interest in public affairs,' he said. 'I am very glad to see you are Conservatives, too. I was Conservative myself at your age.' This was crushing. 'In fact I don't think anyone ought to call himself Liberal until he has something to be liberal with. But I hope you will all remember that you are gentlemen.'

Would it have pleased him, I wonder, to know how well his words are remembered? Let it be, at any rate, a testimony to the lasting impression he made. There are plenty of epigrammatic sayings I could quote. '*Informator*, then, is the person who *doesn't* shape you?' to a blundering etymologist: 'Tries to, though.' At a Sunday luncheon, after explaining the term 'ordinary' in the Prayer-book, he added: 'The Warden is the Ordinary here, and I suppose I'm the Extra-ordinary.' To us, knowing both men and their quality as we did, the *mot* was irresistible. But for its six syllables 'the Extra-ordinary' might almost have supplanted 'the Peg.'

But was it meant unkindly? The Warden and his relations to the Head Master just then were certainly rather an enigma. We sometimes debated among ourselves how far he was really in sympathy with the new *régime*, whether he had deliberately adopted a policy of self-effacement, or whether his was an easy-going, indolent character of which Ridding took every advantage. Statute and tradition notwithstanding, there could be no question whose hands

held the reins. Whatever the true explanation, this *faint* attitude was a fortunate thing for Winchester and for Ridding. The determined opposition of a strong Warden, wedded to past traditions, might have increased his difficulties enormously.

No doubt, in any case, he could have counted on the support of the governing body. They were bound to recognise his ability and also his success. With some of them personally he was on a very intimate footing. A singular example of their relations happened to fall within my own knowledge. There was a statute to the effect that no one should remain in College after the end of the term in which he was nineteen. One Easter the chairman's vigilance discovered that one of us ought to have left, and he wrote to the Head Master. Now Ridding had seen that Easter was not usually a convenient time to leave; and the simplest solution, he thought, was to interpret the statute in accordance with ancient Wykehamical custom, and say there were only two terms in the year, 'long half' and 'short half.' He had waited for a case to suit him, and privately encouraged this particular scholar to stay on in order, as it appeared, either to raise the question or else create a precedent. The chairman's legal mind could not agree to such an interpretation, nor could Ridding get support for it from any of the other members before whom unofficially he laid the case. He then proposed to the chairman to convene a special meeting in order to deal with the question, and when the latter declined to do so, remarked that in that case, of course, the matter was left to the Head Master's discretion until the next ordinary meeting in July. 'They may send me away, you know,' he explained cheerfully, 'but I don't expect they will.' So he had his way; and at the July meeting, if I am not mistaken, it was agreed to amend the statute in the sense he desired.

From this and other anecdotes may be gathered, perhaps, Ridding's view of the ethics of obedience. In matters of discipline he was never rigid, very human, with a strong leaning to the side of mercy. Flogging, we soon found out, he simply loathed, even in the decent privacy of his study; for the publicity of the daily 'scrubbings' and 'biblings' of old he had refused to tolerate. We used to look for that drop of the eyeglass and protruded lower lip which would betoken the unwelcome appearance of 'Bible Clerk' at his door with some offender's 'name ordered' for punishment. There was one type of evil doer—the clever, amusing rascal—with whom he never would proceed to extremities. Such tenderness had its

dangers. I recall an occasion when such an one bragged of very grave misdeeds which had been strangely condoned, a notion spread that 'Ridding didn't care,' and the tone of the School distinctly suffered. The authorities of a certain college at Oxford had a kindred grievance against him. But if once or twice he did seem to some of us perhaps to show want of nerve or lack of moral courage, this is not the place to discuss the most painful and most difficult of a schoolmaster's many anxious duties.

There was a spice of boyish mischief in him all the time which helped to endear him to us. I have told how he hated flogging. One autumn afternoon, prefects being all away on a visit to the Silchester excavations, was spent by a number of juniors kicking a football in School, and damage was done. Next morning, after inquiry, Prefect of School (whose province this was) sent for half a dozen and thrashed them. One, however, whom we will call F——, appealed to Ridding; so to Ridding's study the parties adjourned, where F—— raised a question, not of law, but of fact, and offered to prove his innocence. The offer was accepted. Unconscious of their doom, a train of witnesses duly appeared and deposed, one and all, that F—— had not been kicking in School. 'Yes, F——, you may go,' said the Head Master, who had all along been awake to the situation. Then, turning to the witnesses: 'You were all kicking yourselves, I suppose?' They looked at one another, and their faces fell. Denial was useless. For once Ridding really enjoyed himself as he flogged them every one.

At 'private reading' in 'Junior Div.' (the lower Sixth) one first began to see more of him. On those winter evenings, in the long, dimly lighted dining-room, he first introduced us to Theocritus and the 'Odyssey.' The intrusions of his dog, Caps, would lead to whispers of that tragic first marriage, and of the current prophecy (happily to be fulfilled) that when Caps died he would marry again. Once in 'Senior Div.' acquaintance quickly ripened. I know, to my grief, that there were those who lived in terror of him, cowed no doubt by his rapid incisiveness of manner and utterance; others, somehow never *en rapport* with him, I have heard complain of his lack of sympathy. It is very difficult to be all things to all men. To myself, and I believe to most of us, the daily encounter of wits was a fruitful stimulus, a positive enjoyment, adding zest to every incident of life. Of all I missed on leaving school I think I missed Ridding most.

For most of us all fear of him was quickly dissipated. He was

master still ; but his power rested no longer upon the small boy's vague awe for the supreme authority, still less upon the dread of punishment. No, he met us daily face to face, and made us feel he was the better man. No need to fence himself about with the trappings of artificial dignity. We might, and did, laugh at his idiosyncrasies even to his face, criticise him, play upon his foibles, try malicious experiments upon his temper and his moods. But there was in reserve a force of will, a force of character, a force of intellect, for which none of us ever imagined himself a match. In frank daily intercourse we learned to admire and love this man : nay, in our secret hearts the very oddities we never tired of laughing at were cherished as eccentricities of genius. There was perhaps a dim meaning and purpose hardly discernible in them all the time, such as he loved to try and make us see in those verbal subtleties of Sophocles, which we had hitherto been content to record in dull notebooks as mere abnormal constructions.

There is a wicked story that he once began an address with the words, 'I feel a feeling which I feel you all feel.' Really I can almost believe it. That 'feeling' was constantly on Ridding's lips. 'Yes, what is the feeling of the genitive ?' 'What is the feeling of the aorist ?' We would look up and smile, but we soon got to know what he was driving at. There were the normal forms of syntax and expression which Sophocles knew at least as well as we did, and it was not for nothing if he chose to vary them. What was it lurking at the back of the poet's mind ? What was the second thought thrusting in to twist awry the grammar of the first ? Till you had grasped that, too, your interpretation could not be complete.

Very different was his treatment of Cicero's Letters, another favourite medium of instruction. How he did revel in dissecting the artificial elaborations of that accomplished stylist. '*Justitia abstinentia, clementia* : justice, abstinence, and clemency.' 'Yes, but is that what you would expect to read in the "Spectator" ? What would you understand by it if you did ?' A discussion would ensue, and it would gradually be made clear to us, first, that an English writer does not pile up abstract substantives like this to get rhetorical force ; secondly, that in the three words we must expect to find one central idea and two subordinate to it. Which would that be ? To which does the context point ? To which the order of words ? How best express the combination in English ! At last, 'scrupulous, self-denying forbearance.' Yes, that is more like it ; and we can all understand that. Then, perhaps, after three-

quarters of an hour : ' Shut your books. Take down this English,' and from pencil jottings on a scrap of paper he would give us the cream of his previous teaching in a few racy nervous sentences, to be translated back into the language of Cicero.

One day, I remember, the battle of Hastings was the subject set for our Latin verse. My copy, of which I had hopes, came back marked β , with this one comment : ' Not much sense of the flavour of Virgil.' Then, turning to the Latin poet, Ridding showed that his lines were not hammered out one by one. He bade us mark the masterly variation of pause and cadence, the skill and power with which each stately rhythmical paragraph was built up. It was a new light upon the art of composition, an hour not soon to be forgotten. In English prose also that is surely one secret of a vigorous style.

His versions, prose or verse, whatever they lacked, were always strong. Rough, uncouth I have heard them called by those who cared rather for smoothness and polish than for force. Yet they would yield many felicitous expressions, many graceful lines. We, at all events, found them suggestive and helpful. In translating he regarded the matter rather than the form ; was more concerned to seize and interpret the author's thought than to render the mere words. Independent of its merit as an exercise, much of his work in this kind struck me as bearing the impress of an active, original mind, and therefore not without a literary interest of its own. For the sake of brevity let me select the famous epitaph on Sir John Franklin, with which he gave us also a Greek version by Archbishop Benson :

Quid petis ? Ossa rigens Arctos tenet, ast animæ vis
Felix nauta polos navigat sios.

To stimulate and encourage our efforts he would sometimes try his hand at English verse. But with this he was more shy ; and his rendering of an epigram of Martial or Catullus would be read out at such a pace that we never quite succeeded in taking it down. Still there were terms and phrases that would stick. From the dim recesses of memory emerges one *jeu d'esprit*, glancing at a cheap liquor much advertised at the time.¹

Tucker ! What, mix your crusted port
With Gladstone of the viler sort ? . . .
Your guests, perhaps, deserve to die ;
But why that grand old wine—yes, why ?

¹ Martial, i. 19.

Also this fragment :¹

Pretty hand and foot, Pendennis ;
 Pretty fiddler, pretty at tennis ;
 Pretty songs, and books, and speeches ;
 Prettiness is all he reaches. . . .
 All pretty, nothing good, my man,
 Makes a first-rate charlatan.

To show his fellow feeling for boyish nonsense when somebody told him of an amusingly bad verse he had seen :

Apparuit cibum repetens feminina leona,

he promptly capped it. 'Yes, but that's not so good as one I remember in my time :

Ille fuit etiam diligens et industrius homo.'

One day when the subject was Catullus,—

Passer, deliciæ mæx puellæ—

a newcomer handed up a paper on which was written, 'I can think of nothing to rhyme with sparrow but arrow, harrow, narrow, wheelbarrow, and vegetable marrow.' Ridding took this piece of impudence in perfectly good part, and promptly installed its author as a sort of buffoon in ordinary to the Division. Another time, discerning an absorption that was not business, he abruptly called upon T—— to bring that paper he was writing. It was football half ; and the various fifteens would shortly be made up. '“Spot for College fifteen!”' he read aloud. 'Yes, T——; what's a “spot”!' To elicit a satisfactory definition from the conscious victim needed some Socratic questioning. If anything could have made T—— blush he would have blushed then ; for, noting at a glance that he had 'spotted' himself for a place corresponding rather with his most secret ambitions than with his real merits, Ridding would not let him go till the whole had been read. He was boy enough to see that such a roasting would be the best of punishments.

For several years he used to leave the comfortable seclusion of his classroom and take us up to books in 'School' the last hour on a whole school day. We always maintained that this was to lend moral support to 'the Aliens,' to whose use it was chiefly dedicated. In the same way, when a worthy demonstrator was imported from some Southampton institution to lecture, once a week, on the rudiments of electricity, Ridding announced his burning desire to learn something of the science himself, and never missed a lecture.

¹ Martial, ii. 7.

More probably it was a piece of conservatism, in order that the day's work might still close with prayers read by Prefect of School, according to the custom in his time, when masters and boys all met there for work together. Oh, those ancient 'rows' on which we sat! How inviting to the somnolent; how wearisome to the back of wakeful diligence! Before long he was sure to be down from his throne, pacing to and fro with the quick step of irritation, till that inevitable gelatine, escaped no doubt from the pocket of Herr Heller's small Commoner, would adhere to the sole of his boot. Then we all woke up and looked on.

About this time the Head Masters' Conference resolved that our pronunciation of Latin was all wrong and must be altered. A source of much tribulation did that prove to everybody concerned. It was all very well for Ridding to try to make us pronounce it in the newfangled way, and the Odes of Horace may have been well adapted to his purpose; but to fix upon that lesson in School was a mistake. Standing out there, opposite three rows of grinning faces, the old familiar sounds would somehow come uppermost. We did not like to be constantly snapped at either, and made to look foolish before a gaping Junior Part. For several weeks he stuck to his guns like a man; then *centimanus Gyas* (pronounced by some bungler '*sentimahnus Jee-ass*') wrought our deliverance. Ridding gave in and retired sulkily to his chair, and peace reigned once more.

I have spoken of his moods. The prospect of a flogging would generally spoil his temper, and so did that cut upon the cheek bone, till it healed. I have known him hear our 'morning lines' with never a word, good or bad. At other times the flood-gates were opened, and out would pour torrents of speech with an impetuosity verging on incoherence. 'What in the world's the use of my sitting here talking to you about nothing if you won't attend?' One morning we could not understand what ailed him, so snappish and fidgety was he. Not until we got up to go was the cause revealed. Behind our backs, but in full view of her master, a housemaid, all unconscious, had selected his study door as the scene of a prolonged flirtation with the baker's boy.

Then there was that long second school on Saturday, devoted to an essay, to history questions, or essay questions of wider scope, with interludes of talk, general or personal, about any written work that he, or his able and hardly less interesting lieutenant, happened to have on hand. Ridding's horizon was by no means

bounded by the limits of pure scholarship. The philosophy of history, for example, was a subject, congenial to his mind, into which he did not fear to launch with us occasionally. And here let me pay one passing tribute to Dr. Fearon. Fortunate, indeed, was Ridding to be so well seconded by him in 'Junior Div.' In history, as in scholarship, but for our year's drilling there, we could never have been so well equipped to profit by the Head Master's teaching.

'Take down these questions :

'1. What is poetry? Show that this is so in the six different kinds of poetry.'

I had cause to remember that day. Never did anyone try harder to arrive at a definition. What part should metre play! What was poetry in art? What was meant by a prose poem! The three hours passed, and I had cudgelled my brains in vain. A few commonplaces, in answer to some later question about the Greek dramatists, were all I had written down. Ridding was angry, and told me to go and answer the rest, but it was not a bit of use. Then he set me the heaviest imposition I remember—a thousand lines of Virgil. I submitted cheerfully without attempting explanation or excuse. Nor was any needed. On second thoughts he saw it all. A day or two later, calling me to his study, he told me kindly that I evidently suffered from lack of ideas, and suggested a course of reading. Finally, in an hour's talk, he discussed with us every one of these difficulties, and more, and worked up to a definition of his own. I believe I could give the *ipsissima verba* to-day. 'The indirect expression of beautiful thoughts in beautiful language.' I add this at the Editor's request, for my point was not to recommend the definition.] For such poor stock of ideas as my pack holds I am far more indebted to those fruitful talks with him than to the books he made me read.

To say that he was always perfectly lucid would not be true. Odd phrases, such as 'Bring your books to write with,' that everlasting 'feeling,' or the description of our work as 'products,' did not matter; but those rapid thoughts tumbling over each other in torrents of words, turbulent and turbid, would sometimes defy analysis. What good English he could write—and what bad! The exact precision and nicety attained in his translations was often sadly to seek, for instance, in sermons or addresses. The limitations of time did not admit of working them up in every detail, of concentrating his mind upon the turn of a phrase. Most

disturbing of all was the constitutional nervousness which he never completely overcame.

Ridding was a frightfully nervous man. With his Division he generally showed himself at home ; but on more public occasions it was often quite painful to watch him. Even when reading the lessons I have seen his hands twitch uncontrollably as he stood at the lectern. One Sunday morning neither the Warden nor the Chaplain appeared, and he was called upon unexpectedly to take a musical service. Unfortunately he had noticed their absence in time to work himself up into a fever of agitation. Had he only been content to speak his part, and leave the choir to sing the rest, it would have made little difference. In fact, we were used to that. But he would try and go through with it. He lost his head completely : his voice quavered, he sang wrong notes, he broke down again and again. No one laughed then—it was too pitiful. We were almost as glad when it was over as he must have been himself.

He used to take a special service and give a series of addresses to Confirmation candidates while the rest were at cathedral. One day he determined to catechise us instead. It would have been so simple to tell us in six words what he meant to do ; but again he lost his head. After poising himself an appreciable space on the chancel steps, he swooped down upon a boy in the front row, and pointing at him with one finger exclaimed, in his peculiar *staccato*, 'What's your name ?' It was an awful moment. Tone and attitude alike were those of an accuser. The wretched boy turned pale, and, trembling all over, stammered out, 'S— junior, sir.' 'No, no,' said Ridding excitedly, 'no, no.' Presently light dawned upon confusion, and he hazarded, 'N. or M.' A third attempt succeeded better. Meanwhile, far down the length of chapel, heads were craned forward, wondering what on earth could be amiss. When Ridding turned, and, darting upon a distant victim, demanded in a low voice, 'Who gave you this name ?' the sight of that row of faces was enough to upset anybody's gravity.

Probably no one who has not tried knows all that such morbid self-consciousness would mean to a schoolmaster. To Ridding it must have been a thorn in the flesh. That it never crippled him is proof enough of his strength of will. One recalls Demosthenes and his mouthful of pebbles, and other stories of the kind, which suggest that special difficulties to conquer may be perhaps a condition of high success. No doubt, from time to time, the weakness caused awkward scenes such as I have described. No doubt it

hampered him in the pulpit, besides spoiling him as a newspaper correspondent. In this last character we confessed, with sorrow, he did not shine. But though strangers might deride and depreciate him our allegiance, who knew him, never wavered. He was strong enough for that. Indeed, ridicule or no ridicule, under him we well knew the credit of the school stood higher perhaps than it had ever stood before.

After all, what the teacher does, or what he says, is perhaps of less consequence in the long run than what he is. Ridding was frequently illuminating, always stimulating, always suggestive. The art which Socrates professed, the *μαθητικὴ τέχνη*, was one which he also exercised. It is but a faint and partial outline of the man, his work, and his qualities that I can hope to give : enough if I have sketched the effect of contact with him upon one out of so many. My own debt to him I can never find words to express. And he was not a teacher only ; for many things go to make a great head master. I will not attempt even to complete the tale of his reforms. But there stands Winchester to-day—Winchester transformed, Winchester as he chiefly made it. Others, before and after, have done their part ; yet, if he has his due, for many a generation to come Wykehamists will cherish his memory and reverence his name almost as that of a second Founder.

CHARLES LAMB'S COMMONPLACE BOOKS.

AMONG men of genius who worked without method (and who would in fact probably have lost in genius as they gained in method) Charles Lamb stands high; and yet even he was at the pains occasionally to perform that most horrid task, the transcription in his own hand of passages that pleased him as he read. Considering how the drudgery of the desk galled him by day in Leadenhall Street, it is the more remarkable that he should ever have induced his pen to copy other men's thoughts at night. He did not do this to any great extent, it is true: the whole mass of his transcriptions, with the exception of the Garrick Extracts at the Museum in 1826 (which were a kind of substitute for the lost India House), would not take an ordinary copyist more than a few weeks; but that he did it at all is the wonder when we remember his many utterances on the tedium of clerkship.

The best of all Lamb's commonplace books has been printed—the 'Specimens of English Dramatic Poets'; for that is nothing but a commonplace book governed by a single idea and carried out to the highest point. It is with those that have not been printed, and probably will not be printed, that we are now concerned. The earliest of all, in which Lamb first copied passages from the old plays (in the evenings at 7 Little Queen Street), are no longer in existence. They were destroyed, together with a mass of early writings, after the tragedy of September 1796. He began, however, soon to fill others, three of which, now in the possession of Mr. Godfrey Locker-Lampson at Rowfant, are almost entirely given up to Elizabethan dramatic poetry, Elizabethan and Stuart lyrical poetry, and old ballads. A little of Lamb's own and some pieces from Cowper and Wordsworth are almost the only modern passages.

Lamb's taste in Elizabethan literature is well illustrated elsewhere in his works, but it may be interesting to reproduce his choice of Scotch and other ballads: 'Edom o' Gordon,' 'Edward, Edward,' 'Sir Patrick Spens,' 'The Bonny Earl of Murray,' 'The Spanish Lady's Love,' 'Waly, waly,' 'The Old and Young Courtier,' 'Fair Margaret and Sweet William,' 'The Jew's Daughter,' 'Sir

Cauline,' 'Fair Helen of Kirkconnel,' 'Sir John Graeme,' 'Lady Anne Bothwell,' 'Adam Bell,' 'John Anderson, my Jo,' 'Oh, saw ye Bonnie Lesley,' 'Auld Lang Syne.'

Much later in life, when preparing an album for Miss Isola with poems copied for the most part with his own hand, Lamb included many of the ballads I have named. Among the other pieces which he thought should interest his adopted daughter were Prior's 'Phaeton' and Sheridan Knowles' lines on Hazlitt.

The best of his commonplace books is the large-paper copy of Holcroft's 'Travels,' now in the possession of Mrs. Alfred Morrison, of which a full description is interesting for the light that it throws upon its owner's taste in the byways rather than the highways of reading: in the 'out-of-the-way humours and opinions—heads with some diverting twist in them—the oddities of authorship,' to use his own words in 'Mackery End.' We meet the book in Crabb Robinson's 'Diary,' under April 9, 1833: 'After Lamb and his sister went to bed, I read in his album (Holcroft's "Travels" pasted with extracts in MS. and clippings out of newspapers, &c.).' The volume, which was probably given to Lamb after Holcroft's death, in 1809, consists of the proof-sheets of that busy writer's 'Travels in Germany, Holland, and France,' bound together for the author's own satisfaction. The happy blending of wide margin and not very interesting matter suggested to its new owner a better use than the mere filling of valuable shelf-room; and he turned it into a scrap book—writing odds and ends on the blank spaces and pasting cuttings over the matter. Not over all, by any means, for his additions cannot represent in bulk more than a quarter of the book; but a sufficient portion is thus enriched to give it a readableness beyond all the efforts of its true author.

'Charles Lamb's Album' is the lettering on the cover; but perhaps album is a less suitable term than commonplace book, although, when compared with the commonplace book of Southey, for example, this one is slender indeed. Lamb had neither his friend's sense of order nor his passion for omniscience. Anything that was to be copied and preserved by Charles Lamb had first to charm and amuse him; to information, as such, he offered no harbourage.

Lamb's contemporaries are not very fully represented; but Irving's dedication to Coleridge of 'Missionaries after the Apostolic School,' 1825, is here, and here are Coleridge's 'Youth and Age,'

his 'Exemplification of the Ovidian elegiac metre,' his 'Come hither, gently rowing,' the inscription on a timepiece ('*Now! it is gone*'), 'The Old Man's Sigh,' and 'Kubla Khan.' Here are Hood's 'Death Bed'; Barry Cornwall's 'Sing, who sings?'; a ballad by Dibdin—'What if I'm mad'; Blake's 'Chimney-Sweeper,' contributed by Lamb to James Montgomery's 'Chimney-Sweeper's Friend,' 1824; and Shelley's 'Lines to a Reviewer'—

Alas! good friend, what profit can you see
In hating such a hateless thing as me?

which from a general depreciation of Shelley's work ('thin sewn with profit or delight') in a letter to Barton, in August 1824, Lamb excepts as being 'conceivd and expressed with a witty delicacy.' 'Pray, like it very much,' he adds. Here also are some lines by Talfourd, in Talfourd's own hand; the 'Epistle to Elia,' signed 'Olen' (Sir Charles Elton), from the 'London Magazine' for August 1821, being a remonstrance with Lamb for the hopelessness of his essay on 'New Year's Eve'; FitzGerald's 'Meadows in Spring'—'Tis a dull sight'—from 'The Athenæum' of July 9, 1831 (printed also in Hone's 'Year Book'), a poem which at the time was thought to be Lamb's, and of which he said he 'envied' the writer, because he felt he could have done something like it; three sonnets on Robin Hood by John Hamilton Reynolds, Hood's brother-in-law, and a fellow contributor of Lamb's to the 'London Magazine'; De Quincey's paper 'On the knocking at the gate in Macbeth,' from the 'London Magazine' of October 1823, which Lamb told Julius Hare was better than anyone else could write—except himself: the speaker adding 'and I couldn't write anything better'; the articles on Lichtenberg's criticisms of Hogarth from the same periodical of September and October 1820; and five of Washington Allston's sonnets on painters.

Lamb also copies a poem by Edward Hovell Thurlow, second Baron, which may perhaps be called his favourite sonnet of his own time. In a footnote (not reprinted in 'The Last Essays of Elia,' 1833) to the essay on Sir Philip Sidney's sonnets, in the 'London Magazine' for September 1822, he quotes it, with the remark that for 'quiet sweetness, and unaffected morality [it] has scarcely its parallel in our language'; he recommends it to Barton (in the letter of December 5, 1828) as 'indispensable'; and he included it not only in this his own album, but also in Emma Isola's. This is the sonnet (Thurlow's 'Select Poems,' 1821).

TO A BIRD, THAT HAUNTED THE WATERS OF LACKEN, IN THE WINTER.

O melancholy bird, a winter's day,
 Thou standest by the margin of the pool;
 And, taught by God, dost thy whole being school
 To Patience, which all evil can allay:
 God has appointed thee the fish thy prey;
 And giv'n thyself a lesson to the fool
 Unthrifty, to submit to moral rule,
 And his unthinking course by thee to weigh.
 There need not schools, nor the professor's chair,
 Though these be good, true wisdom to impart:
 He, who has not enough for these to spare,
 Of time, or gold, may yet amend his heart,
 And teach his soul, by brooks and rivers fair:
 Nature is always wise in every part.

This brings us to another reference to Lamb's album by a contemporary. De Quincey, in his 'London Reminiscences,' describes Lamb's reading aloud of this very sonnet. Thus:

Lamb read remarkably well. There was rather a defect of vigour in his style of reading; and it was a style better suited to passages of tranquil or solemn movement than to those of tumultuous passion. But his management of the pauses was judicious, his enunciation very distinct, his tones melodious and deep, and his cadences well executed. The book from which he read was a folio manuscript, in which he had gathered together a number of gems, either his own, or picked up at random from any quarter, no matter how little in the sunshine of the world, that happened to strike his fancy.

Amongst them was one which he delighted to read to his friends, as well on account of its real beauty as because it came from one who had been unworthily treated, and so far resembled himself. It was a sonnet of Lord Thurlow, a young poet of those days, who has, I believe, been long dead. I know not whether there is anything besides of equal value amongst this noble writer's works; but assuredly the man who could have written this one sonnet was no fair subject for the laughter which saluted him on his public appearance as an author. It was a sonnet on seeing some birds in a peculiar attitude by the side of Lacken Water. And the sentiment expressed was thankfulness to Nature for her bounty in scattering instruction everywhere, and food for meditation, far transcending in value, as well as in extent, all the teaching of the schools. But the point of the whole, which peculiarly won Lamb's approbation, was the way in which the poet had contrived to praise the one fountain of knowledge without disparaging the other. Accordingly, Lamb used always to solicit the hearer's attention by reading it twice over to that passage:—

'There need not schools, nor the professor's chair,
 Though these be good, to —————'

The only extract from Southey is the little poem in championship of Lamb, which he sent to the 'Times' of August 6, 1830, after the attack on Lamb's 'Album Verses' had appeared in Jerdan's 'Literary Gazette.' Hazlitt is represented solely by that splendid

exercise in gusto—the eulogy of John Cavanagh, from ‘The Examiner’ of February 7, 1819—the same number which printed Lamb’s letter to Gutch on Miss Kelly’s acting. An engraving of Miss Kelly’s ‘divine plain face’ is, by the way, pasted into the album. Cavanagh was the champion fives player: ‘His blows were not undecided and ineffectual—lumbering like Mr. Wordsworth’s epic poetry, nor wavering like Mr. Coleridge’s lyric prose, nor short of the mark like Mr. Brougham’s speeches, nor wide of it like Mr. Canning’s wit, nor foul like “The Quarterly,” nor *let* balls like the “Edinburgh Review.”’ And so forth—all essential Hazlitt. Lamb must have admired this intensely.

Among Lamb’s own writings which he pastes or copies into the album are the letter on ‘Shakespeare’s Improvers,’ a commentary in his best scornful manner on Nahum Tate and other refiners, which appeared in ‘The Spectator’ of November 22, 1828; a few personal poems, acrostics and such small fry, some of which have not been printed, none at all important; and a criticism of Miss Burrell (Mrs. Gould) in ‘Don Giovanni in London,’ from ‘The Examiner.’ For Miss Burrell Lamb had some of that affectionate admiration which in greatest volume he bestowed upon Miss Kelly. Miss Burrell’s portrait accompanies the article, while portraits of Dodd and Wroughton, both of whom Lamb has praised, are also present.

I quote from the album’s margins certain of the more curious extracts from old and out-of-the-way books which Lamb thought it worth while to copy. On the first fly-leaves are passages from the works and letters of James Barry, R.A., an author who, it will be remembered, is cited by Lamb in his essay on Hogarth. Then follow stray sentences from Warburton’s ‘Letters,’ of which here are a few:

The Beef Eaters, whose broad faces bespeak such repletion of body and inanition of mind as perfectly fright away those two enemies of man, famine and thought.

He calls his right hand, engaged so much in polemic, his sword hand, and is thankful it was not that which he had strained.

My wife loves to do things in form, *i.e.*, to have my advice without following it.

On occasion of a narrow escape with life, reaching for a book on a high shelf, and losing his balance, and falling in his old age: ‘It was wonderful notwithstanding that I escaped so well, it was within half an inch of being fatal. But Providence watches over our second childhood, like the first’

Letter to Dr. Doddridge—‘I had the pleasure of receiving your Family Expositor. My mother and I took it by turns. She who is superior to me in

every thing, aspired to the divine learning of the Improvements, while I kept grovelling in the human learning in the notes below.'

And here are a number of other extracts—the source of which is not always given by Lamb—which I copy without comment, more or less in the order in which they are found in the book :

Letter from Monsieur Destrosses (French prisoner, having obtained leave to go home) to Miss Seward. 'Ah Madam! I am too happy to eat, and sleep no more me. I go to bed, and fall asleep one hour; dream see my wife, my children—wake, find so much better than dream—am so glad cannot drowsy.'

THE COURTEOUS DISCLOSURE OF RATHER UNWELCOME NEWS.

From Josephus, translated by Dr. Maynard for Cooke, Paternoster Row.

Joseph interprets the Baker's dream, which, from the experience of the Butler, the latter hopeth favourable. 'This said [that is, his dream] he expected a presage favourable as the former. But Joseph, having attended to the particulars, and premised that he could have wished to have been the harbinger of more welcome news, *ingenuously* assured him, that he had only two days to live, for that on the third day he should be hanged.'

Item. 'He [Joseph in the dearth time] had respect not only to Natives, but foreigners, on the sublime principle of universal philanthropy, which *naturally* produces universal benevolence.'

By a misprint, Goliath is describ'd as 'Six Cupids, and a span, high.'

Adrian Scroope—This most valiant person at the fight at Edghill being severely wounded, was stript and left among the dead, as a dead person, there, but brought off by his son, and recover'd by the *immortal* Dr. *William Harvey*, who was there, but *withdrawn under a hedge with the Prince and Duke, while the battle was in its height*.

Inscription on the most ancient of all the Medalllets appended to the Musselburgh prize Arrows, being a small Escutcheon of Gold, in Black Letter, recording the skill of one Ardrose in the Bow, his arm being now infirmed by age—

'When Ardrose was a man
He could not be peal'd;
At the old sport he wan,
When Ardrose was a man,
But now he neither may nor can.
Alas! he is fail'd!
When Ardrose was a man
He could not be peal'd.'

PORSON'S GERUNDIAL PUN.

When Dido found Eneas would not come,
She mourn'd in silence, and was di do dum.

'Man's life, O king, is like unto a little sparrow, which, while your Majesty is feasting at the fire in your parlour, with your royal retinue, flies in at one window, and out at another. Indeed, we see it that short time it remaineth in the house, and then it is well sheltered from wind and weather; but presently it passeth from cold to cold, and whence it comes and whither it goes, we are altogether ignorant.'—Speech of a Courtier to King Edwine.

'I consider England and America as once one country. They were so in respect of interest, intercourse, and affinity. A great earthquake has made a partition, and now the Atlantic Ocean flows between them.'—Cowper's 'Letters,' 1781.

From Methodist Hymn to call Sinners to 'the Bridegroom'—

'Come, needy, come, guilty, come loathsome and bare;
You can't come too filthy—come just as you are.'

From C. [Conyers] Middleton's 'Letter from Rome.' 'I have often been thinking, that this voyage to Italy might properly enough be compared to the common stages and journey of life. At our setting out thro' France the pleasures that we find, like those of our youth, are of the gay fluttering kind, which grow by degrees, as we advance towards Italy, more solid, manly, and rational, but attain not their full perfection till we reach Rome; from which point we no sooner turn homewards, than they begin again gradually to decline, and, though sustained for a while in some degree of vigour, through the other stages and cities of Italy, yet dwindle at last into weariness and fatigue, and a desire to be at home, where the traveller finishes his course, as the old man does his days, with the usual privileges of being tiresome to his friends by a perpetual repetition of past adventures.'

William Hutton, of Birmingham, chronicling his infancy under the year 1731 (he being then eight years old) says, 'March 11th was born, at Aston upon Trent, 6 miles east of Derby, a female child, who, 24 years after, was to become my wife, be my faithful and dear companion, and love me better than herself. I was to possess this inestimable treasure 40 years, then to lose it, and mourn its loss every future day of my life.'

ON A LADY WHO BEAT HER HUSBAND.

'Come hither, Sir John, my Picture is here;
What think you, my Love, don't it strike you?'
'Can't say it does just at present, my dear,
But I think it soon will, it's so like you.'

Concluding couplet of an eulogistic Epitaph on a friend, by Clio Rickman—

'He play'd the father's, brother's, husband's, part—
And knew immortal Hudibras by heart!'

¹ Lamb appends the footnote:—

'A dreary sea now flows between.'—Christabel.

² Not quite correctly quoted. The friend in question was Tipper, the famous Newhaven brewer.

DULLNESS.

Dr. Barnard, Provost of Eton, said he recollected him (a Divine) then an undergraduate at Cambridge—that he considered him a nuisance from his dullness, often gave him a hint of it, by telling him that ‘so dull a man ought not to appear at Coffee houses or at all in public, for you know how stupid you are.’ This he said to him in public without reserve. He bore this (B. added) with a coward’s patience; and one day he *half killed him with laughter* at the simplicity of his excuse and remonstrance. ‘You are always (he told him) running your rig upon me, and calling me stupid, for you don’t consider that a broad wheel-wagon went over my head when I was ten years of age.’

G. Hardinge relates this in Nichols’ anecdotes, and laments he can’t tell it so *humorously* as B.—and says this poor crush’d-head grew up *proud and mean*.

The original supposed Parson Adams said to B. with horror in a whisper, ‘O Sir, would you believe it, Sir, he was wicked from a boy. You will be shock’d, you will not believe it. He wrote God with a little g, when he was 10 years old.’

Dr. Halley desired to live no longer than to have the pleasure of seeing a predicted Comet.

Browne Willis, in a rambling religious book written by his wife—‘All the connection in this book is owing to the book binder.’

Edwards, Book collector, desired his coffin to be made out of some of the strong shelves of his Library.

Ascham, of Youth at Courts. ‘If he be innocent and ignorant of ill, they say he is rude, and hath no grace: So ungraciously do some graceless men misuse the fair and godly word Grace.’

‘The Triumphs of Temper (by Hayley) is an incomparable poem, and yet for the life of me I cannot bring myself to be fond of reading it.’—Dr. L. Carr.

Cobbett to a friend in England concerning Americans, after praises of them. ‘However, you will not, for a long while, know what to do for want of the quick responses of the English tongue, and the decided tone of the English expression. The loud voice; the hard squeeze of the hand; the instant assent or dissent; the clamorous joy; the bitter wailing; the ardent friendship; the deadly enmity; the love that makes people kill themselves; the hatred that makes them kill others. All these belong to Englishmen.’

THE POOR POETS.

(Imitated from Calderon.)

Poets, poor souls, keep many a fast;
And though perhaps they pray,
They get nor bread nor meat at last,
Their hunger to allay.

A poet, as I have been told,
 As poor as well could be,
 With water, that perforce was cold,
 Of hay had made some tea.

No bread by any scheme or fetch
 Could he to eat procure :
 He cried, ' Was ever seen a wretch
 Like me, or half so poor ? '

Tea done, his stalks all used and wet
 He threw upon the plain ;
 Another poet, poorer yet,
 Snatched them, and used again.

C.

The spirit, though not the circumstances of this most Spanish ballad (for the Spanish authors appear to understand hunger and thirst beyond all men), reminds us of the traveller in Ireland, who says that ' he never knew what the English beggars did with their cast-off clothes, till he saw the Dublin ones.' In the lowest deep of poverty, there was a lower deep.

Among other passages copied or pasted in are extracts from Thomson's tragedies ; extracts from Heywood's ' Hierarchie of Blessed Angels ' ; a passage on the merits of English shooting, from Ascham's ' Toxophilus ' ; two of Drummond's sonnets : ' What doth it serve, to see sun's burning face,' and ' Sweet bird, that singest away the early hours ' ; Christopher Smart's ' Song to David,' and his lines to his Quaker friend T. B.—

Free from the proud, the pompous, and the vain,
 How simply neat and elegantly plain ;

the sonnet to Nicholas Hardinge by William Hall on the first impression of Lauder's Forgeries ; a speech against capital punishment by Sir William Meredith (about 1830) ; and several epitaphs, of which this is perhaps the most interesting :—

EPITAPH ON SIR T. SMITH, AT HONE CHURCH, KENT.

From those large kingdoms where the sun doth rise,
 From that rich, new-found world which westward lies,
 From Volga to the flood of Amazons,
 From under both the Poles, on all the Zones,
 From all the famous rivers, lands, and seas,
 Betwixt this place and our Antipodes,
 He got intelligence what might be found
 To give contentment thro' this massy Round.
 But finding earthly things did rather tire
 His longing soul, than answer her desire,
 To this obscured village he withdrew,
 From hence his heavenly voyage did pursue.

Here summ'd up all ; and when his gale of breath
Had left becalmed in the Port of Death
The soul's frail bark (and safe had landed her
Where Faith, his factor and his harbinger,
Made place before), he did (no doubt) obtain
That wealth which here on earth we seek in vain.

There is also a long advertisement, by George Robins, of the sale of the Baynard's estate, wherein, after an almost lyrical description of the property, which culminates in the phrase an 'Arundel Castle in miniature,' Robins alludes to himself as 'the humble individual who has so moderately portrayed a few only of its very many qualifications.' Lamb appends this note: 'A capital Advertisement. But oh! that I had preserv'd one, in which the Advertiser engages to pen Letters for people of all sorts, but especially for illiterate Lovers, ending with (literally)—"the advertiser flatters himself, He could use a strain"—.'

E. V. LUCAS.

MRS. KAVANAGH: A SKETCH FROM THE LIFE.¹

MRS. KAVANAGH is my greengrocer. The description conjures up a prosperous person who may have been a cook, or even a lady's maid, and has married a butler. Such, at least, is what you are mostly accustomed to in England. But Mrs. Kavanagh is not in England—nor am I—when she is my greengrocer, and that makes all the difference. Mrs. Kavanagh is not prosperous, as prosperity goes even in Ireland, and over there we are modest in our demands upon that commodity. There is, indeed, a highly prosperous person, higher up in the town, who has an 'establishment for fruit and vegetables'; she will also give you milk-and-soda, or lemonade, or ginger-beer. She has golden hair, an elaborate coiffure, and a diamond ring. Her vegetables are unquestionably superior to Mrs. Kavanagh's. Yet I cling to Mrs. Kavanagh; perhaps because I am shy, and cannot bring myself to buy my trifling pint of peas from a lady who has golden hair and a diamond ring; perhaps because I feel that my small orders represent large profits to Mrs. Kavanagh; or perhaps because she flatteringly insinuates as much.

When I come to sojourn amid the mountains and the sea breezes, I find Mrs. Kavanagh seated, as usual, outside the shop-door in a position which commands a completely satisfactory view of the road up and down. There she sits, throned among cabbages, and canopied by 'hanks' of extraordinarily odoriferous onions. Her seat of degree is an upturned box or packing-case of grimy disreputability, the which, I doubt not, came to her at some remote period full of apples, or other fruits of the season, but which as long as I can remember has served her whereon to repose her portly person. For Mrs. Kavanagh is portly, with a generous wealth of curve and contour pleasantly in keeping with the genial spirit that animates her body.

I have never been able to decide whether Nature intended Mrs. Kavanagh for an English duchess or a Roman *contadina*. But I am persuaded that either of the two was Nature's original intention, and that it was only owing to some mysterious bungling that she is what she is.

¹ Copyright, 1904, by Miss Ella MacMahon, in the United States of America.

With her exceedingly delicate and slightly aquiline features, her gracious affability, and large-minded smile, she would make an ideal duchess ; while yet her soft insouciance and debonnaire bearing could not be surpassed by the gayest *contadina* who ever roamed over the Campagna, or sat, as Mrs. Kavanagh is sitting now, in the warm sunshine at her own door.

Directly she sees me approaching she nods her shapely head at me, with a good-humour which you might, perhaps, think unwarrantably free and easy ; but, if so, you do not know Ireland. At the same time she rises from her seat.

'Ah, then, it's meself's glad to see ye !' she cries genially, 'an' I thrust ye've been gettin' yer health this time back. Shure, and it's a month o' Sundays, and more to the back o' that, since we seen a sight o' ye, an' no mistake.'

The smile which accompanies her words is as radiant and beaming as I have ever known it, and it reveals *en passant* the most beautiful set of teeth which Nature, in a moment of rare generosity, ever put in a human head. Recall all that the poets have ever said about pearly gems, and so forth, and you will have their description. And yet, as regards what our dentists are pleased to denominate 'the care and management of the teeth,' I am convinced she knows no more than the infant in her arms, who, as she herself says at this moment, 'is gettin' his teeth *hard*, God help him !' Nor can I believe that Mrs. Kavanagh has ever possessed, far less made use of, such an implement as a toothbrush. All the same, it is none the less a fact that her teeth are miracles of spotless cleanliness. I say miracles because it must be admitted that otherwise Mrs. Kavanagh is not clean. Sorrowfully am I forced to confess that the very rudiments of what we call cleanliness are unknown to her. As she stands before me now, in a cotton gown which has never been subjected to the disfiguring influence of soap and water, her comely face, whose fine skin the sea and sun have slightly embrowned, is, at all events, free from dirt. Beyond that, however, I should not like to go. Withal she is an attractive figure, though the cotton gown is faded, is ragged, is pinned where it ought to be buttoned, pinned with the largest and brassiest, the frankest of pins ; though she is guiltless of a collar, and her sleeves are getting gradually worn away up her ample arms. But her fine black hair, which is 'parted,' as she would express it, very neatly down the middle of her head, has a rippling waviness which your French maid would find it hard to imitate successfully with

a tongs, and her blue eyes shine with winning appeal. I have not seen her for a long time, yet I cannot detect the slightest change ; not an extra crow's foot—but, indeed, she hasn't any—nor a grey hair in the thick loose knob that hangs a trifle neglectedly upon the nape of her neck. All the same, I know that in the interval which has elapsed since our last meeting she has had heavy sorrow.

'Yes,' she tells me, 'Lizzie, God save her ! never over'd the cowl'd that fell on her chist. Never, indeed.'

Lizzie was her firstborn. A wife, a mother—and the hapless victim of that disease which ravages Ireland of her fairest children—in her 'teens.

'Did a doctor see her ?' I inquire, for I have my suspicions of Mrs. Kavanagh's attitude towards the faculty.

She shakes her head.

'Troth, an' he did. Shure, and me ownsilf tuk her to the dishpansary when the cough got reel bad on her entirely.'

'Yes,' I interject ; 'and what did the doctor say ?'

'Augh !' Mrs. Kavanagh rubs a clayey forefinger up the bridge of her delicate aquiline nose. 'An' what 'ud he say ; oney what they all say to the like of uz. "Come in," sez he ; "come in, come on, put out yer tongue ; what's yer ailment ?" Ay, sorra a ha'porth else he sed. Oh, he gev her a cough-bottle—an' be the same token a dirty sickenin' thing it was, too ; an' he told me for to keep the kettle always boilin', and make her smell hot water night and morning. Did annyone ever hear such foolish ould chat in all their lives ? But, Lord save ye ! shure they must be sayin' something, or who'd go near them, and how'd they get their livin' at all at all ? Look a here, ma'm ; we'll all die when our time comes, a minit before nor a minit after, an' that's the will o' God.'

To Mrs. Kavanagh such is the conclusion of the whole matter. In her estimation, when you have said that, there is no more to be said or done ; and perhaps, after all, there isn't when you come to think of it.

'Ay,' she continued, 'I burried Lizzie—may God rest her !—an' here's the whole of what she left me.'

'The whole' is seated on Mrs. Kavanagh's sturdy left arm.

'His name's John Joseph, and he's fifteen months old, the unfortunate lamb. Luk up at the lady, John Joseph, me honey !'

Unfortunate ! It is a polite euphemism when applied to the weird wavering creature who has been bidden to look up at me. Poor John Joseph ! his is a large name for so small a person.

'Pardon to ye, me lady, for spakin' of it, but it's his poor inside that has him the way he is. An' it's that, too, that has him cryin' and whingein' like this the livelong day and night. Aw, but he's sinable enuff for all that—aw, yes.'

And I have not the heart to cast a doubt upon the bravery of her belief in John Joseph's glimmering intelligence. He stares at me now with eyes that are unnaturally large, shining as they do out of the pinched, pallid face—a face which is the saddest in all humanity, the old face of a very young child. For half a minute the thin straining wail breaks off, as his eyes fasten upon a small brooch I am wearing. A faint attempt at a smile quivers over the dirty little face; he even stretches out an emaciated little fist towards the shining gold, as if to grasp it.

'Augh!' cries Mrs. Kavanagh, as she perceives the movement and the welcome cessation of the almost ceaseless cry. 'Aw, that's the grand man he is now entirely.'

But before I can disengage the brooch in order to let his outstretched fingers touch it, his eyes have wandered away from it again, away to their old fixed stare out into space, and the straining, piping cry is whimpering in our ears afresh. Not once again does it cease. To all Mrs. Kavanagh's cheerful accents it forms an obligato, a weird pathetic accompaniment in a minor key to her pleasant major notes.

'It's his poor inside' is the only description she can give me of the fell mesenteric disorder that is fast sapping the life out of John Joseph's frail veins.

'But I wouldn't put it past him to outgrow it yet, so I wouldn't,' she concludes with undaunted hopefulness; 'an' it's he has the biggest appetite ye ever seen in a child of his age. An' it's meself always likes to see a child with a *handsome* hunger.'

Again I have not the heart to quench her determined optimism. I cannot try to crush her, even if I could, which is doubtful, by revealing the pathological significance of such abnormal craving.

'An' it's the vegetables as usual ye'll be wantin',' she resumes briskly. Her manner indicates that she has dwelt long enough, in all politeness, upon her own affairs, and she proceeds to mine with courteous alacrity.

'Is it the pitatas?' she cries, in answer to my inquiry; and she raises her disengaged hand impressively within an inch of John Joseph's nose. 'Balls o' flour, me lady; that's what they are. Fit for the King's own Majesty are them pitatas.'

Such asseveration is irresistible. Who could cast a doubt upon potatoes 'fit for the King's own Majesty'? You could not, at least, while you were within earshot of Mrs. Kavanagh's dulcet words, which further insist upon conferring on you a form of address, to which the annals of Burke or Debrett would at once reveal that you are not, by all the laws of precedence, strictly entitled.

No ; I accept the potatoes in blind faith, as well as the courtesy title and the green 'pays that'll melt in yer mouth.' And even when I see Mrs. Kavanagh again, and when I mildly intimate that the potatoes, so far from resembling 'balls of flour,' were more akin to cakes of soap, and that six hours' boiling (or sixty for that matter) failed to reduce the peas that were to melt in my mouth to any consistency less than that of a lead bullet, I know that, protest and complaint notwithstanding, I shall in the end smile sweetly upon Mrs. Kavanagh, and accept meekly a fresh set of vegetables—and assurances—no better than the first.

But on this occasion I do not see Mrs. Kavanagh again for several days, because of a week's visit to a friend some miles away. On my return I stroll down to the familiar spot. To my surprise Mrs. Kavanagh's throne is empty.

At the door I perceive signs of subdued excitement in the air. Mrs. Kavanagh's four youngest children, aged respectively five, seven, eight, and nine, are dodging in and out among the cabbages, with a furtive but unmistakable air of being pleasantly on the loose. Five and eight, being boys, are playing football with the particularly large potatoes which Mrs. Kavanagh calls Champkins. From within, one can catch the echoes of mingling female voices. An attempt to elicit information from the nine-year-old maiden is not successful. Being seized with incontinent shyness, she merely mutters a brief inarticulate response, and immediately darts away into dim recesses at the back of the shop. Her hair, such a wealth of brown golden-tipped tresses, floats out behind her, like a radiant veil.

Presently her elder sister, a girl of some fourteen summers, emerges, but, seeing me, also darts back into the outer, or rather the inner, darkness beyond, whence I hear the words 'mother' and 'the lady from —,' and finally Mrs. Kavanagh herself appears in the shop-door where I am standing.

I get one quick impression of her ; never in the whole course of my acquaintance have I beheld upon her so clean an apron. It dazzles me ; but I look higher, and then I see that Mrs.

Kavanagh's comely face is bereft of its good-humoured smile. Her eyes are red and clouded from much weeping, her delicate features blurred and thickened from the violence of the grief, whatever it may be, that has overtaken her.

As her glance meets mine tears start to her eyes afresh. A few quick, incoherent sentences put me in possession alike of the cause of her sorrow, and the dazzling cleanliness of her apron.

'An' to think,' she ejaculates huskily, 'that it was only yesterday, ye may say, that he was smilin' at ye in this very identical spot, as gay as a lark.'

It is hard to find a response to fill up the pause which follows on this astounding statement. What can I say?

Few things, in my opinion, could well be farther apart than the gaiety of a lark and poor defunct John Joseph.

I try a murmur of vague condolence, the banal and absolutely futile offering which one makes on these occasions. Poor as it is, her face brightens, and her kindly eyes regard me with gratitude quite out of proportion to my attempt.

'I have him lookin' just lovely,' she begins hesitatingly; and her head moves. The movement is slight but significant. I hasten to comply with what is a barely veiled invitation.

Mrs. Kavanagh leads the way, and I follow through the untidy shop to the 'room' beyond.

The room is some ten feet square, and fuller of furniture than it seems physically possible for it to hold. There is a pervading impression of old mahogany, fly-blown looking-glass, and a confused medley of ill-assorted articles, from a large fourpost bed, to a new kitchen table; and above all and through all the frowsy odour left by undusted floors and unshaken curtains, and the constant presence of living beings of both the higher and lower creation.

In the centre there is an oasis.

There the small cheap coffin stands on two fine old chairs which once adorned the dining-room of gentry. Six candles, set in tall tarnished brass candlesticks, burn winkingly at either side. On the wall at the head a crucifix hangs; at the foot, on a table, is a plaster image of the Virgin and Child, veiled in coarse white muslin, and with a small red lamp alight before it.

Poor John Joseph! He lies with his feet to the veiled Virgin, and his face is pure and toneless as the plaster itself. A dim sweet smile hovers over the tiny waxen features. Death has given him what life denied him—his youth. He no longer looks weirdly old

and thin and heart-weary. The roundness of happy infancy has come to his erstwhile hollow cheeks, and has smoothed away fretfulness and care.

A bright patchwork quilt is his pall, and in one tiny hand a great yellow sunflower has been placed, its petals—emblems of life, and day, and sunshine—touching his cheek.

The compelling quiet of death mingles strangely with the sounds of life going on uninterruptedly around. I alone stand silent and still. Sympathising friends, also in clean aprons, whisper together and move away, hiding their 'beads' furtively, lest the sight of them should offend my Protestant eyes.

Mrs. Kavanagh gazes at the coffin and its hapless contents piteously. No treasured heir of great possessions could be more honestly mourned, than this entirely superfluous atom of humanity.

I look from him to Mrs. Kavanagh, and rack my brains unavailingly, in a wild longing to find some appropriate commonplace worthy the occasion. With startling unexpectedness I am delivered out of a seemingly hopeless *impasse*.

From under Mrs. Kavanagh's capacious bed there rises the loud triumphant cackle whereby a hen announces to the world that she has laid an egg.

'Glory be to goodness!' Mrs. Kavanagh ejaculates comfortably; 'now that's the specklety hin, so it is.'

She dives under the ragged and horribly dirty chintz vallance, and adds:

'Come out o' that this instant minit; come out now, I tell ye!'

There is a scrabble of claws and feathers, and a black-and-white hen, of the breed known as Plymouth Rock, rushes out in the wild insensate manner of its kind.

Mrs. Kavanagh emerges almost simultaneously. There is a streak of dust down her flushed cheek, that turns to mud in the rivulet of tears, and her apron has suffered. In her hand she holds an egg.

Nobody smiles. There is no special consciousness on anybody's face, nor even on Mrs. Kavanagh.

'That wan,' she says, apostrophising the scudding hen, 'has heart scalded entirely with her alligatins. Faith, she's as cwin' as a Christian and as cute as a pet fox. Sorra a lay she'll only her own way, and that's in the bed or undther it.'

Meantime she is polishing the egg with a corner of her apron. yer honour's ladyship 'ud do me the condescension for to take

it I'd be proud. Shure an' she's a nice hin entirely, and her eggs is very tasty. An' there's the differ o' the world in one egg and another. She's very enchantin' in her eatin'; and it's an elegant breakfast that egg 'll make ye.'

I do not know what it may be to be 'enchantin'' in one's eating, but I infer that a certain epicurism is implied.

I walk out of the *chapelle ardente* with the egg, still very warm, in my hand, and a curious wonder in my mind, at the great twin mysteries of Life and Death, as seen through Mrs. Kavanagh's lens.

The hearse, a small one, with two lean bay horses, manifestly 'blackened' for the occasion, and a dingy mourning-coach drawn by one horse, as small as the coach is large, are standing at Mrs. Kavanagh's door. I hurriedly present a small offering of white flowers, and beat a retreat. Five people are already in the mourning-coach, awaiting the coming of Mrs. Kavanagh herself to make a sixth. I just catch a glimpse of her as she leaves the house. She wears a large black bonnet, upon which as much trimming has been crowded as one single bonnet could hold—a mountainous eminence of crêpe, studded heavily with black roses and a species of inky fruit resembling bunches of grapes, but wholly unknown to Nature—it nods somewhat over her good-looking face. Her apron underneath her brilliant plaid shawl is as white as the bonnet is black. She carries a wreath of what are called *immortelles* enclosed in a glass shade.

The *cortège* moves off slowly: first the hearse, with Mrs. Kavanagh's fourth son, in a sailor suit trimmed with gold braid, perched on the seat beside the driver; then the mourning-coach, with the six people inside, and two children outside with the coachman. Lastly, Mrs. Kavanagh's ass-cart, driven by 'the boy,' *àtât*. twelve, who habitually takes it round with the vegetables, and containing an elderly female of overpowering respectability, who is always described to me with mysterious vagueness as 'the poor relation.' The eight-year-old uncle in the sailor suit, wears an air of pardonable enjoyment, and the same may be said of the other uncles and aunts on the box-seat of the mourning-coach.

Thus they start, the hearse horses waking out of a comfortable doze at an audible 'Yep!' from the driver.

But they move along cheerfully, with a spirit born of ease. Their load to-day is light.

Poor John Joseph is a small fragment of humanity to be en-

gulfed in so large and unnecessary a vehicle ; and I feel sure that the equally unnecessary cost of it all will try Mrs. Kavanagh's purse severely. But human hearts beat beneath untoward exteriors, and love has, perhaps, even more untoward ways of honouring its dead than this.

When I see Mrs. Kavanagh in the evening of that same day, pride, subdued but perceptible, mingles with the modified melancholy of her face. Even her *crêpe* bonnet has taken on a subtle air of mitigated grief. It nods now just a shade to one side. Her apron is no longer dazzlingly clean. The satisfaction of so choice a 'buryin' has lifted the sorrow from her heart.

'Yes, ma'm,' she says jerkily, as she hurries to and fro, executing belated orders, 'the poor lamb had the best buryin' I could give him. Augh, it was elegant, now, so it was ; and the childher had the pleasantest outin' ever they seen. 'Twas they enjoyed theirselves, an' no mistake ; and why wouldn't they ? Shure, in all the dear days of their life an' they never had carriage exercise before. "Mother," says Patsey to me, "I'd like for to go agen to-morrow." Ah, God help him now, the poor child ! Shure there's very few like him 'ud get a day's outin' in that style and grandeur. 'Twas the proudest day in the world for them, so it was,' and the tears and smiles chase one another in her good-natured eyes.

I learn later that the hearse and the mourning-coach ran races coming home, instigated thereto by their respective drivers, whom the bereaved father had 'treated' not wisely but too well. Also, that a diversion had to be made in order to deposit the said bereaved father in his own home, where the two drivers and his father-in-law put him to bed in a helpless state of intoxicated hilarity. But these trifles have no power to disturb the satisfied pride of Mrs. Kavanagh's affectionate heart. *Her* part was well and truly done, and every neighbour knew that that funeral was not accomplished a farthing under five pounds. Love and grief have many ways of expressing themselves, and there is balm even outside Gilead.

Before I leave Mrs. Kavanagh the *crêpe* bonnet is even more cheerfully unsteady. To-morrow it will have disappeared altogether and her apron will no longer be clean. Mrs. Kavanagh has buried a grief.

ELLA MACMAHON.

THE REVIVAL OF THE ROAD.

BY A. G. BRADLEY.

IN 1826 the famous roadmaker and engineer Telford crowned his life's work by the mighty suspension bridge which lifted his new Holyhead mail road across the Menai Straits and completed the link between London and Ireland for a fast service. Thousands gathered at the opening ceremony when the first coach from the metropolis, carrying the Royal mails, slowed down from its regulation pace of eleven and a half miles an hour and rolled triumphantly over the yawning chasm. As a combination of engineering skill and rapid communication it seemed, no doubt, to the cheering crowds below, a final achievement of human ingenuity. Yet a short twenty years later the son of George Stephenson was to commence that other bridge, alongside of this first one, destined to carry locomotion of a kind which by comparison put the people who had so recently cheered the Holyhead coach almost on a par with the Romans whose chariots and tumbrils had rolled along the Causeway from Chester to Carnarvon nearly two thousand years before. There is assuredly no spot in Great Britain more calculated to deter one from prophetic flights as to the limitations of science than the one which commands a view of these two significant viaducts.

But the decline of the coach road and the coaching inn was, of course, gradual and sectional. Palatial hostelries like the grand old Hertford mansion at Marlborough had closed their doors at once. The Castle Inn, so artistically dealt with by Mr. Stanley Weyman in a recent work, had for some time been the nucleus of a now famous public school before the coaches ceased to run over considerable sections of the Bath road. The increasing railroad activity of the 'sixties, perhaps, marks the final collapse of the rural highway into the somnolence, and here and there the literally grass-grown trance, from which it was quite recently awakened by the once despised bicycle. Many of us now in middle age may per-adventure remember the stricken appearance of the forsaken coaching inn only recently left high and dry at some bleak cross road; more woe-begone then, I think, than after it had adapted

itself to its changed conditions, or gone out of business altogether and into private life. Some of us may recall how these dismal haunts of ancient revelry, with their creaking signboards, seized on our childish imagination, if we possessed one, and became the background for all the tales of wayside horror and mystery that fell in our way. As for me, some of these old inns have provided the stage furniture on such literary excursions for life; defying time, climate, space, and the most antagonistic environments. It is a positive shock if perchance I wander down their way nowadays to find some dismal old Solitary who has thus served my fancy as a sort of chamber of horrors—no longer dismal, but with a smiling face and a befurbished front and a line of bicycles and a motor outside the door.

But let us turn for a moment, before taking stock of present conditions, to the actual story of one of the more famous of these old hostleries, and none has a stranger one than the Castle Inn at Marlborough already referred to. Placed within a stone's throw of one of the largest of those prehistoric mounds which are the despair of the antiquary, and on the site of a royal castle where Anglo-Norman kings held courts and parliaments, our inn started life with some distinction. The castle had been a ruin long before Cromwell battered the church towers of Marlborough, and with the rangership of the adjacent forest of Savernake had passed into the family of the Protector Somerset and that Seymour lady who married Henry VIII. in a barn on the forest's edge that quite recently, at any rate, was still standing. In the time of William III. the castle was still in the hands of that branch of the family represented by the Duke of Somerset, who, on the site of the decayed fortress, built the noble mansion which, retaining its old name of The Castle, became later on the Castle Inn. Celia Fiennes, the enterprising lady who rode about England on horseback and left her impressions of all she saw, watched it building. She describes the new or rather the rebuilt and greatly enlarged house (for a smaller one had preceded it), with the gardens in detail, and the old town stretching its broad and picturesque street from the gates as we see it now, 'the Kennet winding below and turning many mills.' In 1723

the Castle or Seymour House was very much what we see now in the beautiful Queen Anne mansion which forms the main building of Marlborough College. Under the sway, however, of the somewhat famous Countess of Hertford, afterwards Duchess of Somerset, it became one of the best-known country houses in England. Her

ladyship was not only a social luminary, but an enthusiastic follower of the Arcadian cult which peopled the surrounding country with Corydons and Chloes and made shepherds and milkmaids of the guests from court and capital. Lady Hertford had good material for her extravagant fancies. The limpid streams of the Kennet slipped down the meadows of perennial green from mill to mill. The ridge above was crowned with the northern fringe of the royal forest of Savernake. The old gardens were laid out in terraces and bowling greens. Rills of clear water were brought from the Kennet and forced into a mimic fury wholly strange to the waters of Wiltshire, but suggestive to these early Georgian poseurs of the classic fountains where their nymphs and swains lounged and loved. Groves of limes were planted, which have now since living monuments been towering rookeries. Yews were trimmed into deep hedges surmounted with domes and cupolas, and thus survive endeared to all who love the place. Rocks were imported and strewn about of which no trace remains on the velvety turf which spreads to the over the lawns and slopes and terraces that time still continues to mellow. Lady Hertford's modish imagination succeeded in transforming Wiltshire into Italy, and, yet greater feat, the Wiltshire rustic of that dark period into the piping shepherd of the classic age and she has left in writing the measure of her delusions. She turned a grotto into the old tumulus in imitation of Pope's at Twickenham, and imported celebrities by the score to share and celebrate her fantastic diversions. The poet Thomson was one of these, but he offended his patroness mortally by a marked preference for his lordship's good cheer over her ladyship's Arcadian posings and poetical efforts. Dr. Watts was another, and apparently he behaved himself with perfect propriety. Thomson, however, is said to have written his 'Spring' at Marlborough, and he certainly dedicated it to his offended hostess.

All this was about 1740, and in ten years the stately mansion had passed to the Northumberland family and become an inn! In 1751 Lady Vere tells us how she lay at the 'Castle Inn opened a fortnight since,' and describes it with fervent admiration, 'a prodigious large house.' She is indignant with the Northumberland family for putting it to such ignoble use, and still less can she forgive them for selling many good old pictures to the landlord, including one of Henry VI. in kingly robe and gown. What would the old Duke of Somerset say, she observes, if he could know that his grand daughter put his house to such a use as this? 'Lady Betty does

not dare to write to the Duke of Dorset an account of this house, for fear it should put him in mind that Knowle might make as convenient an inn for Tonbridge as this does for Bath.'

In the 'Salisbury Journal' of August 17, 1752, occurs this announcement: 'I beg leave to inform the publick that I have fitted up the Castle at Marlborough in the most genteel and commodious manner and opened it as an inn where the nobility and gentry may depend on the best accommodation and treatment, the favour of whose company will be always gratefully acknowledged by their most obedient servant George Smith, late of the Artillery Ground. Neat postchaises!'

What a noble hostelry this must have been needs no effort of imagination, for no material alteration occurred when sixty years ago it once more became the seat of classical aspirations far more serious than Lady Hertford's dallies. And it may be seen to-day much as it was in all the glory of oak panelling and galleries and broad staircases, of stately chambers and mellow brickwork, of lawn and terrace, of grove and stream. For ninety years the Castle Inn stood on the high road between London and Bath. The postchaise business, when all the world went to the Western Spa, helped to support it, and later on, when forty coaches daily pulled up at its doors, its supremacy was beyond question. People of quality made a point of 'lying at Marlborough' for what we should now call the week-end. The cuisine was admirable, the gardens delightful, and a local band discoursed music every Sunday from the top of the mound up which Lady Hertford had cut a winding walk. Almost every famous man or woman who lived in the time of the second, third, or fourth George must have slept or eaten within the great old hostelry. And, indeed, one might say almost as much of houses now buried away in obscure parts of the country. At the Hand, in Llangollen, for instance, every Irishman of note through a stirring period must have toasted his toes or broken bread again and again.

Chatham was detained at the Castle Inn, at a critical period in the debate on the Stamp Act, for a fortnight. 'Inaccessible and invisible,' according to Walpole, 'though surrounded by a crowd of domestics that occupied the whole inn and gave the appearance of a little Court.' Seventy years later the Duke of Wellington spent a night here on his way to a wedding at the Duke of Beaufort's, delayed by the reports of sixteen feet of snow on the bleak road over the downs to Devizes.

Starting next day, the Duke's carriage became hopelessly lodged in a snowdrift. Fortunately the road surveyor with his gang was close by, and rescued the illustrious soldier from his dilemma and piloted him across country till they came to a sound-bottomed road.

By 1839, however, the Great Western railroad had reached Twyford. Three years later it was at Swindon, and the lease of the Castle Inn was running out. No one had the temerity to seek another, for the handwriting on the wall was by this time plain enough. At this time the founders of what became Marlborough College were casting about for a house in which to commence operations. In an auspicious moment for that school, the Castle Inn was in the market and fell fortuitously, as it were, into their hands. That it is only the nucleus of whole blocks of buildings is true, but the old house still remains apart and intact, the gardens and grounds secluded and unencroached upon by modern builders, and in all human probability secured for ever in its ancient peace and old-world atmosphere. Such is the strange story of one of the great coaching inns of England, and there are doubtless many more only less remarkable.¹

The recent revival in their fortunes and the social revolution which has accompanied it can hardly be said to have seriously set in before the beginning of the 'nineties. For I do not think that the high bicycle, which heroic if not very aristocratic youths bestrode through the previous decade or two, did much to cheer the material depression of the highway, though it added a sensational factor to its waning traffic. The acrobats, too, who mostly rode these awesome machines were not usually of the type who had much money, or for that matter much manners, to spare for mine host of the Red Lion. While far from receiving any meed of admiration for their daring, they contrived to raise a social prejudice against the wheel which died hard. It would have died much harder if, encouraged by the comparative security of the 'safety,' Society had not developed a sudden and short-lived craze for ambling round Battersea Park in the mornings on its new toy: a proceeding which to the seasoned rider of 1904 may seem somewhat fatuous in the retrospect, but was of real value at this crisis. For the average Briton, we are told every day, is at heart a snob. He is undoubtedly timid, not physically, but socially. And henceforward,

¹ For a fuller account of the famous house see A. C. Champneys' chapters in the *History of Marlborough College*. (Murray.)

with comparatively little risk of breaking his neck and none whatever of injuring his dignity, he could embark on an exhilarating, inexpensive pastime, that was destined to become something much more, and almost to revolutionise country life. Above all there was no fear any longer of being called 'a cad on castors.' But the highways had acquired some animation; those leading out of London, at any rate, two or three years before the Battersea Park season and the Capitulation of Society. Still, though the 'Safety' had 'arrived,' it was for some time the mode to sniff at its patrons as something of a nuisance on the road.

One must not forget the brief popularity of the tricycle which preceded the Safety and pneumatic tyre. In the last of the 'eighties and early 'nineties it had found considerable favour with men and women past their first youth, and had reached some perfection, solid rubber tyres notwithstanding. The shops were full of them for hire or sale. They were profoundly respectable, too, and did not share the odium of the high two-wheeler. The low-pitched, modest, if clumsy attitude of the rider, the gentle pace, the self-respecting bulk and fancied security of the whole outfit offended no one's feelings. Even the family horse could hold its own with the tricycle of 1887-90, and a bishop might have ridden one without loss of dignity. There used at that time to be great numbers on the Portsmouth road on a Sunday, carrying a different class of passenger altogether from those we had been accustomed to see on the big wheel. The latter was still in favour, however, dashing past the new machines with a contempt the more pronounced, perhaps, from the superior claims to respectability of the three-wheelers.

But enough of such scraps of reminiscence from the transition period. The modern bicycle has long since asserted itself as the quickest, easiest, and safest method of self-propulsion, and virtually killed the three-wheeler, in spite of its up-to-date improvements. The free-wheel has carried us a step further, adding twenty-five per cent. to the ease of the rider and fifty to his enjoyment. The cycle had effected a revolution on the highway and in social life before the advent of the motor, which now promises developments the importance of which we can hardly yet estimate.

Steam and telegraphy alone in the past have had greater influence on English life, even if this still later movement had reached the limit of its mechanical development, which is, of course, out of the question. The ancient and chronic grievance of a section of the outside public

against the bicycle is now wholly quenched in the storm of false indignation raised against the motor. Indeed, the cyclist himself, together with the horse-keeper, is perhaps the greatest sufferer, for, however narrow the road, unlike the pedestrian, he must face the thunderstorm and the dust at the closest quarters. And there is no doubt that the cyclist in his most aggressive phase was a mere trifle to the clamour, the dust-storm, the smell, and the nerve-shaking terror of the motor in its present form. Unlike the first phase of this road revolution, which was at least inaugurated by the lowly and obscure in social life if not in self-assertion, the situation is now reversed, wealth and social position being the leaders, and the objects of such hostility as is inevitably if somewhat unreasonably evoked. The grievance at present, though, is very real both to dwellers and to travellers on a highway. Hostility to the cycle was always tempered in judicial minds by the reflection that it gave hitherto inaccessible pleasure to the hardworked dwellers in towns and cities. The average motorist can, of course, expect no sympathy of this kind. So far, indeed, the public are the more inclined to resent this further disturbance of their peace from the fact that it is ostensibly for the aimless amusement of the wealthy and the idle. This feeling is not very serious nor perhaps very general. It is human, though, if neither judicial nor farsighted. Every sensible person sees something more significant in the motor than a millionaire effectually disguised as a ruffian rushing aimlessly through clouds of dust. The period of fad and fashion, as in the case of the bicycle, will pass away, and the motor will expand into a social and commercial factor in the economy of the country far beyond the possibilities of the cycle.

But the cycle itself has done wonders. It has not only revived the wayside hostelry and restored animation to half-deserted roads, but it has even stimulated the improvement of the roads themselves, and at the worst checked the decline in quality that was noticeable on some, or brushed off the grass that was actually growing on others. The steady pressure of innumerable atoms in one direction counts for much, and it is by such means, to say nothing of organisations like the C.T.C., that the cycling interest has affected the roads. For the cyclist knows all about them, and is much more sensitive to the deficiencies of their surface than the occupant of a dog-cart or a phaeton. And as half the countryside and half the country town are more or less wheelmen, a neglected road has not much chance of escaping a notoriety which

generally in the end spells something more effective. In short, there are fifty critics of the highway authorities where formerly there was one. But now the motor opens up highway questions on a much more serious scale, and, unlike the cycle, is itself an active agent in the wear and tear of the road bed. The solitude of former days is vanishing in very truth. The pregnant question is now whether the roads will carry the burden that threatens them in the near future. But the whole wealth of the country is behind the motor, and that some solution will be found is certain. Still, after all, the Portsmouth or Brighton roads must not be taken as typical country highways in the matter of traffic, any more than country life and society within a thirty or forty mile radius of London resembles that of Hereford, Yorkshire, or Norfolk, for every condition is different. It is in the really rural districts, however, that the commercial potentialities of the automobile have such a future, and it seems unlikely that there will be a draught horse on any road outside the mountain districts in twenty years. To suggest sentiment as a deterrent factor is absurd. Look for the saddle horse of our youth, for instance! He is as extinct as the dodo outside the sport of hunting or the mountain roads of the North and West. Yet with all this it may surprise some to hear that in the district in which this paper is written, a typical one in the Midlands, a steady procession of carriers' carts and vans may be seen almost daily, and upon every road, pursuing their laborious way to and from the country town. Ramshackle, ill-horsed, laden with miscellaneous goods and bucolic old lady passengers, owned and piloted generally by odd sorts of characters—they still preserve the memories of fifty years ago as they rattle along the turf-bordered, elm-shaded highways of the shires, where scores of fairly prosperous villages depend wholly in smaller matters on this antediluvian form of transport. There is a great prospect here for the coming road-car, not the costly light railroad, but such vehicles as are already beginning to put in an appearance in some districts to their infinite convenience. Such self-propelling cars for passengers and merchandise will gather up both from groups of villages, and will convey them from their door to the market town in no time and possibly with a choice of various hours in the day.

But let us return to the cycle and see what it has done. The workman far from his work, as thousands must ever be, no longer tramps to it on foot. The postman's labours are lightened. The

country parson and his family no longer feel the difficulties of a widely scattered parish. The golfer gets to the links, the fisherman to the riverside without a thought of the difficulties that in former days entailed either expense, inconvenience, or unprofitable fatigue. The shopkeeping class of both sexes have had their scope of enjoyment on their weekly holidays extended to an incalculable degree, and acquired a familiarity with the surrounding country impossible to their predecessors and vastly to their own good both mentally and physically. One might enlarge indefinitely on the uses of the cycle; but let us look for a moment at what it has done to brighten social life in country districts. It is true that such people rarely ride round their own neighbourhoods for the mere fun of the thing as they once did, as the automobilists are doing now, and as the cyclists from towns still find a natural pleasure in doing on Sundays and on holidays. But such a vast number of country people find the cycle so indispensable a factor in their scheme of life that few probably take the trouble to analyse their measure of liking for it in the abstract. Deprive them of it, however, and they would suddenly find themselves cut off from half their acquaintances and robbed of half their pleasure in life. To talk of cycling as an amusement like tennis or golf is nowadays absurd. It is very much so beyond a doubt, but is still more a means to a thousand ends. Take an average country district, for instance, and compare the situation of the great majority of people who form its permanent society, with that of a dozen years ago. Establishments with large stables are after all in a small minority. The average household was always cramped more or less in the matter of horseflesh. The British coachman, moreover, has contrived to reduce the standard of work of the British carriage horse to limitations that would be justly considered absurd elsewhere, and this, too, with the best blood, the best roads, and the best feeding in the world. There are thousands of people who sincerely believe that if their horses have been ten miles in the morning they are unfit to go out in the afternoon, which suits the groom or coachman admirably, and, judging from personal experience in other countries, makes for half the ailments and unsoundness so prevalent in English stables. This kind of thing, even where horses were kept, made the cycle as welcome as in cases where there was nothing but the family pony, who often really earned, and still earns, his keep. Take a family of girls, for instance. In former days they had to go in a bevy to anything that was going on, or perhaps even take it turn about,

and not infrequently a lame horse or a contumacious parent put even 'the use of the carriage' out of the question. Now each member of a family can go wherever he or she listeth, and over an area twice or thrice as big as the one covered by the collective expeditions in the family chariot. One sometimes wonders how life went in country districts after the introduction of lawn tennis gave it such a social impetus. It is not, however, only to the young that the cycle has so immeasurably widened the sphere of enjoyment, and made life so much brighter, but to the middle-aged it is scarcely less a boon. No class has benefited more than the country clergy, both in a social and a business way. And their families, who form such a large proportion of average country society, are, of course, conspicuous among those who are set free from the limitations of the family horse or the still worse isolation of no horse at all.

One familiar object of the old-time highway already alluded to has practically vanished, and that is the saddle horse. All of us who have reached middle-age, and who were brought up in the country, must recognise this as a feature in the transformation in road traffic and rural life. Hunting is, of course, as popular as ever, though the classes that mainly support it have in many parts of England undergone some reconstruction, and are more exotic and less local than they were. But that is another matter. In the 'sixties, to take a safe date, everybody in the country and the country towns of ordinary means rode more or less, as a matter of course, and not of necessity with any reference whatever to the hunting field. Nowadays the hunting men and women are almost the only people who ever mount a horse, and even they, so far as my observation goes, only in the hunting field. In the outskirts of London, where there are such numbers of prosperous people able to amuse themselves as they please on Saturday afternoons, one sees no doubt a sprinkling of horsemen, but this has little or no significance; nor again has such riding as still goes on in the Row, whether as part of the season's programme or the more serious performances of the liver brigade. But in the country, where the saddle horse was formerly the appanage of every man and most women who could keep one, and the pony of every youngster of moderate situation in life, there is next to nothing to be seen of either now. I have travelled many thousands of miles in various parts of the island in the last few years, and to say that one never meets a man or woman above the farming class, and uncommonly

few of the latter, except in mountain countries, on a horse, is nearly the literal truth that the statement is sufficiently accurate for every practical purpose. How different it was thirty years ago. Riding was looked upon as a regular form of recreation, and to some extent as a means of getting about for social or business purposes. Of course the highway was avoided when practicable in purely pleasure riding, but it was often unavoidable, while the grassy strips by the roadside common to many countries made it going. In the shires they are still deeply furrowed by horses' hoofs but mainly those of horses exercised by grooms.

Where are now the family parties of old days: proud parents, equally proud old coachmen with boys and girls on ponies straining at leading reins, or just emancipated from their thralldom? What is the country doctor in top hat of felt and strapped cord trousers pounding along in the dust? Where are the old gentlemen and their cobs—squires, land agents, substantial attorneys, prosperous farmers? Gone altogether, so far as I can see or hear. Nor was it only among the wealthy or distinctly sporting households in the days that riding was part of an education. Everybody in the country or in the country towns strained a point to keep saddle horses or ponies. It was felt that if a boy or girl could not ride in an ordinary way it would be detrimental to them throughout life, and it would have been as things then were. I do not imagine that outside a very small class there is any such feeling whatever now, and, indeed, there is little cause for it. And it would be interesting to know the proportion of boys who can ride at a public school (Eton perhaps excepted), and compare it with the state of things twenty or thirty years ago. In my school days I am quite sure that the great majority were more or less accustomed to the saddle, and I am equally sure that those who were not would have had some touch of shamefacedness in admitting it. I should not imagine that even the average 'outdoor' youth's dignity would nowadays be in the least bit upset by any such admission. 'Now, Jones, you are thinking of that pony,' was quite a stock form of mild rebuke to the inattentive fourth-form boy in my youth, and was significant no doubt of the ordinary boy's holiday delights. I am quite sure that such a pleasantry nowadays would be hopelessly irrelevant unless directed with special knowledge. The bicycle suggests itself at once as the main cause of all this, though the inference would be hardly accurate, since riding for use or pleasure had been on the wane long before the 'nineties, and there

There is little doubt, I think, but that the minor revolution wrought in country life by lawn tennis at the close of the 'seventies had something to do with it. For this was the first really popular game among the majority of young or active middle-aged people of both sexes ever introduced, and as a means of stimulating social intercourse was quite unique, and, above all, of promoting those small, informal, and friendly gatherings that nearly every one prefers to the more pretentious garden *fêtes* of Arcady.

But lawn tennis chiefly 'caught on' because it appealed to the vigorous and the athletic man, and particularly to the indifferent or lukewarm cricketer, who found in it more sustained enjoyment and achieved greater success than on the then rough wickets of country grounds. Tennis, indeed, gave the first blow to genuine country cricket, now dead or dying in most counties. Where the men went the girls naturally went too, and an active outdoor game in which for the first time they could unite with men on sufficiently equal terms to share their keen feeling of competition and excitement had unprecedented attractions. In short, men and women met with the main object of playing a stimulating active game. Country gatherings ceased to be a bore to the majority, and developed prodigiously on wider lines than hitherto. In the meantime those ungregarious forms of amusement devoid of competition lost zest (for the old croquet had virtually gone out before this time), and among them that of 'equestrian exercise.' Outside hunting families the saddle horse or pony ceased to be worth keeping, while the demand on the harness horse must have steadily increased till cycles came and changed the whole thing. I have already departed sufficiently from the title of this paper to venture more than an allusion to the increase of stimulating outdoor pastimes within the last two decades: the resuscitation of croquet in a vastly improved and fascinating form; of golf, a little revolution in itself and a boon inestimable to men; of hockey, invaluable in winter to suburban and country maidens. And all these distractions, moreover, have been brought to everybody's door by the cycle and the motor, pastimes in themselves to thousands.

And while discussing the manner in which such changes have affected those classes of society from which readers of the CORNHILL are mainly drawn, one must not forget that every class but the very poorest has been equally benefited, and a new life opened to thousands who had hitherto never stirred from home or shop.

Not the least of the blessings wrought by the cycle is the better

knowledge it has given to Britons of the most beautiful country upon earth—their own. One may even venture to hope that a growing fraction are finding fresh pleasures not merely in its physical beauties but in the associations and memories that are enshrined among them. The average Briton gains nothing substantial by foreign travel. He neither mixes with the natives nor speaks their language, but very often abuses both, and nearly always grumbles at the food. The average Briton, too, knows even yet extremely little of his own country. Vast districts of the British islands, infinitely more beautiful than much he wanders far to see, lie virtually fallow and unknown. To put the matter on a lower plane—I confess to some irritation at the vast sums of money one sees being carried out of the country every summer by travellers who would really benefit themselves almost as much as their country by remaining in the latter and making its acquaintance. And while speaking of foreign travel the Americans are without doubt going to be a considerable factor on British roads. They have not figured conspicuously as wheelmen among us, partly because cycling has never been so general in the States, both on account of highway difficulties and social distribution, and partly because of the baggage problem incidental to cycling tours. Indeed, fashionable America has of late taken violently to ‘equestrian exercise’ as a rival to golf in its summer holidays. But now as motorists it threatens to loom large on British highways, and I hear rumours of a great invasion. Such form of progress will especially appeal to American taste, being quick, convenient, and, above all, through scenes which, as a rule, they are better able and more eager to appreciate than the average Englishman himself. As a distributor of money along British highways I venture to think the American motorist is going to be a substantial addition to rural economy. It will be a long time before the roads in America will be comparable with those of Western Europe. Speaking broadly those of the North are fair for driving, but mostly rough for the cycle or motor. South of the Potomac they are still intolerable even for driving almost everywhere, and the saddle horse retains his eighteenth-century position. Moreover, it is in the least attractive parts of the United States that the roads are likely to be first improved for motoring purposes. In the more picturesque States I cannot imagine a motor of any kind within measurable time, and the attempts of cyclists during the brief craze for the wheel in America to grapple with Virginia roads were a frequent source of humorous illustration in the comic

papers. America in this particular is far behind most of the world.

The Canadians, too, enjoyed a cycling boom a few years ago, but, save for occasional working men in the cities, few now use it. The country highways of the older provinces, though sufficiently good for wheeled traffic, are not tempting to the cyclist, and if they were, there are not the same temptations to utilise them as in this country for reasons here irrelevant. Another cause, too, which will drive the American motorist to seek alien pastures is the appalling dust that his machine must raise on an American summer road.

Upon the whole the highways of England are in a fair way to regain much more than their ancient prosperity, if by means less picturesque to the fastidious eye. Many of them will no doubt be put to it to carry their traffic. It is of a truth a strange thing that the coach road should not only spring into life once more but should actually threaten some measure of revenge on its old and ruthless enemy. A glance at the past would seem, as I have already remarked, to make prophetic utterances fatuous. But the motor-car in the nature of things can never be a serious rival to the cycle. For strenuous Britons, after all, will have exercise, and we now know that for very many people there is none better or more exhilarating. But the motor-bicycle may some day develop into a contrivance extremely formidable to the popularity of the ordinary pedalling machine, which has really done such great work both for the country and the town. Since this paper went to press I have covered several hundred miles in the counties of Hereford, Monmouth, and Brecon, and have encountered at least twenty motor-bicycles for every motor-car.

HISTORICAL MYSTERIES.

BY ANDREW LANG.

XII. THE MYSTERY OF THE KIRKS.

No historical problem has proved more perplexing to Englishmen than the nature of the differences between the various Kirks in Scotland. The Southron found that, whether he worshipped in the church of the Established Kirk ('The Auld Kirk'), of the Free Church, or of the United Presbyterian Church (the U.P.'s), it was all the same thing. The nature of the service was exactly similar, though sometimes the congregation stood at prayers, and sometimes it sang; sometimes stood when it sang, and knelt at prayer. In one of the Kirks used a prescribed liturgy. I have been in a Free Kirk which had no pulpit; the pastor stood on a kind of raised platform, like a lecturer in a lecture-room, but that practice is unessential. The Kirks, if I mistake not, have different collections of hymns, which, till recent years, were condemned as 'things of human invention,' and therefore 'idolatrous.' But hymns are now in use, as also are organs, or harmoniums, or other musical instruments. Thus the faces of the Kirks are singularly sisterly:

Facies non omnibus una,
Nec diversa tamen, qualem decet esse sororum.

What, then, the Southron used to ask, is the difference between the Free Church, the Established Church, and the United Presbyterian Church? If the Southron put the question to a Scottish friend, the odds were that the Scottish friend could not answer. He might be a member of the Scottish 'Episcopal' community and as ignorant as any Anglican. Or he might not have made those profound studies in Scottish history which throw glimmering light on this obscure subject.

Indeed, the whole aspect of the mystery has shifted, of late like the colours in a kaleidoscope. The more conspicuous hues are no longer 'Auld Kirk,' 'Free Kirk,' and 'U.P.'s,' but 'Auld Kirk,' 'Free Kirk,' and 'United Free Kirk.' The United Free Kirk was composed, in 1900, of the old 'United Presbyterians' (as old as

847), with the overwhelming majority of the old Free Kirk, while the Free Kirk of the present moment consists of a tiny minority of the old Free Kirk, which declined to join the recent union. By judgment (one may well call it a 'judgment') of the House of Lords (August 1, 1904), the Free Kirk, commonly called 'The Vee Frees,' now possesses the wealth that was the old Free Kirk's before, in 1900, it united with the United Presbyterians, and became the United Free Church. It is to be hoped that common sense will discover some 'outgait,' or issue, from this distressing imbroglio. In the words which Mr. R. L. Stevenson, then a sage of twenty-four, penned in 1874, we may say 'Those who are at all open to a feeling of national disgrace look forward eagerly to such a possibility; they have been witnesses already too long to the strife that has divided this small corner of Christendom.' The eternal schisms of the Kirk, said R. L. S., exhibit 'something pitiful for the pitiful man, but bitterly humorous for others.'

The humour of the present situation is only too manifest. Two generations ago about half of the ministers of the Kirk of Scotland left their manse and pleasant glebes for the sake of certain ideas. Of these ideas they abandoned some, or left them in suspense, a few years since, and, as a result, they have lost, if only for the moment, their manse, stipends, colleges, and pleasant glebes.

Why should all these things be so? The answer can only be found in the history—and a history both sad and bitterly humorous it is—of the Reformation in Scotland. When John Knox died, on November 24, 1572, a decent burgess of Edinburgh wrote in his Diary, 'John Knox, minister, deceased, who had, as was alleged, the most part of the blame of all the sorrows of Scotland, since the slaughter of the late Cardinal,' Beaton, murdered at St. Andrews in 1546. 'The sorrows of Scotland' had endured, when Knox died, for but twenty-six years. Since his death, 332 years have gone by, and the present sorrows of the United Free Kirk are the direct, though distant, result of some of the ideas of John Knox.

The whole trouble springs from his peculiar notions, and the notions of his followers, about the relations between Church and State. In 1843, half the ministers of the Established Kirk in Scotland, or more, left the Kirk, and went into the wilderness, for what they believed to be the ideal of Knox. In 1904 they have again a prospect of a similar exodus, because they are no longer rigid adherents of the very same ideal! A tiny minority of some twenty-seven ministers clings to what it considers to be the Knoxian

ideal, and is rewarded by all the wealth bestowed on the Free Kirk by pious benefactors during sixty years.

The quarrel, for 344 years (1560–1904), has been, we know, about the relations of Church and State. The Disruption of 1843, the departure of the Free Kirk out of the Established Kirk, arose thus, according to Lord Macnaghten, who gave one of the two opinions in favour of the United Free Kirk's claim to the possessions held by the Free Kirk before its union, in 1900, with the United Presbyterians. Before 1843, there were, says the sympathetic judge, two parties in the Established Church—the 'Moderates' and the 'Evangelicals' (also called 'The Wild Men,' 'the Highland Host,' or 'the High Flyers'). The Evangelicals became the majority, and

they carried matters with a high hand. They passed Acts in the Assembly . . . altogether beyond the competence of a Church established by law. . . . The State refused to admit their claims. The strong arm of the law restrained their extravagances. Still they maintained that their proceedings were justified, and required by the doctrine of the Headship of Christ . . . to which they attached peculiar and extraordinary significance.

Now the State, in 1838–1843, could not and would not permit these 'extravagances' in a State-paid Church. The Evangelical party therefore seceded, maintaining, as one of their leaders said, that 'we are still the Church of Scotland, the only Church that deserves the name, the only Church that can be known and recognised by the maintaining of those principles to which the Church of our fathers was true when she was on the mountain and on the field, when she was under persecution, when she was an outcast from the world.'

Thus the Free Kirk was *the* Kirk, and the Established Kirk was heretical, was what Knox would have called 'ane rottin Laodicean.' Now the fact is that the Church of Scotland had been, since August 1560, a Kirk established by law (or by what was said to be a legal Parliament), yet had never, perhaps, for an hour attained its own full ideal relation to the State; had never been granted its full claims, but only so much or so little of these as the political situation compelled the State to concede, or enabled it to withdraw. There had always been members of the Kirk who claimed all that the Free Kirk claimed in 1843; but they never got quite as much as they asked; they often got much less than they wanted; and the full sum of their desires could be granted by no State to a State-paid Church. Entire independence could be obtained only by cutting

the Church adrift from the State. The Free Kirk, then, did cut themselves adrift, but they kept on maintaining that they were *the* Church of Scotland, and that the State *ought* in duty to establish and maintain *them*, while granting them absolute independence.

The position was stated thus, in 1851, by an Act and Declaration of the Free Kirk's Assembly :

She holds still, *and through God's grace ever will hold*, that it is the duty of civil rulers to recognise the truth of God according to His Word, and to promote and support the Kingdom of Christ without assuming any jurisdiction in it, or any power over it. . . .

The State, in fact, if we may speak carnally, ought to pay the piper, but must not presume to call the tune.

Now we touch a skirt of the mystery, what was the difference between the Free Kirk and the United Presbyterians, who, since 1900, have been blended with that body ? The difference was that the Free Kirk held it to be the duty of the State to establish *her*, and leave her perfect independence ; while the United Presbyterians maintained the absolutely opposite opinion—namely, that the State cannot, and must not, establish any Church, or pay any Church out of the national resources. When the two Kirks united, in 1900, then, the Free Kirk either abandoned the doctrine of which, in 1851, she said that 'she holds it still, and through God's grace ever will hold it,' or she regarded it as a mere pious opinion, which did not prevent her from coalescing with a Kirk of contradictory ideas. The tiny minority—the Wee Frees, the Free Kirk of to-day—would not accept this compromise, 'hence these tears,' to leave differences in purely metaphysical theology out of view.

Now the root of all the trouble, all the schisms and sufferings of more than three centuries, lies, as we have said, in some of the ideas of John Knox, and one asks, of what Kirk would John Knox be, if he were alive in the present state of affairs ? I venture to think that the venerable Reformer would be found in the ranks of the Established Kirk, 'the Auld Kirk.' He would not have gone out into the wilderness in 1843, and he would most certainly have opposed the ideas of the United Presbyterians. This theory may surprise at a first glance, but it has been reached after many hours of earnest consideration.

Knox's ideas, as far as he ever reasoned them out, reposed on this impregnable rock. namely that Calvinism, as held by himself, was an absolutely certain thing in every detail. If the State or 'the civil magistrate,' as he put the case, entirely agreed with

id ~~the~~ Knox was delighted that the State should ~~regard~~
 b. ~~the~~ The magistrate was to put down Catholicism, and ~~to~~
~~bring~~ from the truth as it was in John Knox, with ~~the~~
 ab ~~the~~ engine of the law, corporal punishment, prison, ~~and~~
 th ~~the~~ If the State was ready and willing to do all this, ~~it~~
 th ~~the~~ was to be implicitly obeyed in matters of religion, and ~~it~~
 op ~~the~~ in its hands was God-given—in fact the State was ~~in~~
 sid ~~the~~ aspect of the Church. Looking at the State in this ~~it~~
 Ur ~~the~~ Knox writes about the obedience due to the magistrate
 pa ~~the~~ religious, after the manner of what, in this country, was
 'M ~~the~~ the fiercest 'Erastianism.' The State 'rules the ~~the~~
 'th ~~the~~ matters of religion, and may do what Laud and Charles
 bec ~~the~~ in attempting, may alter forms of worship—always?

they ~~the~~ that the State absolutely agrees with the Kirk.
 alto ~~the~~ Thus under Edward VI., Knox would have desired the sec
 Stat ~~the~~ in England, the civil magistrate, to forbid people to kneel
 extr ~~the~~ celebration of the Sacrament. That was entirely within
 requ ~~the~~ of the State, simply and solely because Knox de
 pecu ~~the~~ people should *not* kneel. But when, long after Knox's de

I ~~the~~ civil magistrate insisted, in Scotland, that people should kneel
 these ~~the~~ holders of Knox's ideas denied that the magistrate (James VI.)
 party ~~the~~ any right to issue such an order, and they refused to ob
 that ~~the~~ remaining within the Established Church. They did
 deser ~~the~~ like the Free Church; they simply acted as they pleas
 nised ~~the~~ denounced their obedient brethren as no 'lawful minister
 of our ~~the~~ of it all was that they stirred up the Civil War, in wh
 field, ~~the~~ shot was fired by the legendary Jenny Geddes throw
 from ~~the~~ at the reader in St. Giles's. Thus we see that the State w

Th ~~the~~ obeyed in matters of religion when the State did the bidd
 heretic ~~the~~ Kirk, and not otherwise. When first employed as a 'license
 Now ~~the~~ and agent of the State in England, Knox accepted j
 1560, ~~the~~ of the State's liturgy as he pleased; the liturgy orde
 Parlia ~~the~~ people to kneel, Knox and his Berwick congregation disobeyed
 full id ~~the~~ equal freedom, he and the other royal chaplains, at Easte
 claims ~~the~~ before the King, denounced his ministers, Northumber
 tion co ~~the~~ the rest. Knox spoke of them in his sermon as Judas
 There ~~the~~ and some other scriptural malignants. Later he said the
 the Fre ~~the~~ having put things sc ~~the~~ ought to have called
 as they ~~the~~ by their names, not ~~the~~ a hint. Now we
 full sum ~~the~~ conceive a chaplain ~~the~~ ty, in a sermon
 Church. ~~the~~ her, denouncing ~~the~~ the Exchequer.

say Mr. Gladstone, as 'Judas.' Yet Knox, a licensed preacher of a State Church, indulged his 'spiritual independence' to that extent, and took shame to himself that he had not gone further.

Obviously, if this is 'Erastianism,' it is of an unusual kind. The idea of Knox is that in a Catholic State the ruler is not to be obeyed in religious matters by the true believers; sometimes Knox wrote that the Catholic ruler ought to be met by 'passive resistance'; sometimes that he ought to be shot at sight. He stated these diverse doctrines in the course of eighteen months. In a Protestant country, the Catholics must obey the Protestant ruler, or take their chances of prison, exile, fire and death. The Protestant ruler, in a Protestant State, is to be obeyed, in spiritual matters, by Protestants, just as far as the Kirk may happen to approve of his proceedings, or even further, in practice, if there is no chance of successful resistance.

We may take it that Knox, if he had been alive and retained his old ideas in 1843, would not have gone out of the Established Church with the Free Church, because, in his time, he actually did submit to many State regulations of which he did not approve. For example, he certainly did not approve of bishops, and had no bishops in the Kirk as established on his model in 1560. But, twelve years later, bishops were reintroduced by the State, in the person of the Regent Morton, a ruffian, and Knox did not retire to 'the mountain and the fields,' but made the most practical efforts to get the best terms possible for the Kirk. He was old and outworn, and he remained in the Established Kirk, and advised no man to leave it. It was his theory again, as it was that of the Free Kirk, that there should be no 'patronage,' no presentation of ministers to cures by the patron. The congregations were to choose and 'call' any properly qualified person, at their own pleasure, as they do now in all the Kirks, including (since 1874) the Established Church. But the State, in Knox's lifetime, overrode this privilege of the Church. The most infamous villain of the period, Archibald Douglas, was presented to the Kirk of Glasgow, and, indeed, the nobles made many such presentations of unscrupulous and ignorant cadets to important livings. Morton gave a bishopric to one of the murderers of Riccio! Yet Knox did not advise a secession; he merely advised that non-residence, or a scandalous life, or erroneous doctrine, on the part of the person presented, should make his presentation 'null and of no force or effect, and this to have place also in the nomination of the bishops.'

Thus Knox was, on occasion, something of an opportunist. If alive in 1843, he would probably have remained in the Establishment, and worked for that abolition of 'patronage' which was secured, from within, in 1874. If this conjecture is right the Free Kirk was more Knoxian than John Knox, and departed from his standard. He was capable of sacrificing a good deal of 'spiritual independence' rather than break with the State. Many times, long after he was dead, the National Church, under stress of circumstances, accepted compromises.

Knox knew the difference between the ideal and the practical. It was the ideal that all non-convertible Catholics 'should die the death.' But the ideal was never made real: the State was not prepared to oblige the Kirk in this matter. It was the ideal that any of 'the brethren,' conscious of a vocation, and seeing a good opportunity, should treat an impenitent Catholic ruler as Jehu treated Jezebel. But if any brother had consulted Knox as to the propriety of assassinating Queen Mary, in 1561-67, he would have found out his mistake, and probably have descended the Reformer's stairs much more rapidly than he mounted them.

Yet Knox, though he could submit to compromise, really had a remarkably mystical idea of what the Kirk was, and of the attributes of her clergy. The editor of 'The Free Church Union Case,' Mr. Taylor Innes (himself author of a biography of the Reformer), writes, in his preface to 'The Judgment of the House of Lords': 'The Church of Scotland, as a Protestant Church, had its origin in the year 1560, for its first Confession dates from August, and its first Assembly from December in that year.' In fact, the Confession was accepted and passed as law, by a very dubiously legal Convention of the Estates, in August 1560. But Knox certainly conceived that the Protestant Church *in*, if not *of*, Scotland existed long before that date, and before that date it possessed 'the power of the Keys,' and even, it would perhaps seem, 'the power of the Sword.' To his mind, as soon as a local set of men of his own opinions met, and chose a pastor and preacher, who also administered the Sacraments, the Protestant Church was 'a Church in being.' The Catholic Church, then by law established, was, Knox held, no Church at all; her priests were not 'lawful ministers,' her Pope was the man of Sin, *ex officio*, and the Church was 'the Kirk of the malignants'—'a lady of pleasure in Babylon bred.'

On the other hand, the real Church—it might be of but 200 men—was confronting the Kirk of the malignants, and alone was

genuine. The State did not make and could not unmake 'the Trew Church,' but was bound to establish, foster, *and obey it*.

It was this last proviso which caused 130 years of bloodshed and 'persecution' and general arrest in Scotland, from 1559 to 1690. Why was the Kirk so often out 'in the heather,' and hunted like a partridge in the field and the mountain? The answer is that when the wilder spirits of the Kirk were not being persecuted they were persecuting the State and bullying the individual subject. All this arose from Knox's idea of the Church. To constitute the Church no more was needed than a local set of Calvinistic Protestants and 'a lawful minister.' To constitute a lawful minister, at first (later far more was needed), no more was needed than a 'call' to a preacher from a local set of Calvinistic Protestants. But, when once the 'call' was given and accepted, that 'lawful minister' was, by the theory, as superior to the laws of the State as the celebrated emperor was superior to grammar. A few 'lawful ministers' of this kind possessed 'the power of the Keys'; they could hand anybody over to Satan by excommunicating the man, and apparently they could present 'the power of the Sword' to any town council, which could then decree capital punishment against any Catholic priest who celebrated Mass, as, by the law of the State, he was in duty bound to do. Such were the moderate and reasonable claims of Knox's Kirk in May 1559, even before it was accepted by the Convention of Estates in August 1560. It was because, not the Church, but the wilder spirits among the ministers, persevered in these claims, that the State, when it got the chance, drove them into moors and mosses, and hanged not a few of them.

I have never found these facts frankly stated by any historian or by any biographer of Knox, except by the Reformer himself, partly in his 'History,' partly in his letters to a lady of his acquaintance. The mystery of the Kirks turns on the Knoxian conception of the 'lawful minister,' and his claim to absolutism.

To give examples, Knox himself, about 1540-43, was 'a priest of the altar,' 'one of Baal's shaven sort.' On that score he later claimed nothing. After the murder of Cardinal Beaton, the murderers and their associates, forming a congregation in the Castle of St. Andrews, gave Knox a call to be their preacher. He was now 'a lawful minister.' In May 1559 he, with about four or five equally lawful ministers, two of them converted friars, one of them a baker, and one, Harlow, a tailor, were in company with their Protestant backers, who destroyed the monasteries in Perth, and

the altars and ornaments of the church there. They at once claimed 'the power of the Keys,' and threatened to excommunicate such of their allies as did not join them in arms. They, 'the brethren,' also denounced capital punishment against any priest who celebrated Mass at Perth. Now the lawful ministers could not think of hanging the priests themselves. They must therefore have somehow bestowed 'the power of the Sword' on the baillies and town council of Perth, I presume, for the Regent, Mary of Guise, when she entered the town, dismissed these men from office which was regarded as an unlawful and perfidious act on her part. Again, in the summer of 1560, the baillies of Edinburgh—where Catholicism was still by law established—denounced the death-penalty against recalcitrant Catholics. The Kirk also allotted lawful ministers to several of the large towns, and thus established herself before she was established by the Estates in August 1560. Thus nothing could be more free, and more absolute, than the Kirk in her early bloom. On the other hand, as we saw, even in Knox's lifetime, the State, having the upper hand under the Regent Morton, a strong man, introduced prelacy of a modified kind and patronage did not restore to the Kirk her 'patrimony'—the lands of the old Church; and hanged only one priest, not improbably for a certain reason of a private character.

There was thus, from the first, a battle between the Protestant Church and State. At various times one preacher declared that he himself was the one solitary 'lawful minister' in Scotland; and one of these men, Mr. Cargill, excommunicated Charles II.; while another, Mr. Renwick, denounced a war of assassination against the Government. Both gentlemen were hanged.

These were extreme assertions of 'spiritual independence,' as to the Kirk as a body, or the majority of the preachers, protesting against such conduct, which might be the logical development of the doctrine of the 'lawful minister,' but was, in practice, highly inconvenient. The Kirk, as a whole, was loyal.

Sometimes the State, under a strong man like Morton, or James Stewart, Earl of Arran (a thorough-paced ruffian), put down these pretensions of the Church. At other times, as when Andrew Melville led the Kirk, under James VI., she maintained that there was but one king in Scotland, Christ, and that the actual king, the lad, James VI., was but 'Christ's silly vassal.' He was supreme in temporal matters, but the judicature of the Church was supreme in spiritual matters.

This sounds perfectly fair, but who was to decide what matters were spiritual and what were temporal? The Kirk claimed the right to decide that question; consequently it could give a spiritual colour to any problem of statesmanship: for example, a royal marriage, trade with Catholic countries, which the Kirk forbade, or the expulsion of the Catholic peers. 'There is a judgment above yours,' said the Rev. Mr. Pont to James VI., 'and that is God's; *put in the hand of the ministers*, for "we shall judge the angels," saith the apostle.' Again, "'Ye shall sit upon twelve thrones and judge'" (quoted Mr. Pont), 'which is chiefly referred to the apostles, and consequently to ministers.'

Things came to a head in 1596. The King asked the representatives of the Kirk whether he might call home certain earls, banished for being Catholics, if they 'satisfied the Kirk.' The answer was that he might not. Knox had long before maintained that 'a prophet' might preach treason (he is quite explicit), and that the prophet, and whoever carried his preaching into practical effect, would be blameless. A minister was accused, at this moment, of preaching treason, and he declined to be judged except by men of his own cloth. If they acquitted him, as they were morally certain to do, what Court of Appeal could reverse the decision of men who claimed to 'judge angels'? A riot arose in Edinburgh, the King seized his opportunity, he grasped his nettle, the municipal authorities backed him, and, in effect, the claims of true ministers thenceforth gave little trouble till the folly of Charles I. led to the rise of the Covenant. The Sovereign had overshot his limits of power as wildly as ever the Kirk had tried to do, and the result was that the Kirk, having now the nobles and the people in arms on her side, was absolutely despotic for about twelve years. Her final triumph was to resist the Estates in Parliament, with success, and lay Scotland open to the Cromwellian conquest. What Plantagenets and Tudors could never do Noll effected: he conquered Scotland, the Kirk having paralysed the State. The preachers found that Cromwell was a perfect 'Malignant,' that he would not suffer prophets to preach treason, nor even allow the General Assembly to meet. Angels they might judge if they pleased, but not Ironsides; excommunication and 'Kirk discipline' were suppressed; even witches were less frequently burned. The preachers, Cromwell said, 'had done their do,' had shot their bolt.

At this time they split into two parties: the Extremists, calling themselves 'the godly,' and the men of milder mood.

Charles II., at the Restoration, ought probably to have sided with the milder party, some of whom were anxious to see their fierce brethren banished to Orkney, out of the way. But Charles's motto was 'Never again,' and by a pettifogging fraud he reintroduced bishops without the hated liturgy. After years of risings and suppressions the ministers were brought to submission, accepting an 'indulgence' from the State, while but a few upholders of the old pretensions of the clergy stood out in the wildernesses of South-western Scotland. There might be three or four of them, there might be only one, but they, or he, to the mind of 'the Remnant,' were the only 'lawful ministers.' At the Revolution of 1688-9 the Remnant did not accept the compromise under which the Presbyterian Kirk was re-established. They stood out, breaking into many sects; the spiritual descendants of most of these blended into one body as 'The United Presbyterian Kirk' in 1847. In the Established Kirk the Moderates were the majority till about 1837, when the inheritors of those extreme views which Knox compromised with, and which the majority of ministers disclaimed before the Revolution of 1688, obtained the upper hand. They had planted the remotest parishes of the Highlands with their own kind of ministers, who swamped, in 1838, the votes of the Lowland Moderates, exactly as, under James VI., Highland 'Moderates' had swamped the votes of the Lowland Extremists. The majority of Extremists, or most of them, left the Kirk in 1843, and made the Free Kirk. In 1900, when the Free Kirk joined the United Presbyterians, it was Highland ministers, mainly, who formed the minority of twenty-seven, or so, who would not accept the new union, and now constitute the actual Free Kirk, or Wee Frees, and possess the endowments of the old Free Kirk of 1843. We can scarcely say *Beati possidentes*.

It has been shown, or I have tried, erroneously or not, to show that, wild and impossible as were the ideal claims of Knox, of Andrew Melville, of Mr. Pont, and others, the old Scottish Kirk of 1560, by law established, was capable of giving up or suppressing these claims, even under Knox, and even while the Covenant remained in being. The mass of the ministers, after the return of Charles II. before Worcester fight, before bloody Dunbar, were not irreconcilables. The Auld Kirk, the Kirk Established, has some right to call herself the Church of Scotland by historical continuity, while the opposite claimants, the men of 1843 may seem rather to descend from people like young Renwick, the last

hero who died for their ideas, but not, in himself, the only 'lawful minister' between Tweed and Cape Wrath. 'Other times, other manners.' All the Kirks are perfectly loyal; now none persecutes; interference with private life, 'Kirk discipline,' is a vanishing minimum; and, but for this recent 'garboil' (as our old writers put it) we might have said that, under differences of nomenclature, all the Kirks are united at last, in the only union worth having, that of peace and goodwill. That union may be restored, let us hope, by good temper and common sense, qualities that have not hitherto been conspicuous in the ecclesiastical history of Scotland.

A TEN-THOUSAND-POUND NOTE.

ONE Saturday afternoon in April, Mr. James Bellamy, bank clerk, was working in his front garden at Teddington. The wind was blowing hard, and the neat flower-beds were littered with drifting paper.

'I wish people would burn their confounded waste-paper,' muttered Mr. Bellamy, 'instead of chucking it into my road.'

He bent to the task of cleaning up, and as he crushed the scraps of paper into tight balls, he tossed each one over his front fence. Mr. Bellamy was not more consistent than his neighbours. Suddenly, in the midst of this useful labour, he stopped, while in the act to throw one of the balls into the road. He was a bank clerk, and his highly educated fingers recognised the familiar texture of that which they held. Therefore, instead of throwing the bit of paper away, Mr. Bellamy straightened it out and looked at it carefully. Then he crumpled it up again, cast it on the ground, and seized a hoe. For some minutes he worked frightful havoc among the roots of his rose-trees.

'Hullo!' he cried, staring at the ruin. 'This will not do. I must be calm. Some neighbour is playing a joke upon me.'

Once more he picked up the piece of white paper and went with it into his house.

'I must look into this,' he murmured, smiling. 'For a moment I was quite taken in. It is really a very creditable imitation.'

He unfolded the banknote without emotion. 'The sum is handsome,' said he. 'Ten thousand pounds! The joker might have made it a million while he was about it. But the joke is lost upon me. Most men, who had not been trained in a bank, would really have believed it to be genuine. That is not the case with me, for when I hold it up to the light, the imitation ——' The clerk turned pale and gasped. 'Bless my soul!' he muttered. For fully five minutes he held the £10,000 note against a window-pane, and then dropped, exhausted, into a chair.

'Bless my soul!' he whispered again. 'It is the real thing.'

When his faculties had reshaped themselves, Bellamy was able to observe that the note had been issued by the Bank of

England just three days before, and that it bore no marks of ownership upon it. Then, in order to gain time for thought, he locked the valuable document in his cashbox, and returned to his garden.

One is pained to have to record that Mr. Bellamy instantly decided to say nothing to his wife of his surprising discovery. This secrecy was due not to lack of affection, but to distrust of the female moral instinct. He felt sure that Mrs. Bellamy would give expression to an inconsiderate eagerness to discover the true owner of the note; whereas he himself, though strictly honest in all his dealings, was more than willing to give his luck a chance.

During the next few days, Mr. Bellamy's placid face gave no sign of the agitation which it concealed, and he continued to cast long columns of figures with accuracy. Habit had taught him how to fulfil his daily duties without drawing upon his intelligence, and the mind of the man was thus conveniently set free to think in the midst of his work. His experience as a bank clerk was a sound guide to him. 'The chances,' thought Bellamy, 'are at least 1,000 to 1 that the note has been stopped, and that it is waste paper except in the hands of a *bonâ fide* holder for value. Now I am emphatically not a *bonâ fide* holder for value. Picking up property in one's garden does not carry a title to it; such is the scandalous partiality of the law. One who picks up, say a sovereign, may keep it without much hurt to his conscience, because an unmarked coin cannot be claimed by its owner. A banknote, on the other hand, is as easily identified as a house. It is possible that even now my silent retention of this note brings me within the shadow of punishment. This is a grave matter, and from minds less far-sighted than mine the future might conceal dangers. Let me trace the probable course of events.

'As soon as the owner of the note discovered his loss he would telegraph to the Bank of England particulars of its number and date. He would then either wait for an ignorant finder to present it, and to be detained by the Bank, or he would advertise, offering a reward for the return of his property. He has not advertised in any newspaper which I have watched; therefore, he is waiting for presentation. Now, not being a fool, I shall not present it. Neither will I attempt to send the note abroad. It is too big, ten times too big. How, then, can I make a profit out of my discovery? Early by myself discovering the owner, and by putting discreet moral pressure upon him in order to extract an adequate reward—

say £500. I could do nicely with £500 just now. Honesty such as mine is surely worth an adequate reward.'

Being satisfied of the shrewdness of this reasoning, Mr. Bellamy drew up an advertisement and sent it to several London journals, prudently avoiding that one which was commonly favoured by his wife. He had doubts whether Mrs. Bellamy's untrained moral sense would grasp the commercial integrity of his plans; that she would fully appreciate the propriety of accepting a reward, when it took the desirable form of £500, he had no doubt whatever. With these subtle reasonings did Bellamy justify his secrecy.

His advertisement was ingeniously drafted. He announced the discovery in Teddington of a wandering banknote for a large amount, and he invited the owner to send full particulars for identification to 'J. B.' at a certain address in London. The address was that of his tobacconist. Thus he aimed at getting the name of the owner before he himself disclosed his own.

The advertisement appeared, and Bellamy awaited an answer. To his immense astonishment, not one came.

'Well, I'm blown!' said he, after another week had passed. 'This clean beats me.'

A far cleverer man than our Bellamy might reasonably have felt astonishment. That a £10,000 note should wander about near London on the wings of the wind without any attempt being made by its owner to recover it was beyond ordinary British experience. There was quite an Oriental flavour about this placid indifference to legal tender.

'I am beginning to doubt,' said Bellamy, after yet another blank week, 'whether this amazing owner has even troubled to stop payment of his note. What is £10,000 to him! The income of a day, an hour, a minute! Let the finder keep it, and be happy! The man must be a billionaire.' A momentary distrust of his own practised sense drove him to a renewed scrutiny of the note. 'There is no doubt of its genuineness,' he concluded. 'I would accept it any day at the office, and I have been a cashier for fifteen years. It is a Bank of England note, sure enough.'

The failure of his efforts to find the owner brought him some feelings of disappointment. He had reckoned to clear £500 without risk, and he not unreasonably held that five hundred sovereigns in hand were worth twenty times that sum in paper of doubtful negotiability. 'The chances,' he observed, 'are still heavily in favour of the note being stopped, though they are not nearly so

great as they were. Why, in thunder, is not my advertisement answered?' He had friends in the Issue Department of the Bank of England, and he had some thought of getting the list of stopped notes examined on his behalf, but he shied at the risk. No issue clerk would endanger his situation to gratify the mere curiosity of an acquaintance, and Bellamy shrank from giving a better reason than curiosity. Indeed, Bellamy was rapidly finding himself in the suspicious man's dilemma—he could not move without trusting someone, and he feared that trusting anyone would take him a long stride towards a prison.

Many readers may wonder why Mr. Bellamy did not walk boldly to the Bank of England and present the note for payment. He had done no wrong. The note had been blown into his garden, and he had made a real effort to discover its lawful possessor. The spoils of discovery were then fairly his due. If the note were stopped, he could explain how he was driven to present it; if it were not, he would be the richer by a couple of hundredweight of sovereigns. There was no danger, and a prospect of vast reward! A man without Bellamy's special knowledge would very probably have taken this bold course, and, perhaps, have retired from business on the spoils of his courage. But in Bellamy, the bank clerk, knowledge was too great for such courage. He was aware that he ought at once to have carried the lost note to the Bank, explained how he had found it, and left it to the Bank itself to trace the owner. And being a bank clerk, no plea of ignorance would avail with a British jury if he sought to negotiate the note as his own. He was not a dishonest man—gold flowed through his hands every day, and not a coin had ever stuck to them—still it must be admitted that his conduct in the matter of the £10,000 note was not honest, either in that which we have told or in that which we have yet to tell. But he had only £250 a year and a rising family, and £10,000 put a heavy strain on virtue.

Mr. Bellamy found the note in April, and though all his plans concerning it were fully thought out before summer came, yet the piece of paper lay hidden in his cashbox until the last week in July. On the 25th of that month his annual holiday began. 'I will run over to Boulogne for a week,' said he to his wife, 'and then take you and the boys to Deal for a fortnight.' He embraced Mrs. Bellamy in farewell, and as her pretty eyes filled with tears at the shock of parting, his heart grew sore within him. He longed to tell her why he was going, and the risk he was about to run, but he

dared not. 'It is for her and the boys,' he murmured, 'all for her and the boys. She will forgive me when it is over.'

Mr. Bellamy left London for Boulogne that evening, and early next morning Mr. George Montgomery engaged a room at the Hôtel de l'Europe. At noon on the same day, Mr. Montgomery walked to the Boulogne office of the Crédit Français and sent in a card to the manager. Instantly the manager, a fat Belgian, strongly flavoured with Jew, rushed out of his room.

'My lord,' cried he in fluent English, 'I grieve that you should wait even for an instant in this public office. Will milord condescend to honour my poor apartment?'

'Sir George Montgomery, Bart.,' read the manager when his visitor was seated before him; 'Sir George Montgomery, Bart., of Oaklands Hall, Cheshire. I await with eagerness the proposals of Sir George Montgomery, Bart.'

'I have not come to borrow money,' said Bellamy.

'Ah, no. An English milord, of Oaklands Hall, Cheshire, in need to borrow money! I laugh.'

'The deuce you do,' muttered Bellamy. 'Fancy running a bank to this tune. I want to pay some money in,' he said aloud.

'To pay money in!' screamed the Belgian. 'What condescension! What gracious patronage!'

'I wonder if all the clerks talk like this,' thought Bellamy. 'Thank heaven, I am an Englishman.'

'And with how much of his wealth does milord deign to entrust us?'

'Two hundred and fifty thousand francs,' said Bellamy.

'*Magnifique!*' yelled the Belgian. 'How great a people are the English!'

'Let us get to business,' said Bellamy brusquely.

'Ah, milord is calm. The English are a great people. Two hundred and fifty thousand francs, ten thousand English pounds, and he is calm. Milord would speak serenely of a milliard!'

'I have come to France,' said Bellamy, 'to purchase certain properties, and I have brought £10,000 with me for the purpose. Now I do not care to carry this sum in my pocket-book, or to leave it at my hotel. I wish, instead, to place it on deposit with you at seven days' notice.'

'At interest?' queried the Belgian sharply.

'Four per cent.,' said Bellamy.

'Milord plays with us poor Frenchmen. Four per cent., and seven days' notice! Milord must be content with 3 per cent.'

'Four per cent.,' returned Bellamy firmly, for he was determined to play a part which made suspicion impossible.

'Three and a quarter per cent.,' pleaded the Belgian.

'Four per cent.,' said Bellamy.

The manager was wrapped about with gesticulations expressive of remonstrance.

Bellamy rose to go. 'Please yourself, monsieur,' he said; 'I can deposit the money upon my own terms in Paris.'

'Ah! these terrible English,' groaned the Belgian. 'Milord shall have 4 per cent.; but will he not concede a little in his turn? Allow us fourteen days' notice of withdrawal.'

'Seven days,' said Bellamy.

The manager spread out his hands in despair. 'We are crushed by the English. Four per cent., and seven days' notice; what profit is there in terms like these?'

Bellamy drew out the £10,000 note and laid it on the table.

'Ah! it is all in one note.' The Belgian lifted the piece of paper, and gazed at it with reverence. 'What a picture, what an incomparable picture it presents! I cannot bring myself to refuse so fair a masterpiece.' He scribbled a receipt, and passed it to Bellamy, who moved to leave the room. 'One moment, milord. Milord will pardon me, but it is usual in cases like this to charge a small, a very small, commission to cover the cost of changing a note. Milord will pay a very small commission?'

'Not one farthing,' said Bellamy.

When he reached the street, Bellamy wiped his forehead and breathed heavily. 'So that is done,' he murmured. 'Now if the note has been stopped, Sir George Montgomery will speedily disappear; but if not, he will presently draw a large cheque to the order of Mr. James Bellamy.'

On the following morning, Bellamy, who dropped his baronetcy at the hotel doors, was sitting in the smoking-room reading the English papers when a waiter approached him.

'Is monsieur Sir George Montgomery, Bart.?' asked the man.

'Curse the fool,' groaned Bellamy as those sitting near him gazed at the title. 'Why do you ask?'

'I have here a letter addressed to Sir George Montgomery, Bart., and knowing that monsieur's name ——'

'All right,' snapped Bellamy; 'give it to me.'

The note was from the Belgian bank manager, and ran as follows :

Milord,—The condescension of your visit yesterday and the brilliant flavour of your conversation rendered confused an intellect which is usually master of itself. But the genius of the English is too bright for common minds ; it dazzles and blinds them, whether in the peaceful paths of commerce or on the glorious field of battle. Ah, milord, I am by birth a Belgian, and the recollection of Waterloo ever calls tears to my eyes. What genius was there in the great Wellington who led us Belgians to victory ! But pause, I am now a Frenchman and so to write is treason. *Hélas !*

Your swift mind will leap to my meaning. The *Crédit Français* has rules, and each client, however nobly born, gives to us a reference ; it is of presumption inexcusable, but I am the slave of rules. Will milord graciously favour me with the name of his English bankers ?

Accept, milord, &c.

AUGUSTE LEBLANC.

The book of the English peerage called 'Debrett' omits milord's honoured name. How great a fault is that of M. Debrett ! I laugh.

'Oh the deuce !' groaned Bellamy. 'He has been looking me up in "Debrett." Confound the man. I had hoped he was even as complete an ass as he seemed. It's very difficult to be honest. I have swindled no man, for have I not repeatedly invited the owner of the note to declare himself ? Yet it looks very much as if I shall be compelled to forge a banker's reference. Thank Heaven for one thing—I am outside the jurisdiction of the English High Court.'

Sir George Montgomery, Bart. (he wrote), has received the communication of M. Leblanc, and has noted its contents. He would have supposed that £10,000 in English legal tender was a sufficient reference, especially as he was merely depositing the money for a short time with the *Crédit Français*. He must ask M. Leblanc to continue to hold the sum deposited to his credit until Sir George Montgomery, Bart., has communicated with his English bankers. The errors in 'Debrett's Peerage' have no interest for Sir George Montgomery, Bart.

The rest of that day passed without any reply from the manager, and Bellamy felt in greater comfort. His principal object was to get the note presented to, and cashed by, the Bank of England, and he still hoped to get this done without calling in the help of forgery. Once the great question of the negotiability of the £10,000 note was determined, he did not care how soon he got quit of the *Crédit Français*. All this time Bellamy had looked upon his advertisement as a thing which was completely done with ; but he was now to be abruptly reminded of the permanence of print.

He had instructed his wife to forward letters to him at the *Poste Restante*, Boulogne, and on the morning succeeding his

correspondence with M. Leblanc he found a packet awaiting him at the Post Office. Among the letters was one having the appearance of a bill. He opened it in some annoyance, and then shivered with surprise and terror. For the outside cover enclosed a second envelope addressed to 'J. B.' 'Heavens!' he wailed. 'It's the billionaire at last!'

His first impulse was to destroy the letter unread; but his native honesty—and, it must be admitted, his prudence—compelled him to overcome it. The appropriation of unclaimed property was in quite a different moral category from the stealing of that which was claimed, and was besides alarmingly dangerous. And it had been made fifty times more dangerous by the steps which he had recently taken to realise the note. So he decided to read the letter, and to be guided by its contents. It ran thus:

Sir,—Your advertisement has been before us since April last, but as our client had unfortunately lost his memorandum recording the number of his banknote as well as the note itself, we were unable to establish an earlier claim to it on his behalf. He is now in possession of the number, and we are prepared to prove the following facts. On April 11 last our client, while in Bushey Park, dropped his pocket-book and a banknote for £10,000 was blown from it and could not be recovered. The note is dated April 9 and is numbered A/32,000184. We find that it has not been presented for payment. If the large note which you advertised as being found by you is the one which our client has lost, will you kindly put yourself into communication with us. We may add that our client wishes to compensate you for the efforts you have made to discover his identity, and to express his sense of your integrity in making no effort to dispose of the unclaimed property.

Your obedient servants,

GATEPATHS.

'Gatepaths!' shrieked Bellamy. 'And I thought to squeeze a reward out of the note's owner! I shall be lucky if I can save my own skin. One could humbug the Lord Chief Justice more easily than get round Gatepaths.'

A second perusal of the letter only increased his concern. 'They are soft and purring now that they believe in my integrity, but what will happen when the note is presented through the *Crédit Français*? Gatepaths' bloodhounds will be let loose on Sir George Montgomery, Bart., and it will take all James Bellamy's wit to save himself from arrest. The money is hopelessly lost to me, and my character will go the same way. My poor Ethel!'

Wild schemes of escape took fantastic shape in his mind. He pictured himself working a passage to South America in a cattle-ship, or making his way, pick in hand, to the Transvaal goldfields. His fears were so insistent that it was some time before the voice of

reason could get a hearing. 'Why not,' spoke reason, 'why not recover the note from Leblanc before it can be sent to England!'

'Ah!' Bellamy rushed to the office of the *Crédit Français* and beat upon the manager's door.

'Milord,' cried M. Auguste Leblanc, 'what happiness! I feared that, after my epistle so discourteous, milord would turn away his countenance from me.'

'Quick,' cried Bellamy, 'I have changed my mind. I want my money back at once. Give me the £10,000 note. Quick!'

'Milord, it is impossible. Let milord pause to consider. Let ——'

'Oh, stow that,' roared the baronet, falling into the angry vernacular of the clerk. 'Hand over my money or I will compel you to put up your shutters.'

The verbose politeness of the Belgian instantly fell away from him.

'Sir,' he drawled, 'you forget the 4 per cent. interest—and the seven days' notice of withdrawal.'

'The devil!' cried Bellamy, cursing the beautiful scheme of bluff which had pleased him so much two days earlier; 'Never mind the notice or the interest. I will excuse you the interest, and give you £20 down if you will waive the notice.'

'It is impossible, sir,' returned the manager coldly; 'the Bank of England note has already been sent to our London office.'

'When?' sharply asked Bellamy.

'By this morning's mail.'

'Ah!' Then the Englishman turned on the Belgian and put forth the fiery energy of his race. 'A form of withdrawal, quick.' The form was produced and filled up on the instant. 'Give me an acknowledgment of the notice to show to your London manager. That will do.'

Before another half-hour had passed, Bellamy had packed up his bag, paid his bill at his hotel, and caught the afternoon boat for Folkestone. 'It is a race between me and the Post Office,' he muttered grimly, 'and the betting is about even. For the Post Office has had three hours' start.'

On arriving in London he was relieved to learn that the morning mail from Boulogne would not be delivered in the City until after business hours. He could, therefore, wait until the London office of the *Crédit Français* opened next day, and then, as he observed, 'with only moderate luck I shall be able to save my character.'

The London manager had just settled down to his letters when our Bellamy broke in upon him. 'Monsieur,' cried the visitor, 'my business is urgent. Oh, you're an Englishman. That's a comfort.' Bellamy's spirits rose.

The bank manager smiled.

'Sir,' went on Bellamy, 'after a course of French politeness the incivility of an Englishman will be inexpressibly welcome to me.'

'I trust I shall not be uncivil,' said the manager, laughing.

'It would seem homelike if you were. But I am taking up your time. This is my business. Three days ago Sir George Montgomery deposited £10,000 in one banknote with your Boulogne office. The terms were 4 per cent., and seven days' notice. My name is Bellamy, and I am Sir George's authorised agent. He writes that he wishes to withdraw at once the very same note which he paid in.'

'That will be difficult.'

'I believe not. I am instructed that the identical note is among your letters this morning.'

After some search the manager found it. 'You want this back at once?'

'Yes, at once. Here is the deposit receipt, signed by M. Leblanc. Here is his acknowledgment of Sir George's notice of withdrawal. And here is my authority to receive the money, signed by Sir George Montgomery.'

'You will pardon me, Mr. Bellamy, but I have not the honour to know you, and the request is unusual.'

'Oh, I am in the business myself,' said Bellamy easily; 'I am a cashier in the North-Eastern Bank. You can send round and verify my identity if you like. As for the unusual character of the request, that is Sir George's affair, not mine. I am merely carrying out his positive instructions.'

'I see. Still, what about the seven days' notice?'

Inwardly reviling the barrier which his own foolish ingenuity had built up, Bellamy slowly replied:

'We will drop the interest if you will drop the notice.'

'It will make rather a mess of our books.'

'Will £20 make your books look better?'

'Oh, come, Mr. Bellamy, we are not such sharks as that. I am willing to oblige Sir George Montgomery; but the business would be regular if he allowed the note to be presented, passed through

our books, and credited to a current account. Then he could draw a cheque for the £10,000 at once.'

Bellamy turned cold. The proposal was so reasonable and businesslike that objection was difficult, yet the presentation of the note would ruin him.

'I can only say,' he observed with a fine pretence of indifference, 'that my instructions are to recover the note itself. I have not been favoured with Sir George's reasons. If you like I will telegraph and put your proposal before him.'

'If you will be so good,' returned the manager. 'In the meantime I will lay the banknote aside. In any event I could not have handed it over to you without a verification of Sir George Montgomery's signature. Shall I wire to Boulogne for this?'

'Please do so. I will call again to-morrow morning.' And Bellamy went away sad at heart. His character, by which he held his situation and earned bread for his wife and children, was threatened through the formalism of a bank official who did not know, and could not be told, of the terrible stake for which his visitor was struggling. To him it seemed utterly unimportant in what form Sir George Montgomery recovered his money so long as he got it back; while to Bellamy the form was everything. He could not take to Gatepaths anything but the actual note which had been lost.

'Well, Mr. Bellamy,' said the manager next day, 'have you communicated with Sir George Montgomery?'

'Yes,' answered Bellamy, 'and he seems as set upon that note as if it was his only child.'

'By the way, Mr. Bellamy, who is Sir George Montgomery? I cannot find his name in "Debrett."'

'The *Crédit Français* has a passion for "Debrett,"' murmured Bellamy. 'Ah,' said he aloud, smiling, 'you should ask Sir George himself. It is a subject upon which none but strangers venture. He is claimant to a dormant baronetcy, and, pending the admission of his claim by the College of Heralds, has invested himself with the title. There are lots of these claimant baronets about whom the reference books refuse to recognise. They bear the same relation to the admitted articles as "reputed" pints do to the imperial bottles.'

'That explains it; I was puzzled to account for the title. Well, I suppose that he must have his note. His signature is all right,

‘d you are all right—for I have inquired. You will give me a receipt?’

‘Willingly,’ cried Bellamy, and a minute later the fateful document was once more in his pocket. ‘At last!’ cried he, and flew away in a cab to the offices of Gatepaths, solicitors.

He told how he had found the note, omitting all particulars of subsequent adventures, and joyfully handed it over.

‘Did you expect to get anything for this, Mr. Bellamy?’ asked John Gatepath. ‘Some men in your position might have been tempted to keep it. It has never been stopped.’

‘But I didn’t know that,’ said Bellamy.

The solicitor laughed. ‘And if you had, you might have acted differently? Well, well, it is not fair to cross-examine you as to possibilities. As a matter of fact you have behaved most honourably, and my client has given me express directions concerning you.’

‘Indeed!’ said Bellamy, anxiously. ‘He doesn’t know anything about me, does he?’

‘No. But he considers that the man who found his banknote, and tried to find him, and who patiently kept £10,000 in perfectly negotiable paper for three months, waiting for the owner to declare himself, deserves an adequate reward.’

‘Reward,’ muttered Bellamy, ‘adequate reward! It is reward enough to be able to bring it back.’

‘To a person of your high character, perhaps it is. Yet my client wishes to supplement the immaterial reward of conscious virtue with something more substantial.’ The solicitor took a cheque-book from a drawer. ‘He thinks that £500 —’

‘It is wonderful,’ muttered Bellamy; ‘the very sum —’

The cheque was written and acknowledged, and when he went into the street Bellamy’s hands were shaking. ‘My nerves are upset,’ he whispered. ‘I want a change.’

Mr. Bellamy’s family were at their early dinner when he burst in upon them.

‘I am back sooner than I intended,’ he shouted, ‘and we all start for Deal this afternoon. Ethel, we will stay at an hotel the whole time, and you shall have a real holiday from housekeeping.’

‘But can we afford it, James?’

‘Afford it!’ he yelled. ‘Afford it! Look at that!’ And he cast the cheque upon the table.

BENNET COPPLESTONE.

HOUSEHOLD BUDGETS ABROAD.

VI. CANADA.

BY MISS JEAN N. McILWRAITH.

WHEN the Duke and Duchess of York visited Canada in 1901 they remarked upon the generally well-dressed, prosperous appearance of the crowds standing on the curb to watch their passage through the streets of the leading cities of the Dominion. There were bare-footed beggars, as would be seen in older lands, nor such a diversity of skin-colour and costume as marked the route of similar processions in South Africa. There is practically no pauper class in Canada, nor any millionaire class as such. Of the latter kind Montreal and British Columbia contain more individuals than are desirable in a new country or in any country, but the average income of the Canadian man does not exceed £200 a year. The ubiquitous tramp is not unknown in Canada, but he is less in evidence here than elsewhere, and the man or woman who is willing to work can always earn a living wage.

Salaries are low in proportion to the height of rents, which have gone up 50 per cent. in the last three years. A Dominion Cabinet Minister is paid £1,400 annually, a deputy Minister £1,000, a head clerk £500, and there are numerous junior clerks working for £70 or £80 a year. The provincial civil servants earn still less. £800 for the Cabinet Minister, £500 and £200 for the next two grades. There is one bank manager in Canada who receives a salary of £4,000, but the average in the larger cities is £1,000 to £1,400, £500 to £600 in the smaller ones, and £240 to £360 a year in towns and villages. The highest paid educationalists in Canada are the presidents of universities, who sometimes get as much as £1,000 a year, but rarely more. Professors earn £600, their associates £360 to £500, lecturers £160 to £240, and the fellows, temporary student-teachers, get £100. Principals of high schools receive annually £500 or £600, while the average male teacher earns from £240 to £260 in towns, £150 to £240 in the country, and a female high school teacher earns from £100 to £200. The pay of commercial travellers ranges from £240 to £360, with a rare instance

or two of £600 for a leader. The clergy of the Presbyterian Church are the best paid in Canada, but very few of them reach £1,000 a year. £300 is the average, and none are supposed to receive less than £160 and a free manse.

Young men and women of good social standing often marry when his salary is less than £200 a year, though it is most unusual for the wife to copy the American custom of continuing from choice to be a wage-earner after marriage. Canadian couples will board until they can afford to keep house, or they will live out of town where their rent will be about a quarter of what they would have to pay within the city limits. In many of the smaller towns and villages of Canada desirable residences, lacking the modern improvements perhaps, but surrounded by choice bits of lawn, orchard, or garden, can be had for from £2 to £4 a month, ideal retreats for weary brain-workers, who would fly to the uttermost ends of the earth to escape the telephone, the type-writer, the trolley car, the automobile.

Bread stuffs are about one-half cheaper in Canada than in England, but clothing is dearer, though not so expensive as in the United States. The tea Canadians drink is not so good as the English, but their coffee is better, and far less intoxicating liquor is used. 'Beer money' for servants is a thing unknown in the Dominion. The upper classes of society may not dress so well as the same would in England, but the lower classes dress far better. In any European country it is possible to make a shrewd guess at the employment or social rank of the people one sees in the street simply from their apparel, but such conjectures would fly very wide of the mark in America. The maid here is frequently better dressed out of doors than the mistress, and the shop girls are far more stylish than the majority of the customers they wait upon. The finer dress goods are imported from England, but Canadian-made materials sell at prices within the reach of all Canadians, none of whom need walk poorly shod, since the local shoe factories turn out foot-gear that will stand comparison with that of any country.

The standard of living in Canada seems high to the European immigrant, low to householders who have moved here from the United States. Citizens of the great republic make their money more easily and spend it more freely than do those of the Dominion. They also spend it differently. Given the same income, a family to the south of the border will devote more to luxuries, to dress,

and to outside appearances than will one to the northward. American girls undoubtedly present a more stylish appearance than their Canadian cousins, but they have to pay for it, both in the cost of material, upon which the duty is higher, and in the charges of tailor, dressmaker, and milliner. There is a great deal of dress-making done in Canadian homes by a seamstress, who receives from 4s. to 6s. a day and counts on the assistance of the women of the household. A good dressmaker will have her winter's work laid out for weeks ahead.

To keep a carriage in the Old Country implies a certain social position as well as an income certain enough to warrant the placing of one, if not two, liveried men upon the box. Visitors from Great Britain cannot fail to remark upon the number of people that drive here who would walk there. Horses are cheap in Canada, so are carriages. It is labour alone that is dear, and colonials are sufficiently unconventional to drive themselves, wash their own 'buggies,' or even to venture forth with them unwashed, which would be considered a crime in England. The difficulty of securing service causes Canadian men and women to do many odd jobs in and about the house—carpentering, gardening, plumbing, and so on—and they are none the worse for the doing. The Canadian volunteers who went to fight in South Africa were specially praised for their adaptability, and the first contingent, we are told, were christened the 'Thousand Thieves' on account of their skill as foragers. Dominion 'Tommies' had not been trained to endure hunger.

Canadian householders are divided between the inherited British tendency to secure solid comfort in the home and a substantial balance at the bank and the American method of living fully up to the present income, confident of its yearly increase. The predominating influence is mainly determined by geographical situation. Maritime provincials, likewise Quebecers of British origin, have naturally a closer connection with the Mother Country than dwellers in the provinces further west. English education, English fashions, and the English accent are considered specially desirable by the good people of Halifax, St. John, and Quebec, but Toronto women and those of Winnipeg content themselves with a modified, one might say an Irishified, American accent and costumes adapted from the styles of New York. But when the Pacific coast is reached one discovers the unadulterated English atmosphere again. This is accounted for by the fact that British Columbia

was colonised direct from Great Britain by settlers sailing round the Horn, long before the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway or union with Canada was contemplated.

There is, however, one distinctive feature of life in British Columbia which differentiates it entirely from that of the British Isles—the Chinese servants. The employment of such is the practical western solution of the problems that confront every eastern housekeeper. The Government showed questionable wisdom in putting a head tax of £100 on every Chinaman entering Canada, for, as they become scarce, their wages will go up, as they have already done in San Francisco. If they are restricted to the employments wherein no white labour cares to compete with them the result would be a lightening of the load of the humblest homemaker in the land. At present their wages range from £2 to £8 a month, but the latter sum is paid only to a few cook specialists. Five pounds a month is an average wage for which an average Chinaman will perform the duties of cook, housemaid, and waitress, excelling the average woman in cleanliness, neatness, and cheerful promptitude of service at any hour of the day—or night, if he sleeps in the house. He will prepare daily an ordinary four to six course dinner, but takes particular pride in showing what he can do on special occasions. He relieves the housekeeper by putting up her annual supply of jam, jelly, and canned fruit, but, unfortunately, he is hardly adapted to relieve her of the care of her children, so that nursemaids are the variety of female servant most in demand in British Columbia. In Vancouver it is not the washerwoman who pays a weekly visit, but the wash-Chinaman who comes to the house, takes away the clothes, and brings them back at the end of the week, washed and ironed. His pay is 16s. a month for a family of three. A gardener, who sleeps in the house with his compatriot the Chinese cook, receives £2 a month. Maid servants earn from £2 to £5 a month, and girls in offices £5 to £10, but the former, of course, have not to pay for board, which is hard to secure under £1 a week, unless two room together, and £2 is more generally paid.

Vancouver houses are all built of wood, but they are fitted with every modern convenience in plumbing and electricity. They vary in rent from a 'bungalow' in the suburbs for £3 a month to houses for £4, £6, and £10 in the west end, where, furnished, they can command from £8 to £16 a month. The water rates are not high, averaging £3 a year, and electric lighting

ranges from 6s. to £1 4s. a month, in summer and winter respectively. Fish is cheap, though other kinds of food are dear, but wages are proportionately high. Free education obtains in British Columbia, as elsewhere in Canada, but many parents who send their sons to the public school prefer to have their daughters attend a private one, where £1 a month is charged.

The following are three sample Vancouver budgets :

Annual income £400 for a merchant and his wife and three children.

	£	s.	d.
Rent	60	0	0
Labour tax	3	4	0
Food	120	0	0
One servant's wages	48	0	0
Light and fires	24	0	0
Clothing	80	0	0
Education	10	0	0
Balance for extras	54	16	0

Annual income £300 of a clerk with two children. He cannot afford to hire a servant, and has to live some distance from his work, so that car-rates count.

	£	s.	d.
Rent	43	4	0
Light	6	0	0
Clothing	42	0	0
Car-fare	6	0	0
Insurance	6	0	0
Fuel	9	12	0
Groceries	42	0	0
Milk	6	0	0
Meat	19	4	0
Savings	10	0	0
Doctor's bills or amusements	10	0	0

Workmen earn from 8s. to £1 a day. The income of one with £144 a year, living in a small cottage in the east end, would be thus expended :

	£	s.	d.
Rent	28	16	0
Food	48	0	0
Light and fuel	16	16	0

This leaves about £50 for clothing, savings, or incidentals. With hard coal at £3 4s. a ton and soft at £1 6s. it is a matter for congratulation that wood can be bought for 16s. a cord, and bark to burn in grates for £1.

The climate of British Columbia is mild compared with that of the other provinces, but when one crosses the Rocky Mountains

o Manitoba the length and severity of the winter affect every m of the budget. The apartment-house has taken root in Winni- z, where surely there still is elbow-room; but the saving in heating, hting, and in domestic service, as well as the relief from the care lawn and furnace, make this an economical way of living. In e Strathcona Block, which is five storeys high, with a central urtyard, apartments of seven or eight rooms rent for £15 and 6 a month, and single rooms for £2. The rent of a detached or mi-detached house in Winnipeg, large enough to accommodate a mily of five, would be £120 a year, and the lighting with elec- icity would cost £20 annually, the heating £30. Food is dear, and the high cost of labour makes clothing also expensive.

Wages will continue to rise so long as there is an irresistible mptation presented to the working man to turn farmer. Those t them who can successfully brave the rigours of a North-West inter have a better chance to grow rich than any other class in he community. The professional man in town is thankful if he an make both ends meet and educate his children as he himself as been educated. To accommodate comfortably a family of ve or six persons he could not rent in Winnipeg for less than 96 or £120 a year a house which he could get for £24 or £36 in the ountry. But the farmer owns his house, which he has built upon is free grant from the Government of 160 acres of land. He can uy as much more as he wishes for 4s. an acre. Upon an average- size farm of 320 acres there will be raised 25 bushels of wheat per acre, as compared with 15 bushels in most other countries. From this amount 1,000 bushels may be deducted to allow for swampy land, and the farmer still has 7,000 bushels, for which the lowest selling-price is 2s. a bushel. (The present rate is 4s.) Thus he makes £700; but the harvesting has to be done very quickly, on account of the early frosts, and he will pay out £140 in three months for wages. Still, he has cleared £560, and as his family living is not likely to exceed £200, he can easily save between £300 and £400 every year.

Householders in other parts of Canada, who would not deign to take a stranger into their homes, if they move to Winnipeg fall into the general practice of keeping boarders or lodgers to assist in the payment of rent. Sometimes the whole amount is covered in this manner, because, through the cost of labour, house building has by no means kept pace with the increase of population. A single room in a private house rents for from 16s. to £2 a month,

and table board ranges from 12s. to £1 a week, or 4s. daily, in an hotel. The severity of Winnipeg's climate and the long distance coal has to be brought make the house-heating a serious item of expenditure. The man who earns but £200 a year burns seven or eight tons of coal in a season, for which he has to pay £2 a ton. That tireless, methodical machine, the Chinaman, has not yet been adopted in Winnipeg, and the domestic problem is still unsolved. Emigrant girls when they are travelling, anyway, prefer to pass through Manitoba to the milder climate of the Pacific coast. The general servants of Winnipeg are paid £2 8s. to £3 a month, cooks £3 to £4, and housemaids £2 to £3. They present a mixture of nationalities—Germans, Irish, Icelanders, Galicians, Norwegians; but the charwomen are nearly all Germans. They earn 5s. a day.

The apartment-house has taken root in Toronto through the same causes that have planted it in Winnipeg—high rents and dear labour. The working man is fortunate who can secure a small house in a Toronto suburb for £2 a month, and if he aspires to one with five rooms and a bit of ground back and front he will have to pay £3. In a more desirable neighbourhood £4 or £5 monthly would be required for the same accommodation. Two rooms can be had in an apartment-house for £2 a month, and the prices rise therefrom to £8, £15, and £25 for a whole flat.

Servants' wages are scarcely so high in Toronto as in Winnipeg, and outside help is more easily obtainable, in the shape of women workers at 4s. a day, and men who will clean windows and carpets (4d. a yard).

There are also numerous laundries where the family washing, exclusive of the finer articles, can be done for about 1s. a dozen. With coal at £1 6s. a ton the Toronto householder frequently uses gas for cooking, which costs at least £8 a year for a family of five. He pays from 4d. to 10d. a pound for meat, according to the choice of cuts, and 5d. a pound for poultry. Milk is 3d. a quart, and eggs range from 6d. a dozen in summer to 2s. 6d. in winter. The country about the western end of Lake Ontario is the best fruit-growing district of Canada, and as Toronto is the largest market, one can buy there very cheaply apples, pears, plums, peaches, grapes—all grown in the open air—and no less abundant than the smaller fruits—strawberries, cherries, rasps, brambles, and blueberries. Sea fish are dear, salmon selling for 1s. a pound; but fresh-water fish from the Great Lakes—salmon-trout, white fish or herring—are no more than 5d.

Many of the leading Toronto families send their children, both boys and girls, to the free public schools. If they live in a good neighbourhood they are likely to meet only with children as well brought up as themselves, for each citizen must patronise the school in his own ward. Quite a number of students at the Toronto University have to 'help themselves' through a college education, as the saying goes. To tutor backward scholars is a customary method, but more unconventional is the delivery throughout a certain district of a daily paper between three and four in the morning. Sixteen shillings a week, enough to cover the board bill, can be earned in this way. Other needy students attend the house furnaces in a given block or two, and many work on farms during the long vacation or teach in a country school every alternate winter throughout a college course.

A Toronto budget of a professional man with a wife, a son of twelve, and a daughter of six, reads as follows :

	£	s.	d.
Annual income	1,000	0	0
Rent	144	0	0
Water	1	4	0
Fuel	22	12	0
Light	7	0	0
Life insurance	60	0	0
Dress	140	0	0
Fire insurance	1	4	0
Church	10	0	0
Telephone	5	0	0
Club dues for a man	20	0	0
Club dues for a woman	10	0	0
Summer outing	60	0	0
Food	154	0	0
Laundry	20	0	0
Education	60	0	0
Wages	85	0	0
Extras	200	0	0

The last item includes pocket money, presents, street cars, and amusements, as well as doctor's attendance, at the rate of 8s. a visit, and the dentist's bill. The larger the physician's account, the smaller is likely to be the expenditure for theatre-going and inner parties. Out of the £200 must also come the £22 this particular family pays annually to a resident nursery governess for the title girl. The son of the house attends a boys' college, which costs his father about £60 a year. The club dues for the man include both his town club and the country one, where he goes to play

golf. His wife may also be a member of the latter, but her interests are less. Many Toronto families own or rent summer cottages on the shores of Lake Ontario, Lake Simcoe, or in the Muskoka district. The cost of the yearly outing is thus materially less if a long railway journey to the seaside be undertaken.

The majority of Toronto families dine in the middle of the day to suit the convenience of children attending the public schools, and the evening meal is generally a 'high tea,' at which cold meat is served. So many Ontario people are of Scottish descent that those who do not adopt American customs are more likely to imitate those of Scotland than of England; but there are plenty of dining-rooms in Toronto, as well as in other cities of the Dominion, where afternoon tea is served daily at half-past four, while the families dine at half-past six or seven o'clock. These are the places where the maid must wear a cap, however much her democratic instincts object, and even if she be a 'general' she is expected to prepare meals in the kitchen and be always in good form for opening the door or waiting on the table.

The Ottawa citizen aspires above all things to own his abode. Of apartment-houses he will have none. To live in a red-brick row or a semi-detached house is endurable only until a dwelling with a scrap of lawn, flower beds, and trees about it can be bought and built at a cost of from £600 to £2,000. Rents are not so high in Toronto. It is possible to get a centrally located house with eight or nine rooms for from £3 to £5 a month, and a larger one with stables attached for from £7 to £12. Ottawa winters are so much more severe than those of Toronto that more fuel is burned, and heavier, more expensive clothing must be worn. Fruit is not so cheap nor so abundant, nor is fish; but lighting is not so costly.

From the Governor-General's residence, Rideau Hall, there emanates a European atmosphere that distinguishes Ottawa from other Canadian cities, in a certain feeling of caste not observed elsewhere in the Dominion, except in the military circles of Quebec and Halifax. An Ottawa girl, however poor, may play the mistress of all-work as she pleases in her own home, but she must not seek to earn her livelihood outside of it, in shop or office, if she wishes to hold her own among those who accept the munificent hospitality of Rideau Hall. If her friends have sufficient political 'pull' to get her a berth in the Civil Service, well and good; but no other employment is open to the young woman of good family who prefers clerical to house work, and who would be a stenographer

bookkeeper in Toronto, Montreal, or Winnipeg. The whole life of Ottawa is much more conventional than that of the western cities. It is on the borders of Eastern Canada, and the French Canadian is already in evidence. An artisan of that nationality may be obliged to pay as much for his house rent, light, and gas as an English-speaking Canadian, but he spends much less for food and clothing. His surplus goes to fill the coffers of the Church, so that the French Canadian labourer is no better off than his neighbours of British extraction. He works for a lower wage, and frequently comes to blows with the Irishman on that account.

The *habitants* have a life of their own—a bit of the eighteenth century left over into the twentieth. They still do their own spinning and weaving, grow their own tobacco and vegetables, use mutton for the meat, but make nourishing soups out of fish and scraps of every description. Upon their long, narrow strips of farms, sometimes diminished to a few fields by repeated subdivision among fathers and sons-in-law, they grow nearly everything they need for their own use, and but little besides, though some of the more enterprising drive or go by market boat to dispose of their produce in town. Modern agricultural implements are as unknown to them as electricity or exposed plumbing; but they know a good horse when they see one, and it is a very poverty-stricken *habitant* who cannot keep at least one sturdy Canadian pony to carry him at a good rate of speed up and down the steep hills in *carriole*, *calèche*, or buckboard.

Frozen fish is the rule in the winter markets all over Canada; but Quebec Province has set the example for the freezing of provisions, a custom learned from the French. The *habitants* kill off all their turkeys, chickens, ducks, and geese in December, when the steady cold of the winter is thoroughly under way and no thaws are to be dreaded. The Quebec housekeeper buys enough then to keep her family supplied well into the spring. The fowls are preserved out of doors, in a box, packed in snow, and they are thawed out as required. Partridges and mutton are also preserved in this way, but not beef, as the freezing spoils the flavour. If the country people had to provide for the feeding and warming of their poultry through a five months' winter the price of it would rise in proportion. As it is, the fowls have no chance to grow old, and they are sold, frozen, at moderate rates.

A cheerful, contented, thrifty class, the French Canadians are a brake upon the Dominion wheels not always appreciated by the

party of progress, but held in great esteem by romancers or the seekers for the quaintly picturesque, either in exteriors or interiors.

The larger houses of Ontario and the west, whether made of wood or brick, are almost invariably flanked by a verandah or two, around whose posts the climbing vines grow thickly to shield the occupants of hammock or rocking-chair. As one travels eastward in the Dominion stone houses become more general, and they are built more with an eye to winter than to summer. Steep roofs from which the snow can easily slide are more of a necessity than roomy porches, and in Quebec City the more exposed houses are clap-boarded over the stone to defy the east wind.

The climate has much to do with the scale of expenditure throughout the province of Quebec. In Quebec City the carting away of the snow from the streets to the dumping-grounds gives employment to a great number of men. The owners of the sleds and horses make a contract with the householder, who is obliged to keep the snow down to within about six inches of the ground, not only on the pavement in front of his residence, but halfway across the street. If you have a house with a big frontage this is quite an item, and the law is peculiar to Quebec. With a frontage of thirty feet an annual rental of £100 is increased by £5 a winter for the snow cartage, which includes its removal from the small back yard. The board or concrete pavement is lost to view from the middle of November until the middle of April, when a general cutting out of the sidewalks is ordered by the mayor at the householders' expense. Quebec roofs have also to be cleared after each blizzard, the ice chopped from them and icicles knocked down, as they endanger the lives of passers-by. Several of the larger stores have taken out accident insurance policies so framed that if anyone below is hurt by ice or snow falling from the roofs the company settles the claim for damages. In Montreal the streets are wider and the snowfall not so great as in Quebec, so that it is not necessary to clear out the roads so thoroughly. Householders are responsible only for the side-walks. In Ottawa the city does the whole and the people are taxed to pay for it.

Vegetables, fruit, and flowers are all dearer in Quebec Province than in Ontario—another consequence of the climate. Domestic service is not so highly paid; that is to say, each individual does not earn so much, but more servants are kept to do the work, as in England, and there are fewer 'generals' than in Ontario. When the wages of the 'wash-man,' the 'snow-man,' and the 'furnace-

man' are taken into account this item of the budget will not be far below that of a Toronto family living in the same style. The outlay for clothing is also greater than in Ontario. Fur coats are not a luxury, but a necessity, even to those of the working people whose occupation takes them much out of doors. They usually wear a fur outer garment, though it be but of 'coon, rabbit, or other cheap skin. Woollen overstockings are in vogue for women and children of all classes; felt overshoes for the men; and the heaviest winter underwear is required. The washing of Quebec City is done in the country, and it is done so cheaply that none but the poorest of the townsfolk are obliged to do their own. Clothes cannot be dried in the open air in winter time because they freeze and tear. The inhabitants dry them indoors in their big attics, or *greniers*. The low, well-laden carriage of the 'wash-man' is a sight as familiar in the winter streets of Quebec as the equally picturesque sleigh of the ponderously clad milk-woman. The charge for washing is 1s. a week for each person in the house, including the servants, and 1s. more for the bed and table linen, the quantity not counted. The *habitants* mark with different coloured threads the clothes from different houses, and few mistakes are made. Shirts and collars are sent to the town laundry. The maidservants of Quebec are not expected to tend the furnace. A man does that, who has, perhaps, eight or ten houses on his beat, to which he goes early in the morning and late in the afternoon to fire up and to carry away the ashes. These men charge each householder about £1 a month.

The intense cold of Montreal and Quebec does not prevail in the maritime provinces—Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island. Dampness reigns instead. Such heavy clothing is not required, but city rents are high.¹ In Halifax one frequently sees coloured domestic servants, who in Quebec Province are rarely found outside of the leading city hotels. Open-air markets are an interesting feature of every Canadian town, but the one in Halifax is notable for the diverse nationalities among sellers and buyers—Indians, Africans, French Canadian *habitants*, English-speaking and Gaelic-speaking Canadians. According to Mrs. M. F. Metzler,² cabbages are 11d. a dozen in the Halifax market in summer, 1s. 7½d.

¹ A Halifax house of eight or ten rooms with modern conveniences ranges from £70 to £80 and £100 a year, according to locality, and a house in the suburbs adds £10 to the annual budget in car fare.

² *Canadian Good Housekeeping*, August 1904.

in winter, while butter is 1s. in summer and 1s. 3d. in winter. The variety used in Canada is all salted. We never see here the fresh butter approved in Britain. Fresh fruit and vegetables do not reach Halifax until late in the season, but are cheap when they do arrive. Fish and lobsters are dearer and scarcer than they ought to be in a seaport town, but the best are immediately exported. Two mackerel sell for 1s., salmon is 1s. a pound, halibut 1s. haddock and cod 2d. a pound. For the best cuts of meat 7d. a pound is charged; milk is 3d. a quart, cream 1s. 7½d.; a loaf of bread weighing 1½ lb. costs 3d., and coal is £1 7s. a ton. Wage women charge 3s. a day, and a town laundry ½d. an article for washing and ironing or mangling of plain clothes.

In Montreal, the largest and wealthiest city of Canada, taxes, domestic service, and higher education are dear; groceries, vegetables, and fish are cheap. Salmon is 6d. a pound, and eggs from 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. a quart. General servants get £3 a month, cooks £3 to £6, and nursemaids £2 to £5. A house in the suburbs with eight or nine rooms rents for £80 a year. The few apartment houses in the centre of the city are always filled, and many of them have a 'waiting list,' especially those which have a restaurant upon the ground floor. Half a dozen rooms in one of these houses rent for £240 a year. Educational and all other taxes are paid by the property-owners. Each child in attendance at the public schools pays 1s. a month, and the extra charges for books do not amount to more than £1 a year.

The budget of a professional man in Montreal with a wife and three children is herewith submitted :

	£	s.	d.
Annual income	1,200	0	0
Rent	160	0	0
Water	12	0	0
Fuel	25	0	0
Light	18	0	0
Food	240	0	0
Life insurance	80	0	0
Fire insurance	4	0	0
Railway travel	20	0	0
Christmas and birthday presents	40	0	0
Dress of wife and children	140	0	0
Tailor, hatter and haberdasher	50	0	0
Boots and shoes	10	0	0
Club dues	15	0	0
Summer outing	40	0	0
Telephone	6	0	0
Dentist	8	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Physician	10	0	0
Books	5	0	0
Ice	2	8	0
Servants' wages	70	0	0
Education	80	0	0
Church	10	0	0
Theatres, concerts, &c.	15	0	0
Street cars and cabs	25	0	0
Donations	8	0	0
Family incidentals	40	0	0
Man's incidentals, down-town lunches, &c.	26	12	0
Entertainment	40	0	0

It will be remarked how large an item the fuel makes in this schedule. The servants' wages include the pay of the furnace-man, whose duties begin in October and continue until May 1. The severe climate of Montreal tells equally upon the expenses of an artisan's household. Many trades can be followed only a part of each year; the rest of the time the tradesman and his family have to live upon their savings. The budget here presented is that of a bricklayer earning 18s. a day. He can work in Montreal only seven months out of the twelve, and counting off rainy days his annual income amounts to £125. He has a wife and three children:

	£	s.	d.
Rent	24	0	0
Fuel	8	0	0
Light	2	8	0
Food	52	0	0
Society insurance	4	16	0
Fire insurance	0	8	0
Dress of wife and children	15	8	0
Dress of husband	2	0	0
Physician and dentist	5	0	0
Church	1	0	0
Education	4	0	0
Street cars and incidentals	4	0	0
Surplus	2	0	0
Total	125	0	0

The artisan shovels his own snow and attends to his own furnace, if he has one; but his house is more likely to be heated by the variety of stove called the self-feeder, in which anthracite coal is burned, and which keeps in day and night. To obtain a desirable house for £2 a month it will be necessary for him to live in one of the cheaper suburbs. Thus car fare is added to his budget, and it

becomes no small item if his children are past the primary grades, and have to be carried a long distance to the high school. The sum expended upon their education is likely to include piano lessons for the daughter, since it is a very poor artisan indeed who does not aspire to having a musical instrument of some kind in his home. This will counterbalance the amount which might be spent in theatres or other amusements.

When stars of the first magnitude in the musical or theatrical world visit the larger cities of the Dominion, prices in theatre or concert-hall rise to £1 each for the best seats, but the ordinary rate is 6s. to 8s. on the ground floor and 1s. in the topmost gallery. Cab hire figures more largely in the budgets of Quebec Province than in those of Ontario or the west, because the driving rate is one-half cheaper and electric cars not in such general use. The trolley has but lately reached the Upper Town of Quebec City, to the dismay of the French Canadian and Irish 'carters,' who earned many a shilling taking their patrons to and from business. The two-horse cab, so common in the west, and usually so prohibitive in its charges, is rarely seen in the east, where one horse does the work of two.

The annual influx of American tourists into Canada raises the hotel charges, the house rents, board, lodging, driving, domestic service, and food in every summer resort they frequent. Montreal and Quebec are as hot in summer as they are cold in winter, and there are fewer gardens and shade trees than in the western towns, so that a more general summer exodus is made. American sojourners have placed Murray Bay, Cacouna, and Tadousac beyond the reach of many Canadians who used to go there; but still there remain numerous *habitants*, living on the great river or back from it, who will take summer boarders for 12s. or 16s. a week. The guest may have to be content with humble fare—black bread, an occasional fowl, mutton still more rarely; but he can fish for himself in the mountain brooks, if his host be too lazy, and the *habitant* children will gather for him wild strawberries and blueberries galore. Even the working man of Montreal often finds it more economical to rent for his family a *habitant* house for the summer than to keep them in town. The proprietors may reserve the attic and the detached kitchen for their own use, but they will cook for their tenants, if desired. An artisan's wife on vacation, as in town, will do her own cooking, and whatever provisions she has not taken with her she will order direct from the city. The

water of the St. Lawrence becomes salt about forty miles below Quebec, and steamboat travelling is cheap compared with railway. The easiness of access to the seaside in the Eastern Provinces, to the wilderness of lakes and pine woods in the Western, is of more importance in the building of Canadian physique and Canadian character than a host of European so-called advantages.

FISHES ON THEIR DEFENCE.

BY F. G. AFLALO.

THE world of waters has ever been the scene of a strife without beginning and without end. The lives of fishes are a game all against all, the weaker terrorised by the stronger and having recourse to all manner of tricks to escape destruction. Sometimes they stay out of reach, but this is not always possible. A lobster talked in contemptuous tones of the shark when the shark were dry :

But when the tide rises and sharks are around
His voice has a timid and tremulous sound.

With the methods of self-defence adopted by fishes struggling with the hook or in the net anglers and fishermen have made us familiar. The Australian leatherjacket will swim up with the hook in its mouth and with its sharp teeth sever the slack line above. The pollock will plunge headlong to the rocks and fray the cast against some handy shell of mussel or oyster. The blue shark twists in the water with such rapidity as to test the bravest gear. The gull-mullet, enclosed in the toils of the seine, will follow an enterprising leader over the edge of the net as sheep follow a leader through a hedge. Yet it is but yesterday, so to speak, that man invented his *piscatus hamatilis et saxatilis*, and thus added himself to the already long list of the enemies of fishes. More interesting, therefore, to the student of that class is the consideration of some modes of defence against natural enemies, such as have served fishes since the days when the weaker of them gave up the struggle and reposed on the coprolitic deposits of the Rhætic beds.

The natural enemies of the fish are so many and so varied that like Ishmael, it knows well how to take care of itself when danger threatens. In its own class, often enough, indeed, in its own species in a number of aquatic mammals and waterfowl, in snakes and amphibians, in insects and crustaceans, indeed in almost the lower realms of life, the fishes have so many foes that the wonder is that they are able to survive as a class. Indeed, great fecundity must be regarded as Nature's provision for the defence of the species.

ough it is with the defence of the individual that these notes concern themselves.

Anyone who would compare the defensive methods of fishes with those of terrestrial animals should first form some idea of the different physical conditions and the peculiar environment in which they pass their lives. These include the dim light, diffused only from above, the aids to ambush in the shape of gloomy rock-pools, dark-coloured ground, clouds of sand and curtains of seaweed, and the operation of tides, currents, and, in shallow water, sudden squalls, helpful or hindering according to the point of view. Then, as regards the fishes themselves, there are the gregarious and the solitary, the stationary and the migratory, those which burrow in the sand and those which hide among the rocks. Not one of these conditions, physical or biological, but has its direct influence on the animal's choice of defensive weapons when hard pressed.

Exposed as the class is, speaking generally, to the attacks of many and varied enemies, not all fishes have the same risks to run in life. The sharks and rays have obviously less to fear than the herring and the mackerel. The fishes which live on the bottom can clearly disregard the attacks of such marauding fowl as the gull and gannet, while even the cormorant and diver do not as a rule seek their prey far beneath the surface water. The typical ground-dwellers of our seas, moreover, the flatfish, are so formed that, save when extremely small, they would in all probability choke any fowl so ill-advised as to try to swallow them whole. Yet these sand-dwelling flatfish have enemies of their own which the surface-dwellers can afford to overlook, and these are the rays, which dig them out of their burrows with their pointed snouts and snap them up in their sharp teeth before they have time to alight again. The only chance of safety for a plaice or dab thus dislodged would be to swim above its enemy until the latter tired of the chase, much as an educated old rook will sometimes avoid a falcon by soaring higher and higher above it in the blue sky, the hawk being unable to strike its enemy except from above.

The simplest equipment for defence that we know consists in some form of protective armour. Both in stern warfare and at play man has adopted such aids to safety, and the helmet of the fencer, the pad and glove of the cricketer, or the more complete investment of the American footballer, are but the modern travesty of the old armour worn by knights on the field or in the tourney. Among fishes such armour is not common. In the manimals we

find familiar examples in the spines of the hedgehog, in the quills of the porcupine, in the bucklers of the armadillo, or in the skin of the rhinoceros. The feathers of birds and the scales of some reptiles may also be regarded as armour. The scales of fishes, however, are in many cases too soft to afford much protection against the teeth of a determined foe, and we must, as regards living fishes, confine our admission of efficient armour to the sturgeons and some of the rays and sharks. The extinct buckler-heads, which were better armoured than any recent forms, are considered to have been of low organisation, and it is strange that so well-protected a group should comparatively early have given up the struggle. In a lesser degree, it is true, any equipment of spinous fins may be regarded as armour, and the dorsal fin in the bass and perch and spur-dog, as well as the sharp spines on the gill-covers of the weever and plaice and dab, must undoubtedly serve to fend off attacks from above and on the flanks. Still, the possession of such isolated points of defence is to be compared rather to the handling of a sword or spear than to the wearing of armour such as, for instance, we find perfected in the crustacea. The cuirass of the lobster, the corselet of the prawn, the hauberk of the crab, all afford protection against the many teeth that appreciate the good things within. Nor would such 'shellfish' easily die from any natural cause other than old age, were it not that Nature has imposed on them the necessity of periodically changing their suit of armour. It is while growing the new that they are in their time of greatest danger.

These spines on fishes may be merely defensive, or they may be capable of active employment in inflicting serious wounds. The combination occurs in our weevers, which have a protruding black dorsal fin, doubtless of terrifying aspect as its owner lies motionless in the sand, and equally sharp spines behind the gill-covers, the latter furnished with grooved channels, along which is apparently conveyed a venomous secretion. The mechanism of the weever's spines has been erroneously likened to that of the adder's fang, but the poison bag and duct are wanting in the fish, nor, indeed, is its volition in the act of wounding quite satisfactorily established beyond all question. It is said to throw itself sideways and backwards, even when out of water, with such accuracy as instantly to stab the incautious finger that touches it. I do not cite against this the fact that of the many scores of living weevers that I have tested in this way with my boot not one displayed any such accuracy of marksmanship. Yet surely, if such a power is vouchsafed, it is

for use in the water only under natural conditions. No one is going to make me believe either that Nature originally designed the weever to aim its stab out of water, or that inherited experience of handling by man has been sufficiently cumulative for the fish to acquire any such instinct in self-defence. The actual venom-sac, like that of snakes, though absent in the weever, occurs in a deadly little fish found in Sydney Harbour, and there known as the 'fortescue.' It is difficult to conceive of either the fortescue or weever as having many natural enemies, but the latter, at any rate, sufficiently resembles the dragonet and bullhead, both of them favourite articles of food with some larger fishes, to benefit considerably by its defensive weapons.

After all, however, the simplest form of self-defence is retreat. Protective armour is very well as far as it goes. Bluff, as the Americans call the art of imposing on the enemy's credulity, is at times even better. But best of all for the weaker—and defence, after all, belongs to the weaker—is a judicious and timely retreat—the sooner the better :

He who fights and runs away
Lives to fight another day ;

but he who runs away first, without stopping to strike a blow, has a still better chance for the future. Such is the method adopted with some success by the launce and sand-eel, the rabbits of the sea, which burrow in the sand with great expedition on the approach of danger. Even when the fisherman is hungry for the best bait that swims, it takes a strong fork and a quick hand to dislodge these little cave-dwellers from their lair. I doubt whether any of the larger fishes which prey on the sand-eels when they catch them would be able to dig fast enough, the rays alone, which hunt, as a matter of fact, after larger fish, having shovel-shaped snouts sufficiently pointed for the purpose. The flatfish also find safety in the sand, though they rarely submerge their head, trusting to their protective colouring, about which something has yet to be said, to dupe their watchful enemies.

There is the flight that seeks safety in distance from the pursuer, and there is the instinct that prompts the small boy, when threatened by a bully, to run for protection to a bigger fellow. This habit, which I do not remember to have noticed in either birds or reptiles, is seen in the pilot-fish, which cowers beside the shark, and in the little *Fierasfer*, which swims secure under the protecting bell of a medusa, not by any means as a noxious parasite, but rather as a

grateful messmate, feeding on the small organisms suspended in the water. The mere outdistancing of a pursuer is constantly seen in the world of waters under our eye, and I have watched hordes of sand-eels escape in this way from the jaws of hake and halibut. As seen, at any rate, in the aquarium, the larger fishes do not seem to persist in pursuit. Their plan is rather a sudden dash, and if that is fruitless they await another chance without going in pursuit.

Throwing dust in the enemy's eyes, as practised by the retreating cuttlefish with its cloud of 'ink,' which must in the still water have the same effect as a sudden fog in the London streets, has a parallel among fishes, though some of the flatfish feebly imitate it by flinging up a little sand, under cover of which they manage to alight once more out of sight. A similar plan is also adopted by shrimps, which I have noticed behave in this manner when lodged, resembling in their action grasshoppers suddenly disturbed on a dusty road.

Where it is a question of retreat and pursuit, the battle is swift. Some fishes, however, are not built for flight, and as these must remain where they are, and trust either to not being seen at all, or, if seen, to frightening their enemies by a simulation of a strength that is not theirs. These different manoeuvres involve two separate lines of action. The first is dependent on the aid of protective colouring.

In the aquariums of Plymouth, Brighton, and Naples I have seen turbot lying on sand, shingle, or concrete, and in each case the fish harmonised so well with its background that but for the movement of its respiration the human eye could not, I think, have distinguished it in a dozen feet of water. To take full advantage of protective colouring an animal must remain perfectly motionless. Whether any animal, other than man, and particularly a fish, can hold its breath in moments of great danger, or whether, being able, it ever occurs to it to do so, I do not know, but certainly the breathing of these turbot alone betrayed them to the eye.

What measure of voluntary adaptation to the different backgrounds aforementioned there may have been in these turbot could not be easily determined, but I have certainly seen young examples of these species, taken by the late Matthias Dunn in a hand-net in the clay water off Pentewan, change within half an hour from their original whiteness to the blackness of the iron bucket in which they were presently transferred. Seahorses, too, participate

y some of the Australian species, adapt their appearance wonderfully to the outline of the weed-fronds amid which they hide. Some the skates and rays show similar protective colouring to that the flatfish when lying on the bottom of their aquarium tanks, and them, too, the movement of the breathing-spiracles alone betrays.

The flat shape of the turbot and sole aids them in escaping notice when lying on the sand, and it is said that the distribution of the colour, on the upper surface only, still further contributes to their appearance of flatness.

The hiding of the dory, which is a vertical-swimming fish, depends on another optical illusion. So thin is the dory from side to side, so close do the fins lie to its sides, that, viewed end on, the fish vanishes to a thin line. I have repeatedly watched dory creep right on unsuspecting sand-eels beneath Bournemouth Pier in this fashion, and there can be little doubt that the hiding which serves so well as an ambuscade to a weaker but swifter victim will also on occasion serve to escape from a stronger enemy. Colour protection is also observed in the cod, conger, and some other of our sea-fish which are captured on either rocky or sandy ground, those examples caught on the rocks being conspicuously darker than those whose abode is on the sand. The conger are, in fact, distinguished by the fishermen as 'black' and 'white' conger. Those who have bathed in Australian bays will recall a similar and very necessary distinction between 'black' and 'white' water, the latter being that with a background of sand which betrays the presence of dreaded sharks. Even the blue-and-silver herring blends so wonderfully with the ruffled surface-water that on a breezy, sunny day the individual fish can be distinguished only with the greatest difficulty.

Some among our fishes, however, are too conspicuous to hide with any hope of success. The screens of weed and walls of rock do not offer those aids to concealment which man finds in his artificially constructed dwellings, and hiding in the sea is a very different art from hiding in cities. Two conditions prejudice the success of hiding in such conditions: size and conspicuous shape or colouring, the last only, perhaps, in the shallow water, where the light penetrates to the bottom. Perhaps the largest and ugliest stand the best chance in such a competition. The sharks and rays are less preyed upon than preying, so that their mighty size and exceeding ugliness are not, perhaps, of much service to themselves,

rather helping their victims to see them in time and effect an escape. As regards other groups, our standards of beauty are not necessarily those of the fish critics, but it may perhaps be assumed that, even to the eye of a fish epicure, there can be nothing very appetising in the appearance of such eerie creatures as the angler-fish, chimæra, lumpsucker, scabbard-fish, wolf-fish, red bandfish, or sunfish, to mention only a few of the uglier members of the British submarine commonwealth.

The darkness of night is, of course, in the sea as well as on land, some sort of protection for the feeble, but in both situations night-hawks are apt to profit by an illusion of security and to fall upon their victims under cover of a gloom that betrayed where it should have shielded. Conger, hake and other marauders are also on the prowl during the night hours, and against such of these as hunt by scent—and my own opinion is that fishes are wonderfully adaptive in this, being guided by eye or nose as circumstances dictate—the smaller kinds have a poor chance. There is another feeding-time, however, which is in many ways safer for the weak, and that is on the falling tide. Those who angle in tidal waters know well that it is on the flood that, with few exceptions, they get their best fish, but I have noticed that the smaller individuals, the pout and pollack and whiting, often bite best on the ebb. Thus they take their turn when their elders are resting, with the advantage over night-feeding that they can see their enemy before he is upon them.

So far, then, we have seen that fishes defend themselves by almost every method known to beasts and birds. With that form of defence which consists in giving blow for blow, otherwise fighting it out until the stronger wins, I have not concerned myself, though we constantly come upon evidences of severe battle, and Orientals even amuse themselves with the fights of captive fishes kept, like gamecocks, for the purpose.

There is, however, one more trick of self-defence, familiar to naturalists in higher animal groups, though always a subject of dispute among animal psychologists, and that is the ruse of feigning death, and thus deceiving the stronger enemy into leaving the field clear. Even brute beasts, unless they be carrion-eating hyænas, do not as a rule molest a dead body. This manner of deception has been called 'foxing,' yet some of those who know the fox best declare that it never practises such methods. The animal which undoubtedly 'foxes,' according to the testimony of

many independent observers, is the opossum of America. With the exact mental operation which induces this behaviour I am not here concerned. Some regard it as a mere cataleptic collapse under strong fear, while others accept it as a genuine deception. With some reservations, I must rank myself with the latter; and it is, therefore, particularly interesting to me to have found, as I think, a genuine instance of 'foxing' in a fish. I give the following case only for what it may be worth as evidence, but, as I do not remember to have seen any such instance previously recorded, it may be of interest. When fishing for bass in estuaries we use living sand-eels, and these are kept in a floating wooden box tethered to the boat and hauled from the water whenever a fresh bait is required. On three consecutive occasions one morning last summer the bait, which I picked from the rest, lay apparently lifeless, its gill-covers hardly moving, on the palm of my hand, and, as a half-dead bait is useless for the work, I pitched the moribund sand-eel overboard. The first had no sooner touched the water than it darted off as in perfect health. The second behaved likewise. This roused my suspicions, and I purposely sacrificed the third. If the bait had not been getting scarce, or rather, perhaps, if my angling zeal had not for the moment dominated my devotion to scientific knowledge, I should have tried the fish until all were overboard. Even those three cases, however, are not, I think, quite without interest, and it would be useful to learn whether similar cases have come under the observation of any who are in the habit of live-baiting for pike with dace or gudgeon. The lowest expression of 'foxing' is when one village lad lies in the road with his arm shielding his head, and another stands over him and at intervals administers a stimulating kick. Such cowardice one hardly expects to find in fishes, but a fragile sand-eel is surely excused if it declines combat with an ogre in whose palm half a dozen of its kind could lie at full length.

PROVINCIAL LETTERS.

XVI. A HOLIDAY IN WENSLEYDALE.

A DALE in Yorkshire is a broad valley watered by a river, as Teesdale by the Tees, Nidderdale by the Nidd, Swaledale by the Swale, Wharfedale by the Wharfe; so that Wensleydale should be the dale of the Wensley. But there is no River Wensley. Wensley—that is, Woden's Ley—is, as the word implies, a village, not a river. The river of Wensleydale is the Yore, which gives its name in Norman French disguise to the once famous Cistercian Abbey of Jorevaux (which is only Yore Vale), just as the Rie gave its name to Rievaulx. The Yore has no reputation among English rivers, because Wensleydale has bred no poets. Its historians reckon up to its credit a long list of worthies, including a queen of England, a Prince of Wales, a cardinal archbishop, three common archbishops, five bishops, three chancellors, two chief justices, besides earls, barons, and knights past reckoning; and yet, *caveat quia vate sacro*, the River Yore is unhonoured and unsung. Nevertheless it has many mute, inglorious lovers. Otters love it for the fine trout it breeds. Its own dalesmen love it, and would gladly vindicate its merits on any stricken field against the dalesmen of Nidd or Swale, should they rashly challenge a contest. Painters love it for the bewitching variety of its beauty, its many moods. Old Leland in his 'Itinerary' calls it 'a ryver of a colour for the most part of soden water, by reason of the colour and the morisch nature of the soile of Wencedale, from whens it cummith.' But what is the colour of 'soden water'? Sodden or boiled water is of the same colour as fresh, if it is boiled in a clean vessel. Does 'soden' mean 'pertaining to a sod,' and so brown? That interpretation answers the fact, for the Yore is certainly brown of hue, except when in sunshine it reflects the blue of heaven, or in its higher reaches after rain, when it swirls along its narrower channel, a roaring torrent, seething not sodden; or again at Aysgarth, where it spreads over its sheets of limestone in three several 'forces,' rivalling the cataracts of the historic Nile. The Yore's main tributary is the Cover, which once gave its name to an abbey of white canons at Coverham, and still gives it to the dale which bred

the great Reformer Miles Coverdale, to whose genius is chiefly due the peculiar beauty of our English Bible. As the traveller hangs over the stone bridge at Coverham, and listens to the flow of the water over its bed of shingle, or as he climbs down one of the ghylls whose musical cascades feed the impetuous stream, the thought occurs whether the beauty of that wonderful rhythm was born of such murmuring sounds heard by the sensitive ear of the Coverdale youth.¹

The long list of worthies above rehearsed who owe their distinction to being born in Wensleydale emboldens me to ask whether—for all we are an island people—there is not more inspiration for the heroic life to be found in our inland dales than on the sea-board. Which of our national heroes was born and bred in the much vaunted ozone of a seaside town or village? Even of the famous admirals celebrated by Mr. Henry Newbolt—and an admiral, if anybody, should be ocean-reared—

Effingham, Grenville, Raleigh, Drake,
Benbow, Collingwood, Byron, Blake—

only the last was cradled within sound of the sea. And if that be so, is it not a little wonderful that fashion should be allowed to override the healthy instinct of the people for inland places and drive them in shoals at this holiday season to the sea-side? To see a long line of people sitting disconsolate by the margin of the bitter sea—like Ariadne, but without her excuse—gazing blankly on its blank expanse day after day for a month or six weeks, is to have a vivid illustration of how essentially unintelligent is the practical genius of middle-class Englishmen. They are not happy; their wives are not happy; their children would be as happy anywhere else; nevertheless for the prescribed period they are content to suffer existence in a state of semi-coma, half reading the newspaper and half listening to nigger minstrelsy, while the sun blinds them above and the sea wind makes them sticky, as though they were in training for Yogidom and enfranchisement

¹ I notice that Drayton, in his spirited geography book in verse called the *Polyolbion*, speaks of the Cover as 'a clear rill.'

Cover, a clear rill,
Next cometh into Yore, whereas that lusty chace
For her loved Cover's sake doth lovingly embrace.

'Clear' it is, but in spate it is far from being a rill. The Cover flows into the Yore in Mr. Scrope's park, below Middleham.

from the external world. Surely to behave thus is to misconceive the art of holiday-making. If recuperation and the 'return to nature' be the fundamental aim of a holiday it is reasonable to seek it in conditions which the modern life of cities tends to make difficult—that is to say, not in noisy torpor, but in rest for the nerves and activity for the limbs. On one of the torrid nights at the end of July, as I sat on the roof of my house in London, thirsting for cool air and stillness, the noises of the street beat themselves into a sort of rhythm in my head as follows :

I sit on the leads in the heat
And dark, and I fancy I know
The worst of the tortures of Hell :
No silence, all sounds that appal—
The shout of the fool in the street,
The pad of cab horses that go
For ever, the bicycle bell,
The click of the billiard ball.

Nature, speaking through my unpoetical lips, went on to say in a figure (but the rhymes have escaped me), 'Make haste and get from this Babel into the wilderness ;' and in gratitude I record my experience that Wensleydale has proved as recuperative to broken nerves as the desert of Horeb to the prophet Elijah. At this moment I am lying with my simple cake (though no proper one after a morning's quiet saunter through the heather, looking down over the dale where a bend of the river far below shines like a blue sickle among the green pastures ; and the occasional stone dwellings among the farms and woodland climbing up the other side of the valley, have that exquisite tint of grey in the sunlight with which Pugin painted them in Ackermann's illustrated books. To see such simple colour enamelled to brilliancy under a clear sky, and to hear no sound but the cries of quite ordinary sheep made plaintive by distance, is (for a town-dweller at least) to renew the old Paradise.

I suppose the true test of a successful holiday is whether it has increased the human stock of cheerfulness. The tangled nerves and torpid liver which city life breeds beget in turn that deadly sin which the wise old monks named *acedia*, an indisposition to be pleased or to give pleasure ; whereas, on the other hand (we have Wordsworth's authority for the doctrine¹), cheerfulness accretes.

¹ I must point out in passing—for the fact is significant—that the poet formulated this theory from the experience of a holiday of his own, spent not by the sea side, but on the banks of the river Wye. And what is true of the Wye should be true of the Yore and other rivers.

ated from a leisurely sojourn among the sights and sounds of sophisticated nature will translate itself on our return to human duty into works of beneficence—

. . . little nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love.

Cheerfulness then being the goal of the holiday-maker, he is a wise man who chooses for the scene of his experiment a place which will yield activity to his interests as well as to his limbs. The careless person, if he has escaped the awful fate of the mere seaside tripper, or that tripper as recently modified into a pilgrim to the golf links, is apt to confuse the pursuit of an interest with mere sight-seeing; whereas a sight, whether of art or nature, unless it makes some peculiar appeal to us, remains a sight and nothing more. We drive, perhaps, ten miles to see a rock or a heath or a waterfall; 'we glance and nod and bustle by,' and have gained nothing except the right to say we have seen it. We might more properly, as Dr. Johnson suggested, 'sit at home and conceive of rocks, heaths, and waterfalls.' And the same simple truth holds good of the curiosities of art. Why should we turn aside to see a picture gallery because it is in the neighbourhood we are visiting, when we have no knowledge of painting; or spend half an hour inspecting a monastic ruin if we are indifferent to architecture? Let us holiday-makers, to quote the great moralist again, 'clear our minds of cant,' and go where we go riding our own hobbies.

Wensleydale is fortunate in the variety of the entertainment it affords to man and his hobby. The historian can pore over the traces of the successive invasions—Roman, Saxon, Viking, Norman, Scottish—to which the dale lay only too openly exposed, or read the fortunes of the long strife between king and baron, or king and parliament, in the ruined castles that still frown over the neighbouring hamlet; the ecclesiologist, starting from the only two churches chronicled in Domesday, Spennithorne and Thornton Steward, will trace the gradual unfolding of the Gothic flower under the peculiar conditions of the place; the lavish flora will appeal to the florist, the fauna to the faunist—Middleham Moor, for example, has a fine breed of race-horses—while the simple child of nature who restricts his interest and his curiosity, like the old gentleman in the Terentian play, to human affairs need not spend an idle moment. My own foible, I confess, is generalisa-

tion ; but the population being sparse, I cannot pretend to have made any general observations of an important character, unless it were that the inhabitants are well to do, and do not seem disposed to let their wealth go out of the clan. I was struck also by the clearness of articulation in all classes. Everybody seemed to have leisure to say all the letters of a word, and said them, with the result that only half the number of ideas was required for an hour's conversation that we need in the south. But then the æsthetic satisfaction was enormously enhanced. I noticed, too, that whereas in the south we speak to each other through a very small slit, as though we were in fear of taking the plague, people in Wensleydale opened their mouths in a full oval. As a consequence most people could sing, and liked doing so. A reflection of a more philosophical character that occurred to me more than once in the dale was that rubbish, even in England where we have so much of it, may be serving a providential purpose, as well as at Oxyrhynchus. I noticed while inspecting Middleham Castle that the outer shell of sandstone was perfect to a height of about five feet from the ground, was then peeled off, leaving the core of rubble exposed for about ten feet more, and above that was perfect again. The explanation of the mysterious phenomenon was really quite simple. When the castle was dismantled after the Civil War it was first used, by the reverence of the villagers, as a dust heap ; then, at a later time, when the level of the ground had been raised by the accumulation of refuse, as a quarry. In the present enlightened era, when the rubbish has been removed, the lower part of the walls is again exposed, and the castle, though sadly dilapidated, has a more decent appearance, and perhaps stands more securely on its basis than if it had been peeled to the real level of the soil. At Jervaulx Abbey the silent accumulations of nature through a longer period have had the same beneficent effect as the dust and ashes of the Middleham villagers ; so that though most of the material structure of the abbey has been gradually removed for building purposes, and carved stones cry out of the walls of neighbouring pigsties, yet by the time the local Vandals had reached the foundations a few courses of stone were successfully covered, and now at last being laid bare, have enabled Mr. St. John Hope to make a complete ground plan of the abbey buildings, so that the curious enquirer has the satisfaction of learning how the old monks lived, and can see for himself that the church was larger than the refectory, a fact which may somewhat surprise him, if

is ideas of the monastic life are borrowed from the familiar print of 'Bolton Abbey in the Olden Time.'

But I must not let myself be drawn into the age-long debate between the 'seculars' and the 'religious.' Each kind of life, no doubt, had its purpose and its merit; but the 'religious' became too much at ease in Zion, and their candlestick was removed. It is interesting as one goes from church to church in the dale to notice the spoils that the secular churches secured at the dissolution of their envied brethren, and how three centuries later these beautiful objects have still the air of spoils, looking *déplacés* and uncomfortable. At Aysgarth they have the magnificent rood screen from Jervaulx; but the rood is gone, not being any longer a Christian emblem, and the screen is not placed between nave and chancel, but on the south side of the choir, where it serves no purpose. In Middleham Church is an incised stone which once covered the tomb of an abbot named Thornton. It is fixed against the tower wall as a curiosity, and no longer covers the poor abbot's bones. But the most striking instance of misused gains is at Wensley. The parcloze of a Scrope chantry at Easby Abbey was brought at the dissolution to a Scrope chantry at Wensley. It is appropriately inscribed with the names and shields of the long and famous line of the Scropes of Bolton. At present it forms three sides of what appears to be an opera box, with a front painted to look like white marble. As I was not in Wensley on a Sunday I did not see to what purpose this quaint contrivance was put in divine service. Wensley Church is extraordinarily rich in precious relics of its own; it has 'the finest brass of any parish church in England,' carved stalls of singular beauty, Early English sedilia, a couple of Saxon crosses, a 'Perpendicular alms box,' and other treasures; but it carries its 'secularity' so far that it has more the air of a museum than a church. The officiating minister does not sit in his stall, but in a modern reading-pew outside the chancel; and he cannot, if he would, sit in the sedilia, because the altar rail runs into them.

The mention of the name of Scrope—a great name in Wensleydale—recalls the ancient controversy between Sir Richard Scrope and Sir Robert Grosvenor, ancestor of the ducal family of Westminster, respecting the right to bear the arms azure, a bend or. There seems no doubt that the arms had been used in good faith by both families; they were borne also by the Carminows of Cornwall, with whom both Sir Richard Scrope and the guardian

of Sir Robert Grosvenor had disputed them. But a Scrope had not met a Grosvenor in any 'chivauchee' until the expedition to Scotland in 1385, when Sir Richard challenged Sir Robert, and the case was sent for trial to the Constable of England. All the great knights and abbots of Yorkshire appeared as witnesses for Scrope, and all the great knights and abbots of Cheshire for Grosvenor; but there is a significant difference in the concluding question put to one side and the other. The Scrope party, as a rule, say they had never heard tell of Sir Robert Grosvenor or his ancestors till the expedition to Scotland, while the Grosvenor faction content themselves with saying they have nothing to depose about the Scrope claim. Two of the most interesting of the witnesses on the Scrope side were the parson of Wensley Church and the poet Geoffrey Chaucer. As a good specimen of the sort of evidence a church could afford in matters of heraldry, and as a compliment to the memory of the old parson, Sir Simon, whose fine brass is still the most striking beauty of the church, I will transcribe part of his deposition, in the translation of Sir Harris Nicolas.

Sir Simon, parson of the church of Wynsselowe, of the age of sixty and upwards, said, certainly that the arms Azure, a bend Or, appertained to Sir Richard Scrope, for they were in his church of Wynsselowe in certain glass windows of that church, of which Sir Richard was patron; and on the west gable window of the said church were the entire arms of Sir Richard Scrope in a glass window, the setting up of which arms was beyond the memory of man. The said arms were also in divers other parts of the said church, and in his chancel in a glass window, and in the east gable also were the said arms placed amongst the arms of great lords, such as the King, the earl of Northumberland, the lord of Neville, the earl of Warren. He also said that there was a tomb in his cemetery of Simon Scrope, as might then be seen by the inscription on the tomb, who was buried in the ancient fashion in a stone chest, with the inscription *Cy gist Simond le Scrope*, without date. And after Simon Scrope lieth one Henry Scrope . . . and after him lieth William son of the said Henry Scrope, who lieth in the manner aforesaid beneath the stone, and there is graven thereon *Xey gist William le Scrope*, without date, for the bad weather, wind, snow, and rain, had so defaced it, that no man could make out the remainder of the writing, so old and defaced was it. . . . From William came Henry Scrope, knight, who lieth in the Abbey of St. Agatha [*i.e.* at Easby], armed in the arms Azure, a bend Or, which Sir Henry was founder of the said Abbey; and Sir William Scrope, elder brother of Sir Richard that now is, lieth in the same abbey in the same arms depicted, but not painted. The said Sir Simon placed before the Commissioners an albe with flaps [apparels, *pairours*] upon which were embroidered the arms of the Scropes entire, the making of which arms and the name of the donor were beyond the memory of man. He added that the patronage of his church of Wynsselowe had always been vested in Sir Richard Scrope and his ancestors bearing the name of Scrope, beyond the memory of man; and that the arms Azure, a bend Or, had always been reputed to belong to him and to his ancestors, and he never heard to the contrary; he had never

heard that the arms had been challenged ; or of Sir Richard Grosvenor or any of his ancestors.

The amusing thing about this evidence is that most of it is not to the point ; the stone coffins, although they testified to the existence of two generations of the family, bore no shields of arms, the first appearance of arms on a tomb being on that of Sir Henry, who died 1336. The glass windows and the alb, the date of which was *outré memoire de home*, would not necessarily take one further back than the beginning of the fourteenth century—that is, to the same Sir Henry Scrope ; who was the first member of the family to be heard of outside his own dale and to acquire wealth. He was a lawyer, a fact with which the Grosvenor party twitted his descendant, and rose to be Chief Justice of the King's Bench, making his fortune by grants of forfeited estates. Sir Simon politely calls him the founder of St. Agatha's Abbey ; but, in fact, he bought that title with other Richmond property.

The evidence of Geffray Chaucere, Esquier, is as characteristic as Sir Simon's. After stating that he had seen Sir Richard Scrope bearing the contested arms in France before the town of ' Retters,' where he himself was taken prisoner, he was asked whether he had ever heard of any challenge made by Sir Robert Grosvenor or his ancestors. To which he replied no, but that he was once in Friday Street, London, and walking through the street he saw a new sign hanging out with these arms thereon, and enquired ' what inn that was that had hung out the arms of Scrope,' and one answered him, ' They are not hung out, sir, for the arms of Scrope, nor painted there for those arms, but they a e painted and put there by a knight of the county of Chester called Sir Robert Grovenor ; ' ' and that was the first time that he ever heard speak of Sir Robert Grovenor, or his ancestors, or of any one bearing the name of Grovenor.'

The trial began on October 20, 1385, and was adjourned from time to time till May 12, 1389, when Thomas, Duke of Gloucester, as Constable of England, gave judgment against Grosvenor, ordering him to bear the disputed arms with the difference of a ' plain bordure argent.' Grosvenor appealed, and Richard II., the following year, affirmed the Constable's decision, all but the assignment of the original coat with a difference, which had stuck in the good knight's throat. Grosvenor adopted instead a coat with the same tinctures but a different charge, the *garbe* or wheat-sheaf, which the family still bear. But the whirligig of time brought

its revenge as recently as the year 1880, when the late Duke of Westminster won the Derby with Bend Or, and thereby associated that coat more indissolubly with the house of Grosvenor than if it had been given back to him by the whole Heralds' College on their repentant knees.

One other interesting name besides that of Sir Richard Scrope is closely knit up with the fortunes of Wensleydale, that of Richard Crookback, afterwards King of England. Middleham Castle, the home of Warwick the King-maker, as we know from 'The Last of the Barons,' passed to Richard by his marriage with the Lady Anne Neville; and here was born his only son and heir; here also he died. Tourists are still asked to imagine the sad scene as taking place in what remains of the round tower at the south-west angle. As there is neither floor nor roof to this interesting chamber, nor, indeed, a chamber at all, the exercise in imagination is severe. But it is the church which remains the best memorial of Richard. The pilgrim to this shrine learns to discard all the notions about the unfortunate monarch that he has gathered from poets in the pay of Lancastrian and Tudor enemies, such as William Shakespeare, whose works are at a discount in Wensleydale. If Horace Walpole had known Middleham he might have added an interesting chapter to his 'Historic Doubts on the Life and Reign of Richard III.,' for the part of the pious founder which Richard played here, where he was at home and well known, sorts ill with the picture drawn by Shakespeare of a Macchiavelian politician leering between two bishops. As soon as the Duke had acquired the Middleham estate, he obtained from the King, his brother, letters patent creating in the church a college of dean, six chaplains, four clerks, sacristan, and choristers, which bore the name of 'the College of the Dean and Chaplains of Richard, Duke of Gloucester, of Middleham, in the County of York,' and was made exempt from episcopal visitation. The statutes were drawn and some endowments provided, but the grant of the larger part of these, made just before Bosworth Field, was not ratified by the victor. The stalls in the college bore the names of Our Lady, St. George, St. Catherine, St. Ninian, St. Cuthbert, St. Anthony, and St. Barbara. These particulars may be interesting to the general reader, because such self-governing foundations are to-day unknown except in the solitary instance of Westminster Abbey. The bishops have always turned a cold eye on places exempt from their jurisdiction, and the college at Middleham survived four centuries, only to be de-

graded in 1856 to the common level of benefices, one of the last canons being no less a person than Charles Kingsley. The misfortune of Middleham was that, except for Mr. Dean, there was no endowment. Still the historical interest should have saved it; and colleges of clergy being so exactly what are wanted for grappling with the irreligion of large populations, it is pitiful that the very idea of such places should be out of mind to-day; for there are ample means to endow them if plutocrats could only be persuaded that it is wiser to spend money on men than on things, even though libraries and organs may last a little longer than the ordinary human being. The visitor to Middleham will find few traces of Richard's foundation, for an Early Georgian dean, Luke Cotes by name, pulled down all the interior fittings of the church, which resembled those of the ordinary college chapel, and filled the building with the large square pews of the period. These have now yielded place to others in more modern taste, and as some reminder of the departed glories the singers sit in canopied stalls.

From an interesting collection of documents relating to the Collegiate Church of Middleham, made for the Camden Society (1847) by the Rev. William Atthill, Canon and Sub-dean, I quote a reference to another eighteenth-century dean, the Very Rev. Robert Boucher Nickolls, LL.D. (installed 1786), consisting of an entry by him in the parish register :

Burials, October 29th, 1792.

I enter under the head of burials as spiritually dead the names of

JOHN SADLER,

Clerk to Mr. John Breare, Attorney-at-law, of this place; and

CHRISTOPHER FELTON,

Clerk to Mr. Luke Yarker, Attorney-at-law, of this place; first, for irreverent behaviour in church a second time, after public reproof on a former occasion of the same sort; and, secondly, when mildly admonished by me not to repeat the same, they both made use of the most scandalous and insolent words concerning myself, for which I thought proper to pass a public censure upon them after sermon (though they were wilfully absent), in the face of the congregation; and enter the mention of the same in this book, that the names of those insolent young men may go down to posterity as void of all reverence to God and his ministers. Witness my hand,

ROB^t B. NICKOLLS, *Dean*.

Witness: ROG^s DAWSON, *Reg^r*.

Perhaps the pages of CORNHILL are a shorter cut to posterity than the Middleham register, or even the publications of the Camden Society.

URBANUS SYLVAN.

ROSE OF THE WORLD.¹

BY AGNES AND EGERTON CASTLE.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER IX.

FULL winter seemed to have come in a night; everywhere ~~the~~ lay white upon the land, every blade was a frosted silver spear. Not a leaf yet kept the summer green; shrunk, brown and yellow, they hung by their brittle stems; it was a still morning, and he who had ears to listen to nature sounds, all through the woods could have heard ever and anon the sigh of one, falling here and there. A dim blue winter sky held the world; the sunshine was serene and faintly warm, like the heart of a good old man. The air was like iced wine to drink, invigorating, tingling through the veins. It painted Aspasia's cheeks a splendid scarlet. It filled her with the spirits of all young things, foals and kittens and cubs; so that she could hardly keep from prancing down the iron path, from cutting steps on the stiff grass to hear it crackle beneath her feet.

As Bethune looked at her, he thought she was as pretty as a winter robin in her brown furs. Her eyes glistened as she flung quick glances at him; her dimples came and went; her teeth flashed as she chattered at headlong speed. They were going to Sunday service at the village church, a couple of miles away, and Baby was setting forth with a delightful sense of vigour and freedom.

Those whose fate binds them to cities can have no idea of the delicate joys of the country walk, with the beloved one—him or her—who fills the thoughts. Alas! for the poor wench that has no better pleasure than to tramp along the crowded street. What does she know of the loveliness of 'solitude for two,' of the dear sympathy of nature, perfect in every season with the heart that is of her clay?

Not, indeed, that Miss Cuninghame acknowledged even to her-

¹ Copyright, 1904, by Egerton Castle, in the United States of America.

self that Raymond Bethune was the present lord of her mind, much less her beloved. Nevertheless, the glamour of that hour that strikes but once in a lifetime was upon her. Love, first love, the only love, comparable but to the most exquisite mystery of the dawn, of the spring; happiness so evanescent that a touch will destroy it, so delicate that the scent of it is obliterated by fulfilment; so utterly made of anticipation, of unrealised, unformed desire, that to shape it, to seize it, is to lose it—is it not strange that we, to whom such a gift is granted, receive it, nearly all of us, not as we should, on our knees, but grossly, greedily, impatiently, ungratefully, hurrying through the golden moments, tearing apart the gossamer veil, grasping the flower from the stem before its unfolding? No wonder that to-morrow the day that follows on this dawn should be so full of heat and burden; the fruit of this blossom so sour to the parent that the children's teeth are set on edge; that, behind the veil, the vision should prove dull, flat, and unprofitable!

Now Aspasia, though a very creature of earth and one that knew no transcendental longings, had kept the pure heart of her childhood; and therefore this hour of her first love, all vague, all unacknowledged, was wholly sweet.

They knelt, Bethune and she, side by side, in the small bare church. She flung him a look of comical anguish over the grunting of the harmonium and the unmelodious chants of the village choir. She struck into a hymn herself, in a high clear pipe, as true as a robin's song. A pale young clergyman, with protruding eyeballs, led the service with a sort of anæmic piety; grand old Bible words were gabbled or droned; grand old Church prayers, with the dignity of an antique faith still resounding in them—who, that heard, seemed to care? It was the Sunday routine, and that was all.

Bethune saw the girl's fingers unconsciously practising musical exercises on the ledge of the pew; when their eyes met once, she made a childish grimace. She, for one, was frankly bored. As for him, had he any faith? He had hardly ever thought even of putting the question. He went to the Church service of his country as a matter of course, as his grandfathers had done before him. It was part of the etiquette of his military life. Now and again he had been moved to a solemn stir of the feelings during some brief soldier's ceremony: the hurried funeral perhaps of an English lad far away from homeland. But so had he been moved

by the bugle-call, by the hurrah on the field. Life and death, love and religion, what did they mean? What are we, when all is said and done, but the toys of a blind fate?

There is but one thing sure in the uncertainty, he told himself, but one staff in the wilderness, one anchor in the turmoil—duty.

The damp-stained wall at his side was starred with memorials. He began to contemplate them, idly at first, then with an enkindling interest. Here was an old stone slab commemorating, in half-obliterated words, some son of a Dorset house who had died for the country in far Peninsular days. 'In the twentieth year of his age.' A young existence, to be thus cut short! Yet, had he lived, and given life, his own sons would now be well-nigh forgotten.

Under this was a black-marble tablet. The blood rushed to his face as he read, and then ebbed, leaving him cold:

TO THE MEMORY OF CAPTAIN HENRY ENGLISH, OF HER MAJESTY'S INDIAN
STAFF CORPS, KILLED ON SERVICE IN THE PAMIRS. AGED 28.

Thus ran the sober inscription; followed the text, more triumphant than sorrowful:

He that loseth his life shall find it.

And then the words:

THIS TABLET WAS ERECTED BY HIS MOTHER.

Behind him, by just turning his head, he could see another memorial. A plate of flaming brass, this one; large, for it had to hold many names, and very new. It was scored in vermilion tribute to those yeomen—gentlemen and peasant—who, at the first breath of disaster, had hurried overseas from the peaceful district to uphold the mother country in a point of honour and had found quick honour themselves. In a little while these blood-red letters, too, would fade, but not so quickly as the memory of grief in the hearts of those who had sent their lads off with such tears, such acclamations. Bethune thought to himself, with a bitter smile, that there was not one of the churches dotted all over the wide English land where some such brand-new memorial had not been nailed this last year, and how, Sunday after Sunday, the eyes of the congregation would sweep past it, with ever-growing dulness of custom, until the record came to mean no more than the grey stones of the walls themselves. No less quickly than England, the moment of peril past, forgets those who rose to her call and fell for her name, does the thought of the brother, the comrade, the son, pass from the home circle!

Not that he pitied the forgotten ; not that he wished it otherwise with his country. It was well for England that her sons should think it a matter of course to give their lives for her. And it was what he could wish for himself, to die where his duty was, and be obliterated. Who, indeed, should remember him who had no ties of kinship and had lost his only friend ? . . . Who should be remembered when Harry English was already forgotten ?

His lips curled, as he flung a glance along the aisles and wondered if any heart, under these many-coloured Sunday garments, still beat true to the lost lover ; nay, how many comfortable widows had already brought a second mate to worship under the tablet that commemorated the first ? Hold ! yet the mothers remember—this was the church where Harry English had worshipped, beside his mother, the grand tender silent woman whom Bethune, too, had loved : the mother who had been alone, with himself, to mourn !

When he had set out on his way this morning he had been moved by the thought that to kneel where his friend had knelt was the last and only tribute he could pay that memory. The mountain torrent had robbed them of his grave ; but in the shrine which sheltered his tablet, in this church of a communion that had rigidly severed the old fond ties between the living and the departed, no service could yet now be held that would not be in some sort a commemoration.

As the thoughts surged through his mind like wreckage on the waves of his feelings, he seemed to go back, with a passion that almost had something of remorse, to his old sorrow for English and to his old bitterness against the woman who had put another in his comrade's place.

In vision he placed the two men before him : Harry, stern, eager, true, with his rare beautiful smile—eagle of glance, clear of mind, unerring of judgment, swift of action ; Harry English, the unrecognised hero of the deep strong heart ; he whose courage at the crucial moment had maintained the honour of England ; who, in saving the frontier stronghold, had, as Bethune knew, saved India from gathering disaster ! And Sir Arthur Gerardine, the great man, with his fatuous smile, his fatal self-complacency, his ignorant policy. Sir Arthur Gerardine in his high place, working untold future mischief to the Empire with inane diligence. Bethune almost laughed, as he pictured the Lieutenant-Governor to himself, one of the many of his order, busy in picking out stone

by stone the great foundations planned by the brains of Lawrences, cemented by the blood of Nicholsons.

And yet, this Rosamond Gerardine, who had borne the name of English, could not be dismissed merely as one who, light-natured, had found it easy and profitable to forget. Sphinx, she had haunted his thoughts that Indian night as he had walked back from her palace, carrying with him her image, white and stately in the flash of her diamonds and the green fires of her emeralds . . . the great lady, who knew the value of her smiles and gave the largess but with condescension. Sphinx she was even more to him now, whether hurrying from her walk to receive him, wide-eyed in the firelight, with the bloom of a girl on her cheek and an exquisite gracious timidity; or wan in her black robes—widow, indeed, it seemed—drinking in with speechless tenderness of sorrow every memory of the lost friend, as if no Sir Arthur Gerardine had ever stepped between her and her beloved.

Was this attitude but a phase of a sick woman's fancy, to be dropped when the mood had passed? Was not, in truth, Lady Gerardine in this freakish humour as false to Sir Arthur, who had given her affluence and position, as she had been to him who had given her his love and faith? Deep down under his consciousness there was a little angry grudge against her that she should not have accompanied them this morning. Were she now sincere, she would have felt the same desire as he himself to pray where the walls heralded Harry English's name. Bethune did not know, so little do even the most straightforward know themselves, that had she knelt by his side to-day it would have been perilously sweet to him: that had her footsteps gone with his along the frosted roads between the brown hedges, that way, to him, would have remained in fragrance as with a memory of flowers.

'Didn't you think,' asked Baby, 'that Mr. Smith—his name is Algernon Vandeleur Smith, he's the curate—didn't you think his eyes would drop out of his head? They make me feel quite ill!' They were walking down the flagged churchyard path, and Baby was stamping her small cold feet. She was talking in a high irate voice, regardless of hearers. 'Did you ever listen to such a sermon?'

She opened her bright eyes very wide and made a fish-like mouth in imitation of the Reverend Algernon: 'And now, brethren, shortly, briefly, and in a few words, not wishing to detain you longer, I will endeavour to set before you with conciseness and

brevity.'—She was a born mimic, and had caught the dreary young divine's very intonation.

Bethune had no laugh for her : his heart was sore. For once the girl's mood jarred on him.

She was quick to feel the shadow of his thoughts. The dimple went out of her cheek, the spring from her step. The icy brilliancy of the day seemed suddenly dim to her. The walk before them, towards which she had been yearning with delicious anticipation, became instantly a grey project, a weariness.

This gossamer of early love, it needs but a breath of adverse wind to tear it apart and set it afloat in forlorn shreds : mere flecks to the caprice of the airs, it that has been a fairy bridge for the dance of the sunbeams ! For a long while they trudged together in silence. But all at once, Bethune looking down upon her was smitten, not by any hint of her dawning sentiments towards him, but by the consciousness that he must have seemed surly towards a mirthful child.

'God knows,' he thought heavily, 'the world gets sad enough, soon enough, to make it shame to cloud even one moment for the children.' Himself, he felt old and sad, and miles away from her happy youth.

'So silent ?' said he, turning upon her that softened look she loved.

She glanced up at him, forcing a smile, but over her frank eyes there was a wet shimmer which she winked away indignantly. Once again, as on that Indian evening when he had seen Lady Gerardine fit her slender hand into the death prints of the burnt queens, it struck him that here, in this open-hearted, sweet-natured, gay-spirited girl, a man might find a companion for life to help and comfort—a piece of charming, wholesome prose, but . . .

Raymond Bethune, in his lonely isolated life, had had dreams—dreams that his temper had been too narrow, too severely matter-of-fact, to bring into any connection with his actions. He had dreamed his dream as he had read his book of poetry, to lay it aside without a sigh and take up the moment's duty, as one lays aside a flower, a thing of fragrance, a passing pleasure, which has no further influence on life.

Now this woman, whom he despised, who had outraged the deepest feeling of his life, had become, in some inexplicable manner, the embodiment of these inconsequent dreams. Her deep eyes,

shadowed with sorrow as the tarn by the mountain height ; the trick of her sigh, the balm of her rare smile ; the melody of her voice, those low tones that seemed as charged with mystery as the wind by the whispers of the forest depths, all were as

Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faëry lands forlorn. . . .

She was a vision of poetry that could be lived, that could become part of a man's very flesh and blood !

Of a sudden he realised it. His heart gave a great leap and then seemed to stand still ; but the habit of years and the hard common sense of his nature asserted themselves in violent reaction. He coloured to the roots of his hair in shame at the monstrosity, the absurdity of the thought, to which his idle dissatisfied mood had led him.

The girl saw his emotion and innocently attributed it to quite another cause ; connected it with the expression of his glance when it had rested upon her. The song awoke once more in her heart, circling higher and higher like a June lark. Renewed joy began to bubble from her lips in laughter and talk.

When they emerged from the copse to the top of the downs, where the road dipped into the hollow, she halted, with an exclamation.

' See,' she cried, ' the grass looks all gold and silver ! And oh ! did anyone ever behold anything so pale, pale, so blue, blue as the sky ! Oh ! isn't this better than India ; don't you love it ; wouldn't you like to put your arm round England and kiss her ? '

' England, the mother ; India, the mistress,' thought Bethune. Then, at a maddening tangent flight, his mind took wing. The words of Dr. Châtelard came back upon him. ' Cold, that woman ! Touch that coldness and be burnt to the bone ! ' He revolted from his own soul as it flamed within him. He would have liked to set off running across the frozen downs to that far violet line where washed the sea ; to have plunged into the icy waves, into the bitter turmoil of the living waters, to wash the degrading madness from him.

Aspasia's fresh laugh brought his spirit back to her with a renewed revulsion.

' Look, look,' she cried once more, ' there's Muhammed's turban going up and down, and up and down, the garden path ! I wonder what he's thinking of ? Not Runkle's monumental work, I'm

sure. Ugh! I declare it's uncanny only to look at that absurd turban in this winter land. It's bad enough to have Jani chattering about the house like a human castanet, without having that creature tramping up and down outside the window, day after day. Major Bethune, I wish you'd speak to the creature—and find out what he is up to. I never saw anything so restless in my life.'

'Oh, we've had several conversations,' answered Bethune, following with his eyes the movement of the red head-dress in the distant hollow. 'That is to say, I have done a lively bit of talking to him, and he has given me mighty polite answers and said nothing at all. Those fellows, Miss Aspasia, are queer cattle, proud as Lucifer, secret as the tiger in the jungle. That one down there, however, is of the modern school—a sort of animal I don't profess to understand, but one, at any rate, I should not care to trust, myself. Sir Arthur would have done just as well to have left him in India.'

'Gracious!' cried Aspasia. 'Lord!' Her mind sprang: 'Perhaps he's after Runkle! Oh, Major Bethune, you know what a mess poor Runkle is making of things out there; I shouldn't like him to be thugged! I always told him he was laying the seed of mutiny,' said Miss Aspasia, with tragic emphasis!

Bethune gave his rare laugh. 'Muhammed Saif-u-din would hardly have come over all the way to England to make his private mutiny when he could accomplish the matter with more kudos in India, and have a good chance of saving his own skin besides.'

Aspasia shook her head, preferring to cling to her own dramatic inspiration.

'Well, I'll give Runkle a warning, anyhow,' said she. 'There's something fishy about Muhammed. You may laugh at me, if you like; but the man is eaten up with some secret thought, some sinister thought. There's a look in his eyes that makes me shiver. And when he smiles—ugh! I do hate Easterns.'

He glanced at her reflectively, then he smiled. Such a sentiment from anyone else would have aroused his indignation; but it was impossible to take Miss Aspasia Cuninghams' hatreds with seriousness. Only this morning he had seen her half strangle a protesting Jani in vehement embrace.

'And as for Aunt Rosamond,' went on the girl comfortably, 'it upsets her even to see the wretched being. That's the reason we keep him to the orchard, you know; her windows look out on

the front. I had to tell him—it was an awful moment ; he was so hurt and so grand. Then I explained it was on account of poor Captain English, you know. Oh, you know. . . !’

‘Do I ?’ asked the man, with a faint raising of the brows.

‘Well, if it amuses you to pretend you don’t,’ she snapped back. ‘Anyhow, Muhammed did. He may be a cut-throat, but there’s something of a gentleman about it. He put his hand on his heart and bowed. “The Lady Sahib’s wishes are sacred,” he said. And I’ve seen the poor thing hide behind a tree when she is coming. Rather touching, don’t you think ?’ said the inconsequent Baby.

‘Did Lady Gerardine ask you to speak to Muhammed ?’

‘No. Why do you want to know that ?’

‘Mere idle curiosity,’ he answered, striking at a gorse bush with his stick and watching the melted rime fly out in spray.

‘If you knew Aunt Rosamond better, you’d understand she’d never say such a thing as that. She keeps everything close. But we all know she does not want to be reminded of things.’

He threw back his head with his mirthless laugh.

‘Even I know as much by this time, Miss Aspasia. It is perhaps a little difficult for a solitary man to understand you women ; but one thing is quite evident : you never do anything heartless or selfish . . . except from excess of feeling.’

He could not keep the sneer from his tone, and Baby’s quick temper was instantly aflame.

‘You never have a good word for Aunt Rosamond,’ she cried ; ‘but you need not include me in your judgment, I think !’

Bethune laughed again, harshly.

‘I am very hard on Lady Gerardine, am I not ?’ Then fixing his eyes upon her, broodingly ; ‘and, as for you, I hope—’

He did not finish the sentence. But to her reading, his glance needed no word. She grew rosily shy and ran on ahead to hide it.

‘Well, I love the Eastern,’ said the man, abruptly going back to the origin of the dispute. ‘He’s my trade. He will be the death of me one of these days, no doubt. But what of that ? Does not the sailor love the sea that will swallow him. And besides, if they weren’t always an uncertain quantity, where would be the spice of life out there ? One might as well be in a broker’s office. But I don’t like your westernised Eastern,’ he said with a change of tone, and took a first long step upon the downward way.

Aspasia skipped on before him.

‘Well, we’re a pretty queer lot down there, in the Old Ancient House,’ she cried, in her high merry pipe. ‘What with the Thug plotting—I know he’s a Thug, whatever you may say, and I know he’s plotting,’ she gave her companion a challenging blink of her bright eye; ‘and what with crazy old Mary, who’s lived so long in this old hollow that she’s positively part of the timber and plaster of the house, and can hear the very stones talk. By the way, she’s more creepy than ever now, and swears that her pet ghosts are walking with extra vigour. And what with Jani, running about after Aunt, with her dog eyes and poor chattering teeth! Nothing will ever make me believe that Jani has got a soul. And then, my poor aunt herself, with her hyper-what-you-call-’ema, and Runkle bombarding her with telegrams which she don’t even notice, and which I have to answer as best I may. I say,’ said Aspasia, stopping reflectively, ‘there will be a fine row, I tell you, soon! For if I know Runkle, he’ll pounce, one of these days. And Aunt Rosamond; well, you see for yourself what she is just now. Positively there’s only you and I that are sane.’

She sprang on again, to look back at him over her shoulder and laugh like a schoolgirl.

His eyes sank before hers. Could she but have guessed on the brink of what ignoble madness he—the sane man—was standing !!

CHAPTER X.

‘How rosy you look!’ said Lady Gerardine.

‘I’ve been driving Major Bethune in the cart. And the pony went like an angel on four legs,’ said Aspasia. ‘I suppose the wind caught my face.’

She pressed the back of her hands to her cheeks, as she spoke, and her eyes danced above them. It was the rose of happiness and no evanescent wind bloom that glowed in her innocent childish countenance.

Women’s glances are cruelly quick to read the tender secrets of each other’s souls. Lady Gerardine’s look hardened as she still fixed the girl; her own wounded inconsequent heart was suddenly aflame with anger against her. Not a fortnight ago had Aspasia been setting flowers before the portrait of Harry English and offering, in passionate love, melodies to that mystic presence. And it had been sufficient that this Bethune’s everyday substantiality should

show itself, for the fickle creature to change allegiance. She had dared to think she loved Harry English, and now she dared to desecrate this love!

They were in the drawing-room waiting the summons for lunch. Bethune had not yet appeared. With an air of embarrassment very foreign to her, Baby tossed off her hat and coat and moved restlessly to the piano. She wished pettishly, to herself, that her aunt would stop staring. But nothing could drive the lustre from her own eyes and the upward tilt from her lips. She had had such a lovely drive over the wet downs; they had watched the scolding, stamping squirrel in the hazel copse. His dark face had brightened so often. His gaze had rested on her so gently now and again. When he got down to open the wicket gate for her he had gathered a little pale belated monthly rose from the bush at the side, and had given it to her. She would always keep it, always. . . . Her fingers strayed unconsciously over the keys from one harmony to another. They fell into a familiar theme—the Chopin Prelude, with its sobbing rain-beat accompaniment. She forgot Lady Gerardine and her dry hostile tones, her cold violating look. Following the strong pinions of her art, her young emotions had begun to beat tentative wings, when she was brought down to earth, as once before, very suddenly and with no pleasant shock.

‘Whom is your music addressed to now, Aspasia?’ asked Lady Gerardine, leaning over towards her with folded arms on the piano.

The musician’s fingers dropped from the notes.

‘To nobody that belongs to you!’ she cried rudely, with a flare of schoolgirl anger. Her face crimsoned.

Lady Gerardine’s gaze was filled with a lightning contempt. She straightened herself and looked at the empty space on the wall, where Harry English’s portrait had hung.

‘In truth,’ she said, ‘my dear, you don’t take long to change.’

Her voice was scornful.

Quite taken aback and in a hot rage, Aspasia bounced up from the music-stool. But before a coherent word could relieve her, Major Bethune came in upon them.

When her anger had somewhat cooled down—never a lengthy process with Aspasia—she began to feel a sort of wonder at herself. What, indeed, had become of the pale, gallant ghost that she had set up to worship in the shrine of her heart? Gone, gone after the way of ghosts, before the first ray of real sunshine—Bethune’s hand-clasp, his softened glance, his rare smile. With the realisa-

tion of her own fickleness came another, so overwhelming in its suggestion, that all else was swept away by it. She was in love! . . . In love for the first time, really, unmistakably, Aspasia Cuninghame, who had meant to devote her whole life to her art.

Bethune wondered, in his blundering masculine way, what blight had fallen in the little dining-room, to render their wontedly harmonious meeting of the three at meals so constrained that day.

But when, later, Lady Gerardine and her niece found themselves once more alone, the memory of her curious resentment seemed to have faded from the elder woman's mind, to have been erased by a fresh tide of thought, as footprints on the sands are washed away by the waves.

Old Mary had been with her in the gloaming; old Mary, with her tender memories of the dead past, her mystic whispers of present hauntings.

'Eh, ma'am, he's been very near to us, these days,' she said. 'Last night, now, I heard his step come down the passage, as plain, as plain as ever I heard anything. I always knew his step among a thousand, ma'am, from a child; a clean, clear step, with never a slur nor a slouch; not as most people walk.'

'Oh, Mary,' cried Lady Gerardine, a thrill, half exquisite, half terrible, running through her, 'why does he come back now?'

'Why, ma'am, it's because of you, I'm thinking,' said the old woman, simply. 'You're just calling him back to you.'

'Oh, Mary!'

'Does that frighten you, ma'am? Doesn't it make you glad? Why, the other evening, they had not lit the lamps yet in the hall, and I felt him pass me—his own presence, just as I feel yours there. Nothing of the grave, of the cold about it, but warm comfort—Heaven's warmth. Oh, God is good, ma'am! He makes all easy.'

'God is good,' said Rosamond to herself, weighing the words, as she sat alone. 'Is God good?'

And within her some voice of truth answered her: answered that God had been good, even to her; had meant well with her; very well, even in her bereavement, could she but have taken His will as these women of Harry's old home.

Thus, when she was found by Aspasia, there was no room in her heart for any lesser thought.

CHAPTER XI.

WITH hands clasped behind his back, head bent, absorbed in thought, the black fan of his beard spreading over the black broadcloth on his breast, the cross-folds of the turban startlingly exotic on top of the fluttering sable garments—the latter pathetically European in intention—an incongruous figure under these bare placid English fruit-trees, Muhammed Saif-u-din came full upon Raymond Bethune.

The sodden grass of the long neglected road had swallowed the sound of their footsteps. For once the Pathan was shaken out of his oriental calm for a brief moment as, suddenly looking up, he found himself within a yard of the officer of Guides.

The guest of the Old Ancient House had strolled out by himself to smoke a solitary meditative pipe in the wild avenue. Seeing Muhammed's flaming headgear, he had deliberately directed his steps towards him; for Bethune would not have been that self that India had made him, had he not felt instinctively lured into the company of the Eastern, all degenerate as he chose to consider him. Moreover, the personality of Sir Arthur's secretary baffled him, and Bethune resented being baffled. He fixed his eye keenly upon the Pathan, turned babū.

'Your soul is in the East, Muhammed,' said he, addressing him in his own tongue.

The dark face opposite relaxed into a smile, the white teeth flashed, Muhammed made the supple Indian salaam.

'Nay, your honour, my soul is in great England,' he said, and would have passed on. But the other arrested him somewhat peremptorily. Muhammed wheeled back and brought his hand to the edge of his turban with a gesture that betrayed the soldier, then drew himself up rigidly.

Under Bethune's long scrutinising look the thin face fell into deep lines of gravity; the large dark eyes, somewhat restless as a rule in their brilliancy, gazed back straight and full. The Englishman's heart kindled as the unconquered spirit of the Pathan seemed to rear itself to meet the cold domination of the conquering race. There was nothing of revolt in the man's look, yet something untameable, he thought. And it pleased him hugely. His mind leaped back to his own 'devils of boys' on the mountain sides—eagles

and leopards of humanity, as compared with the domestic animals. He ran a loving glance over the Indian's muscular yet lithe proportions : built for strength—for endurance—for the strenuous side of life.

'How comes it, O son of the mountain,' cried he, 'that you are not among the Emperor of India's warriors? How come you to bend those eyes over screed and parchment, to cramp that hand round the quill instead of the talwar?'

The florid oriental language came oddly enough in stiff, abrupt British accents from the officer's tongue. The flowing guttural which replied was in marked contrast :

'I have heard it said,' answered the secretary, without moving a muscle of his countenance, 'that the pen is mightier than the sword.'

A sneer, aimed at the Lieutenant-Governor's literary production, trembled on Bethune's lips, but he prudently suppressed it.

'You cannot deceive me, friend,' cried he abruptly; then: 'you have flown with the birds of battle and heard the cannon roar, and thought the smell of the powder sweet.'

Again the Pathan smiled; and Bethune, watching him, was stirred, he knew not why, as by a glimpse of something at once immeasurably fierce and immeasurably sad.

'Sir,' said Muhammed, in slow deliberate English, 'I have seen many things; and no man knows where his fate leads him.'

'Oh, no doubt!' said Bethune, laughing not very pleasantly. He was irritated with the fellow's impenetrability and his own inability to deal with it.

'And so fate has brought you to a wealthy master,' said he tauntingly; 'and you think that this scribbling business will prove worth your while. 'Tis certainly an odd job for a Pathan! . . . I trust well paid?'

'I sought the post, sir,' said Muhammed. 'My master, since he is to be called my master,' a sudden fire leaped and died in his eyes, 'will no doubt pay me what he owes me. When I come into my own country again, it may be I shall have found it worth my while.'

To this the officer made no reply. After a second's pause, Muhammed lifted his hand to his brow once more and moved away on the noiseless turf. Bethune turned to watch the swing of the strange figure through the trees.

'Greed for money, and wily determination to get to lucrative posts in life—ambition to play the European—or—what?' No motive that his sober common sense could accept as a plausible alternative. Yes, his previous impression had been correct; nothing but a desire for self-advancement—nothing but greed and an Eastern cleverness to seek opportunities—animated that splendid bronze, after all! A disappointing specimen to one who loved the warrior race; a specimen of the westernised Eastern—degenerate leopard, with the spirit eliminated and the wiliness twice developed, according to the law of nature that so often strengthens one attribute by the elimination of another.

CHAPTER XII.

THE old tin box again and the breath of terrible India in this quiet English room. Siege, struggle, treachery, bloodshed, hunger, thirst, and fever, the extremes of heat and cold, the death agony of the young comrade—this was the story it held. The story of the difficult grave dug in the rock; of the inexorable exigency of the moment, the narrow strait for England's honour which could allow no lingering thought for him that was become useless; of the drawing together of the ranks to hide the gap and keep up the long fight. The story of every conceivable distress of the flesh, every sordid misery of the body, every anxiety of the mind; of hopeless outlook, lingering torture. But, above all, the record of the indomitable purpose; of the white and red crossed flag floating high—of the spirit unconquerable, even to death.

Rosamond sat down on the slanting floor, lifted and took into her lap—as a mother may lift her dead child from the cradle—the old leather case that contained in such small compass so great a story; Captain English's papers of the siege. The parcel had been delivered to her even as he had prepared it for her. To the elastic band that clasped it a scrap of paper was still pinned: 'For my wife.'

And she had never opened it!

All these years his voice had been waiting to speak to her; his own words for her had been there, the last cry of his soul to hers; nay—how did she know?—the message that should have shaped her future. Something of himself that could not die, he had left her, something of himself to go with her through the desolation! But she, the wife so tenderly loved and thought of to the last—she

had, as it were, denied herself to his death-bed. She had closed her ears to his dying speech. She had thrust his dear ghost from her. How was it possible for any woman to have been so cruel, so cowardly? How was it possible . . . yet it had been!

'It is we who make our dead dead,' had said the mourning mother. Rosamond, the wife, had done worse: she had buried what was not yet dead. She had heaped earth upon the lips that still spoke, that she might not feel the sorrow of their last utterance!

When trouble comes it is woman's way, as a rule, to yield herself up to it, to gloat upon her grief, to feed upon tears. She has a fine scorn for man's mode of mourning, so different from hers; for the seeker of distraction, of forgetfulness; for his deliberate shunning of those emotions in which she sinks herself. And yet it may be that this divergence comes less from man's more selfish nature than from the fact that he is a creature of passion, where she is a creature of sentiment; that he knows within himself forces which are to her undreamed of; that her sorrow is as the chill rain that wraps the land and clears in lassitude at last over tender tints, while his sorrow is as the dry convulsion that defaces the earth and rends the foundations of life's whole edifice.

But there are women apart; women who unite with their own innate spirituality the virile capacity of feeling; who can love fiercely and suffer as fiercely. Of such was Rosamond. And she had been called to suffering before her undeveloped girl-nature had had time to lay hold on love. Love and sorrow, they had fallen upon her together, in her ignorant youth, like monstrous angels of destruction. What wonder then that she should have cried out against them and hidden her face! What wonder that she should have shrunk with a sickly terror from her own unplumbed deep capacity for pain!

But no one may deny himself to himself. And the passionate soul makes for passion, be it a Paul or an Augustine! The nemesis of her nature had come upon Rosamond; and she was to be fulfilled to herself, after so many years, at this moment of her woman's maturity, with a handful of relics and the dust and the smell of the distant Indian fort upon them.

Out of the far far past her love and her sorrow were claiming her—at last.

The logs from the Dorset beech-woods flamed in the queer

corner chimneypiece of Harry's attic room. The light flickered on the scattered papers in Rosamond's lap and threw illusive ruddy gleams on the pale hands, on the pale cheek that turned to the glow, yet felt it not.

When she had sat down to read, it was some time still before noon. The December sun crept out between two rain-storms, threw a yellow circle on the boards, marked the shadow of the ivy spray, then paled and passed. The merry logs grew red, grew grey; they fell together with sighs into white ash; and the last creeping flicker of life in the grate sparkled and went out. Below, the placid life of the Old Ancient House jogged its round. Baby's businesslike morning music was ground out and caught into the silence. The tinkling bell, that from time immemorial had sounded the homely meal-time gatherings, rang its thin summons up the wooden stairs from the hall. Someone came to the attic door and rattled it against the drawn bolt; knocked and called. And later the stillness of the attic room was troubled again, and Aspasia cried out between petulance and anxiety. So insistent was she that within the room someone answered back at last in a strange hoarse voice of anger. And the steps pattered away, and silence reigned once more.

The rain dried on the window pane, shadows stole forth from the room corners. The air grew cold and colder; a grey dimness settled upon everywhere; the chilling bars of the grate clicked. But still the woman sat by the empty hearth . . . reading, reading, reading.

(To be continued.)

